

The book consists of calls given to police officers in the performance of their duties. It places the reader in the passenger seats of patrol cars to witness the crimes being committed, and how they are handled.

HEAVEN OR HELL! YOUR CHOICE!

By Pastor T.J.M. III

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A man in a black long-sleeved shirt and blue jeans is walking up a set of stone steps. The steps lead upwards towards a bright, cloudy sky where sunbeams are shining down. On either side of the path, there are large, intense flames, suggesting a choice between heaven and hell. The overall scene is dramatic and symbolic.

HEAVEN OR HELL

YOUR CHOICE

Matthew 7:13-14

Pastor T.J.M. III

HEAVEN OR HELL!

YOUR CHOICE!

“Matthew 7:13-14 (King James Version) (KJM) - ¹³ Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: ¹⁴ Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.”

Pastor T.J.M. III



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Disclaimer

Although this book is based on actual events, the locations and names of the individuals involved have been changed to protect their identities. The locations noted in this book are not the actual places where the crimes took place, but are scenes where such offenses occurred at a different business or residence. Many of the crime scenes indicated in this book are based on the author's personal involvement, and have been dramatized to protect the identity of the people involved. The sole purpose of this book is to have you, as the reader, feel as though you are riding in the passenger seats of patrol cars, receiving calls from the police dispatcher. The difference is that you are not subject to any form of danger as you sit in the comfort of your home, reading the blood-boiling crimes that our men and women wearing the badge face on a daily basis. May God bless us all, for the fight against crime will never end until our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, returns to claim His bride, which is the church. Amen.

About The Author

During his childhood, when many children his age were thinking of toys and playing games, Theodore was concerned about his future, always wondering if he would contribute something positive to the community. He prayed to God to show him the way. Well, that day came at the age of fifteen. His father, Theodore Milton Jr., was pulled over by two Houston Police Department motorcycle officers. They accused the father of stealing a car. Theodore's father was a master sergeant in the Army and was at the end of his career. The family had just returned from Istanbul, Turkey, where the father served a two-year tour of duty. Arrangements were previously made to have a vehicle waiting for the family once they arrived at the John Fitzgerald Kennedy Airport in New York. Theodore watched in horror as the two police officers physically and verbally abused his father. Finally, it ended with the officers apologizing to his father. Theodore saw this traumatic scene as a message from God, pointing him in the direction of becoming a law enforcement officer. Theodore wanted to be part of the resolution and not the problem.

Theodore Jack Milton III retired from the police department after serving twenty-eight years. During his tenure with the police department, he received many awards and accommodations from many schools, businesses, and the department. His dedication to service went beyond the call of duty, which earned him "*Officer of the Year.*" Theodore was also nominated on several occasions for the award.

During the years when organizations came together to fight illegal drug abuse, Theodore organized a non-profit organization, which was called Drug-Abolishment-To-Reestablish-Our-

Heaven or Hell!

Neighborhood (D.A.T.R.O.N.). Through this organization, Theodore was able to educate, through re-enacting actual tragedies that occurred on the streets of our nation, many young adults on the perils of illegal drug usage. The organization became highly demanded by many schools, churches, and businesses.

One of the most astounding accomplishments of Theodore's career in law enforcement involved his teaching D.A.R.E. in a school district where the neighborhood was not prone to having a Black police officer teaching their children about drug abuse. Theodore never flinched; he taught at the schools in spite of personal danger. At the end of his tenure as a D.A.R.E. officer at the school, which ended in a culmination celebration from the program, the police department received a letter from the community stating that Officer Milton won the hearts of an entire neighborhood. Incidentally, Theodore was one of the four original D.A.R.E. officers in the state of Texas. He later became one of four D.A.R.E. mentors, teaching other police departments how to incorporate the program into their school districts.

Theodore has always sought to go beyond the call of duty to help anyone in need. Even following his retirement from the police department, he became an ordained minister through the Assemblies of God. *The journey is never over until the good Lord returns!* This has always been his motto, and shall be until the day he is called home. Until then, Theodore will continue doing whatever he can to serve the public. *If I could have, I would have continued wearing the badge, but time caught up to me, and my limbs had become weary.* I believe this was God's way of telling me that my service on the streets of Houston, Texas, was fulfilled.

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Chapter Thirteen: *Deadly Love Triangle*

Being a police officer on patrol means each day is like a new chapter in your life. You never know what to expect. It is like reading a good book when something out of the ordinary suddenly leaps out at you, grabbing your attention and making it quite difficult to put it down.

