

Chapter 6

On the Road . . . *Family Life*

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I remember feeling the calmness of a quiet and early summer morning—a time when kids slept in late, and families were away on vacation. Suddenly, I heard a thunderous sound, like the stampede of bulls. Before I could think, the bedroom door was thrown open, and I was ordered, by a loud, strong voice, “Out of the bed and onto the floor!” It was only a matter of seconds from the point when I heard the commotion to my being naked on the floor with a gun pointed at me. Clay, who was in the bathroom, ran out in complete shock. He quickly raised his arms but asked if he could put something over me. Someone among the group of serious and focused men agreed, and Clay laid a robe over me. He was instructed to sit on the bed and to keep his arms and hands up. I was allowed to sit on the bed as well. I felt scared and embarrassed. Clay looked bothered but remained calm. The bedroom door was open, and we could see that there were at least a half a dozen other people going in and out of rooms. At some point amidst the melee, Doggie scrambled out of our bedroom; frightened by all of the hoopla, I’m sure. The only other person with us in the house that morning was a childhood friend of Clay’s who had slept in a guest room. He had been hanging out with us late the night before, had a lot to drink, and ended

up spending the night. We quickly figured out that the people who had so abruptly entered our home early that morning were police officers—drug enforcement agents, to be exact. I didn't remember them identifying themselves as the police, and they weren't wearing any uniforms, only badges. So between it being early morning and the fact that everything happened so fast, we had both been in a state of confusion. Clay calmly told an officer his name and said that he was a professional basketball player. He informed the officer that that was his house but that he had been away and had just returned. The officer informed us that the house had been under surveillance for some time. They had reason to believe that the home was being used as a location to make drug deals. Clay and I were astonished and momentarily speechless.

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