

Nerve racking Message

October 21, 2014

While I watch the morning news I check my emails to see one at 8:30 am from Investigator John Eckersen. It reads, "Good morning Deb; Will you please give me a call when you get the opportunity?" My stomach ties in a knot and the burning increases because we usually email, he doesn't ask me to call. I first think there has been a date set for the trial. I take a deep breath but hesitate to call afraid it would be bad news after all these years.

After a half of an hour I muster up the courage to call but must leave a message, now I am disappointed since I waited so long. I imagine of all the bad things such as he disappears or dropped charges. I know it is stupid, but my imagination is going crazy. I feel my stomach start to burn and I'm queasy.

Out of the corner of my eye I see my phone light up and I think it is odd since the phone never rang. I worriedly look to see a missed call from Daytona Beach and there is a message. Just as I thought it's the investigator from the Florida District Attorney's office. The couple of deep breathes I take do not calm my nerves so I sit down to listen to his message. He has given me his cell phone number which he has never done since I call the office. Panic sets in as I take another deep breath and slowly push each number praying to be tough enough to deal with what I am going to hear.

"Hello this is John."

"Hello, this is Deb Jones."

“I was wondering if you heard what happen this weekend.”

“No, I have not heard anything except what I told you I learned from our friends in Alabama. What happened?”

“Gerard and his wife tried to commit suicide on Saturday.”

“Oh my God. What happened?”

“I got a call from the Georgia Bureau of Investigation. According to what was said, Gerard hit a tree at a high rate of speed. They were both thrown from the car and his wife is killed.”

“Oh my God. I cannot believe it.” My heart sinks as I think I will hear the same about him.

“Gerard has survived and was flown to a Savanna hospital.” I am speechless while I think, I am not hearing this. This cannot be real. Oh my God. She is dead.”

He continues, “Prior to that they were in a motel and when they left a housekeeper went in and saw a suicide note and splatters of blood around the room. After finding out their names the police looked at the surveillance film of the parking lot to get the license plate. They observed Gerard helping her to the car and a ‘be on the lookout’ for their mustang was issued. It was an hour and a half later when the car left the road.”

“I cannot believe he would do that. This is such a tragedy. Gina has died. Oh my God. How could he do something like this?”

“From what I was told they were very desperate and eating hand to mouth. Gina was attested in September for petty thief.”

“Probably for food.”

“Has Gerard ever attempted suicide that you know of?”

“No, oh, when he was accused of the crime in Florida he said he was worth more to me dead than alive, so I hid his pistol. He later found it and said he could never do that because he didn’t have the guts.” During this whole conversation there is a little voice in my ear softly saying, this cannot be happening.

I am full of questions and rattle them off even though I know he has little information at this time but I cannot help it. How can you ever explain suicide? What could have been going through his head as he drove towards a tree while speeding?

There is a silence and he says, “I am so sorry to have to be telling you this but I thought you would want to know.”

“Thank you. I did want to know, and this is just so tragic. Someone has lost their life by Gerard’s hand. How could he every get to this point to try to kill himself and Gina?”

“I know it is unbelievable and now he has more problems with the State of Georgia for murder. I am sorry I cannot tell you more but when I do learn more I will let you know,”

“Thank you so much. This is just so terrible, and I cannot believe he could ever get to the point to do something like this.”

“Again, sorry to have to break this to you and I will let you know when I learn more.”

“Thank you for telling me. Good bye.”

“Take care Deb and I will let you know as soon as I know anything. Bye.”

I pace the whole time, but my legs are getting weaker, so I plop on the couch while I shake my head as if it will change the outcome. Then I think if it happened on Saturday it should be on line. My hands tremble as I Google his name and Georgia. It takes many backspaces until I get it right. Am I ready to see this? I push search and close my eyes as I feel a tear run down my cheek.

When I open my eyes I see the car that he and I had so many great times in. Now it was a vehicle used to kill a human being. I picture the car flipping over and over as they are thrown out. I see his wife covered up since she has died and him being worked on. A sick feeling comes over me and I fight down the lump in my throat as I read the article. All I can do is shake my head no as I read the headline, GSP releases names of victims in fatal Long Co. accident....

I cannot keep my nervous energy at bay, so I pace around the house repeating, Oh my God. How could this happen? What must have been going through his head as he drove off the road knowing me may die? How could things have got so bad that suicide was the only way out? Oh my God, he did tell me he would never go to jail because he can't take it. His taped confession I got made it impossible to be found innocent. God, I cannot believe Gerard could do something like that. This is a tragedy. Someone has died.

Content is subject to change during editing.