

The Jones' family, plus Laura, sat in stunned silence in the judge's chambers as Judge Jones explained what former Justice Sallenger had revealed to him. Nancy was in tears. Bradley was fighting mad and pounded his fist against the arm of the couch. Laura inwardly welcomed herself to the real world where people are victimized by the greed and power of others. Katherine sat with mixed emotions, not really understanding what everything meant, but knowing someone was trying to hurt her father. Randy stood in silence, leaning against a file cabinet, with his arms crossed, looking down at the carpet in front of him. Judge Jones sat facing them from behind his desk, slightly rocking in his barrister's chair.

"Randy," the judge asked as he swiveled his chair to directly face his oldest son, "what would you do if I was a client of yours in this predicament?"

His son broke his silence. "I don't know, Dad. I'm just too angry to think right now." He continued staring at a spot on the floor in front of him.

"Son, you can't become emotionally involved, or you won't be able to help your client."

He looked at his father with a glare in his eyes. "Dad, it's just not fair what they're doing." There was a cracking in his voice.

"But son, hurting this individual is for the betterment of the established system." These words cut Randy deeply.

"Stop it, Dad," he said bitterly.

"No, Randy. This isn't theory anymore. This is no petty argument. I want to know what you, as a lawyer, in this real situation, would advise your client to do."

The statement stung the soul of the law student as he struggled with the reality of the situation and his feelings for his father, as opposed to the beliefs and philosophy he had developed from most of his law professors that the one sometimes has to be sacrificed for the good of many. *Who makes up the rules as to what benefits the many*, he thought. *Those who are in power?* The arguments his father had given him in the past were bombarding his mind. *The conquering power always writes the History books*, his father had said dozens of times. Now he knew what that meant. The Governor and his cohorts had already written their history, their way. He looked up and spoke in a calm voice.

"Mr. Jones, as your attorney, I advise you to answer each of their questions in a direct, straight-forward, and truthful way. If you have any problems with any questions, quickly signal me, and I will answer them in your stead. I remind you, you do have the right to remain silent. However, the right of silence bears with is the responsibility of knowing someone will interpret your silence in an adverse way."

"Thank you." The judge looked over at his other son. "Brad, two minutes to go in the game, your team is down by eight points, and everyone has written a big 'L' next to your team in the losing column. To make matters worse, you have the ball on your own one yard line, with no time-outs. What would you do?"

Bradley had listened intently to the conversation between his father and brother, and knew his father was not just teaching lessons to them; he was searching for truth.

“Dad, few people realize this, but a good quarterback always keeps back a few plays that are guaranteed gainers. He goes the entire game, knowing he can use those plays if he has to late in the game. He sets up these plays the entire game by getting the defense used to certain set patterns. These plays all reverse those patterns. The first plays are special pass patterns only Steve Ridley and I know. That’s why he and I worked so hard all summer. Steve and I have each pattern timed to perfection. I know exactly where to throw the ball at the exact split second he cuts into the open. I don’t even have to see him. Three of these patterns, and we score. After the extra point, we’re down by one pint. You know why our team hasn’t lost a game in three years. It’s because every minor detail is worked on. We’re probably the only high school team in Indiana that works on perfecting on-side kick-offs every day, even though we never use them. Now we would use it. I can guarantee we would get the ball, because other teams never work on receiving an on-side kick. I’d hit Steve with two more short passes, until we’re close enough to kick a field goal.”

“What if you lost, Brad?”

“Dad, the best team in the state can’t lose, it can only be beaten. To lose means to give up and not try to win. To get beat means we work our tails off to the very last second, trying to win, only to end up with fewer points than our opponent. In the first case, we’d be losers. In the second case, we could hold our head up high and say we gave it our best shot. A loser has no chance of winning. Only if you try can you have a chance to win. You taught me that, Dad.”

Judge Jones looked over at his youngest child. “What do I do, Katie?”

The thirteen year old always respected the way her father had taken her advice seriously. It also had turned her into a person who thought through circumstances and problems.

“Father, remember the first time I beat you in tennis?” The judge smiled and nodded. “It was one of those days when every shot I hit was a winner.”

“Yes, I remember. The ball only hit white lines the entire match.” He rolled his eyes, as the whole family smiled.

