

We've recently posted some amazing stories about Ohio State Troopers helping children; finding an autistic boy who wandered from his home; rescuing a young child taken by a non-custodial parent in Colorado; a trooper coordinating a coat drive for children less fortunate. A true reflection of WHO WE ARE AND WHAT WE DO!

Over 33 years ago, Retiree Jim Rosser "saved" two young children with a few small gifts and a few words of encouragement. In September the Retiree's Association was contacted by a nurse from East Tennessee, looking for Trooper Rosser. She told us Jim had "saved the life" of her and her brother and wanted to invite him to her now "police officer" brother's upcoming wedding. Sadly, Jim was suffering from a number of medical issues, including dementia, and passed away a few weeks after she reached out to us. She provided the following story, in her words, about the night she met Jim.



I understand dementia all too well, as I work nightshift on a dementia ward in East Tennessee. I absolutely love my little people. ❤️❤️❤️❤️ I just regret not continuing my search for him (Jim) sooner. 😞

My parents were addicts (both alcohol and drugs), and were constantly fighting, that night it turned really bad. When my mom would pass out, I became my dad's target. When my brother came along, I was mom to him. I would hide him when things got bad. I was taught that cops were the boogie man, and I believed it. That night I hid my brother in the hamper as my parents were fighting. Their bedroom door was cracked and as I looked in. The gun my dad was holding went off. My mom was screaming for him to put it down but he pointed it at her head. I ran and grabbed my brother and went out our front door. I could hear my dad yelling my name but I ran as fast as I could and hid in the alley. I saw the flashing lights and ran away from them. It seemed like forever and I was worn out. I didn't even see the headlights and walked directly out in front of a car (driven by) "Jim". In the headlights he looked more like an angel. He asked if we were lost. All I could do was shake my head yes. He put us in the car and I'm pretty sure he was off duty. He put milk in my brother's bottle and gave me a Pepsi and a pack of garbage pail kids cards he had. When we were almost to my house, he noticed the lights, and asked if something bad happened. I remember just shaking my head. He got out and spoke with the other officers, came back and said, "No matter what ANYONE does or says to you, don't be afraid, and don't be like them. You're a good girl and you're going to do good things. Protect your brother always, ok!!" Another officer came up and took us away. My dad died in prison (attempted murder), and my mother overdosed years ago. We ended up in the foster system. Most places weren't that bad, but several were. We were 8 and 13 when we were adopted. Our adoptees were extremely abusive in every way. There were so many times as a teen I wanted to end it, but Jim's words stuck with me. At 18 I took my adopted parents to court and got custody of my brother. I'm 41 now and have 3 boys of my own. I don't know what would have happened to us that night if he hadn't of found us. His words stuck with me and saved me in times. I just wanted to give up. So, in my eye's he saved us, and saved me more than once. 💙💙💙💙

I was praying so hard to find him. I honestly didn't even think of his health. I was wanting to ask him to be the surprise guest of honor at my brother's wedding. 💙💙💙 I was going to pay for everything gas, food, shopping spree, and cabin for a week in Gatlinburg if he would have agreed to come. It's the least I thought I could do to show our appreciation. 😞