Well, it is 1530 hours, and I am leaving the station, approaching my patrol car to advise the dispatcher that I am ready to receive calls. Unlike the action-packed police stories on television, I am so thankful that I am not jumping over fences while shooting and being shot at by suspects. Although this might very well happen, it is not a daily occurrence as portrayed in the movies. No, sometimes the day passes by like a walk in the park with nothing at all to do but enjoy the warmth of the sun caressing your face. Sometimes, one of the most important and crucial decisions to be made is: where am I going to eat?

Unfortunately, there are some days that do resemble action-packed police stories, which eliminates any possibility of sitting down to a good meal during the shift. I always prayed for God's help in giving me the wisdom not to allow pride to settle in my heart, which would make me feel as though I am better than anyone else because of my being in law enforcement. Yes, we have a lot of power. We can change a person's life for better or worse. However, the judicial system is in place for a reason. Officers should never think of themselves as being the judge, jury, and executioner. This attitude would only tarnish the badge.

Not only are we expected to take immediate action, but know within a matter of seconds that the choices we make are unbiased for everyone involved. No, law enforcement officers do not have the luxury that judges or jurors have, which is sitting in a courtroom with all the evidence they need to make a decision. Even psychiatrists have it made. They are given the time to analyze an individual's mindset. It is for this reason that I try meditating on every possible situation I might have to face on the streets. I do this before setting foot outside my home to go to work. To be caught in situations that you did not see coming is not uncommon. No, not by a long shot. Being broadsided by something out of the ordinary is to be expected.

One such scene took place several months ago when I received a call to a residence regarding an unknown type of disturbance. I arrived to receive the shock of my life when I saw a woman dressed in nothing but a nightgown running around in the front yard. She was surrounded by family members who were screaming at her to put the knife down. But that is not the only thing that caught my attention. The woman's nightgown was sticking to her body like a rubber glove. That is when one of her family members explained that the lady poured bottles of olive oil into her bath water and dove in. The family also informed me that the woman is undergoing psychiatric treatment.

I soon learned that the woman was, in fact, a thinker of how she would accomplish her evil deeds. While staring at the woman running around the yard like a chicken whose neck had been wrung, I noticed that each time a family member tried to grab her, she would slip through their fingers like a slimy fish. Well, I had to think fast. That was a tough call, but I finally thought of something that would get the woman the help she needed without using deadly force. Here is what I did. I simply convinced the mentally incapacitated woman that I had extremely dry skin and needed to get her recipe for making

her skin shine so brilliantly. I was taking a grave risk because the woman never dropped her knife. Instead, she asked me to follow her into the house. I followed her into the restroom. I noticed several empty bottles of olive oil thrown all over the floor. The water in the bathtub had an oily substance floating on top of it. I then asked the woman if it would be alright for me to take a bath in the olive oil? Her reaction to my question reminded me of an animal staring into the headlights of a passing vehicle. After giving me a huge smile, she immediately said yes. The thought of having someone else join her in the escapade she was putting on in the front yard was like the cavalry being called to save the day.

I then asked if she could bring me some towels. My plan worked like a charm. I felt the tingling sensation that was running throughout my body like a brushfire vanishing when I noticed her laying the knife on the side of the face bowl. I could have begun singing like a member of a choir when she walked out of the restroom into the hall, leaving the knife with me. Unfortunately, I knew that grabbing the woman would have been like trying to hold on to a bolt that had fallen into a pan of oil. However, I saw a towel hanging from a hook just behind the bathroom door. All I had to do was wait for her to return to the bathroom.

“Hurry! I can’t wait to get in the tub!” I shouted while listening to her footsteps growing fainter as she continued down the hall, obviously heading to a closet where the family kept their towels.

I stood next to the door leading into the restroom and listened for her footsteps. Everything seemed **to** begin moving in slow motion. I tried to stop breathing so loudly, knowing if my plan did not work, this could turn bloody, especially if she got her hands on the knife. I grabbed the knife and threw it into the bathtub. Now, there was only one thought crossing my mind, and that was my expecting this rivalry

to turn into a wrestling match. Yes, the winner takes all. Her footsteps were growing louder and louder. It was only a matter of time before I would see her stepping into the restroom. There she was, standing right in front of me with an armful of towels. Before she even had time to react, I wrapped the large drying towel I was holding around her arms and immediately pulled the ends together, making an unbreakable lock. By the time she realized what was happening, it was too late. There was no slipping out of the drying towel. I was thankful that this did not turn into a wrestling match. I guess the woman had made up her mind that I was sincere about taking a bath in the bath water filled with olive oil. Several seconds seemed to have passed before the woman finally realized what I had done to her, but it was much too late. All she could do was kick and scream, and that she did quite well. In fact, she began screaming so loudly that the family came running into the house. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief, including me, when they saw her bound by the drying towel.