“Well, remember, we were playing the tie-breaker in the final set. I figured, all I have to do is win two straight points before you did. So all I did was keep hitting the ball back over the net until you made two straight mistakes. I may never beat you again, but my strategy worked that day. All I’m saying is, let them make the mistakes, Father. Then use their mistakes to beat them. Do you understand?”

A not and a proud smile spread on her father’s lips.

“Nancy?” He angled his head as his eyes met her red ones.

“Dear...I just keep seeing Justice Thomas’ wife sitting behind him during the Senate hearings on his confirmation. I kept thinking, if I were her, I would have given anything to have told those hypocrite Senators it was none of their business what he supposedly might have done years ago. What counts are the facts of what he has done as a judge. What is important here is what you have done as a judge, and a father, and a husband, with a selfless disregard.”

The judge stood up from his chair, came around to the front of his desk, and faced his family.

“I believe I know what to do at the hearing. Before we go, I would like to ask Laura if she would lead us in prayer.”

He grabbed his wife's hand as Laura followed suit and took Nancy's other hand, and at the same time, took Katherine's. The youngest Jones stood as the family circle was being formed for prayer for the first time in their lives. The request seemed strange, as it never had been made before. However, Randy and Bradley continued the chain until the circle of hearts was united.

"Dear Heavenly Father," Laura's sincere voice began, "Give us wisdom for such a time as this..."

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Fran Caldwell entered the Capitol building, heading for Room 412 where the confirmation hearing was to be held in a little over an hour. Her duty was to make sure all the arrangements had been made for the hearing. She was to save enough chairs for the Jones family, Laura, and herself, and make sure the Senate Pages were doing their jobs properly. Crossing the shining marble floor, her thoughts turned to realization that this building would soon be home to her work. As she walked, she glanced into offices on her left and right, thinking that soon she would be getting to know these secretaries and office workers, and they her. The challenge of a new environment excited her. So much so, that she paid little attention to the large number of people walking through the halls from every direction toward the elevator. A crowd of forty or more gathered outside the only elevator, located on the Senate side of the building. She wondered if this was a regular occurrence of sightseers or if the building was usually this crowded.

Passing up the elevator, and the wait for it, she pressed on for the stairs which would eventually take her to the fourth floor and her destination. She noticed others pouring through the large oak doors from the outside of the building. Groups at a time passed her with excitement in their manner of walking and talking. Distorted words bounced off the marble floor and walls, as the noise level increased with each new group of people entering the Capitol building.

Walking up the long first flight of stair approaching the second floor, she looked back over the entire main floor, puzzled at the growing mass of people. Moments later she stood in the quietness of the fourth floor hallway in front of the closed door to Room 412. The paper taped to the front of the door read, "CONFIRMATION HEARING MOVED TO HOUSE FLOOR".

She pushed open the heavy door, hoping someone would be here to explain. The room was lit only from the sun shining through thick, stained glass windows. Amongst the fifty or so chairs lined up around the room, and the tables, a long one for the committee, and a short one for the nominee, was a lone TV camera case in the middle of the floor.

The door behind her which she had left slightly open was pushed as a young man in his early twenties rushed past her and straight to the camera bag. "Excuse me." His voice was loud and hurried as he unzipped the bag and placed four more battery packs into side compartments.

"I'm Fran Caldwell, Judge Jones' personal secretary. Do you have any idea why the hearing was changed from this room?"

The young man continued arranging his case as he glanced over at the older woman. "This place is going crazy, lady. I had my camera all set up in this room when it

was announced the hearing was now going to be in the House Chambers. I just came from there, and that place is already packed. Crowd estimates are at one-thousand and climbing. He added sarcastically, "I just hope they don't move it to the Convention Center."

"I had no idea there would be this many people."

"Neither did we. The number-one reporters from all the stations are here now. I'm lucky I get to film the proceedings. If my camera wasn't already set up, the number-one camera man would be taking my place. That's why I'm in such a hurry," he said, zipping the camera bag up and slinging it over his shoulder. Heading past her, he added, "Tell the judge to watch the channel 8 news tonight. He'll be seeing my film."

