

The Shock

by Kenita Gibbins

Our summer days had been rolling with good times seeing Colorado, gathering with friends, and seeing strange movies. I even went to an all-day Spa in the mountains with a kindred spirit.

On August 29, I received a phone call, and the message I'm sure will never go out of my mind. The voice said, "This is Reece. I really, really need your help." Reece is our 16-year-old middle grandchild. He continued. I could barely understand him since he was crying. "My face is messed up. I'm in jail. I'm so bad. No one will ever forgive me."

"I will always forgive you. What happened?"

Reece then proceeded to tell me that he had been picked up by the police for speeding in addition to driving under the influence of alcohol. I didn't understand why his face was messed up.

"I can't go home looking like this. I can't tell my parents. I need you to get me out of jail." Still sobbing he asked, "Do you have paper and pencil so you can call my lawyer? He will explain how I can leave jail. Will you call my lawyer? Please, please don't tell my parents. I will inform them after I'm out of jail."

I promised to call the attorney. I even said I wouldn't phone his folks. Before he hung up, I inquired about his injury. The answer was, "Yes, they took me to a hospital. I can't talk anymore until I quit crying."

"May I call you?" I had no intention of not calling Brock and Trina.

"No," Reece replied, "I'll call you." I don't remember him calling me Nana.

Before calling the attorney, I had to quit being hysterical. I went over in my head that I never say no to our three grandchildren. Their grandfather joined me next to the telephone after I filled him in with facts about Reece.

I dialed Andrew White, Public Defender. His phone number didn't make sense because it was 518-289-0438 and not a 409 Oklahoma number. He answered and asked me for Reece's case number, which I told him was 1125501.

"Oh yes, here is his case."

Mr. White began his spiel. "Since Reece is a juvenile, he can't arrange for his bail. I can get him out of jail if his fine is paid by noon tomorrow. The cost is \$6,500. Your grandson will have no criminal record."

I asked, "How long will he stay in jail if we don't pay? We don't have that much money. The reply: "His jail time will be seven to eight weeks. The criminal record won't go away." The attorney continued, "I can go to a bail bondsman and get the cost down to \$4,000."

"My husband wants you to explain all this to him." He started the explanation, and suddenly, the line was disconnected!

George and I reached the same conclusion at the same time – SCAM! We would not pay. I dialed Reece's dad and told him the narrative. He said, "Mom, are you talking about my kid?" Our son wanted to know why I didn't recognize Reece's voice.

"Well, the crying didn't help plus the script by the so-called lawyer, and the boy seemed plausible."

How many people have ever met a grandmother who doesn't have soft spots for her precious grandchildren?

Summer days haven't left. The sun is shining. Reece attended school yesterday.