I was later told that the woman was only twenty-five years old. It was one year ago when someone slipped something into her drink. She once worked for a well-established high-tech company, earning a great salary. Unfortunately, she hung out with the wrong crowd, clubbing and trying to put the lights out in the city. The family often warned her not to spend so much time partying, but she never listened. Well, one night, she was out with a group of people at a club. One of her so-called friends asked her to dance. She left her drink on the table. When she returned, she began consuming that drink and was never the same afterwards. She lost her mind. The company she worked for had no alternative but to fire her. She could no more do the job than a child attempting to be a professor at a university.

After hearing the story, I had the distraught woman's mother put some decent clothes on her daughter. Afterwards, I took her to the hospital for treatment. As I previously said, you never know what might be waiting around the corner for you. As police officers, we should always be alert without ever trying to predict what is happening with a call or situation until we have all the facts. That young woman was crying for help. Her running around the yard was her way of getting that help. Thoughts of that call, along with many others, sometimes occupied my mind when the radio is silent. Unfortunately, the silence never lasts very long ...

“28C08.” Finally, the dispatcher was calling me.

“28C08, go ahead.” I answered.

“28C08, see the reportee at the Overnight Motel at 888555 Jensen Drive regarding a family disturbance. No weapon involved. Code two.” The dispatcher advised.

“28C08, that's clear, show me enroute.” I advised.

“28C07, show me checking by with 28C08.” Another unit advised, which is standard whenever an officer riding alone is investigation a disturbance call.

“28C07, that's clear, sir. The time is 1600 hours.” The dispatcher advised.

I was only ten minutes away from the location. It was a stroke of luck to be in the right place at the right time. So, if something tragically was about to happen, hopefully, I would get there in time to bring it to a peaceful ending without anyone getting hurt or worse. Then ...

“28C08, sir, the call has been upgraded to a code one. Possible DOA, knife involved. The reportee states that the suspect is still at the location. Again. This is a code one call.” I could hear the trembling in the dispatcher’s voice, as if she were sitting next to me in the passenger seat of the patrol car. The officers and dispatchers are linked together, each knowing that alone, the job would not get done. It takes both to make it happen, demanding unquestionable communication between the two. This close-knit bond between the dispatchers and officers causes the men and women sitting in front of the microphones, handing out calls, to be concerned for the officers. We become like family. The dispatcher had every right to be concerned about me. This could be the last time she hears me responding to her broadcast.

“28C08, that’s clear, ma’am. Show me arriving at the location.” I advised as I observed a black male wearing a black button-up cotton shirt and blue jeans running to my vehicle. It was Mr. Thomas Griffin. He was one of the business owners on my beat. He was a short, stocky man with a thick mustache and hair growing around the sides of his head. The top of his head shone as brightly as a polished chicken egg. Yes, he was bald on the top of his skull. Mr. Griffin was about five feet six inches tall, weighing around two-hundred pounds. The man was Creole all the way. He loved the French cuisine style of spices, and would never miss a meal. This was one of the businesses I sometimes visited while on patrol. Getting to know these people makes all the difference in the world, especially during times like this when death lurks in the midst like a predatory beast. And to see this man, who was an ex-marine who fought in the Vietnam War, running up to my car as if someone had thrown scalding hot water on his back, I knew this was serious. Some of the situations he told me about when he was in Vietnam were soul-wrenching. He was the last of his squad to return from the war. He watched as many of his troops were killed in action. So, to see him running up to me the way he did,

I knew this would not be the time to let my guard down. Take nothing for granted.

“Mr. Griffin, what’s going on here?” I asked of the hotel’s proprietor. This was going to be a life-or-death call, especially when I noticed the man breathing as if he had just finished running a marathon. He could hardly speak. I patiently waited for him to catch his breath. Then ...

