

6/27/78

Margaret, dear.

In April, returning from the hospital, your letter to Georgia was here. Since that time I've been trying to write you, but until recently the only thing I wrote was my name on checks. Tried to call your mother a few times, but did not connect with her. Today, "the hell with the Bullocks-Wilshire note paper" I can't find. This has to go to you.

Sit Down!!!

Around midnight, December 16, exhausted from "Christmas in the inner city" and a Rosemar party the doorbell rang. I opened to three neighbors and the police. I can't believe it yet. Georgia had been murdered in her "nice, safe Malibu" apartment. Georgia dead? Impossible. With me at a party they had been unable to locate me. The house had been "staked out" for hours, but they had left just before I returned.

The hospital had called the Sheriff's Dept. She hadn't shown up for her usual 3-11 pm shift. Having been in an accident in July - with a severe concussion - her fellow nurses thought she might have bled out. Oh that she had. Time of death 1-3 A.M. "Traumatic blows to the head." The killer has not been apprehended - the bastard. The Task force swept thro.

her friends (mostly male), the hospital, her phone book etc. God knows who all - police don't talk much.

There are reams more to tell, but I can only manage these facts. Due to police and coroner, the funeral was Dec 21 - day before her birthday. The mass was at Our lady of Malibu & burial in Holy Cross. Too much snow to go EAST. Closed oak coffin. Anne sent a turtle neck and jeans to the mortuary; I don't even know which ones; the apartment was sealed off for weeks. Couldn't top her new goodies.

I only remember a couple of things about the funeral. We met the coffin at the door. "The officials" from Price-Daniel - thought I should go in and sit down. That was nice! I'd walked with her twenty-seven years; I'd walk the last mile with her. Anne gave a "Kennedy eulogy" that left few dry eyes. Only Mike, the priest I like know it - all about growing up with the "blonde," cokes, potato chips, etc.

God, Margaret! Don't think it'll surprise you to know Dec 22 - 22 - I was in St. John's Mental Health Unit. Have been on "sick leave" since. What's the market for selling pencils in Arabia?

January 3 or 4 - whenever your birthday is I tried your Washington phone #. God

Knows if I could have talked with you but I tried Mike was here, and ready to take over.

My family has been wrecked. Mike's doing the best. He's now the father of Patrick, and they've established in a new home in Texas. He's Personnel officer for 1500 officers at Ft. Hood. They bought a new home in Copperas Cove - about 15 miles from Ft. Hood. He expects to be there at least 1 1/2 more years.

Anne's grief has her living in the valley. At first she was scared to stay here; now she can "hack" this beach at house without Georgia. Last Saturday night she slept here for first time. She'll have 1-2 semesters more, at Continuum under Walt Schwaber for her blood troubles.

So it's me & the dog. Days are long & lone. Some of my thoughts continually on Georg. Good times, and that ghastly night. I don't think she'd be proud of me, but I can't accept or adjust to this. It's sort of a "Vegetating" life.

My best to Doug, Meng. Lot me hear from you. You were always special to me, now you're very very special. Only thing I can say about this letter is that the world has gone to you.

Love,
Mary

The Loss of Our Sister, Charlotte Lamb

From the moment the dreadful news of our sister's death came, over thirty years ago, there has been a giant hole in each of our lives. She was the fourth child born in our family of eight children. Daddy nicknamed her "Shug" and the name stuck. I was eight when she was born and I well remember a tiny bundle with golden blonde hair and a sweet smile.

When the news came, my knees turned to jelly and I simply collapsed. For days, sleep would not come...my imagination worked overtime, praying that her suffering was short-lived. Our Mother had to be hospitalized, due to dangerously high blood pressure and each member of the family suffered in their own way. Claudia, four years younger than I, battled a maddening fear of men for a long time. To this day, I can't bear to hear the song, "I'll Be Home for Christmas" ... I have to find a place to cry my heart out.

The ripple effect of her loss has taken a toll on each family member. We've been robbed of hearing her cute laugh when she'd call at least every month and chat many times for over an hour. We've been robbed of receiving her newsy notes and letters, of her generosity, of her sincere interest in each of our lives, and of the loss to our children who will never know the continuing love of their "Aunt Shug".