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Don Edwards and Eddie Branscum had already agreed that if they could find their way back to Cadillac, they would leave in a second. It had seemed to them that they had already been at the camp for days, when it had only been a mere three hours. Their bodies ached in places they did not know could ache. As they sat in chairs outside the main lecture building, they realized it did not good to complain. Others had already done so, and had lost shower privileges for the day.

As the man called Drake stood behind the front picnic table, he threw back the tarp on top of the table, revealing over a dozen types of shotguns. Don and Eddie opened their notebooks, ready to write down anything the weapons master said to them.

Drake, a muscular, barrel-chested man, never seemed to blink his dark brown eyes. He just looked from man to man, assessing the whole situation before speaking. Dressed in khaki pants and a blue tee shirt, he reached up and pulled the safety goggles down from where they had rested on his short, but thick, brown hair, and placed them over his eyes. He grabbed one of the shotguns from the picnic table, aimed over the heads of the men, and pulled the trigger.

The blast could be heard for miles. Men groaned as they all grabbed for their ears. The ringing in the eardrums would remain with them all well into the night. Drake spoke loudly.

"It's not a gun unless it's loaded. It is only a club or a hammer if it's not loaded. And if it's going to be effective, it has to be loaded. And if it's going to be effective, it has to be loaded with the maximum amount of gunpowder. And as we all agree, the maximum amount of gunpowder makes noise."

"This is a combat shotgun. For many, it is the first instrument they reach for when danger threatens. And yet ironically, it is the weapon they are the least familiar with and the least trained with. The combat shotgun has been touted as a versatile weapon, when in fact, it is a limited purpose weapon. Its range with any of its ammunition, whether standard or specialty, is relatively short. It is a two-handed instrument, which makes it difficult to maneuver in close quarters.

"What the gun is good for, is its massive and intense firepower in a close to intermediate range armed confrontation. Yet even in that, the gun will only be good in the hands of a trained man or woman. Too much of the shotgun training received nowadays is fallacious. Too many people have been trained to use this gun with a light trap and

skeet load, and are completely incapable of coping with its violent recoil dynamics when they have to use anti-personnel combat ammunition.

“Also, too many people have been trained to use this on flying clay birds; targets which are much faster than a human being. These people, placed in a combat environment, will tend to over lead and miss homicidally aggressive opponents. In any case, if the day ever comes when I start seeing small, round, flying bureaucrats, I hope I have an Uzi and not a shotgun.” The men all chuckled at Drake’s first try at humor.

“In front of me are fourteen of these instruments, taken at random from the NOC’M armory. In the foreground, we have Remington’s classic 870 with the extended magazine and the folding stock.” Grabbing each weapon, Drake showed the characteristics with a precision and adeptness which made the men seated in front of him marvel.

“This is Smith and Wesson’s 3000-P, literally an improved Remington, and less likely to malfunction. It also costs a few Federal Reserve notes less, and is probably the best buy in today’s slide-action shotgun market.

“The special purpose Remington 870, twenty-gauge, with a functional feature we’ll discuss later on the firing range is none of my personal favorites. Here are a couple of samples of high standard 8113’s, a gun many experts consider the slickest popgun ever made, with an action so smooth that you can press the slide release, and the instrument cycles itself. Here you have your even more classic Ithaca, model 37, the choice weapons of the New York Police Department and the Los Angeles Police Department.”

Don already sensed that Drake knew shotguns as well as anyone in the country, and soon he himself would soak up all that knowledge that he could. He could hardly wait to try out these weapons on the firing range. Now he felt that he was getting some knowledge that would help him help others. Now he could better help “*The cause*”, rather than being just a driver. As he looked around, he noticed that even the most complaining of his comrades were writing as fast as Drake spoke.

“For special purposes,” Drake explained on, “Ithaca’s Mag-10 Roadblock is the one to use. It has a three and one-half inch, ten gauge magnum. Another specialty gun for entering occupied buildings is the Remington 1100, semi-auto, twenty-gauge, three-inch magnum.

“Here is the same gun in twelve gauge, but with a longer barrel and a ten-shot magazine. This is the gun used primarily in combat shotgun matches and by SWAT teams around the country.”

Don had already chosen the shotgun he would want to own. He made a note on his paper to purchase ear protectors, as the ringing in his ears was still audible as the shotgun master droned on.