“One of the tenants came knocking on my window. He was afraid someone was getting killed in the room next to him. I went to check the room. It’s number 124. I heard screaming. It sounded like a woman. I had to call you. About five minutes after calling the police, a man came out of the room, and he was bloody from head to feet. He was holding a knife. The knife was dripping blood. I tried talking to the man, but he never looked at me. He kept looking straight ahead as if he were in some sort of trance. I ran to the phone as fast as I could to tell the police the man had a knife and he might’ve killed somebody.” Mr. Griffin was out of breath. His eyes had become as large as if someone had propped his eyelids open with toothpicks.

After hearing what the hotel’s manager had to say, I heard another vehicle coming to a screeching halt from somewhere behind me. It had to be the other officer who would be assisting me with the investigation. I turned to find Officer Joseph Wrigley quickly approaching. Officer Wrigley was a ten-year veteran of the police department and had seen it all. Having him on the scene, especially with this kind of call that could turn extremely ugly at a moment’s notice, was both encouraging and comforting. The officer was six feet, five inches tall, and had the body of a professional boxer. He wore his hair in an ivy-lee style cut, saying that the first thing some crook would try grabbing is a long-haired police officer who was trying to look cute instead of doing what it took to get the job done.

As we began walking towards room 124, the door opened. I saw someone standing just inside the doorway of the room. He stood as still as a statue, wearing no shirt and sweating profusely as if he had just stepped out of a shower. It was a man who looked to be in his late fifties or early sixties. He was a black male. Both his hair and moustache were gray. He looked to be around five feet, four inches tall. Unfortunately, that is not what caught my eye. What caught my eye was the knife he was holding in his right hand. It looked as if the man had stuck his hand and knife into a bucket of red paint. Blood was dripping onto the floor and concrete walkway. That is when a thought struck me as if someone dropped a ton of bricks over my head ... “he might be on angel dust.” However, what sent ice cubes running through my veins is that this was someone I knew. My eyes were not playing tricks on me. No. There was no mistaking who this was. It was my neighbor, David Jones. Yes, the very same neighbor who caught his wife cheating on him.

It seemed like only yesterday when his wife came scratching on my window in the wee hours of the morning, and now, here he is, standing half-naked in a hotel room holding a blood-soaked knife. I never knew the man to be on any kind of illegal drugs. No. He was a hardworking individual who spent the majority of his time away from home, making a decent living for him and his wife. They did not have any children. Thankfully, I ruled out the thought of my former neighbor being on PCP, or angel dust. By the look on his face, he was under the influence of something more dangerous. Rage.

I have heard many stories of officers having to fight people who were under the influence of this dangerous drug they call angel dust. I prayed my assumption was right and my former neighbor was not on this mind-altering drug. I recall the story of an officer responding to a call about an unknown type of disturbance in a bar. He

arrived only to be attacked by such a person. No matter how many times the officer, along with others in the club that were trying to help the officer, put the man down, he simply rose from the floor as though he was a zombie that had recently clawed his way out of a damp grave. Witnesses said the man acted as though he had superhuman strength. Fortunately, before the officer lost consciousness, he was able to pull his duty weapon, which was a .357 Smith & Wesson revolver. He emptied his weapon with each shot finding its mark. Tragically, the man grabbed the officer's empty weapon and beat him to death with it before he eventually collapsed and died.

The only thought running through my head was to get close enough to my neighbor, grab him, and pray that nothing else was waiting for us inside the room. Unfortunately, he must have been reading my mind. He quickly backed into the room and slammed the door shut.

“David! Remember me? I used to live a couple of houses down from you. This is Jerry. You remember me? Right? You and your wife were in my kitchen. Remember? I'm here to help. Please let me help you.” I shouted through the door. My sixth sense made me feel as if I was standing on the edge of a pirate's plank. I sensed that whatever was behind the door, the hair-raising sight would haunt me for the rest of my life. I could feel it in my bones. He slammed that door for a reason. It had to be because of something he did not want us to see. Whatever was inside that room, I knew it would be a soul-wrenching horror that would cause me to toss and turn in bed for a long time. I could feel it. Someone would not be seeing another sunrise.

“David! What's going on? What're you doing here? Are you okay?” I shouted through the door after he failed to answer me the first time. It was an eerie kind of graveyard silence that caused the hairs to stand on the back of my neck. There was a tingling sensation flowing

through my veins like ice-water. Something was awfully wrong, and it was far from over. There was more to come. Somehow, I had to convince my ex-neighbor to open the door and surrender. As I stood with only my thoughts of what was waiting for me inside the hotel room, my neighbor began speaking to me ...

