

L.A. SHERIFFS' MUSEUM

By Chris Miller

Los Angeles Sheriffs' Museum

THE MURDER OF DEPUTY DAVID MARCH, PART 1

As a man of faith with a giving heart, David March was far more about others than he was about himself. He was a man of few words, but when he did speak it was powerful, and there is no denying the many lives he touched. If he knew about all the accolades he has received since his death, he would no doubt be embarrassed and try to push it all away.

THE BIG BROTHER

Erin March-Hildreth said that Dave was a wonderful big brother: compassionate, sensitive, loyal and ethical, with strong morals and values. Being six years her senior, he would babysit when their parents went out. Left on their own, the two would find things to do for entertainment. One of their favorites was to swordfight using shish-kabob skewers. They loved to play tricks on each other, like the time Dave talked Erin into letting him squirt breath spray into her eyes. She had no idea how badly it would sting! They both loved Lucky Charms, so their mother would buy a box for them to share. Not long after their mom got home with the groceries, Erin would come into the kitchen and find Dave finishing off the last of the cereal, so she began

hiding the box under her bed where he wouldn't find it.

Once, Erin got into an argument with her boyfriend, and Dave said he was going to fight the boyfriend and let him know that he couldn't treat his sister that way. Erin talked him out of it, but secretly loved her big brother protecting her.

After several tries, Dave passed the tests to become a deputy sheriff. When he graduated from the Academy, his family was so excited they held a party in celebration. Eric, the brother who was three years older than Erin and three years younger than Dave, was developmentally disabled with the mind of a 1-year-old; he was 21 years old when he passed away.

After going through so much with Eric's death, the Marches never dreamed they could lose another family member.

THE HUSBAND AND FATHER

No one knew Dave, or understood the kind of man he was, better than his wife, Teri. She and Dave first met in high school, but it wasn't until 10 years later that they reconnected and started dating. A lot of life happened during that time, and Teri now had



Dave March with his wife, Teri, and stepdaughter, Kayla

a 5-year-old daughter named Kayla, whom Dave accepted without hesitation. Their devotion to each other grew and in 1997, a year and a half after they started dating, Dave and Teri were married.

THE LOS ANGELES COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT

Dave had wanted to be a law enforcement officer since he was a boy, and that childhood dream was fulfilled when he entered the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Academy in 1995. Upon graduating from Class #290, he was assigned to the North Facility, which is a medium-security jail at the Pitchess Detention Center. Teri quickly realized that Dave's job would not always allow him to be home with the family during holidays, so they adapted by celebrating on the days he was home.



Sheriff Block presenting Dave with his graduation certificate

After working in custody for five years, Dave was anxious to transfer to a station and begin patrol. He was a good shot and proud of his natural ability with a firearm, but realizing that confrontations



Deputy Dave March with his parents and his sister, Erin



Dave's Academy photo

with suspects were more likely to end in a physical altercation, he took classes in jujitsu.

Although Dave was assigned to Temple Station, the positions for trainees were full, so he began his initial patrol training at Palmdale Station. A few weeks later he was sent back to Temple Station, where he completed his training, earning the respect of his new partners.

MAKING A DIFFERENCE

The principal goal of most deputies just off training is to make as many arrests as they can to prove that they learned what their training officers taught them. Dave was no different. Playing an audio recording of a pursuit in which he was involved, Dave was very proud of the way he handled the radio. But he was also a man of compassion, never forgetting that even routine calls for service were important. When a dog got hit by a car, Dave took it to a vet to be treated. Even though it was badly injured and facing many future complications, Dave called Teri asking if they could keep the dog. Teri, however, was concerned about having



Dave, shown here with his dog Pepper, always had a soft spot for animals.

an unfamiliar dog around her young daughter and eventually talked Dave out of taking the dog.

Dave rescued another dog and, when he couldn't take it home, gave it to the inmate trustees at the Sheriff's Station. The trustees took care of it, even giving it a bath. But once it got fleas and they spread to the inmates' living quarters, the dog had to go.

Dave spent some time talking to a troubled man, later telling Teri he didn't know if he had made a difference, but felt he gave him a direction to follow. After Dave's funeral, that man wrote to Teri telling her how Dave's kind, encouraging words helped change his life.

A PREMONITION?

Is it possible that people subconsciously prepare for their death? Months before he was killed, Dave purchased a gun safe in which he placed their birth certificates, marriage certificate, insurance policies, cash and any paperwork that would be needed if he died. Having these important documents readily accessible brought Teri a measure of comfort at a very difficult time. On what turned out to be their last weekend together, Dave, Teri and Kayla spent a lot of extra time with family and friends. This was not something they normally did.

A FELLOW DEPUTY

Six months before Dave's death, Deputy Tiffany (Moltmann) Burgoyne, who was assigned to Operation Safe Streets (OSS), the Sheriff's Department's Gang Unit, transferred to Temple Station. Generally, when Dave talked to her, she was sitting outside the station smoking and he would admonish, "That's gonna kill you!"

THE DAY OF DAVE'S DEATH

It was 3 a.m. on April 29, 2002, when Tiffany Burgoyne, along with other OSS deputies, served a search warrant in Fontana. Around 8 a.m., an exhausted Burgoyne and her partner, Mark Shaughnessy, were on their way back to Temple Station to complete their paperwork when they drove by Calvary Chapel in Diamond Bar. Burgoyne told Shaughnessy that every time she passed that chapel she thought of Deputy Mike Hoenig, because his funeral was held there. Deputy Hoenig was killed on October 30, 1997, by a gunman on a bicycle. Burgoyne recalled how a deputy friend of hers performed CPR on Hoenig and how much sadness and guilt that friend felt for not being able to save him. She told Shaughnessy that she couldn't imagine having to perform CPR on a partner and how tragic that would be. She had no idea that in just a few hours she would be doing exactly what she dreaded, desperately performing CPR on dying fellow deputy.

THE TRAFFIC STOP

Deputy Dave March was driving his radio car along Live Oak Avenue when he observed a black, four-door Nissan Maxima exit the parking lot of Cabrera's Mexican Restaurant. The driver of the Maxima, Jorge Arroyo Garcia, who was in the United States illegally and didn't have a California driver's license, worked there as a cook. He had already told others that he would kill a police officer before going back to jail.

Noticing a broken light on the front of the car, March typed the license plate into his MDT. It came back with no wants or warrants and registered to Martina Murillo. He initiated a traffic stop, after which Garcia immediately stepped out and began walking back toward the radio car. Staying behind his open driver's door, March ordered the man to stop. Garcia, who had a gun concealed in his waistband, came to a halt near the rear of the Nissan.

When March approached and said he was going to search him, the suspect knew he would have to use the gun before the deputy found it. As soon as the opportunity presented itself, he pulled the weapon from his waistband, spun around and fired. The bullet went through March's left bicep and then entered his chest cavity, rupturing both lungs. As March fell to the ground, Garcia fired four more times. Three of the rounds missed, but the fourth struck March in the right side of the head just above his ear. Each wound alone would have been fatal. March's holster was unsnapped, but he never had a chance to defend himself.

Garcia ran back to his car and drove off. Since the shooting occurred on a street surrounded by rock quarries and a cement business, people driving by only saw portions of the incident.

A TRUCKER RADIOS FOR HELP

Lilia Jimenez was the dispatcher at the Sheriff's Radio Center monitoring Temple Station's frequency when she received a call from a Temple field sergeant. A citizen was on L-Tac, a car-to-car frequency not monitored by a dispatcher, saying a deputy needed help at Live Oak and Longden. The sergeant said he was en route to that location and to send several additional units. The deputies who were responding wanted to know what was going on and kept asking for more details. The sergeant came back on the air and advised that a citizen had informed him that there was an officer down and to get there as soon as possible. Jimenez felt numb; this was the worst thing she could imagine, but her job was to get units rolling and try to keep everyone safe.

Just after the shooting, a truck driver saw Deputy March on the ground and a vehicle speeding away. At that time, whenever someone called 9-1-1

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from their cell phone, the call went to the CHP. If the incident was in another agency's area, the call would be transferred. The truck driver's call was sent to the Sheriff's Communications Center in East L.A., where it was answered by Supervisor Flora Chavez-Garcia. After receiving the information on a possible deputy down, she listened to Temple Station's frequency and, once she determined that they were already responding, continued to monitor the radio to provide any assistance.

