

I am here today to self-report my actions that occurred on June 25 at St. Mary's medical center moments after Captain Dave Rosa was shot and killed while on a residential structure fire. Once those three shots were fired our entire department, myself included were operating at a non-stop pace. Whether that be in regards to the treatment of Dave, his remains, or his family. I have been wanting to come forward and report my actions, but haven't wanted to take away or distract focus away from Captain Rosa and his family. Dave's family and the entire fire family have been struggling in dealing with Dave's death and I have not wanted to add to the stress of everyone by highlighting my poor decision making. However, in the last few weeks since the death of our brother and his subsequent funeral, I have taken some time to reflect on that incident in multiple aspects. It brings a wide range of emotions. I am angry that this happened. I am proud of the job that everyone has done from the moment of the first shot to the playing of Taps at Dave's final resting place. I am also very burdened by an action of mine during this chaos. I have spoken with my union rep and believe now is the appropriate time to report my conduct that occurred on the day of Captain Rosa's death.

The order of these events is somewhat cloudy due to the intensity of the incident and my close relationship with Dave. Additionally the intense and emotional actions I took in trying to save Dave's life make things difficult to recall exactly what took place, however this is the further factual basis is to the best of my recollection given the emotional and stressful circumstances of the Dave's death.

I was on the south east corner of E. 4<sup>th</sup> Street and Atlantic Ave. I was previously shutting of the valves to the sprinkler system on the second floor and now going outside to search for the OS&Y valve. I heard the first shot, but didn't believe that I heard it correctly (the sound didn't match the incident) then another shot shortly after. I could see a lot of commotion around the exterior doorway to the delta stairwell. I began running south in that direction. A firefighter leaned out of the doorway with his radio held to his mouth as if he was trying to get better reception. I am unable to remember in which order the radio traffic happened but I heard "997" and "shots fired, we have a firefighter shot". I faster towards that door while simultaneously stripping off my SCBA, axe and helmet. I made my way towards a group of firefighters as I could tell that they were trying to get the gear off of someone who was hurt (I could see that he had a red helmet but I did not know that it was Dave yet).

Before I reached Dave, [REDACTED] bolted out of the door struggling to get his SCBA off and he yelled "I'm shot, I'm shot" his face was pale eyes seemed to be looking through me. We attempted to strip his gear off of him but were unable to do so

until we held him down on the parkway. A quick strip and assessment showed that he had [REDACTED], but was sure how bad it was. We quickly put him in the back of E-3 with a few other members and they left towards St. Mary's.

After E-3 left I turned around and could now see that the other injured firefighter was Dave. His bunker pants were still on, his turnout jacket had been opened up but still on his arms and I assisted with lifting him onto the gurney. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] We had so many firefighter attending to Dave that I quickly found myself without a role as we were moving the gurney into that back of R1. I opened up the side door so that I was able to grab the front of the gurney. I was now standing over Dave's head, [REDACTED]

Once we arrived at St. Mary's we continued to work on Dave. Now with the additional help of the St. Mary's ER staff. [REDACTED]. We had doctors and nurses in scrubs and dirt covered sweaty firefighter in bunkers all working on Dave's attempting to save his life. [REDACTED]

Someone was yelling off names of all the firefighters at the hospital. I realized that I was no longer with my crew, nor had I told anyone where I was, and that they would be conducting a PAR at the scene. I started yelling at someone, "Robideaux is here". I wasn't sure if my dad was working that evening or not but realized that my name was probably broadcasted over the radio as unaccounted for, and I was worried that he might be assuming that I was injured or dead.

[REDACTED]. I ran into the hallway yelling to everyone that [REDACTED] I could see hopeless faces almost instantly turn motivated as if we might actually come out on top, I continued yelling this what seems like a 100 times. I continued yelling this as I went out of the double doors towards the ambulance bay.