“I warned her! I told her what I would do! She thought it was funny! She laughed at me! She shouldn’t do that! Why couldn’t she just be my wife? I gave her everything she wanted! Tell me why she did this to me? Jerry, I loved her! I loved her more than any other woman I’d ever known! I would’ve carried the world on my shoulders just to please her! After I left your home that morning, I thought I had seen the last of her! It had to be her mother that forced her to call! We talked for hours! Sometimes I heard her mother in the background yelling at her, telling her to return home and treat me with respect! Later that night, I heard someone walking down the hallway towards the bedroom! I grabbed my gun! It was Sarah! She listened to her mother and came home! I thought everything was going to be alright! She seemed so sincere in wanting to do right! But then, she started doing the same thing all over again! I came home early from work one night, only to find an empty house! She was nowhere to be found! I normally return home from work around six in the morning! She came walking in the door at four! I knew what I had to do! I took off one day, but acted as if I was going to work! Jerry, as soon as I left my house, the woman backed out of the driveway and drove off! I followed her! This is where I found her and her boyfriend! I didn’t want to hurt them! They gave me no choice! Jerry, they were laughing at me! She and her boyfriend, lying naked in bed, were laughing at me! She was calling me a fool! Who does that? They did not know what I had in my back pocket! I pulled it out! I began squeezing the trigger! They were screaming for their lives! They weren’t laughing anymore! Then the thought came to me! Shooting them would be too fast! I

wanted them to suffer as they made me suffer! They had to pay! Jerry! I tied their hands behind their backs with my shoestrings! I butchered them! Jerry! I killed them both! Afterwards, I rolled them over and cut the shoestrings! I laid them close together, side by side! I'm so sorry for what I did! I'm going to miss my wife! Jerry! She laughed at me! But I still love her! I can't live without her! Jerry, please understand!" David was crying loudly through the door.

Somehow, I had to get him out of the room. I knew what he was about to do. Lord, please give me the right words to say. If ever there was a time for me to help someone, my neighbor was that someone.

"David! Listen to me! You're not the first person to go through something like this! Look! Even I have been hurt by someone I loved! We can get through this together! Just open the door! Let's talk about this! You came to my home that morning to talk to me! So, open the door and talk to me now! You know I'm not here to hurt you! I'm here to help you! I understand what you're going through! Let me help you! Please! David, I'm begging you to open the door! We can talk all night long if you wish, but first, you have to trust me! David, do you trust me?" I asked not only to get an answer but just to make sure he was still alive. He might have plunged the knife deep into his heart or gut. I knew he had a gun. He had already given me that information. So, the last thing I wanted to do was have the hotel manager stick a key into the door. The sound of someone opening the door might cause the man to start shooting. Either I would be able to talk him out of the room, or else. It's the "or else" that caused icicles to run up and down my back, meaning it would be the kind of ending that is seen in horror shows. I had to save him. This had to end with the man getting some form of help. I was thinking of nothing else but getting him help. I could hear it in his voice. He was not himself, not the David I would

normally speak to on Saturday mornings when I might see him retrieving his newspaper from the front yard. No, he was not himself.

“I trust you, Jerry! But no one can help me now! It’s all over! Thank you for everything you tried to do for me! I really appreciate you, my friend! Tell my mother I’m sorry for what I’m about to do!” The few seconds of silence that followed his crying plea were followed by a loud explosion.

“Mr. Griffin, do you have the key to this room?” I slowly turned to ask the owner, and he immediately handed me the key. I could tell by the way his hands were trembling that he was nearly paralyzed with fear. I knew he was extremely relieved not to be the one opening the door. I could not blame him. The sound of the keys shaking in the owner’s hands was echoing up and down the walkway. Memories of the many nerve-tingling shows I used to watch with my grandmother came back to haunt me. I knew what I was going to find inside the room, and no matter how much training an officer gets, there is no way to overcome the nightmare that will linger for many years. No one ever gets used to death. Never. Anticipating what might be waiting for me on the other side of the door had me fumbling with the key. Finally, I heard a clicking sound echoing in my ears as I turned the key. I opened the door just enough to smell the scent of blood filling my nostrils. Death was waiting for me. The suffocating silence inside the room was thick enough to cut with a dull butter knife. I knew what that meant.