Now that we're thirty years older, we remaining sisters wonder how many children she might have had and if they would have had her delicate features...her small hands, perfect teeth and oh yes, her golden hair. Would they have had her love of animals (especially the cats that she'd "adopt" from the humane society because they were old and sick)? Would they have the same compassion for the less fortunate, by often visiting and just sitting and talking with a friend in the hospital who had no family?

We'll never know the answer to these questions. That giant hole created when Shug was taken from us will never be filled, but we do have memories of a sister who graced our lives with decency and beauty for a while. Our only comfort rests in the hope of seeing her in a far better place and of hearing that cute little laugh once again.

Carolyn (Lamb) Adkins

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Victim Impact Statement

My sister Robin was a very loving and compassionate person, even at 12. She loved GOD and was such a Momma's girl. I loved Robin immensely, I miss her more than words could ever express. I especially miss the giggles the secrets and the girlie sister things that I will never again share with her! Robin touched so many lives and gave joy to all that knew her. She always wanted to be famous. It is so sad that this is how Robin has to be remembered by those who weren't as fortunate as we were to know Robin and to love her. Robin has been a positive force in my life, and has made me want to reach out to others to make a difference for my kids, my family and the community!

I forgive Rodney Alcala, because if I don't forgive him. I can't expect GOD to forgive me. Forgiving, however, does not mean that Mr. Alacala should not be punished for the misery and destruction that he has caused. I beg the courts to please give the defendant the Death Penalty again for the 3rd time. I want to thank the Judge, Matt and Gina, the jurors and all that assisted to bring justice for Robin and the other victims and their families..

God Bless you all.

Teranne Robinson
Sister of murder victim Robin Samsoe
Represented by Attorney Gloria Allred
March 30, 2010

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Victim Impact Statement

I have done a lot of thinking about what I really wanted to say this day. I guess, first of all, I would like to tell the Court about all the grief and suffering the defendant has caused me and my family during his reign of terror. As the mother of Robin, my beautiful daughter, I want to call the defendant who has been convicted of murdering her so many names but the only real thing that comes to mind is that he is a cold blooded evil mass murdering monster that should have died years ago.

Losing my precious Robin was the worst tragedy of my life and knowing the defendant tortured his victims makes it even harder to accept. What I am grateful for is the fact that my little 12-year-old Robin stopped him from taking any more lives. She helped to make it possible for law enforcement to put him behind bars where he belongs.

I hate him for the pain he has caused me and so many people, but I have prayed about this and I'm giving this hatred all to God because I've let this feeling consume me for 31 years and I'm not giving this kind of power over me anymore

to the defendant who murdered my daughter.

I noticed in court that not one single person was there in support of the defendant. That may be because the defendant disgusts me and every other victim.

Losing Robin we lost so many things! We didn't get to watch her grow up. We didn't get to see her graduate high school or college, see her have a dance career, get married, and/or have children. Who knows what her future could have been if she was able to love life as she did to the fullest? He took her life, her future and our joy.

Robin was our baby and everyone that knew her was affected by her sincere manner. She made people smile and they were deeply moved by her loving ways. She would go out of her way to make things good for everyone. She had a strong bond with her sister and 2 brothers. The world was denied a true potential gymnast because her goal was to break all of Kathy Rigby's records. She said so often that she wanted to make enough money so I wouldn't have to work so hard. We went shopping one day and when we came home she said to me "You know it's too bad Mothers Day is only one day a year so I'm going to change that. I'm going to fix your breakfast in bed every Saturday." And she did just that. She would borrow one flower (big white daisy) from our neighbor, put it in a bud vase with a lighter and one cigarette and cup of coffee and sometimes she would attempt scrambled eggs and toast for me. It became a Saturday morning ritual for over a year until she

died.

