

Your Honor,

On November 5, 2021, late at night, 3 of my kids were cuddled up to me on my couch in the living room of my house. I had 1 leg propped up, wrapped in bandages which were already soaked in blood again. My lower leg had a shattered fibula with fragments of bones and bullet shrapnel permanently embedded inside and holes on both sides that would ultimately leave permanent scars, nerve damage, and a foot that will always be numb. My left hip had a bullet hole with the exit wound going out my upper thigh, which was inches away from being a fatal wound. Those wrappings were also soaked in blood again. I couldn't sit or lay down on one side of my body, my left side was aching, and throbbing and I was in a lot of pain. All of that didn't stop my kids from jumping on my broken leg and from smashing me on both sides of my upper body with big hugs. I winced and laughed simultaneously because I was alive and I was with my kids who I loved. My kids peppered me with questions about the shooting that I didn't really know how to answer, because how do you talk to kids about a something like that? I told them that I had to defend myself and had shot a man and he was still in the hospital. The kids were obviously upset at the man who shot me. I explained to them that as Christians we know that we are all sinners and we needed to forgive him and pray for him so he could have a chance to turn his life around and make it to heaven. So we did that. My wife, my in laws, my kids and I all

prayed for a miracle for the guy who had shot me that day. Those were genuine prayers and that's only one of the times we prayed for Mr. Holmes. I also forgave Mr. Holmes that day and harbor no ill will towards him. Everything I have to say today related to his sentencing is based on what I feel is best for the Justice system and the safety of the public at large.

The truth is, I didn't want Mr. Holmes to die, and I did want him to have a chance to change his life. I would be extremely happy if I found out he gave his life to Jesus, was no longer a gang member, and violence was no longer part of who he was. I'm not some bleeding-heart softy, but that night changed my perspective on life. I knew that Mr. Holmes and I had both narrowly escaped death and it was a miracle, true grace, that either of us were still alive. We had both shot our handguns many times at each other from relatively close distances and I knew that I had hit him multiple times and he had hit me multiple times. I felt like there was a reason we were both alive. However, and this is a big caveat, the bottom line of what I want to say today is this; I hope Mr. Holmes changes, but I know more than anyone, how violent and dangerous he is, and he needs to be separated from society long enough to ensure he will no longer be a threat to every citizen he encounters.

It's really difficult for me to think of myself as a victim, but I know I am. I'm going to try my best to explain what I mean. I've known I would be giving this statement as part of a sentencing hearing since shortly after the shooting. I knew that what happened that day would result in Mr. Holmes going to prison and I knew that I wanted to provide a statement that would be powerful and impactful to Mr. Holmes, your honor and the people who heard from me in court. However, every time I would think about what I wanted to say, I would shut down and I wouldn't write anything. I didn't write ANYTHING. I thought about it sometimes, but I could not get myself to write anything. Writing it down would make me relive it in a way that I didn't want to do. I haven't watched the video or listened to the audio of the robbery and subsequent shooting in a very long time, more than a year, and I don't plan to watch it in the foreseeable future. I didn't show up to sentencing or any court appearances for any of Mr. Holmes' codefendants. That isn't because I didn't care, I do, I just wanted this part of my life to be over and I don't like to think about it anymore than I must. I don't talk to anyone about it unless they ask me multiple times. The truth is that the shooting and robbery have changed me. It is difficult to explain how, but I guess it feels like I am a more calloused human now. I don't cry about it or feel sad or ask for sympathy. I just know I'm different now, and I didn't choose to be different, it was forced on me. Pretty much everywhere I go I carry a gun now and I didn't do that before. I'm

hyper aware of my surroundings all the time now. I already was hyper aware as I've been a cop or military my entire adult life, but it's more intense now. The other day I was at a Chick Fil A and I noticed a couple of young men the age of Mr. Holmes looking at me and my Dad. My immediate thought was that they were thinking about robbing us, so I stared back to make sure they knew that I knew what they were thinking. I didn't know though, and I know that's a result of being robbed and shot, that's a result of trauma. That's what I mean when I say I'm more calloused. The fact that I didn't finish this statement until after midnight the day of sentencing shows that this is hard for me. I'm not lazy or procrastinating. I just couldn't get myself to do it because I had to break through the walls I had built to think about it.

Your Honor, I know you know the facts of this case. You have seen the video and listened to the audio. You have read statements and understand what happened. You read my statement that I wrote immediately after the shooting without having had access to the video or audio recordings. I just want to be extremely clear about a few things. I met with Mr. Holmes that day because I knew he was a violent felon gang member who was trying to obtain a firearm. I knew that it was my job as an ATF agent to arrest people like that before they could hurt any citizens. Mr. Holmes got into my vehicle that day of his own accord for what I believed to be a standard firearm reversal which I had done

multiple times in the past. He stepped into my vehicle and I told him I wanted to go across the street since he showed up with extra people. I was trying to separate him from the person we believed had the firearm in order to make sure this was safe. He stepped out of my vehicle then pulled out a gun, stuck it in my face, had his finger on the trigger, and threatened to kill me. There was no coercion, he did that and nobody made him do that. He did that because he was the type of person who did things like that. He could have walked away, he could have not showed up to the deal, he could have done any number of things. Instead, he stuck a gun in my face and ultimately shot me.