It was at this point that a man was being escorted up the ambulance driveway. I heard, "This is the shooter, we have the shooter". I was looking at him face to face, and felt great anger running through my body with a rush of unanswerable questions. This was the man who tried to kill two of my friends. Why is he walking while a member of the cadre from my drill school and first Captain on the floor is fighting for his life? This wasn't fair. This was a horrible person and those two in the ER are the good guys. I stared at him which felt like forever but I imagine was only a split second, and I swung at him with my left arm connecting to the right side of his face. Someone grabbed me from behind, and I assume he was escorted inside the hospital.

I went back into the ER. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Again this was a mixture of LBFD and St. Mary's personnel. [REDACTED]

Since the moment that the doctor read off the "time on deck" as to which would be the official time of Dave's death our department didn't stop working, myself included. We stood guard over Dave's body in dirty turnouts, were giving a brief moment to get to our stations to change into our Honor Guard uniform to give Dave a more proper guard. Escorted his Body up to Los Angeles, then back down south to the funeral home. Practiced to make sure that the ceremony was held to the standards that Dave and his family deserved. Escorted Dave back to Long Beach for his final response, and finally to his resting place in Newport Beach.

Now that Dave has been laid to rest and things have slowed down a bit, I've spent a lot of time thinking through the incident. Both in formal situations such as with LBPD, LBFD Arson, and the NIOSH personnel; as well as, with other members of the department. There is one resonating fact that has been repeated which is "there is nothing that we could have done to save Dave". Everyone on the incident gave Dave the best fighting chance that he had. That shot was one in a million, [REDACTED], and even if we had a surgeon on scene Dave still wouldn't be here with us today. It's true, I do believe that and I am proud of everyone there that morning. I can accept that. It doesn't make it feel good by any means, but I can accept that.

Now for what should have been done differently, and what I have been struggling with. My actions in the ambulance bay with who I thought was the shooter. I described earlier my emotions and my reaction with the original suspected shooter. This is what I feel is the hardest for me. During a horrible incident in which I will always remember, and will make sure that nobody else forgets. I have to relive the fact that at one point I lost my tact, discipline and professionalism. I cannot change that and it will never go away. I've always prided myself both during the Marine Corps and fire service on maintaining my composure when others have not. Not in this case, this time I became preoccupied with what felt right to me as opposed to what was right for the team. I failed the "Headline Test" and those who know about this or will find out about this I am completely embarrassed.

I will always have many "what if" scenarios running through my mind, which is human nature and part of the healing process. However there is no "what if" to that split second of the incident. I know it was wrong, it will always be wrong. I may have thought that it would make me feel better, but that couldn't be farther from the truth. If anything that has caused me more grief and shame. I am still a young firefighter here with LBFD but what critical fires, shootings, stabbings, and accidents that I have been on, I feel that I have performed above the expected standard and helped others perform to their best as well. I know that my actions were completely unacceptable and I feel that they were out of character. I can only hope that I will have the opportunity to apologize and shed some light onto the situation.

I do not expect him, his family, or the city to forgive me. I can only hope that they will at some point give me the opportunity to do so, but in no way do I expect it.

I have never been in trouble during my time with this department and my employee performance evaluations have always been very good. I am also a

former U.S. Marine Corps Scout Sniper Team Leader and served our country with honor and distinction. This act was a result of a uniquely emotional and stressful situation. Seeing a fellow brother, who was ambushed while trying to protect those citizens, fighting for his life struck me in a way I have never been struck before. Firefighters are not supposed to be ambushed. We save lives. We help people. We are not trained to be shot at nor are we equipped to handle such situation. Just as Dave was not equipped to handle that situation he encountered that day, I was also not equipped to handle the feeling and emotions I felt in those moments.

I am so sorry for my actions on the day of Dave's death and I truly hope I get the opportunity to apologize to the person I punched and their family. I truly believe the intensity of the situation and what I had just witnessed in the ER, clouded my judgement. I can guarantee you I will never again act in such a manner. I see this incident as a learning experience and have addressed and prepared myself how to handle such situations in the future. I will make it my personal agenda to discuss with every firefighter on my crew for the rest of my career so that this mistake is not duplicated and that they can learn from my mistake. Again, I am so sorry.