In closing, I just want to add this thought. One thing is for sure, I know where my little Robin is now and that's heaven. She never again has to face the defendant because he is the devil's own, and I hope and believe he will rot in hell. I just pray that I live long enough to watch him executed and actually I think lethal injection is far too humane for anyone like him. Regardless I'm waiting for the day he dies. I only wish I could be the one to administer the injection.

As for my family we've suffered through these past 3 trials and we're still learning to pick up the pieces so we can move on. Robin would want that and we can all thank her, because she was the one to bring this defendant down and prevent there being many more victims as there might have been in the last 31 years, but for her. The defendant made my precious baby a hero while he will be known as a murderer. This world needs more children like my Robin, but never again another murderer like Rodney James Alcala.

Marianne Connelly
Mother of murder victim Robin Samsoe
Represented by Attorney Gloria Allred
March 30, 2010

Anne Ericsson's Victim Impact Statement
RE: Jill Parenteau

March 29, 2010

First of all I want to thank Judge Briseno and everyone in court today for allowing me to give my impact statement.

I have waited for over 30 years to tell YOU and this courtroom the HORRIFIC PAIN that you have caused my family with the SAVAGE MURDER of Jill Parenteau.

Jill's sister, Dedee Parenteau has been my best and dearest friend for over 41 years. The day that you MURDERED Jill was one of the worst days, of our lives. The havoc and pain that you caused all of us is INDISCRIBABLE to say the least and it NEVER goes away. Time just makes it a little more bearable.... but the pain never goes away.

I will NEVER forget the day that Dedee called me on the phone to tell me that Jill was MURDERED. It is forever TATTOED in my brain!

I don't think I have ever heard so much pain in one person's phone call in my life and I hope I never will. It's not something you can ever forget! It's not anything like when friends or family have passed away from natural causes. IT'S JUST INSTANT SHOCK & PAIN!

Going to her parent's house to see the pain that they were in, again was AGONY. I met their father Cliff (yes, the one with the funny shirt in the photo) before I met Dedee and Jill. My husband at the time worked with their father. Cliff dearly loved both his daughters he spoke about them often (THEY WERE THE APPLE OF THEIR FATHERS EYE) so to speak. The loss of Jill *his baby girl*, and then to bear his and her mothers unbearable Pain was difficult to watch.

At the time of Jill's death I had 2 daughters. One was 7 and the other was 14. We were grieving the loss of Jill whom I met when she was only 11, the GRIEF for all of us was not only UNBELIEVABLE BUT INSERMOUNTABLE TO SAY THE LEAST!

IT ISN'T SOMETHING THAT YOU CAN WRAP YOUR HEAD AROUND!
THE MURDER OF JILL!

My family's feelings at that time were how, HOW COULD ANYONE do this, to this kind, sweet, trusting, beautiful girl in the PRIME OF HER LIFE and RODNEY YOU DID THIS!!!

YOUR SILENCE!!!! DURING THIS COURT PROCEEDING REGARDING JILLS MURDER SCREAMED TO ME THAT YOU ARE GUILTY OF THIS HEINOUS CRIME! WE DIDN'T NEED BLOOD EVIDENCE TO PROVE IT! YOUR ABSOLUTE SILENCE BECAME YOUR ADMISSION THAT YOU DID THAT!

YOU ARE WORSE THAN A RABID PITBULL, at least someone can see a pitbull coming! You just sneak around and destroy innocent unsuspecting trusting lives FOR THE FUN OF IT. WOW!
REALLY... WHO GAVE YOU THE RIGHT TO INFLICT SO MUCH PAIN ON SO MANY PEOPLE! JUST TELL ME THAT!

We are all left to deal with YOUR CARNAGE, while you then left to go romp around San Francisco AND ANYWHERE YOU CHOSE with your Girlfriend and Sister, UNBELIEVLABLE. Go have fun while we all suffer. The law Enforcements, families and courts have to clean up the mess you leave behind.

I lived and still live in the Foothill communities! After you were arrested for Robin Samsoes murder and the news said you were a photographer I worried that if you got out on bail, that by chance you may have taken photos of my 14 yr old daughter at photo shoots that she had been to. I worried that she may be in danger. So it wasn't just Jill's murder but now Robin's too that I was pained about. My daughter is now a grown woman with children of her own.