THE FIRST DEPUTIES TO ARRIVE

Deputy Mike Rafter was working a special assignment in the unincorporated area of Monrovia. He was wearing blue jeans and a green Sheriff's polo shirt, over which was a green ballistic vest with the word "Sheriff" on the back. Deputy March was also working the Monrovia area that day, but he was driving a regular black and white patrol car and wearing a Class A uniform.

When Rafter went out to his radio car, the battery was dead and it wouldn't start, so while the mechanic was charging it up, he decided to catch a ride with another unit. Deputies Angel Ramos and Carlos Ybarra, who were dressed in the same low-key fashion as he was, were working a special assignment in the south San Gabriel area. Mike rode in the back seat while Ramos and Ibarra were in the front. They had been out in the field for just a short time when a citizen came over the radio saying that a deputy was down at Live Oak and Longden. They were only a mile away and, rolling Code 3, arrived in seconds.

Since the inside door handles in the back seat of a radio car are disabled to prevent prisoners from escaping, Rafter told both deputies not to forget to let him out. When they pulled up, the scene was surreal and Rafter knew instantly it was bad. March was lying motionless on the ground while a crowd of 15 to 20 people just stood there staring at him, doing nothing.

Ramos and Ybarra were concerned that the suspect who shot March was still in the area, so while they concentrated on clearing the area, they totally forgot about Rafter, who was locked in the back seat. After he yelled for someone to let him out, a bystander came over and opened the door. Rafter ran over, took off March's uniform shirt and removed the front panel of his vest. He checked for a pulse and, finding none, immediately began CPR.

As soon as they confirmed that the suspect was no longer at the location, Ramos ran up to the witnesses and obtained information about the suspect and vehicle, and then Ybarra put it out over the radio. Once the information had been broadcast,

Rafter called Ybarra over to begin rescue breathing. As Rafter was performing CPR, he distinctly heard the sound of shell casings being kicked and told a nearby deputy to mark the locations of the shell casings.

DEPUTIES' LIFELINE: THE DISPATCHER

Lilia Jimenez already had rescue responding to the location, and now Ybarra was asking for Life Flight. This wouldn't happen unless the deputy was badly hurt. As she got the help that was needed, Jimenez couldn't help but wonder exactly what was happening. The answer to that question would have to come later.

There is a special button on the console that the dispatcher can push to alert the supervisor and sergeant of an emergency. The supervisor immediately monitors the radio traffic and the radio room sergeant gets on the phone with the station watch commander so they can make immediate, informed decisions. If there is a question about any information, such as the name of a street, the supervisor can instantly play back the tape and provide clarification.

The dispatcher sitting at the console closest to the person handling the emergency will become their partner and they work as a team. The partner is responsible for handling things such as requests for outside agencies, aero, paramedics or an ambulance. This frees the dispatcher on the air to concentrate on the radio traffic.

During the David March incident, every dispatcher in the radio room was monitoring the frequency and several assisted Jimenez by getting an ambulance and paramedics, as well as Life Flight. CHP was notified, as were the neighboring police departments of Irwindale and El Monte. Since the suspect vehicle fled southbound on the 605 freeway, Industry, Pico Rivera and Norwalk stations were assigned to Jimenez's dispatch console so they would receive immediate information as circumstances changed. Two Sheriff's aero units were also requested. When tragedy happens, maintaining an emotional distance is necessary to handle the radio traffic. Dispatchers are professionals and, for the sake of all concerned, must maintain a calm demeanor under the most stressful conditions.

A CALL FOR ASSISTANCE

The OSS crew had begun their shift very early, so when they got back to Temple Station, it was time to go off duty. Deputy Tiffany Burgoyne was in the locker room preparing to change out of the green Sheriff's raid jacket, T-shirt, jeans and

boots she was wearing when an announcement came over the speaker that a deputy was possibly down. Burgoyne grabbed her rollout bag, jumped in a black and white radio car and raced from the parking lot. All she remembers about the drive is the dispatcher repeating, "Should I send Life Flight?"

Deputies Mike Rafter, Carlos Ybarra and Angel Ramos were already there, and she could see the desperation and shock in their faces. Driving up behind Dave March's radio car, she jumped out and as she came around the vehicle she saw that March's leg was up, so she hoped it wasn't that bad until she saw Rafter doing chest compressions. He was totally exhausted, so Burgoyne pushed him out of the way and took over. When something shocking or traumatic happened, she had always been able to help by remaining calm and focused. As a CPR instructor she felt totally in her element, but after a while the sadness and hopelessness she felt, combined with the adrenaline rush and the exhaustion, was overwhelming.

DESPERATELY TRYING TO SAVE A LIFE

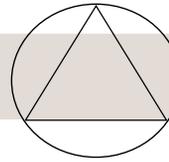
Burgoyne continued giving CPR until Deputy Charlie Tharpe said, "Catch your breath, you're tired!" He pulled her away and took over as she leaned against a radio car. A passerby who had stopped to help asked Burgoyne, "Are you all right?" She answered that she was, just as Deputy Diana Jelta came over and told the man, "She's OK, just let her be." Burgoyne watched as her fellow deputies tried frantically to revive their fallen friend. Even though they all knew he was dead, they desperately wanted to be wrong and did everything they could to bring him back to life.

Burgoyne remembered when Deputy Terrence Wenger was shot in the face and Sheriff's Chaplain Bruce Bryan was shot and killed in the same incident in Carson Station's area. A photograph was taken of Deputy Wenger's uniform shirt, which had been cut off by paramedics and was lying in the street with the badge still attached. Burgoyne didn't want that to happen to Dave March, so she removed the badge from his shirt and everything from his pockets.

PARAMEDICS DELAYED

Despite the urgency of the request, paramedics couldn't respond immediately because they were handling a fire call, so the deputies alternated doing CPR until the paramedics arrived eight minutes later. Blood splattered with each compression Burgoyne made and when she looked over at Deputy Zolton Tombol, who was giving the breaths, his face

Peace Officer's Fellowship



By Willis Braggs

TAKING A BREAK FROM ALCOHOL

Thinking about quitting drinking? It is possible to have a good time without alcohol. Sometimes we have social questions in our heads: "What will they say if I don't drink?" "What will happen if I don't go to the bar after work?" "Will they make fun of me?" These are some of the concerns that someone who is thinking of quitting may have.

We tend to be comfortable with people we know and see often. We in law enforcement tend to seek out and make friends with others like ourselves. Our friends tend to work the same shift or the same station. We often share the same views and speak in shorthand. Being with others like ourselves can help us unwind in familiar, safe surroundings with people who understand us. However, the downside can be detrimental. We think alike and there is no questioning or looking at things differently. When we are around someone outside of our circle with differing attitudes, we tend to believe that they are mistaken and different. Who we associate with can often tell us a good deal about our own drinking. We never intentionally pick our friends or acquaintances by how much they drink, but, in fact, we often hang out with friends who have similar drinking patterns. Most often, we have friends who drink like we do, which enables us to avoid looking at our own drinking habits and recognizing when there is a problem.

These people have agreed to give up their anonymity so that others who are in need of help can find the POF. Don't worry about bothering us; helping those with drinking issues is one of the ways we stay sober.

NAME	HOME PHONE	CELL PHONE
Eric Castano*	(562) 673-3374	(323) 537-0927
Joe Collins	(320) 684-4008	(909) 240-0509
Bob Ghan		(714) 916-3299
John Heckman	(661) 272-5756	
Kathy King		(714) 323-8600
Chris Loomis	(626) 447-9011	(626) 230-3137
Dave Philippon		(909) 296-0203
Ray Terhorst	(505) 705-5656	
John Valencia	(909) 599-1160	(951) 316-3633
Marty Weirich	(360) 570-1216	

*Active LASD

We can always say, "I don't drink as much as so-and-so does," or "All my friends drink like I do." We start to believe that it is normal to start drinking after shift, before going home. Once in a while, a feeling that something is wrong may leak out briefly. Perhaps you are drinking too much. You know the feelings will go away. If or when the feelings come back, you may want to ask for advice from someone who will tell you the truth, not someone who drinks like you. You may find out that you do not need to drink to have the respect of your friends or have a good

time. You do not need to drink to be trusted or be a leader.

If any of this sounds like someone you know, suggest they seek help. They can call me at Psychological Services Bureau (PSB) at (213) 738-3500. You have the option to speak to me or one of our psychologists. As always, it can be anonymous and confidential. You may also seek out a Peer Support Program member, a chaplain or a Peace Officer's Fellowship member listed in the attached directory. With help, you can change your life one step at a time. ☆

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was covered with so much blood that she wasn't sure if he was also injured. There was blood everywhere!

