



Deputy James P. Tutino was a 22-year veteran of the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department.

On January 26, 2005, at 0550 hours, Deputy Tutino was murdered, along with ten other innocent commuters, while providing security on a Metrolink train traveling into the Los Angeles Civic Center from Ventura County.

Deputy Tutino was a dedicated professional law enforcement officer who attained expertise in fields that many in law enforcement did not understand. Jim spent 21 years working in the Los Angeles County jail system, and he knew it better than nearly anyone. He not only knew the system, but he also knew the people who called jail and prison home. The jail was Jim's police beat and it was his desire to know it better than anyone. This beat is a world void of rational thinking -- a place where a stare will get a man beat down, a mis-spoken word will get you stabbed, using the wrong phone can cause a riot, and where talking to the police will get you killed. In this world, righteousness and virtue are viewed as weakness, and hate and brutality are viewed as strengths. It's a place where guys named "Evil," "Wicked," and "Psycho" are the "community."

It was in this world that Jim was able to make sense of the senseless. Jim knew there was a reason for everything; seemingly meaningless acts actually had meaning. Somehow Jim was able to understand this chaos. Jim had an unquenchable desire to know every aspect of this world; it was his police beat. He had to understand what was behind this insanity.

Jim was a recognized expert on prison gangs, street gangs, the "Aryan Brotherhood," motorcycle gangs, and numerous hate groups. Without hesitation, Jim could tell you who the main players were in each group. He knew them like a sports fanatic knows the great players in a sport. He knew their stats, their crimes, how they got their nicknames, where they did their prison time, who their associates were, if they were still in prison or out, and if they were dead or still alive. He knew things you can't learn from taking a class or reading a book. Jim went to the source to learn these things. He wasn't afraid to talk to anyone. I'd walk into our office and Jim would have some hardened convict, covered head to toe in tattoos, sitting next to his desk. They would be talking like they'd known each other for years. Jim would toss out a few names and the convict would start telling Jim what was going on with each guy. It was like watching a master at work. He showed them some respect, he talked their language, he knew their culture, and he gained their trust. They would tell Jim what he wanted to know -- who was calling the shots, who was holding the keys, who was in trouble, and who was causing trouble. They respected him.

Jim knew there were few people who were capable of doing what he did and even fewer who did it as well. He knew that in order to combat an enemy, you have to know the enemy. Jim strived to know them better than anyone else. And he did.

He had friends and contacts throughout the Sheriff's Department, Los Angeles Police Department, Federal Bureau of Investigation, California Department of Corrections, and nearly every other law enforcement agency around. He had sources he couldn't tell you about.

Jim always tried to do what was right. He did it to protect the people he loved, his fellow deputies and custody assistants working in the jails. He did it for his family. He did it to protect the community. He even did it to protect the crooks from themselves. He did it because that was his job as a Los Angeles County Deputy Sheriff.

Jim lived his personal life as hard as he worked. If he started an activity, he tried to master it. He always gave 100 percent. He loved to run and nearly always took part in the Baker to Vegas relay race, on the old guys' team. He loved Ford Mustangs, and knew them backwards and forwards. He was born in Pennsylvania and was a die-hard Pittsburgh Steelers fan. However, above everything else, Jim loved people. His family and friends came first, and after that he tried to help anyone he could.

Jim was a teenager at heart which explains his love of kids. How else could a guy go from working a full shift at the largest jail in the country, dealing with gang members, to face a group of teenagers on a hot football field in the middle of August. He loved the kids and he loved the game. In his off time, he would spend hours upon hours going over plays and reviewing game tapes. Win or lose, he loved working with the team and helping the players on and off the field.

Deputy James P. Tutino was a true friend, a faithful husband, a loving father, a dedicated coach, and a great cop.

Submitted by Deputy Tutino's friend and supervisor, Lieutenant Roger Ross.

In Memoriam

Deputy Jerry Ortiz



**Deputy Luis Gerardo "Jerry" Ortiz
was a 15 year veteran of
the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department.**

**On June 24, 2005, at 1513 hours,
Deputy Ortiz was murdered
by a coward
while conducting
a shooting investigation
in the City of Hawaiian Gardens.**



End of Watch June 24, 2005

On June 24, 2005, a coward murdered Deputy Jerry Ortiz while Jerry conducted a shooting investigation. Hundreds of law enforcement officers responded to the scene and the suspect was arrested later that evening. Charges are pending that will ultimately become a capital punishment case.

Jerry Ortiz lived life with a passion. That passion extended to his family, his wife, his children, his job, and his hobbies. We have a tendency to evaluate a Deputy Sheriff on his career and law enforcement skills. Jerry's skills were evident in every assignment he had, including his nearly four years with Operation Safe Streets Bureau. The day before he was murdered, he was told that he'd been successful in the gang investigator selection process and would be a detective within the next few months.

Jerry brought a sophistication to the job that not many recognized. His ability to express empathy toward victims, witnesses, and even suspects gave him access to information that few others could obtain. While well aware of his physical skills, he used his compassion and gentleness far more effectively.

Boxing is the arena that brought Jerry much of his recognition. Jerry was not a dancer, content to flick out a jab and "out-strategize" an opponent. He closed with his opponents and engaged in a physical combat that was less than subtle, characterized by devastating body shots and a willingness to exchange blows. His style led to many victories against the United States Marines' and the Los Angeles Police Department's Boxing Teams, and in the Police Olympics. In addition to winning many medals at state and regional police games, Jerry also won a gold medal in the World Police Games.

Jerry wanted his mother Rosa to attend his matches. She did so reluctantly and always carried a rosary in her

right hand. Prior to one match, Jerry pointed out that his opponent's mother was present and she also carried a rosary. Jerry's mother opened her left hand toward Jerry to show that she carried a second rosary. The second rosary apparently carried the day because Jerry won his fight.

Jerry's friends were privileged to share his personal life. He beamed when he talked of his new wife and best friend Chela. His two sons brought him immense joy and pride. His smile when talking about his wife and sons was luminous. Anyone who was around Jerry knew that smile. There was no hesitancy, no caution, no subtlety . . . just an expression of unrestrained joy that changed a 35-year-old man into a 17-year-old kid.

deputies so they would be safe, and yet a man who made himself vulnerable by living and loving with passion every day of his life. When one of his sons was with Jerry and the other was away, he would have them call each other and talk on the phone for 15 minutes every night so they remained close. His house was filled with pictures of his two boys, Jeremy and Jacob.

Teddy Roosevelt could have been speaking of Jerry when he said:

"Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat."

Jerry was a dichotomy in many ways: a gang cop who was an usher at his church every Sunday, a fighter who called his mother four to five times a day to see how she was doing, a man who taught defensive tactics to young

Jerry dared mighty things, won glorious victories, and can never be accused of being a poor spirit who lived in a gray twilight. Jerry basked in the light of love from his family, his wife, and his sons.

God, hold Jerry close and embrace him . . . we miss his smile.

