

Eight years and three months ago was a typical day of getting everyone up and ready to head out the door as well as get myself to work on time. Like so many parents, I was multi-tasking, getting my child ready, making sure we had everything packed and rushing around with the typical morning busyness.

My world changed forever that day.

I drove to my job talking on the cell phone almost the entire time while handling the many business questions and opportunities that needed to be handled. When I went into my office that day, I was focused on fixing all the problems because that was my job. The day flew by. I went to lunch with my boss to fill him in on the status of the work (my only break of the day). Then, having no idea what time it was, a colleague came into my office and said, "Hey, do you have a doll in your car?"

Stunned, I had no idea why he would ask such a question and couldn't imagine what he was talking about. I stood up and started to go through what I had done that day; and then realized, "OH MY GOD - NO- OH MY GOD- NO!" I rushed to the car and as I came upon the side window – I saw Chase... I had not dropped him off at daycare as I had intended to.

I ripped open the car door and pulled him from the car seat unaware of anyone around and ran into the office with him in my arms. SCREAMING and crying and calling out for help. It was too late.

I was so distraught, upset and completely incapacitated that I spent hours in the ER. The nurse offered me painkillers to help me feel better; but I refused and said "I did not deserve to not feel pain."

Without any compassion, the police demanded that I be brought to the station and interviewed. The detective started asking all sorts of questions like, "Did you have life insurance on your son?" It started to hit me, I had killed my son. I did it. My poor sweet little boy. God take me now and return him to his beautiful mother. PLEASE GOD NOT HIM. ME.

I had to be hospitalized for several weeks and even registered under a fake name because I would have been arrested the moment I left the hospital. Tragically, I was not even allowed to attend my son's funeral.

My story continues with a very public trial, fighting a charge of involuntary manslaughter of which, thank God, I was found not guilty after three days in the courtroom. It really did not matter to me whether I was found guilty or innocent. I considered myself guilty. Guilty and full of shame and anger.

I cry every day for Chase. I still have not forgiven myself and don't know if I have the capacity to do so. I look at my wife in amazement. She never wavered. She stayed with me and we are still together. She is the most beautiful and wonderful wife in the world.

After the trial, Gene Weingarten wrote a Pulitzer Prize winning article titled "Fatal Distraction" about parents who have gone through what my family went through. He somehow was

able to capture the essence of how otherwise wonderful parents could be involved in a 'parent's worst nightmare.' He was able to explain this modern day phenomena in a way the people could understand and relate to.

The death of our precious baby boy became an international incident. The Russian government banned all adoptions of American children and named the law after our son, Chase. We were bombarded with news articles written about what a terrible person I am and how this could NEVER happen to responsible people. But frankly, the daily beating I give to myself is far more brutal than anything I have ever read about myself on the Internet.

This did not have to happen. If there had been a simple chime to alert me of my son's presence, none of this would have happened. How can this be, that in our great country it is not mandatory that the simplest alarm not be required in all cars? Children are dying unnecessarily. Families are being destroyed unnecessarily. This has got to stop. It is so important that we pass this bill being introduced today.