During this trial I asked my daughter how she felt at the time of Jill's Murder. She said "MOM, BECAUSE OF JILLS MURDER I NEVER WANTED TO MOVE OUT OF THE HOUSE UNTIL I GOT MARRIED" and she didn't. THE FEAR YOU CAUSED LINGERED ON... AND STILL DOES! Your MENECEING WAYS HAVE A RIPPLE EFECT, LIKE A STILL POND THAT HAS BEEN DESURBED BY A THROWN ROCK.

FEAR, GRIEF, ANGUISH, PAIN AND SEEING MY FRIEND DEDEE SUFFERING DAY AFTER DAY FOR ALL OF THESE YEARS IS MORE THAN ANYONE SHOULD HAVE TO ENDURE BY THE HANDS OF SOMEONE AS CRUEL AS YOU ARE.

I don't know if in your so called "GENIOUS" mentality you have any idea the suffering that you have caused. If you did you would have plead GUILTY and saved all of us from more GRIEF!

Have you ever given EVEN ONE MOMENT'S THOUTH of how YOU, your mother, sisters, nieces, brother or girlfriends would have felt if this had happened to one of them. BY THE HANDS OF SUCH A MONSTER AS YOURSELF.

If you had ONE OUNCE OF DECENCY LEFT IN YOU (that I'm sure your loving mother taught you), you would stand up and state how GUILTY YOU ARE and STOP TORTURING ALL OF THE FAMILYS WITH YOUR MURDEROUS WAYS!

Jill doesn't get to play ping pong, exercise, use the computer, write to friends, have conversations with family and friends, watch movies, BUT YOU DO!
YOU TOOK ALL OF THAT AND MORE AWAY FROM HER IN A SPLIT SECOND

MY FAMILY, MY FRIEND DEDEE and her extended family and friends WILL LIVE WITH THAT HORRIBLE PHONE CALL TELLING US OF JILL'S DEATH FOREVER.

To this day I am OVER PROTECTIVE OF MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

My daughters call me "the worst case scenario mom" thanks to YOU for that one!

We, *not just my family*, but all of the people in this courtroom feel the PAIN, GRIEF and INSURMOUNTABLE SORROW that you have caused everyone and every life that you have encountered IN AN ADVERSE WAY.

My dear, dear, kind and gentle friend Dedee was so afraid of coming to court and being in the same room with you, her only sister's murderer.

I told her that you couldn't hurt her anymore than you already have. I was not going to allow her to be another victim of yours.

We are here to represent & make sure that justice is served for the short lived life of Jill Parenteau.

Being in this courtroom has given both of us strength and renewed our faith in the justice system and *eased some of the pain*. BUT THE MEMORIES OF WHAT YOU HAVE DONE LIVE FOREVER!

It takes a very weak man to do what you have done and seeing you in the courtroom for so many weeks showed us what a really weak man you truly are!

It didn't take MAGICAL THINKING, or your photography, jewelry, make up, bicycle riding, geography, landscape and sword making lessons in court to know that you are a SINISTER BEING OF MONSTEROUS PROPORTIONS!

I am not GOD, nor am I your Judge, or Jury. My only hope is that you BURN IN HELL FOR ETERNITY for what you have done to Jill and anyone else that has had to suffer by your hands. You being raised by what was told in court by a loving mother as a "NICE CATHOLIC BOY" I'm sure you will!

Maybe you should give some thought before you die to make amends to God and ALL the lives that have crossed your path! GOOD OR BAD!!!!

At least be honest ONCE IN YOUR LIFE and stop TORTURING THE FAMILYS & FRIENDS OF ALL OF THESE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS! And all of the people that believed in you and have been disillusioned and disappointed by your lies.

March 30, 2010

VICTIM IMPACT STATEMENT --- FROM JANET JORDAN

Re: Jill Parenteau

It is really hard to express the impact of the loss of my friend Jill and becomes indescribable when thinking about the way her life was ended so very early, too early for anyone and so brutally.