“David? Are you okay? I’m coming in!” I shouted, praying he would talk to me. Unfortunately, the only answer I received was the stillness in the air that made me feel as if I stood barefoot on top of a frozen lake. I had to walk into the room without knowing whether the man was waiting to blow my brains out or if he was lying in a pool of

blood from a self-inflicted gunshot wound. Well, I could not stand outside the door all night long. I had to make a decision, and so I did.

For a few moments, which seemed like several minutes, I stood just outside the door, attempting to find the courage to push the door open. My nerves were on a roller-coaster ride, soaring up and down with a speed that had me feeling the hairs growing on the back of my neck. Although it was extremely hot outdoors, I could feel a chill running from the bottoms of my feet to the top of my skull. This had to be a bad dream. Maybe I would wake up to find myself lying in bed, but I knew better. This was no dream. It was part of my job, or at least this is what I was trying to convince myself of. I knew what I was about to find in the room. Death was in the air, and the stench of blood covered the room like a sewn quilt. The Grim Reaper had already claimed his prize and departed.

Only one thing left for me to do. I shoved the door with enough force for it to slam against the wall. The silence then became comforting. There was no gunfire. Unfortunately, that could only mean one thing.

The curtains in the room were closed, making the room extremely dark. I felt for the light switch that, hopefully, was near the front entrance. It took me a few seconds of sliding my fingers up and down the wall before I finally felt it. Turning on the lights, I found myself standing in the middle of a slaughter. David was lying on his back, maybe ten feet from the door, with his eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling. Brain matter was scattered all over the floor and the wall. He had bitten the bullet, meaning he must have pushed the barrel of his gun down his throat and pulled the trigger.

Lying side by side underneath a white sheet on the king-size bed were the bodies of his wife and her lover. Blood was snaking around the sheet and bed like a vicious serpent. The husband became a butcher that night. He made sure they would never laugh at him again. With a kitchen butcher knife that he must have taken from his home, he nearly severed their heads from their bodies. And yes, it was just as David mentioned. The woman was his wife, Sarah Jones. And she too was lying with her eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling. Retrieving the wallet from the dead man's pants, his name was Joseph Lee Brandon. After having the dispatcher conduct a criminal history check on the man, I found that the dead man had never had any run-ins with the law. He was simply doing the wrong thing in the wrong place at the wrong time. Unfortunately, if what David said was true about the two laughing at him, the man must have had a death wish. Why would any man, especially after being caught in bed with another man's wife in a hotel room, laugh at the husband is far beyond my understanding? His laughter told me that the dead must have known the woman was married. Cheating in the darkness always comes to light, and with tragic consequences. The wife and her lover discovered this lesson the hard way. Unfortunately, it was too late. The hotel manager said that the man who knocked on his window to report the disturbance explained how he heard the man and woman screaming for mercy.

It was not long before two men wearing Sunday go-to-church clothes walked into the room. They identified themselves as homicide detectives. After bringing them up to date on the scene, they said it would not be necessary for me and the other officer who assisted me to remain. I was very happy to leave. There was nothing complicated about this incident. It was a clear-cut case of murder-suicide.

“28C08, ma’am, show me enroute to the station to complete this murder-suicide report. Be advised that detectives from the homicide division will also be forwarding a report to the records division.” I advised the police dispatcher.

“28C08, that’s clear, sir. The time is 2030 hours.” The dispatcher advised.

“28C07, show me clearing this location with 28C08 in service.” Officer Joseph Wrigley advised.

“28C07, that’s clear, sir. The time is 2030 hours.” The dispatcher advised.

The drive to the station was different that night. After seeing my neighbor lying dead in a pool of blood, and his wife lying dead in a hotel bed with another man, this puts a different light on human nature. Death has a way of really getting your attention, and it was weighing heavily inside my head, especially when it involves someone you know. In this kind of violence, you begin asking yourself if there was something you could have done to prevent such a tragedy? Then you begin blaming yourself. Thoughts of guilt dig into your heart, leaving you helpless to wonder if there was anything you could have done differently. There is only one answer. There is nothing you or anyone else could have done. This is why being a police officer means more than just receiving a paycheck. Patrolling these streets only because of the money, which is not much, will make you realize that you have chosen the wrong profession. Many officers have tried finding answers to their problems inside a bottle, only to find that the problem seems to grow even larger when they have reached the bottom of that bottle. Others resort to living their lives like western style cowboys, running the streets and doing things that bump right up against the reach of becoming illegal. Divorce rates among law

enforcement officers are high, and no wonder. It is all about one's mental state. Either they seek help, or drown in a pit of self-inflicted harm.

