

turning off the lights and packing up their gear to go home. Pat Sonnier was going to die. I spoke to Edwards across the table. "Governor," I said. It was a plea. And he had looked at me. I said, "I know this case has been in the courts, but Governor, we have a case here of two brothers in these murders. I have real doubts that the man about to be executed is the one who did the killing."

He said he would look further into it with his legal advisors. He was looking at me.

I said, "Governor, don't let this man die. If he does die, I promised to be with him at the end."

He had looked at me intently.

"Can you do that?"

"I promised."

It had ended then. The exchange was over. The governor had stated his policy. He would uphold the "law." The criminal would be executed. And everybody was going home.

Now, six years later, here I was about to meet him once again, to meet the man behind the role, to hear his reflections and feelings and personal beliefs. I wondered if he still stood solidly behind his position of "carrying out the law" even when that law was in contradiction with his own personal beliefs.

After sitting for half an hour, I paced slowly up and down the foyer. I look down at my little black pumps. These shoes have walked me through three executions. So has my tailored blue