

Then I realized my entire family was dead, and it was my fault.

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The rain began to pat against the windows of our small two-bedroom house. It was time to call the police. I kissed my son, laid his head on the carpet, and walked to the closet before grabbing the

phone. *Why didn't Justin use the gun? Maybe he wouldn't have missed. I know I won't.*

"9-1-1, what's your emergency?"

"Send the police. There have been three murders."

The last thing the 9-1-1 operator heard was the sound of gunfire, and the clunk of the receiver as it hit the floor.

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—Mark Tomsic, "Confessions of a Hypocritical Pastor"