We were co-workers who quickly became friends. She was so nice to me when I started my job. We didn't even work in the same department but she showed me around, invited me to sit with her in the lunchroom and made me feel welcome from the start. I think it may have been because there weren't many young people working there. She was kind with a wonderful smile and we hit it off right away becoming fast friends. I remember lots of giggling just as young girls do, shopping for things for her apartment, and of course shopping in general.

We were young with our whole lives ahead of us...I was only 19 and sometimes she seemed like a big sister to me, she had a way of kindness that was almost protective. I remember how excited she was to move into her apartment and I was excited because we would live closer now and getting together would be easier. She didn't even have a lot of stuff but she was so excited about this next step and new place.

I will never forget the day she didn't show up for work. I didn't know then that my life would be forever changed in so many ways. Her boss came to ask me if I had heard from her because she hadn't called in and didn't have the day scheduled off. I said no; she probably over slept. I wasn't overly concerned just thought how odd because she was never late, always called in and never mentioned anything about not coming in. I called a friend to ask if they knew if she had a dentist appointment or something and when they said no...I became more worried...so I asked my boss to take an early lunch to go check in on her, by now, everyone was wondering where she was and I didn't want her to get in trouble. All the while thinking she must have stayed out really late after the dodger game and over slept...

As clearly as I remember this morning, I remember knocking loudly on her door and her not answering, I remember hearing the phone ringing in the living room which I could see clearly from the front door thru newly broken window glass...I turned around to make sure she was actually home and saw her car in the usual parking space so now I am really thinking this is all weird and I became worried that she was really sick and ran to the landlord's place to let me in...rounding her bedroom corner and seeing her lying naked and bloodied on the floor is as clear a picture today in my mind as it was as that moment over 30 years ago.

I was so terrified, not even sure what to do next, even then my mind couldn't comprehend the horrific horror in which my young beautiful friend endured, I remember thinking

maybe she just fell and hurt herself somehow after the shower or something. I remember calling 911 I think from her living room. I was in a daze somehow thinking she was just sick and this couldn't be what it looked like but yet knowing something God awful happened and I needed to call her mom and friends I just didn't know what to say. I remember thinking I didn't want them to worry while driving and I didn't want them to see her like I just did... but knew I shouldn't be here alone figuring all this out.

It was months before I could sleep alone or before my roommates didn't have to stand outside the bathroom door everyday when I took a shower. It was years before I could close my eyes and see something else. That monster didn't just take my friend that day in June, he took something from me too... my strength and my spirit. I am so angry that I didn't get to have her friendship for life..... I know that if I met her today, we would be friends and he took all that from me. I had to quit my job because it was just too hard to be there without her, to pass by her desk or hear people remembering her talking about how horrible it was and staring at me ... I heard quickly from detectives that he was in jail, on death row but for another crime and that helped a little with my sleep and fear but did nothing for my memory or the visual that was so clear in my head and certainly didn't ease the ache of missing my friend and feeling frightened all the time.

I prayed then that he would be killed in prison and we could all breath a little better... or that some time he would be subjected to all he inflicted. It was hard knowing what most likely happened to her based on what I saw... and yet not ever really knowing and certainly never telling her mom or dad what I suspected... I kept it pretty much to myself... it somehow seemed protected that way, something she deserved... to be protected.

I grew up quickly that day and learned the meaning of loss and hate all at the same moment.

He doesn't deserve this time and attention, he deserves to die and frankly, in the most horrific way possible, in a much more painful way then we are talking about here, he deserves to die.

28 March 2010

To whom it may concern,

I have been asked if there is anything else I would like to say in reference to Rodney Alcala prior to final sentencing for the murder of my sister Georgia (and others). First, I would like to thank the court for the opportunity to testify during the sentencing phase. It was extremely painful, physically and emotionally, to relive the events of December 1977 but I drew some measure of satisfaction to look my sister's killer in the eye and state for the record what my feelings were as I cleared and cleaned my sister's horrifically bloody apartment.