PARAMEDICS ARRIVE

The paramedics finally arrived and took over treatment. Hooking up an IV to March, they handed the bag to Burgoyne and said, "Let's go. Get in the ambulance!" Burgoyne was thinking, "What about my radio car with my rollout bag?" Her partner, Mark Shaughnessy, said, "Don't worry, I got it. Just go!"

Burgoyne followed the paramedics as they wheeled the gurney into the ambulance. After getting inside, the paramedic told her to hold March's head, which was bleeding profusely, while they treated him. One of her most vivid memories of that trip was the large amount of thick blood on the floor and how it

swirled and flowed every time they turned a corner. Racing from Irwindale all the way to Huntington Memorial Hospital in Pasadena, which was the only trauma center in the area, was the longest ride of her life. By the time they arrived, her pants were soaked and Burgoyne was covered in blood.

Clearly things were very bad and she said to one of the paramedics, "This isn't good, is it?" And he responded, "No, it isn't good at all!"

FEELING GUILTY

As the ambulance drove away, a feeling of hopelessness came over Rafter. He felt guilty for not getting there sooner. He was just down the street when the call came out that a deputy was down, and he kept wondering, "What if?" What if he had left the station sooner or not stopped

at a red light? Would he have been driving by as Dave March made the traffic stop? If so, there would have been three deputies to back him up and he'd still be alive.

Rafter didn't realize it, but while giving CPR, blood had soaked into his pants. An Irwindale police officer told him to come over to his radio car, where he removed some handi-wipes from the trunk and gave some to Rafter so he could clean his hands. He then began wiping the blood from the deputy's face. Rafter wasn't aware that his pants were covered in blood until he returned to Temple Station. When he went inside, a secretary saw him and screamed. He immediately went to the locker room and changed so he wouldn't upset anyone else.

This story will be continued in the next issue. ☆

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THE MURDER OF DEPUTY DAVID MARCH, PART 2

Medical personnel were waiting outside when the ambulance arrived at Huntington Memorial Hospital. After wheeling Dave's gurney into one of the emergency rooms, the nurses told the deputies, "We need to treat him now, you need to leave." The deputies complied, but only so far as to wait outside the entrance to the ER.

Deputy Tiffany Burgoyne desperately wanted a cigarette, but they were in her rollout bag in the radio car. None of the other deputies smoked, so she just had to handle the situation without a cigarette. As the news media began to arrive, the deputies went back into the waiting room to avoid being interviewed.

THE LONG TRIP TO THE HOSPITAL

Teri March went to work as usual that morning. A short while later, a receptionist said she had received a call from the Sheriff's Department asking if "Teri March" worked there, then was told not to mention the call to Teri. A few days earlier, Teri had backed into another car in the company parking lot. She had been so focused on the damage to her car that she had forgotten to look for damage on the other car. Dave

Teri switched gears instantly as she realized something was definitely wrong. She asked what happened. Janet said she didn't really know, but they had to go. Teri offered to drive but Janet told her, "We can't, I have to take you someplace." When Teri asked where, Janet replied, "I'm going to take you to the helicopter."

Teri's stomach dropped. Dave had told her they only transport family members by helicopter if a deputy is dead or in grave condition. Now she knew why Janet was there, but she kept hoping that by some freak accident they had the wrong person.

When they arrived at the helipad, a deputy asked Teri if she knew the phone number for Dave's father. She gave him the number, then climbed into the helicopter. As she sat there, many things went through her mind. Dave had told her, "If anything should ever happen to me, you'll be OK." He had made sure she knew where he'd put the pass codes and all of the other things she would need. She remembered their conversation about life insurance and what she should do, and how she hadn't wanted to talk about it. Teri hadn't wanted to believe his job was so dangerous.

Arriving at the hospital, a deputy she did not know met her, explaining that Dave had been shot but was

ing sight of a blood-soaked Tiffany. Tiffany tried to conceal the blood, but it was impossible. There was so much blood Teri thought Tiffany had been shot, too. She found out later that Tiffany was one of the deputies who had desperately rendered aid to Dave as he lay bleeding in the street and had supported him on the frantic trip to the hospital.

When Tiffany first saw her, Teri looked distraught and confused, as if in shock. She didn't seem to understand what was happening around her. When Teri was asked a question she either shook her head yes or no but could not speak. When she wasn't being asked a question, she just stared off into space. Teri looked over and locked eyes with Tiffany, who wanted to hide because she didn't want Teri to see her bloody clothes.

TERRIBLE NEWS

Erin, Dave's sister, was at the doctor's office for her son, Jake, who was having his 4-month-old checkup. Jake was going to be immunized and they were in the waiting room when she got a strange call from her husband, Kimo, a D.A. investigator. He told Erin that Dave had been shot. Erin thought Dave had probably shot himself in the foot so she couldn't understand why Kimo was so upset. Kimo had been contacted by his deputy friend, Gregg Bruner, but had very few details, so he told Erin he would get back to her.

Kimo then received a call from Sheriff Baca, who was vague about Dave's condition. Desperation now mixed with anger and fear as Kimo demanded, "Is he alive? I need to know. Just tell me." The Sheriff told him that Dave had died.

A short time later, Erin received an anguished call from her mother: "Dave is dead."

Shock and disbelief numbed Erin. "No, he's not!"

Her mother said, "Yes, he is!"

They went back and forth several times before her mother said again, "He's gone, Erin!"

Erin couldn't seem to grasp what she'd just been told as she thought, "That's impossible!"

Then it struck her, "They must have the wrong guy!" She immediately felt sorry for the real family of the deputy who was shot because there was no way it could be her brother. Her mind swirled as she tried to make sense of information that made no sense. It had to be a mistake. When she got off the phone, a nurse came over and held her, rubbing Erin's head in an attempt to comfort her. Finally, a D.A. investigator sent by Kimo arrived to take her to the hospital.

Erin's mother, meanwhile, was in Arrowhead and had to find a way to get to the hospital because Kimo, who was attending training in San Diego, couldn't pick her up.



Kimo, Erin, Teri and Dave on a boating trip

had jokingly told her she had committed a crime and they were going to come and arrest her. She thought this strange call was just her husband playing with her.

A short time later, a friend of theirs, Deputy Janet Bartholomew, showed up at Teri's business in civilian clothes. Teri thought Janet was part of Dave's joke so she was amused when she saw her. But Janet looked very serious and said, "There's something wrong with Dave."

OK. Nobody had mentioned anything about Dave being shot, but Teri took some comfort in what she had just been told, refusing to believe that Dave might be gravely injured.

The deputy and Teri took the elevator down. When they reached their floor, everyone's eyes turned to her. All those apprehensive eyes caused a sick feeling in her stomach. She was taken to a waiting room, where she was met with the shock-



COPING WITH DEATH

Erin couldn't believe her eyes when she arrived at the hospital. Sheriff's cars filled the parking lots, the surrounding streets and even in front of the emergency room entrance. As the ER doors opened, she was aware of people everywhere, but she only noticed her friends Annette and Faisal Frayeh, who were crying. A D.A. investigator took the baby from her and Erin went over to her friends, where they hugged and cried together. Erin, Teri, Kayla, Dave's father and several friends were ushered into a room. Everyone looked bewildered and shocked as Sheriff Baca came in to explain what had happened. It was then that Erin's body started going haywire. She said she thought her blood sugar was dropping, so her friend ran to get her some food. Erin was getting sicker by the minute, so another friend helped her to the restroom, where she began to vomit violently, then fainted. The next thing she knew, she was lying in a hospital bed being given an IV. Suddenly she heard Jake crying and that snapped her out of her foggy state. He was brought in so she could feed him.

Dave's mother arrived at the same time as Kimo, who was flown in by a Sheriff's Department helicopter. Eventually the family members were taken to a room where Sheriff's Department psychologists kept asking questions, but Erin didn't feel like talking. Kimo was rubbing her shoulders and told the psychologists, "We're good. We've got this."

COORDINATING THE SEARCH

While family members were being taken to the hospital, the search for the suspect continued. Despite the magnitude of the event, the air needed to be freed up so that regular radio traffic could resume. All units involved in a situation such as this are switched to a tactical frequency. This allows for direct communication without disrupting normal operations.

Once things calmed down, dispatcher Lilia Jimenez took a break and was encouraged to go outside and collect her thoughts. When she returned and plugged back into the console, she couldn't help but wonder about David March's condition. Everyone is affected when a deputy is injured so at the end of

the shift, Lilia and the other dispatchers stayed and talked. They understood how it felt to handle extreme emergencies and were all worried about the deputy and his family. On her drive home, Lilia kept thinking, "I can't believe this happened, I can't believe this happened!" It still pops into her mind every now and then, and it is something she will never forget.