I believed Mr. Holmes was going to kill me when he pointed that gun at my face, I feared for my life. I created distance and drew my firearm as soon as I could. I chose not to shoot him when I could have shot him because I'm a moral person and I did not want to shoot him if I didn't have to. I gave him one last chance to not get into a shooting by telling him to drop the gun. He decided to shoot me anyway. I only shot back in order to save my own life. I want you to know something else about that incident. I looked in Mr. Holmes eyes that day and I knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, what he was. Since I was 18 years old, for almost 21 years, I have either been in the Army, been a Police Officer, or been a Federal Agent. I have met many killers and violent people in my line of work and I know the look he gave me that day while his finger was on the trigger of his

firearm and while he was screaming at me. I knew and I know Mr. Holmes was and still is a violent, dangerous predator who needs to be separated from the public for a very long time in order to keep the public safe. I hope he changes, but based on what I have heard related to this sentencing hearing, he does not seem to be taking any responsibility, so clearly he hasn't changed.

Immediately after the shooting one of my ATF brothers tightened a tourniquet around my leg and they rushed me to the Hospital. I bled all over his vehicle. I had all of my clothes cut off of me and emergency staff worked on me in the emergency room. I experienced pain and anxiety which I tried not to show. I knew that I had been shot near the hip and I didn't know if the bullet had bounced around. I also knew my leg was broken. I feared that I could be bleeding internally, and I knew that could be fatal. I didn't know what was going to happen. I called my wife and told her I had been shot. Eventually we found out that the shots had essentially been through and through and I would not die. Over the next month my wife and I would have to change my dressings multiple times a day. My leg, hip and upper thigh were black and blue and bled. I had to go to an orthopedic surgeon, do a nerve conduction study and had multiple other medical appointments. I have permanent injuries from the shooting and I am still going to medical appointments related to it. It took many months for my leg to recover, but

I went back to work as soon as it was functional because I love my profession. I have scars that remind me of the shooting every time I feel or see them.

It's easy to think of the Police as faceless, emotionless, uniforms who sign up to have violence thrust upon them and that's just part of the job. The truth is we are just people. We have backgrounds, families, and lives that are as diverse as those we swear to protect. We sign up for a dangerous job, but when we are hurt, it is societies duty to send a message that we will not tolerate it. My name is Adam and I have 5 kids, a wife, a Dad with dementia and a Mom who all depend on me. Mr. Holmes' reckless, extremely violent behavior could have caused all of them to go through life without me. My wife was 9-months pregnant with our 5th kid on the way the day of the shooting. I essentially could not help her during the final stages of her pregnancy and during labor. The kid was born perfect anyway. That kid laughs every time he sees me, and I hope it's not just because I have a big head. He could have gone through life without a Dad. Almost every night that I am home, I put my 5 kids to bed. I sing them songs, I pray with them and I tell them silly stories about made up monsters and the courageous kids who slay them with their superpowers. I make them breakfast in the morning and I drive them to school when I can. All of my kids are 9 or younger and we are all close. I may carry a gun for a living, do undercover work and arrest violent criminals but I'm still a Dad. If I had died that day they would have been shattered. Please, look at

them in court today. I brought them because I want the court and Mr. Holmes to know that shooting at someone affects more than just the person shot. I'm also a son. I have a Dad with dementia who I just picked up and is staying at my house right now. He can't give a statement for obvious reasons, but he needs me. I have a Mom who you will hear from who I talk to regularly. She needs me. My sister needs me. I have friends who I love and who I know love me, they need me. I'm a cop, but like all of us in this profession, I'm more than just a uniform or badge number.

Your Honor, law enforcement, in many ways, has become a thankless profession. We risk our lives daily to protect the public. We don't do this job for the money or status. We don't get to put little stickers on our windows that say International Association of Police Officers, because our cars would get keyed. We rarely get thanked for our service. We don't get special discounts at stores and we don't want any of that stuff. We do this job because we love it. We all have some form of PTSD from seeing the things we see. We are forced to make split second decisions that can end a life or end our lives. It is an extremely tough job. Law Enforcement is a calling and a duty. My brothers, sisters and I do this because we can't imagine doing anything else. One of the few things we ask in return for doing this thankless, tough job, is that when someone like Mr. Holmes crosses the line and shoots one of us, an example needs to be made to show other

criminals that there is a line in the sand that the Justice system will not tolerate.

Assault on the Police is one of those lines that cannot be crossed.

Your Honor, your reputation precedes you and that reputation is that of a fair and balanced Judge who does what is right and just. Whatever sentence you hand out today I know will be well thought out and fair and I will accept it without complaint. I thank you for your time and consideration of my victim impact statement.