What I did not have an opportunity to describe are two things. First, living for the better part of 25 years with absolutely no clue as to who did this savage crime. 25 years of birthdays, Christmas, weddings, picnics and yes, even funerals; natural events in the family life cycle. The "question" was always there and frequently asked by friends and family members: Did they ever find out who Georgia's killer was? 25 years of reliving that terrible time and always the same answer: no. Second, living the past 7 years knowing who this savage beast was but not being able to see him brought to justice. Same events but now the question took a different form: When will he be brought to trial?

No amount of justice can replace the years of life that Georgia was denied. Likewise, no amount of justice can give my now deceased mother back her sanity nor displace the sad emotions our whole family will have forever. What justice can do for me is answer a question I've had in my mind for 32 years: **Who do I go see about that?**

The who is this court and the that is the convicted murderer of my sister, Rodney Alcala. I unequivocally believe that the jury's recommendation on 9 March 2010 that he should be put to death is a just sentence.

Respectfully submitted,

Michael G. Wixted

I would like to thank the court for giving me the chance to express my thoughts in addition to my earlier testimony. I appreciate your patience and your time.

The night of December 16th, 1977 struck fear in my heart. My whole world was ripped apart, and much like fairy tale stories, my life could not be put back together again. In addition to taking care of my anguished mother, I had to somehow make a life for myself out of the pieces that were left. For 25 years, I looked over my shoulder, never knowing who or what I was looking for. I never felt safe. That endless uncertainty played havoc all these years. I still don't like to talk on the phone, and I still feel anxious when I walk in a dark house. And then there is the emptiness... the empty chair at the dinner table, the empty bed in my room. The holidays that would come and go and feel empty; what was the point of celebrating anything? When good things happened to me, I could not share them with Georgia. I never imagined that she would not be there for my wedding. I would give anything if she could meet my husband and see my son. She was robbed of her future. She would never get to be a wife or a mother.

All those years, I still kept asking myself the same questions that others asked me over and over again. **Who would do that to her? There would be no answer for over 25 years.** That is an eternity to wait for someone you love, but I never gave up hope. I knew the detectives never gave up on her and certainly, I could not give up on her. It is a testament to the person she was that even after 32 years, so many people are still devastated by her loss.

Even after the DNA miracle that happened 7 years ago that told me who created the carnage, I am still left with the question of why? **Why her?** I will never know why he picked her for one of his victims. Why not? Because Rodney Alcala simply said he did not remember. How convenient. If I say I do not remember, does it mean it did not happen? Certainly not. Did he ever take responsibility for the murder? **No.** Did he express remorse for what he has done? **No.** Did he admit that he has other victims out there? **No.**

No one should have to die the way my sister did. We treat animals better than she was treated. No one should have to suffer that way. But how do you put a price on a human life? How do you put a price on a 32 year nightmare that is my life? Most people who are opposed to the death penalty have never had a reason to use it. **Rodney James Alcala is a reason to use the death penalty; a good reason.** We need to make sure that there can never be a chance for him to even be considered for parole, so I am asking that he receive the recommended death penalty. Thank you.

Victim Impact Statement of Katherine Franco
March 30, 2010

Your Honor:

My name is Kathy Franco and in 1979 Jill Parenteau was my best friend. We had a group of friends and we had a lot of fun. We did classic girlfriend things; we shared the joy and angst of boyfriends, curfews, high school graduation and other teenage traumas which were a part of our growing up. I look back at those memories as some of the best times of my life. We saw each other almost every day, shared long telephone conversations, tested recipes together, looked at magazines, went to the mall, and helped each other decide what to wear. We did all those classic girlfriend things so effortlessly. We wondered what was in store for us, imagining where we'd end up... would we get married, would we have children. Implicit in these exchanges was the firm belief that we'd take life's journey together and see what was in store for each of us.

Jill was smart, funny and nice. She was shy and reserved if she didn't know you well. Her sister best described her with the word "gentle". Jill was doing what she was supposed to do, she had good relationships with her sister, brother, parents, and friends. She was starting a career as a key punch operator and had gotten her own apartment. Nowadays nobody knows what a key-punch operator was, but she was working on computers before most people had ever seen one. I remember when Jill and I would be going out somewhere, her dad would always tell us to be home early. We would laugh with Jill's mom, who told we could be out later because we all knew her dad would be asleep anyway. That simple memory is one of many that has stayed with me for the past 30 years.