THE MANHUNT FOR A KILLER

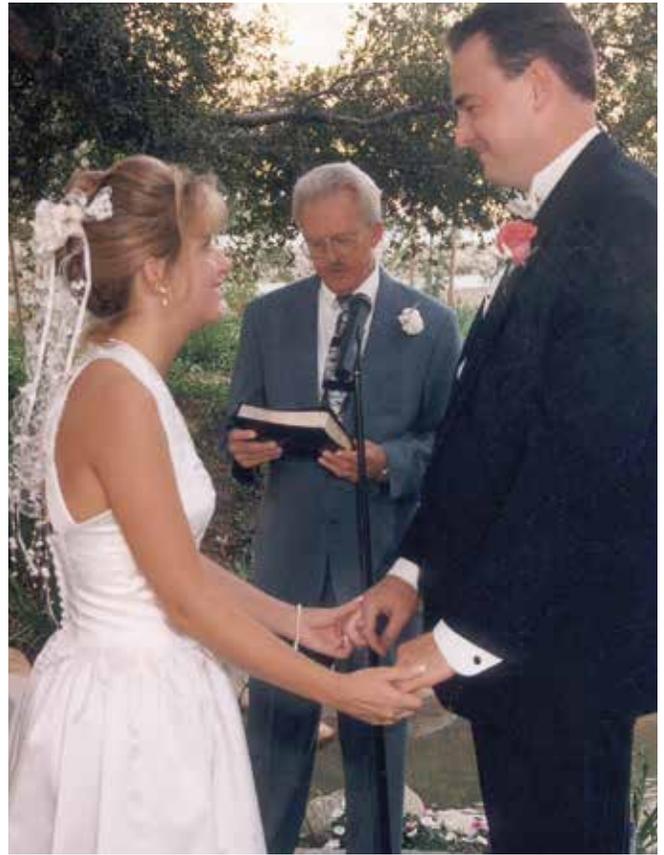
Tiffany left the hospital and returned to the station. After changing out of her bloody clothes and cleaning up, she and her partner drove to the command post near the shooting scene. Everyone wanted to find this killer, so deputies came from all over to assist with the manhunt: OSS, Major Crimes, Narcotics Majors Unit and many other specialized units. Containments were set up from Industry Station all the way down to Cerritos and Lakewood. At that point, the number of suspects and direction of travel were still unknown.

While the search for the suspect continued, the shooting scene was being processed. Evidence was being collected, photographs taken and witnesses interviewed. The witnesses had been driving by when the deadly traffic stop occurred, so each person saw a different portion. One saw the radio car stop the vehicle, another saw Dave approach the vehicle, while another saw the altercation between the suspect and Dave. The best piece of evidence that the homicide investigators had, which led to the identity of the suspect, was the license number that Dave had typed into the MDT before making the stop.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE REALITY

Sheriff Baca came up to Teri and began talking to her, but she couldn't comprehend much of what he said, other than that Dave had been shot. As the reality sank in, Teri began to go into shock. She finally interrupted him and blurted out, "Is he dead?"

Sheriff Baca answered, "Yes."



Teri had thought that if this ever happened, she would be screaming hysterically, but she just sat there, frozen. Overcome by shock and grief, the only outward evidence of her pain was a small whimper. As the Sheriff continued talking, it was as though she were in a dream, this could not be real. The words echoed in her ears but did not register. She needed water; she felt strange, as though she was going to pass out.

Teri just kept asking, "Can I see him? Can I see him?" She could not believe that Dave was gone. He was 6 foot 5 inches and in great shape. He worked out almost every day. He was tactically sound. He was invincible. There had to be some mistake. She needed to see him, to verify it was true, but they said he had been shot at close range and didn't think it would be a good idea. Still, she begged to see just a part of him, even his hand.

Teri glanced over at a television in the corner of the waiting room just as breaking news came on saying that a deputy had been shot. They were playing footage of deputies performing CPR on Dave. Then the coverage transitioned to the helicopter that Teri had arrived in as it landed at the hospital. Seeing news that pertained to her was surreal. News was always about someone else.

Teri looked around at the room filled with deputies. It helped having people whom she considered her extended family grieving with her, yet without her immediate family there, she still felt alone.

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Eventually Teri's daughter was brought in, but this only intensified her pain. They were starting all over again, facing a frightening new future without Dave, and the road would be long and difficult. Arriving home later, exhausted and completely spent, she found news cameras in front of her house and flowers covering her doorstep, which only reinforced the pain and loneliness.

When Tiffany returned home that night she put the bag containing her bloody clothes in the garage. The clothes were eventually thrown away. The one thing she couldn't get rid of, and it bothered her for days, was the blood underneath her fingernails. She picked continually at her nails, trying to remove the blood.

THE INVESTIGATION

Homicide Investigators Sgt. Ken Gallatin and his partner, Sgt. Steve Katz, were two of the 25 homicide detectives who responded to the killing of Deputy Dave March, and they were sent to the hospital to obtain any information they could. They interviewed witnesses and knocked on doors, looking for additional witnesses. Other investigators attempted to track down the registered owner of the vehicle that Dave had entered into his MDT.

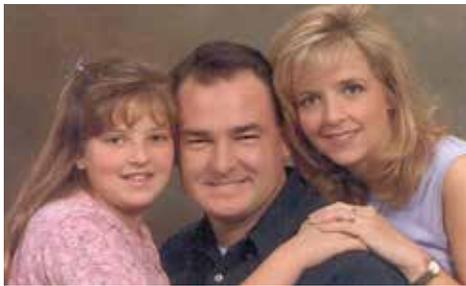
THE TASK FORCE

Within 48 hours, a task force led by Detectives Katz and Gallatin assigned investigators to obtain and serve search warrants, interview witnesses and check out the many leads that were pouring in. All of the leads were cataloged and categorized so that they could be followed up systematically. Once it was determined that the suspect had fled to Mexico, the focus shifted to building the best case to get a conviction.

A BIG BREAK

The big break came when Martina Murillo, the registered owner of the vehicle used by the shooter, reported the car as stolen. Originally, she claimed that the Nissan had been parked with the keys in it at the Prado Dam Recreation Area while she went for a walk. When she returned, the car was gone. But upon being interviewed by Homicide Investigators Ray Lugo and Boyd Zumwalt, Martina admitted that after her husband found out that the murderer of Deputy March had been driving their car, he called her and asked that she report the vehicle as stolen. It turned out that Martina's husband, Jose Cabrera, had a close connection to the suspect since they were all from the Mexican town of Morelia.

Once the suspect was identified, Detective Lugo asked Martina for a photograph of Jorge Arroyo Garcia. She looked but couldn't find one.



Deputy March with wife, Teri, and stepdaughter, Kayla

Garcia had only been in the United States for a short time, but Martina remembered a recent birthday that he had attended. After looking at a video of the party, she found a short segment of Garcia. Lugo took the birthday video to the Tech crew, which pulled a picture of the suspect from the footage. Copies of the photo were distributed and homicide investigators fanned out, contacting anyone who knew, or had contact with, Garcia.

THE GETAWAY

Investigators Lugo and Zumwalt talked to Cabrera, who said that after shooting Deputy March, Garcia drove to a cul-de-sac in Baldwin Park not far from the home of his former girlfriend and parked the black Nissan illegally. He then walked to a nearby strip mall where he knew the owner of a small market and called Cabrera, who picked him up. He was dropped off at a cousin's house in El Monte, where he called a taxi. He asked the driver to take him to the Mexican border, but was told there were restrictions on where the taxi could go. The cabdriver said that when he got off work, he could use his personal vehicle. Later that day he returned and picked up Garcia. On the way to the Mexico border, detectives believe that Garcia asked to stop in a desolate area, where he discarded the murder weapon in a trash bin. The driver was unaware of the shooting so when he reached the San Ysidro border crossing, they drove through the checkpoint. Garcia was dropped off in Mexico and the driver returned immediately to the United States.

Since the vehicle was entered into the system as stolen, a parking control officer cited the car, which was then impounded and searched by investigators. They discovered that Garcia had also been involved in a drive-by shooting. His former girlfriend had broken up with him because her parents wouldn't allow them to date. He had sought revenge by shooting up the parents' house.

