

Since you're reading this now, you know I'm gone and some terrible things will be said about me. Some true, some not. This is not a suicide note or a diary. This is my idea about the way things are and why they are.

I want to apologize to all of you. I know the way things will end will hurt many and I'm terribly sorry. Once I knew the way things were going to end up, I thought I better try to explain the way things were in my mind.

I would like to request three final things. ①... I prefer that this letter be read only by GARY, JEANN, REBECCA, and Judy. ②... I wish to be cremated. I don't want my ashes kept in some urn. No church service, no memorial service, and no burial. If you wish, you may dispose of my ashes in the trash. I would like to have them dumped in the mountains though. Maybe up at Jefferson lake, that is such a pretty spot.

My third request will come later.
Please look for the number ③...

Its so hard for me to write this, to put my feelings down on paper. I think I know why that is and I'll get into that in a bit. I know that awful things will be said about me, and I hope this doesn't cause any pain or hurt to any of you. I'm so sorry about this because I love all of you so much. I will try to see or talk to each of you before things come to an end.

I'm sure all of you have noticed over the years that I had problems. On my 21st birthday, I remember thinking about suicide seriously for the very first time. Through my teenage years I remember thinking if I could just get my life straightened out by the time I was 21, I might have a normal life. That was not to be.

Some time in my mid to late
twenties, I began to lose touch with
reality. I would forget things that I
had done or wonder if some of my
other memories had actually happened.

Things got bad in the early
1990s while I was living in Sacramento.
There were times my mind would go
completely blank. I wouldn't know where I
was or what I was doing. Sometimes this
would only last one minute, sometimes ten
minutes. This was when thoughts and
urges began entering my mind. These were
easier to control at first but now seem
to run my life, going in and out of my
mind at will. I have no idea what life is
about. I have no idea why I'm alive. I
have no idea what's real and what's not
real.

I've lately began to wonder why "he" (your father) chose me to be the "one". Do any of you know? Did he ever tell anyone or did I do something wrong as a baby? Don't get me wrong, I'm thankful that none of you had to go through what I did! Since were on this subject... This is difficult!!!

) Some people will say that I may have had a terrible childhood. Well, they couldn't be more wrong! Actually, I had no childhood at all. It was stolen from me. Taken before it began. Replaced by constant fear and occasional terror. Why would any parent mentally and physically abuse a child. You may not know it, but I believe the mental was the worst. Not knowing where "he" was or when he would be coming after me. That was the worst. Constant fear of not knowing. School was nice, I was

safe at school. For part of the day I could almost relax. For six or seven hours, I was out of "his" reach. I'm not sure I can put into words the way it was when "he" was around.

Fear was constant growing up. I got away from the dinner table as fast as I could. I would take a few bites, say I was full and leave. Fear over rode hunger because I could not stand to be in the same room as him.

Often we (kids) would all watch T.V. in the evening. If he came in and sat down, I would wait a few minutes, go to the bathroom, turn the water on or something, then go to my bedroom.

Where ever we lived, which ever house we had, I always had a certain spot to go to. It would be in one of the corners, some place where I couldn't be seen if he were

walking down the hall. I spent a lot of time sitting and standing in the corners of my bedrooms.

The worst, the nightmare more terrible than all others was when the two of us were home alone. When that would happen, when he came home or everyone else left, I would quickly go find my unseen corner and stay there until someone else got home.

I was always afraid to close the bedroom door, as he would know I was in there. I know all of you love him so I won't go into any details of what happened. If I remained quiet, no noise, no music, not a sound I was usually safe. But not always. Once in a while he would call me. As soon as I heard my name, fear would turn into panic and sheer terror!

Sometimes it was nothing, he would just want to know where I was, but the terror

was still there. Maybe a third to a half the time that he called me, he would come right for me as soon as he saw me. Terror was then replaced by something I don't think I can put into words. When I would see "him" coming, after me I froze, unable to move. I would shake from head to toe my stomach in knots and my heart pounding, preparing for his temper to be unleashed on me. I would often wet myself.

This was my childhood, my life. Except for fishing with Gary a few times in North Carolina, I have no pleasant memories of growing up. None. "He" didn't take those from me, he didn't allow me to have any.

I wanted everyone to know the true facts about what happened at the Harley dealer and why. I'm not sure what will happen, but if I have my way it may just hit the fan.

On Dec. 24, 2002, I bought the new bike, a 2003 H.D. WideGlide. I also purchased a set of aftermarket performance exhaust system, a better carburetor and several other acces. to be installed before I took delivery. When I picked up the bike, no carb had been installed and a defective set of pipes were on the bike. I called and called and all I got was a major run-around. About Feb or March I started calling them and yelled, screamed, and cursed. That was my mistake. I should not have done that but it may have been only 3 or 4 calls. The accessories that they cheated me out of amounted to about \$1200. to \$1400. dollars, I don't remember exactly. I guess because of the phone calls, the H.D. dealer decided to press charges.