One night Jill and I met Rodney Alcala at the Handlebar Saloon. We were there with a group of our friends, and he really made no impression on us. We saw him a few more times, but never even discussed him beyond agreeing we thought he was a little dorky. I honestly don't think I would ever have thought of him again if I hadn't recognized him in the group of pictures Detective Bowers asked me to look at.

On June 14, 1979 I did not hear from Jill and she wasn't at work. This wasn't like her. I called her co-workers and tried to reach her brother and

sister at their jobs at Lockheed. I had a growing sense that something was wrong and I needed to find her. Jill's co-worker went to her apartment and called me and told me to come right over. I remember pulling up to her apartment, jumping out of my car with no shoes on and how hot the driveway was. The sun was beating down on that hot June day in southern California, the commotion at the apartment was confusing and my mind was trying to make sense of it. Perhaps she fell in the shower or didn't put her glasses on and somehow hurt herself. Either way I'd be there to help her. And then one of the officers told me she was dead. It was incomprehensible. A part of me was gone. That fateful summer day is forever carved in my mind.

After Jill's death, Detective Bowers told me a number of times that someone could die quickly from strangulation. If there was any solace to be found, it was that the pain of her death didn't last very long, and with that I could spend these last 31 years thinking about her life and our friendship. I was naïve to the circumstances of her death. This trial has shown me a depth of such disturbing proportions. My memories come flooding back and there is no escaping the knowledge of the horror, pain and torment that my friend endured. I have trouble sleeping and eating lately, and I've been getting unbearable headaches. I see pictures in my head based on what I've seen and heard at this trial, with my mind filling in the unanswered questions. My heart breaks to think of my beautiful sweet friend scared and suffering in pain.

Over the years, the shrieking pain and panic I felt immediately after Jill's death has subsided. For the longest time, I woke up every morning knowing something was wrong before I remembered what it was, and then it was a stabbing, blinding pain. I still think of Jill every day – sometimes I make a conscious decision to think of her, other times I'll hear something or smell something that will bring a fleeting memory I hadn't thought of in years. Sometimes I feel a dull thud in my life, other times I feel plain old fashioned devastating grief. I used to think I would get better, or get over it, but now it is just part of who I am.

I feel that Rodney Alcala has been lurking in the background of my life since Jill's death. I wonder how could we have spoken with him, and not known he was so dangerous? I don't trust my judgment of people. I am more suspicious and paranoid about strangers than most people. I hear noises at night. I get afraid of the dark. As a result of spending so much

time going over the minutiae of Jill's life with the detectives, I feel the need to leaves clues about my own life and hesitate to vary my routine. Sometimes I envy people who see the world as such a happy place, and other times I ridicule them. I never sleep with windows open. I lock every door and window. And I have so many questions that will never be answered. Why Jill? Did she do something, or say something, or was it her hair, or her height? Or if she hadn't come home that night, would he gone away and never come back? Why does he kill people? What made him this way?

I know this trial won't make anything easier to understand, but I am very grateful for the dedication and determination of the district attorneys, detectives and others in the prosecution of the case. I take comfort in knowing that there are people like those I've met through this process who are committed to pursuing justice for those who aren't here to speak for themselves. I appreciate the patience and perseverance of Your Honor and the jury. I hope that the verdict and sentence will be upheld and that we can all find peace. Thank you very much.

Jill Terry Barcomb – Bruce Barcomb Victim Impact Statement

Rodney James Alcala #2147175

My name is Bruce Barcomb, and I was the 6th child born out of eleven to Maurice and Joyce Barcomb. Jill was born 5th and she was my older, yet smaller sister by eighteen months. To this day, with the exception of Jill's homicide committed by Rodney, all of her siblings live to experience her justice at this trial.

Jill was the sibling I was closest to when growing up. My memories of my sister go back as early as sharing the tub with her. She was always a source of comfort, support, and joy to be around. Her smile was always contagious.