THE KILLER IS LOCATED

Garcia had been living in a room of a rented house, but when investigators obtained a warrant to search his room, all they found was ammunition and clothes. Within four weeks, it was determined

that Garcia was in Mexico. Shortly after that, Detective Katz was left on his own when Gallatin, his partner, retired because of an injury. Because Katz was relatively new to homicide, he was partnered with veteran detective Mark Lillienfeld and they became the lead investigators on the case. Lillienfeld and Katz followed protocol to ensure that Garcia was in Mexico while a massive manhunt was conducted by members of the Mexican federal government, U.S. Marshals Service and the Sheriff's Department. The U.S. Marshals expended a tremendous amount of energy, resources and assets over a two-month period to find Deputy March's killer. When Garcia was located, he seemed to be settled in one place and following the same routine every day. Working with the D.A.'s Extradition Office and the Office of International Affairs, they now had to provide sufficient evidence to prove their case in order to obtain a Mexican arrest warrant.

TREATY WITH MEXICO

Lillienfeld and Katz were concerned that because of Garcia's Mexican citizenship, he could be tried in Mexico and, if convicted, serve his time there. A treaty between the United States and Mexico states that if Mexico extradites a Mexican citizen for prosecution in the United States, the United States will not seek life in prison or the death penalty. This was not acceptable, so before the Sheriff's Department agreed to this arrangement, they wanted to try to capture Garcia by luring him back to the United States or coaxing him into international waters, where the terms of the treaty did not apply. They located one of Garcia's former girlfriends with whom he had children and had her try to persuade him to cross the border and see his kids, but it didn't work. After two years of failed attempts, they decided their only choice was to follow the legal procedures of Mexico.

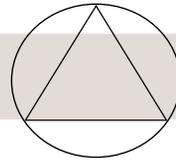
VISITING TEMPLE STATION

Teri was grieving, but she knew the deputies were too, so a few days after Dave's death, she went to Temple Station to meet the people who had tried to save her husband's life. They would always have to live with whatever they saw, or had to endure, so it was important that they know how much she appreciated what they had done.

Taken to her husband's locker, Teri was asked if a Class A uniform could be used to dress Dave for his funeral. Of course she said yes. The locker contained all kinds of candy bars typically sold at fundraisers. Dave didn't like that kind of candy, but she knew it was just like him to support his

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Peace Officer's Fellowship



By Willis Braggs

SOBER LIFE AHEAD

Many of the people I meet who are in recovery thank their lucky stars every day that they gained their sobriety when they did. Most of them wished they had sobered up sooner, although they almost unanimously subscribe to the idea that everyone quits drinking when they are ready. Not every alcoholic has to hit bottom to successfully quit drinking.

Each individual alcoholic has their own low point, their own bottom. For some, being arrested for driving under the influence of alcohol may be the low point. The experience of being booked, being relieved of duty and enduring the humiliation that inevitably follows such an experience may be the incident that makes them bottom out. Others, however, may appear destined to continue down the path toward destruction. For them, a single arrest for DUI can be explained as “bad luck.” Poor evaluations can be written off as “beefs with the brass.” Failed relationships can be blamed on “the other person.” Alcohol, for these individuals in denial, is always the last factor to be noticed.

For the untreated alcoholic, or the alcoholic who thinks they are “functional” enough to keep drinking, the bottom may be a very harsh place. It may be realized only after they have lost their job, their home, their money or their family. Some alcoholics, including law enforcement officers, find their bottom point inside jail cells as a result of a drunken traffic collision or domestic fights.

Again, most of the alcoholics I have met wish sobriety would have come sooner in their lives. They look back with amazement at how they

These people have agreed to give up their anonymity so that others who are in need of help can find the POF. Don't worry about bothering us; helping those with drinking issues is one of the ways we stay sober.

NAME	HOME PHONE	CELL PHONE
Eric Castano*	(562) 673-3374	(323) 537-0927
Joe Collins	(320) 684-4008	(909) 240-0509
Bob Ghan		(714) 916-3299
John Heckman	(661) 272-5756	
Kathy King		(714) 323-8600
Chris Loomis	(626) 447-9011	(626) 230-3137
Dave Philippon		(909) 296-0203
Ray Terhorst	(505) 705-5656	
John Valencia	(909) 599-1160	(951) 316-3633
Marty Weirich	(360) 570-1216	

*Active LASD

ignored the destruction that alcohol brought into their homes, their careers and their families: they were stopped and sometimes arrested for DUI; they were coming to work late or using sick time to stay home altogether and their personal lives were unraveling. Financial problems were common denominators in their stories, but it was often overlooked as one of the causes of their problem. Many alcoholics viewed alcohol as their only relief from the stress, not its cause. Some had to hit rock bottom, others came close enough to get a good look at it. That is when they decided to get sober. In the end, many alcoholics realized alcohol was making their lives unmanageable.

If you find yourself unable to control your drinking, multiple resources are available to help you. The

Peace Officer's Fellowship (POF) is one of those resources. It is a group of peace officers committed to living sober lives and helping others achieve and maintain sobriety. It offers support with confidentiality, and each month a few of its members' names and phone numbers are printed here in the *Star News*.

In addition to POF, help is available through the Psychological Services Bureau's Substance Abuse Resource Program (SARP), along with the Peer Support Program (including Vets4Vets), the Chaplain Program and private or local resources (e.g., Alcoholics Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous). We are here to help you take the first step to identify that substances are a problem and to support your path to sobriety through services at PSB and in the community. ☆

Los Angeles Sheriffs' Museum *continued from page 20*

partners by purchasing candy their kids were selling. The door was decorated with a cross and USC decals, along with two photographs, one of Dave and Teri on a fishing trip he had surprised her with, and one of Dave and Kayla on a motorcycle.

The locker was eventually moved from the locker room and placed in the briefing room so that Dave would never be forgotten. Someone also drew a picture of David March that is now displayed in the lobby of Temple Station. Every time Deputy Rafter walks by the locker, it reminds him of that day and how Dave was expecting to get off work at 1400 hours, change out of his uniform and go home to his family, but didn't.

Two of the deputies who were there during Teri's visit are not alive today. Four years after Dave's death, Deputy Pierre Bain was killed on his Sheriff's Department motorcycle while patrolling in Lancaster. Deputy Zoltan Tombol took his own life a few years after the shooting.

A MESSAGE FOR DAVE

On April 29, 2002, the day of his death, Dave kissed Teri and said goodbye like he had done every day for years. Later in the morning he called, asking about something on the computer hard drive that she didn't understand, so she suggested he talk to her brother who had recently moved in with them.

Around 9 a.m., Teri made the one phone call she will never forget. It went to Dave's voicemail and she left the message, “Have a great Monday, I love you!” Dave was murdered at 10:30 a.m. When his belongings were given to her, the first thing she did was check his voice messages to see if he had listened to the message and was relieved to know that he had heard it. She was glad he had been able to hear her voice one more time that day. She never imagined it would be the last thing she ever said to him. Teri wishes she could have had one more conversation with him and that she had been more alert when he woke her that morning to say goodbye.

This story will be continued in the next issue. ☆

L.A. SHERIFFS' MUSEUM

By Chris Miller

Los Angeles Sheriffs' Museum

THE MURDER OF DEPUTY DAVID MARCH, PART 3

The viewing was very difficult for Erin, Dave's sister. It was a shock to walk into the room and see an open casket when she had been told it would be closed. Slowly approaching her brother, she thought he looked at peace. She wanted to hug him but couldn't, so instead touched his hand; it felt hard. It was deeply disturbing that the twinkle in Dave's eyes was gone... forever!

When Erin misses Dave, she connects with him by carrying on a conversation in her head, which she knows he can hear. She talks a lot about her son, Jake, who is not only the spitting image of his uncle, but acts like Dave and even likes the same things. When Jake was 2 years old, he told his parents that his other daddy talks to him. When asked who his other daddy was, he said, "He looks just like my daddy, only taller." He said that his other daddy talks to him in his head and sounds very far away, and that they sword fight each other. This reminded Erin of the times when, as kids, she and Dave had used shish-kabob skewers to sword fight.

The reality of Teri March's loss came the night before the funeral when family members were allowed to view Dave in the funeral home. He looked better than she thought he would. He also looked at peace. She wished that the deputies who had seen him just after he was shot could have seen him this night so they would have a better image to remember him by.

A SATURDAY FUNERAL

Months before Dave was killed, he and Teri attended a funeral where several politicians spoke. Afterward, Dave commented, "When I have a funeral, I don't want politicians speaking; they don't know me." While planning the funeral, Teri told the Sheriff's personnel who were organizing it that she did not want any politicians speaking. They said the best way to avoid that was to have the funeral on a Saturday. She said that would be perfect. It also meant fewer people would be there.