Why do such tragedies happen? How can people be so monstrous? Why is the nation surrounded by such sights that cause individuals to cringe in the darkness of their own homes? Evil lurks among us, and this is nothing new. This beast has always stalked the streets in search of hearts that can be easily influenced to do the wrong thing. Well, I might not have the answers to such questions, but one thing is for certain: I am here to serve and protect. Until the Good Lord calls me home one day, I will continue doing my very best to make a difference in someone's life. I dream of the day when police officers are no longer needed. A world of eternal peace because our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, would have returned to claim His bride, meaning the church. Oh, how I long for that glorious day. Then, and only then, will evil be thrown into the fiery pits of hell, forever.

The most common questions I am asked by many victims of violent crimes are: "Why did this happen to me?" or "How could God let this happen?" Yes, I blamed myself for the tragic deaths of three people. I stressed myself out trying to think of something I could have done differently when the two were in my kitchen. Regrettably, there are no answers. When you have given it your best, there is nothing else you could have done but pray. The truth rests solely in the reflection staring back at you from the mirror. Only you and Almighty God know the truth, and being honest with yourself is all that matters ...

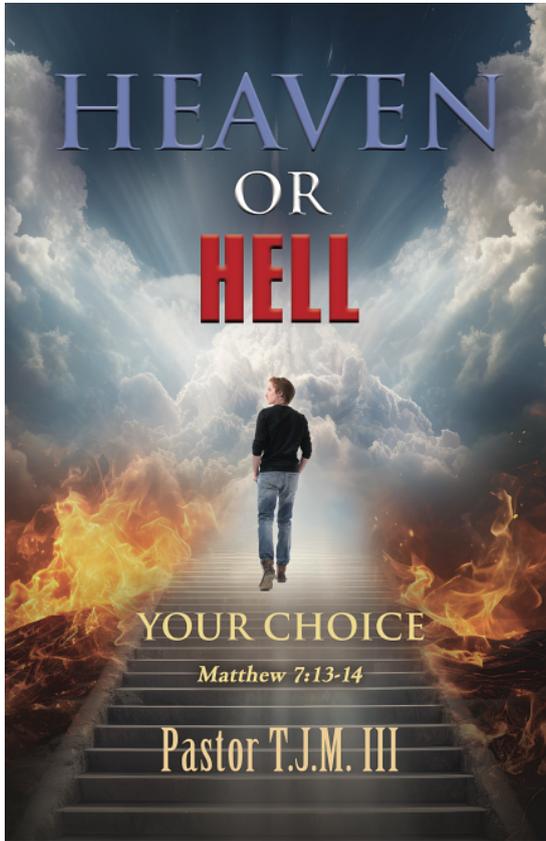
"Hebrews 6:10 (KJV) - ¹⁰ For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love, which ye have shewed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister."

Sometimes, when I am called to a scene where death has occurred, I feel so helpless. Truly, it tears me apart, especially when it involves children. I have to remind myself that God knows who we are. He created every last one of us. We are all His children, regardless if we choose different paths. We are still creations of Almighty God. However, we cannot judge. God is the only judge. It is He that will place us in judgment on the day Jesus Christ returns to claim His bride, which is the church.

The Apostle Paul was the greatest persecutor of the church, and yet he became one of the greatest apostles for the Lord. Repentance is the only true way to fulfill God's purpose for our lives. This must be done first before anything else. Otherwise, continuing to live a life that contrasts with the immaculate character of God would be living in vain. I have to remember that during the times I feel so helpless to do anything but be there for the innocence in times of their trials and tribulations is what I needed to do. Genuine compassion for others is a gift from God. God knows our hearts. Beyond anything else we might think, God knows our hearts. Amen.

“1 Samuel 16:7 (KJV) - ⁷ But the Lord said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.”

“Jeremiah 17:10 (KJV) - ¹⁰ I the Lord search the heart, I try the reins, even to give every man according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings.”



The book consists of calls given to police officers in the performance of their duties. It places the reader in the passenger seats of patrol cars to witness the crimes being committed, and how they are handled.

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By Pastor T.J.M. III

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