

impression. Would you say something to them about Jefferson?"

"What can I say?"

"What ever is truly in your heart, Paul. If you're not afraid to say it."

He nodded, and we went inside. Irene called the students to rise and their shoulders back. I allowed Paul to precede me up the aisle to the table.

"This is Mr. Paul Bonin," I told them, after they had sat down again. "A deputy sheriff of our parish. He was at the courthouse today. I have asked him to say a few words to you."

Paul stood stiffly by the table, obviously nervous. He raised his hand to his mouth as if his lips may have been dry. Then he started to speak, but stopped as though he had not gathered his thoughts yet. He looked down at the table a moment and took a deep breath. He nodded his head and smiled as he looked out at the children, waiting.

"I want to tell you about a man..." he said.