HONORING A HERO

Dave had been scheduled to be transferred to Santa Clarita Valley Sheriff's Station on May 5. Instead, on May 4, his funeral was held in Santa Clarita at the Grace Baptist Church. Teri was overwhelmed by the hundreds of law enforcement officers in attendance. It was a hot day, and despite her own grief, she was concerned about the officers and other people out in the heat. Thankfully, every



once in a while a breeze would come through and cool everyone down.

During the service, Teri gazed over her shoulder and was amazed at the variety of uniforms and radio cars from the different law enforcement agencies. She only wished Dave could have seen it. He once told her that he thought only five or 10 people would show up at his funeral. After the ceremony, many people told Teri they'd never met him, but wished they'd had the opportunity to know Dave.

COMMUNITY EXPRESSIONS

As the limo carried the family from the church to the cemetery, they couldn't believe the response from the community. Kids rode their bikes alongside them while others lined the side of the road and overpasses holding signs that said, "God Bless Dave" and "He's Our Hero!" Flags were displayed everywhere and fans were wearing USC T-shirts in honor of Dave's favorite team. As the hearse and limo passed by, people came out of their businesses and stood with their hands on their hearts. Firemen stood at attention in front of a fire station where the ladder on the fire truck was extended displaying a giant American flag. Teri was overwhelmed as she looked back at the hundreds of police motorcycles and radio cars in the procession. She kept thinking, "I wish Dave was here to see this." The number of people showing their respects to her husband was unbelievable.

After attending the funeral of Deputy Jake Kuredjian, who was killed in the line of duty the previous year, Dave called his sister and told her about the amazing ceremony. He described the fire trucks with

the extended ladders displaying a huge American flag and how impressed he was with all of the radio cars and hundreds of deputies who were in attendance. He said, "What an honor that would be if I had a funeral like that!" And now, at his funeral, Erin thought, "Dave must be looking down smiling that silly grin of his to see the honor that was being shown to him."

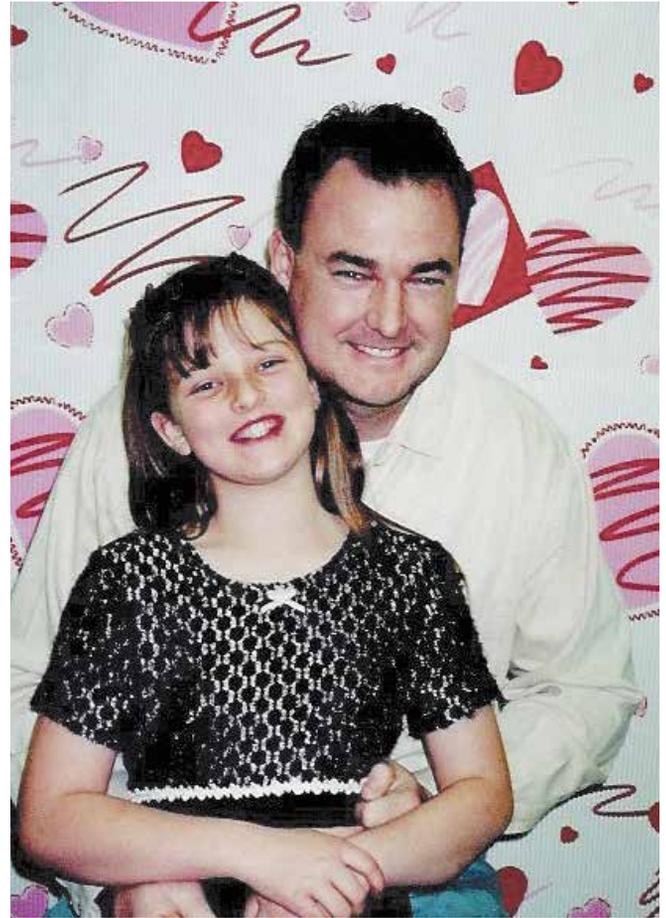
SAD MEMORIES

Days before the ceremony, Teri visited the cemetery to choose a gravesite. Dave always liked views, so when she was shown a spot with a beautiful view, she said it was perfect.

As the family arrived at Eternal Valley Cemetery, Teri vividly recalls the flag at half-mast and a line of radio cars that was so long that some were still leaving the church as the front of the procession was arriving at the cemetery. When the ceremony began, Erin looked around and was astonished to see every road filled with black-and-white radio cars. Teri was so impressed by the details of everything that took place, the 21-gun salute, the release of white doves, the playing of "Taps" and the missing-man formation of helicopters. The honor guard removed the flag that was draped over Dave's casket, folded it and handed it to Sheriff Baca, who then presented it to Teri and Kayla. Many tears were shed that day.

HE'S GONE

Out of the entire ceremony, the thing that affected Teri the most was the bagpipers playing "Amazing Grace." Looking over at the casket, she could not



bring herself to believe that Dave was actually inside. He needed to be beside her, to comfort her, and when the service was over, she could not make herself go up and touch the casket.

A long line of people formed to pay their respects to Teri and Kayla, and despite the worst grief of her life, Teri did her best to keep the line moving so no one would have to wait too long. She and Dave were very much alike in that they were always thinking of others.

The huge event was overwhelming, with many special tributes honoring Dave. When it ended, it was so sad! Everyone left in silence. The hardest part for Erin was watching as her parents walked away from their son for the very last time.

GRIEF IN THE SILENCE

In the days following the funeral, the many visits Teri and Kayla received from family and friends provided a distraction that helped keep the sadness and depression at bay. Unfortunately, when everyone left, the quiet returned, and the silence was not her friend. Her mind would spiral downward into the darkness as the reality and solitude surrounded her.

Kayla was 7 years old when Dave and Teri got married, and 12 when he was killed. Adjusting to life after losing the only father she had ever known was a very emotional and difficult time. Teri wanted to support her daughter, but after trying to cope with her own grief as well as the day-to-day issues Dave

had once handled, she had nothing left to give. She also noticed that Kayla mirrored her moods. When Teri was miserable, so was Kayla, and Teri was often very miserable. She was never so sad in her life.

Comments like, "God only gives you what you can handle!" were meant to be supportive, but all Teri could think was, "I can't handle this!" The sadness, depression and stress were all-consuming. Her world was shattered and now she had to pick up the pieces one at a time, but how? The lifeline she so desperately needed was found in an organization called Concerns of Police Survivors (C.O.P.S.). These widows of officers killed in the line of duty supported each other as they struggled with grief and grappled to build a new future. C.O.P.S. helped Kayla work through her own grieving process, and Teri to become a better mother. Teri later came to the realization that going through the worst time of her life made her a better, stronger person.

In addition to the grief and sadness, another emotion was never far away: anger. Dave's killer was in Mexico hiding behind a Mexican extradition law, and Teri wanted him brought to justice. It was time to take an active role in the fight to bring this murderer back to the United States to stand trial.

SUPPORT FROM OTHERS

Grieving their loss, Dave's family couldn't even think about eating or cooking meals, so friends and family brought them food. Many people brought

flowers to brighten up the depressing atmosphere, and they felt the love of many people during one of the worst times of their lives.

Kimo and Erin's neighbor, Chuck Barnes, was an LAPD officer. Wanting to do something to help, he turned to the people at his station and took up a collection of over \$400. The money was used to purchase custom T-shirts for the March family to wear to the National Law Enforcement Officers Memorial in Washington, D.C. Family members also gave several photos to a lieutenant, who created a video montage that was played at Dave's parents' home after the funeral.

NEEDING TO HEAR THE DETAILS

Teri contacted Deputy Tiffany Burgoyne asking if she could get a copy of the radio traffic of the shooting. She also asked Tiffany to explain exactly what happened when each deputy arrived at the scene. Tiffany sat down with her and played the tape, explaining in detail how so many people tried desperately to revive Deputy March. After she was done, Teri thanked her, explaining how crucial this was to help her overcome her grief.

RETURNING A KILLER FOR JUSTICE

The registered owner of the suspect vehicle and his wife became confidential informants for

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Detectives Mark Lillienfeld and Steve Katz, traveling every few months to Mexico to verify Jorge Arroyo Garcia's location. They even took photos of Garcia's newest tattoos, which helped Mexican Federal Police identify him prior to his arrest.

