

# 3

## betting odds

Sometimes it's better to light a flamethrower than curse the darkness.

Terry Pratchett, *Men at Arms* (1993)

On the bright early morning of April 20, 1965, fourteen-year-old Denys deCatanzaro opened his eyes to find that his father, whom he'd been expecting to wake him up early for church, their normal Saturday morning routine, had already left without him. Looking out the window, he caught a glimpse of the family vehicle driving mysteriously away.

"Saturday mornings were special for us," Denys explains. "We'd drive together into downtown Chicago to a little Episcopal convent where I'd serve as an altar boy while he'd say mass to a small group of nuns. I awoke to find that he'd apparently gone on his own."

There was an eerie silence in the house, broken only by what sounded like the muted sobs of his mother coming from down the hall. Something was wrong.

Denys walked with trepidation into the bedroom of his eleven-year-old twin brothers. "What's going on?" he asked his mom. "What is it?"

"Gregory." That was all she could say. Gregory.

His older brother was dead.

"What a shock," Denys recalls more than a half-century later.