

Captain Tim Pearce:

I understand that even though your last day on the job was Wednesday, you are still receiving email through the end of today.

I am writing, of course, to wish you well in your retirement, but I am also writing to thank you.

Thank you for allowing me to work as closely as I did with Hugo Boeckx and Doug Rosoff. As you know, I spent almost the entirety of my four years in the jail assigned to Bldg. 2, Wing 4.

Hugo and Doug spent a lot of time there in Bldg. 2, Wing 4, particularly in the Ad-Seg unit. Consequently, I got to know Hugo and Doug well, and I had personal friendships with them away from work.

Hugo?

I spent a lot of time with Hugo, as he was dying of colon cancer. We typically had lunch at Schat's Bakery.

After a while, Hugo wasn't ambulatory, so I visited him at home. Once, we planted a yellow rose bush together at his home. The hope was Hugo would live to see the rose bush bloom the following year. He did not.

And Doug?

Doug and I would meet at the dog park at Low Gap Park. We would talk a lot. He would make me laugh and laugh. I always felt like Doug was the "Woody Allen of the Jail".

There's another memory.

At the reception following Doug's memorial service, I was seated at the same table as his parents. Two of Doug's colleagues, who were forensic psychiatrists from FMC Rochester, were also seated at the table.

The Federal Medical Center, Rochester (FMC Rochester) is the United States federal prison in Minnesota for male inmates requiring specialized or long-term medical or mental health care. It is designated as an administrative facility, which means it holds inmates of all security classifications. It is operated by the Federal Bureau of Prisons, a division of the United States Department of Justice.

These two guys knew more about forensic psychiatry than I'll ever know in a hundred lifetimes.

But when Doug's mother told the group that she really didn't know what Doug did for a living, I -- in my big-mouth way -- preempted the psychiatrists and proceeded to tell Doug's mom what kind of a caring, compassionate, funny shrink her son really was.

I went on and on, lost in my own narrative, lost in my love and respect for the man.

At some point, Doug's mom got up, took my hand, and seated me between herself and her husband.

And there I was, between Doug's mom and dad. Both were crying softly. Doug's mom was still holding my hand.

It was one of the peak moments of my life, Tim.

A bright and shining moment.

Thank you.

Even after all these years, I am still so damn proud to have been a deputy in your jail. Please know that much.

Respectfully

John Sakowicz
Corrections Deputy (2000-2004)
MSCO Badge #2526