Locating one of Garcia's old girlfriends, Lillienfeld and Katz got information on his likes and dislikes, which they used to trick him into revealing where he was hiding in Mexico. When he found out what they had done, Garcia became very angry. He contacted the girlfriend and got Detective Lillienfeld's office phone number. He called and left a threatening message on a recorded line saying that if Lillienfeld came down to Mexico, he would kill him just like he did David March. He also said he had several Mexican police officers on his payroll, and if Lillienfeld and Katz came after him, he would have them killed. This recorded confession was another piece of evidence that could later be used to get a conviction.

CHANGING THE LAW

The laws and treaties with Mexico at that time would not allow a murderer to be extradited if they faced the death penalty or life in prison. When Dave March was killed, the Mexican government would only extradite citizens if they faced 70 years in prison or less in the country where they would be prosecuted. Ray Peavy, the captain of Sheriff's Homicide, drove to Teri's house and explained this to her, along with all the options they were considering once Dave's murderer was brought to justice. Teri was frustrated. It made no sense, and she remembers thinking, "What's the problem? You know where the killer is, just go get him."

Shock was now replaced by anger, and Teri realized she couldn't just sit passively on the sidelines while ridiculous treaty laws allowed her husband's murderer to roam free. The laws had to be changed, and Teri undertook an active role to make that happen.

Laws that did not allow criminals to be extradited to the United States if they faced life in prison needed to be changed by the Mexican Supreme Court. One of the arguments against this position was that, in Mexico, some criminals were sentenced to 70-year terms, which was no different from a life sentence in America.

Teri appeared numerous times in front of news cameras as she fought to change the law and expose broken parts of the Mexican judicial system. She wanted people to get involved in order to protect the lives of other law enforcement officers. There was always the chance that she was telling criminals how to kill an officer and escape without being held accountable, but she was not going to give up until the laws were changed.

The fight was a long and lonely process. There were many times when she wanted to quit but knew she needed to press on until the Mexican justice system was changed, as Dave's murderer needed to be extradited and tried for his crime. The support of deputies and their families kept Teri motivated; she did not want to let them down. Her perseverance paid off when the laws in Mexico were changed in late 2005. Murderers facing life sentences could now be extradited to the United States, so Mexico was no longer a haven for killers.

IN CUSTODY

Dave's killer, Jorge Arroyo Garcia, hid in Guerrero, Mexico, living with his uncle for four long years. He was cocky and bragged that he'd already killed one law enforcement officer and wouldn't hesitate to kill another. Homicide investigators, however, were not deterred. They kept in contact with the Fugitive Section of the Agency of Federal Investigation (AFI), which is Mexico's equivalent of our FBI. AFI agents provided intelligence, checking periodically to make sure that Garcia had not moved, and when the time came to make the arrest, they knew exactly where to find him.

Not wanting to arouse suspicion when they entered the town, AFI agents took advantage of a local election and placed magnetic political signs on an unmarked pick-up truck. They drove around and, as luck would have it, saw Garcia walking down the street. Jumping out, he was handcuffed and thrown in the back seat. As they drove away, an agent was seated next to him and they kept looking around to ensure they weren't being followed. Garcia was turned over to the local police, who notified AFI headquarters and the Attorney General's Office. More agents arrived to secure the facility, and after arrangements were made, Garcia was flown to Mexico City.

BRINGING A KILLER TO JUSTICE

Garcia sat in a Mexican jail for almost a year as he exhausted all of his appeals fighting extradition. When he was finally extradited, AFI agents flew him from Mexico City to Tijuana, where a caravan of 15 vehicles took him to the border crossing. When they stopped, a contingent of at least 50 Mexican military and civilian uniformed officers surrounded the area to prevent an escape or lynching. L.A. Sheriff's Homicide Detectives Lillienfeld and Katz were standing on the sidewalk where a painted white line delineated the border between Mexico and the United States. As the Sheriff's detectives stood on the side with the letters "U.S." painted on the ground, AFI agents approached from the side marked "Mexico." They shook hands as a van door opened and their

handcuffed prisoner, clad in a tan jacket, blue jeans and a beanie, was escorted to the white border line. Garcia was handed over to the Sheriff's investigators, who were backed up by the three U.S. Marshals who played an instrumental part in locating and extraditing the suspect.

Teri received a phone call informing her that, as they spoke, her husband's killer was being escorted across the U.S.-Mexico border. When the suspect entered the United States, Detective Lillienfeld removed the Mexican handcuffs and replaced them with Dave March's handcuffs in a symbolic gesture that he, too, had participated in the arrest. Garcia was placed in an L.A. Sheriff's Department van and transported to the Orange County Jail. He was booked into custody in Orange County instead of L.A. County because it was closer to the border and the detectives didn't want to risk an incident at the L.A. County Jail that might affect the prosecution. After working 35 hours, the very tired investigators finally went home, telling Garcia they'd talk to him tomorrow.

THE CONFESSION

The next day, Detectives Lillienfeld and Katz returned to Orange County Jail to interview the suspect. Katz had built a relationship with Garcia during the previous day's van ride, so he took the lead during the questioning. Katz used his interrogation skills to convince Garcia to waive his rights to an attorney, then persuaded him to confess to killing Deputy Dave March.

Sometime later, a press conference was held. Sheriff Baca, D.A. Steve Cooley and Teri spoke about the five long years it took to bring David March's killer to justice. Teri explained how happy she was that Garcia would now be held accountable for his crime and that Dave didn't die in vain. But the process wasn't over yet; the suspect still had to be tried.

REENACTMENT OF THE KILLING

Garcia agreed to reenact the vehicle stop and the shooting. The next day, Lillienfeld and Katz had deputies from Temple Station, along with Irwindale P.D., blocked off the street and a videographer from the Crime Lab videotaped the entire reenactment. This was another piece of evidence that would make it difficult for Garcia to deny the killing.

CONFINEMENT IN SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY JAIL

The Sheriff didn't want to take a chance that one of the deputies working in the L.A. County Jail might lose his temper and cause a problem for the prosecution, so Garcia remained in Orange County for a month. He was then transferred to San Bernardino

County Jail since his trial was to be held in Pomona Court, which is close to San Bernardino County.

Lillienfeld and Katz picked Garcia up each morning and took him to court. They would stop and buy him something to eat, and when they arrived early at the courthouse, would sit in the holding cell drinking coffee and talking, all the while keeping their hatred of this murderer between themselves. The two investigators were using all of their resources, including befriending him and giving little perks like using their cellphones to call his family, to convict this killer and put him in prison for life. It was during these discussions that Garcia was convinced he didn't want to go through a trial.

Teri attended the arraignment along with two other court appearances, and Garcia was very uncomfortable with the March family staring at him the entire time. He said he didn't want them or Detectives Lillienfeld and Katz, with whom he had built a relationship, to suffer during a long trial. Wanting to get it over with, he agreed to give up his appellate rights and pled guilty in early March 2007. He asked to serve his time in the Richard J. Donovan Correctional Facility, which is located along the Mexican border, so it would be easier for his relatives who live in Mexico to visit him. The one last request he had was for Lillienfeld and Katz to drive him to the prison, which they agreed to do.

Lillienfeld and Katz were waiting with him in the holding cell when he said that after pleading guilty he wanted to make a statement to the court. This surprised Lillienfeld since Garcia was extremely shy and did not like drawing attention to himself. In a packed courtroom that included the Sheriff and the March family, Garcia was granted permission to address the court. In his short statement, he looked directly at Judge Horan and then turned and spoke to the audience, apologizing and expressing remorse for killing Deputy David March.

When Garcia was sentenced to life in prison without the possibility of parole, it was anticlimactic for Teri, who had expected to hear the suspect say what he did and why he did it. Now that there wasn't going to be a trial, she would never know all the details on just what happened that late April morning in 2002.

BUILDING A KINSHIP

As tragic as this event was, something good did come out of it. When people share a loss, they all suffer grief and it builds a kinship among them. The deputies who attempted to revive Dave all had a connection. After the incident, whenever they looked at one another, they gave a nod or a look, knowing they shared a special bond that would never be broken.

Teri also formed a special relationship with the deputies from Temple Sheriff's Station. One day she called and asked to speak to the female deputy who was with Dave when he passed away. Tiffany came to the phone and Teri thanked her for being there.

Tiffany said she wasn't able to help Dave, but Teri told her it was okay because they had done everything they could to save him. She was glad that Tiffany had accompanied Dave in the ambulance and he'd had the caring touch of a woman when he passed away. After that conversation, Teri and Tiffany became very close friends.

