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Ms. Zarrilli

He was everything to me. He was my perfectly imperfect match. I miss him so very much every day. The way his green eyes looked into my soul, the way I just knew he loved me, every conversation big, small, serious, and light-hearted. He knew just how to expel negativity and when he couldn't he inspired me to. The way he smelled, sounded, and felt, he was everything and a little bit more to me. He was so kind and smart. He was my very best friend and my favorite person. The type of love we shared was that which is completely unfathomable if you don't have it.

He was a police officer, which was so suitable for him because he was one of the most empathetic people ever and was such a treat to be around. He had a gift for being so kind and glowing that he made other people feel the same way. We had gotten married and had 3 girls who are the most beautiful things in this world. He was an amazing father, police officer, and husband, among many other things.

On June 13th I woke up out of a nightmare of him being hit by a car. I immediately started sobbing. It felt so real to the point my chest was tight and I thought I might be experiencing a heart attack. He wrapped his arms around me and it melted away. The next day I just felt so anxious and like something might happen to him. I told him about my dream and how I felt and he just smiled and said "I will never willingly leave you my love." and wrapped me up tight in his arms. For some reason, it didn't make me feel better. I continued to feel like this until the morning of June 18th I woke up from the same dream and feeling. Again he just comforted me and I begged him to call out of his shift for the day. I scream sobbed and begged. I kept turning off the shower and taking his uniform back off. I was determined to keep him home that day but he would not budge.

When he was leaving he wrapped me up in the biggest hug and gave me a long kiss. He said "I couldn't have called out baby, we need the money and people need to be kept safe. Bossman would be peeved. I love you so much, and I'll see you when I get home." he said goodbye to our girls and our dogs and left. If I had known that was the last time I would ever see him alive I would have latched onto his leg. I would've tried harder.

A 17-year-old boy was driving down a steep, blind road too fast. He was intoxicated and he was on his phone.

My husband had just made a traffic stop and was talking to the young lady he saw on her phone. as he was explaining the importance of present driving and not being impaired or distracted. The boy dropped his phone onto the passenger seat floor. His foot goes down more and more as he's reaching for it not even thinking about the road. Irony isn't it? My husband was crushed between an F-350 and a Tahoe by a drunk, distracted driver while spreading awareness as to why you shouldn't be driving impaired or distracted.

They say he died on impact and very likely didn't feel any pain. But I know he did. I know he's sitting next to me heartbroken right now. My heart goes out to that 17-year-old boy who had a broken rib, a concussion, and a sprained wrist. He carries his scars from that internally and mentally. The young woman was severely injured but survived. The woman has recovered with limited access to the use of the left side of her body and severe trauma.

Don't get me wrong. I hated him for what he had done. Until one day I got a knock at my door and it was him. The boy saw my youngest and started to sob. I could tell his guilt was immense. I could tell that me reacting badly wouldn't save this boy's life. My husband had already lost his and this life was too valuable. So I had grace and I hugged him. It may have been hard but I truly think by finding the grace to forgive I was able to save his life and grow out of the anger I held onto so hard.

Your bad decisions do not only have consequences on you.