TRIBUTES TO DAVE

Dave March's name and legacy live on in many ways. Since he was a resident of Santa Clarita, the people in that community named a park in his honor. Her husband had always had a huge heart for children, and as Teri attended the groundbreaking for David March Park, she knew that someday kids would play here. Now she and her husband, Gabriel Astorga, have children who play at this park.

Teri always thought Dave was larger than life. Now one of the largest freeway interchanges in Southern California, where the 210 and 605 Freeways meet, is dedicated to Dave with a sign that bears his name.

Temple Station took Dave's locker, with everything that was inside the day he died, and turned it into a memorial. At first it was kept, respectfully preserved with the door open, in the men's locker room, but each year when Teri visited, the male deputies had to wait until she left to change into their uniforms. Eventually the locker was moved to the briefing room, where it is now kept with the door open to allow access to everyone.

A memorial was also created at the location where Dave was murdered. Every year on April 29, two honor guards from Temple Sheriff's Station stand at attention at the memorial site, rotating every 30 minutes for 24 hours. Dave's parents visit each year at midnight when the honor guard begins their watch and Teri visits at the same hour Dave was killed, 10:30 a.m. One of her main reasons for coming is to thank all of the Sheriff's personnel for their dedication and for remembering her husband. The vigil is a solemn oath that Temple Sheriff's Station will never forget the sacrifice made by Deputy David March.

NATIONAL LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS MEMORIAL

Her brother's funeral had been the most remarkable thing Erin had ever seen and she didn't think anything could ever top that, until she attended the National Law Enforcement Officers Memorial. The line of police vehicles from all over the country traveling to the White House was astounding. She and other family members of slain officers rode in the procession in buses. Singer Marc Anthony performed at the ceremony, and Erin was so excited when President George W. Bush included the story of David March in his speech. After the ceremony, the president walked around and spoke to the families of all the slain officers. He spent a long time with

each family and seemed to genuinely care. Erin saw the president talking to Teri and wanted to get a picture, so she stood on a chair and yelled, "Mr. Bush! I mean President!" President Bush looked up at Erin, who shouted, "I want to get a picture of you two together." The president put his arm around Teri and they posed for the picture. He then told Erin, "Take care of her." Erin responded, "We take care of each other." She also took a picture of the president speaking with Dave's parents.

TALKING TO NEW RECRUITS

Deputy Zoltan Tombol, one of the deputies who attempted to revive Dave, transferred from Temple Station to the Force Training Unit and asked Tiffany if she would speak to an academy class about Dave's shooting. Tiffany explained what happened, emphasizing that Dave had done everything right, but traffic stops are very dangerous. When approaching a vehicle, the deputy knows nothing about the occupants. They may stop a criminal who has just committed a crime, or a felon who will do anything not to return to prison, and that includes killing a law enforcement officer. She warned them that at some point during their career, a deputy will be killed in the line of duty and it will be someone they know.

FLASHBACKS

Mike Rafter has experienced a flashback every day since the tragic shooting. Different things can trigger it, like a smell or warm summer breeze. When Mike returned to work, it was not the same. Dave's death was a stark reminder of how quickly any situation can go bad. From then on, he became more cautious with everything he did.

Dave was working Unit 57 the day he was killed, and shortly thereafter, that call number was retired. Rafter had worked that unit for six years and felt so attached to it that, when he was promoted to sergeant, he requested and was assigned badge number 57.

Prior to this shooting, Rafter had been involved in another shooting where his trainee was shot. Shortly afterward, Mike transferred to the Tactics and Survival Unit where he taught about his experiences. He pointed out that the attack on Dave March could happen to anybody and cautioned everyone to be prepared so they would be ready if they found themselves in the same situation.

A RETURN VISIT

Years after Garcia was sent to prison, Detective Lillienfeld visited him and asked for his assistance in finding the killer of a U.S. federal agent in Mexico. Because of the relationship the homicide investigators had established with Garcia, he worked with the federal government to locate the agent's killer.

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NOTEWORTHY

We're open for business again at the Twin Towers Correctional Facility (TTCF)! TTCF's early morning ODR is open for hot food service again. We'd like to thank you for your patience, and look forward to seeing you soon. We are on track to reopen all of our early morning ODR services in all of our facilities by end of the year.

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

GRILLED STEAK AND VEGETABLES WITH VINAIGRETTE

- 1 pound flank steak, kosher salt and pepper
- 1 medium eggplant, cut into 1/2-inch rounds
- 2 bell peppers (any color), quartered
- 6 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil
- 2 tablespoons balsamic vinegar
- 1 clove garlic, chopped
- 1/2 cup fresh flat-leaf parsley, chopped

1. Heat grill to medium-high heat.
2. Season the steak with 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/2 teaspoon pepper. Grill to the desired doneness, 4 to 5 minutes per side for

- medium-rare. Transfer to a cutting board and let rest 5 minutes before slicing.
3. Meanwhile, brush both sides of the eggplant and peppers with 3 tablespoons of the oil. Season with 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/4 teaspoon pepper. Grill until tender, 4 to 5 minutes per side.
4. In a small bowl, combine the remaining oil, vinegar, garlic and parsley. Divide the steak and vegetables among individual plates. Spoon the sauce over the vegetables or serve on the side.

**FOOD SAFETY TIP:
THREE TIPS TO ENSURE CLEAN AND SANITARY FOOD-CONTACT SURFACES**

Cleaning and sanitizing food-contact surfaces is one of the most important steps to prevent food-borne illness. Here are a few reminders to protect guests:

- **Reinforce the need for vigilant cleaning and sanitizing practices**
Pathogens can spread to food from equipment that hasn't been properly cleaned and sanitized between uses. Cleaning removes food and other dirt from surfaces, and

sanitizing reduces surface pathogens to safe levels.

- **Review your cleaning and sanitizing products**
Cleaners must be stable, noncorrosive and safe to use. Be sure to follow manufacturers' instructions. Utensils and equipment can be sanitized using heat or chemicals. If you use heat to sanitize, soak items in water at least 171° F (77° C) for at least 30 seconds. You can also run the items through a high-temperature dishwasher. If you use chemical sanitizers, rinse, swab or spray items with a sanitizing solution. The most common types of chemical sanitizers are chlorine, iodine and quaternary ammonium compounds (or quats). Again, follow manufacturers' instructions, as well as local regulatory requirements.
- **Know when to clean and sanitize food-contact surfaces**
Clean and sanitize items after each use and before food handlers start working with a different type of food. Also, if food handlers are interrupted mid-task, as a precaution, clean and sanitize utensils and equipment because food items may have been contaminated. If items are in constant use, clean and sanitize every four hours. ☆

Los Angeles Sheriffs' Museum *continued from page 21*

MOVING ON

Teri grieved bitterly for two years. It took that long for her to move beyond the debilitating pain and start to feel completely available for Kayla. She didn't want to be that depressed person no one wanted to be around. She was a survivor, and it was time to start acting like one. Teri started attending church, began dating and eventually married a great guy. It took years, but now she and Kayla are well. Kayla completed college and Teri knows Dave would be very proud of her.

Teri's husband, Gabriel Astorga, has great respect for law enforcement officers, not only for the job they do, but for the support they provide each other. He knows that Teri wouldn't be the wonderful person she is today without the influence of Dave March, the L.A. County Sheriff's Department and the whole law enforcement

community. He was so moved that he even considered becoming a peace officer, but after much discussion, he and Teri decided against it.

Gabriel shared the grieving process with Teri and respects Dave's memory. Gabriel knows Dave is as much a member of his family, as he is of Dave's. Teri considers herself very fortunate to have had two great husbands.

Now that Dave's killer is serving a life sentence, Teri has returned to her quiet life. She never wanted to be in the limelight, to be a crusader or a person in front of the cameras, but it was necessary to bring Dave's killer to justice. The quest brought attention to Dave after his death, but now he can just be remembered for who he was, which is all he would have wanted. Teri, Gabriel and her children are now happy and content with their lives.

DAVE'S CREED

Dave was preparing to transfer from Temple Station to Santa Clarita Valley Station. As he wrote his exit interview, he jotted down words that he never imagined would be remembered, much less adorned on the walls of sheriff's stations throughout the County. This is who Dave was and who, deep down, we all aspire to be.

"My goals are simple, I will always be painfully honest, work as hard as I can, learn as much as I can and hopefully make a difference in people's lives."

Dave did make a difference. He made a difference in the lives of Teri and Kayla. He made a difference in the lives of his family, his friends, and his brothers and sisters on the Sheriff's Department. One despicable act took his life, but not his legacy. Dave March will always be remembered.

Edited by Jan Jenkins (LASD Retired). ☆