I remember when it all began for Jill; the good and the bad. She was the little older sister that put her arm around me when I was around three; after I had my spit spinach out at the dinner table and was scolded. I sat down by the refrigerator, and she came down, sat beside me, put her arm around me, and told me, "It was going to be OK."

She was the sibling I made my Confirmation with due to our closeness in age. For awhile we were so similar and size and looks we would often be asked if we were twins. I occasionally walked to grade school, Junior High, and even high school with Jill. As teens, I would listen to her sing, and we would often play radio disc jockey as we played records together. She loved music.

When Jill learned that I wouldn't be going to my freshman dance because I couldn't get a date at the last minute, Jill offered to take me to my freshman dance, and took me. We often went roller skating at the local skating rink, played instruments together in high school, and competed in competition in local drum and bugle corp. events.

Then late one Friday Night in November 1977, I made a call home to say I'd be spending the night at a friend's house. I could hear chaos and crying in the background over the phone that alerted me that something devastating had happened. My mind raced as I made my way home. I walked through my front door to uncontrollable and inconsolable sobbing; my younger Brother's and sister's, the bottom 5, were cuddled together crying on the couch. My mother came up to me and said, "You're sister is dead."

I responded, "What Sister? Who? Where?"

My life was irreputably changed forever in that moment.

Jill Terry Barcomb – Bruce Barcomb Victim Impact Statement

Rodney James Alcalá #2147175

I learned Jill's body would not be arriving for a few days and I didn't want to sit around just waiting. I worked for the city newspaper, and by the time I went to work that Saturday morning my sister's name was all over the radio. Her passing was not quiet or private. The national news coverage surrounding my sister's death in quiet Oneida, NY, made being a senior in high school odd and isolating for me.

I had a nightmare the evening Jill's body arrived from Los Angeles, to Oneida New York. In that dream I could see Jill alive, disfigured, yet dead, telling me some familiar words a little differently, "Don't worry . . . I'm OK". I sat up in a cold wet sweat and cried. So began my first experience as a survivor of a homicide victim.

She was no longer the little sister I rode around on my pedal car in the early 1960's. Nor was she the fun sister that I had grown to love. In my awkward teen years, she was the one who gave me hope in the middle of acne hell. We were no longer two teens in the 1970's experimenting with marijuana, or covering up for each other breaking curfew.

As I knelt beside her coffin I remembered two or three distinct thoughts that I will never forget. The first thought was how did my covering up for her sneaking out lead to her tragic death? Eventually, she found something in the world that took her away from our family. Jill's carefree lifestyle of the 70's is what put her out there on a different path and in proxemics with you Rodney.

The second thought I could remember was my honest hope that maybe she wasn't dead, and that it wasn't her body in that closed coffin. I could not physically see her to say her to say good bye, and I prayed with all my heart, and through tears, that she wasn't dead. But, as this court has shown that was clearly not the case. She was brutally tortured, raped, and savagely murdered by you Rodney. Her minor involvement with you put her on course with a serial killer and rapist.

At this trial, I got to look again upon her face - - - something I never thought I would see in this lifetime. Other than the bruising and slight jaw and mouth distortion, I was glad to say good bye to her and see her face. It was not as gruesome some 30 years later as my mind would have lead me to believe. In fact, I forgot just how petite and young her beautiful face was even in death. I smiled to myself when I saw the autopsy photo of her lower face.

Jill Terry Barcomb – Bruce Barcomb Victim Impact Statement

Rodney James Alcala #2147175

The third thought that I distinctly remember was crazy thoughts of some teenage kid running away to California and trying to find his sister's killer.

While you continued to drink, drug, rape, and murder, I was left trying to find peace as a senior in high school; not having any idea on how to deal with the front page news of my late sister. Her unsolved case lingered in the media for nearly three decades.

My coping skills were non-existent at age seventeen with respect to how to deal with the trauma of her loss. No one ever mentioned to me or my family grief therapy, traumatic loss groups, or homicide support groups to deal with Jill's loss in 1977. We were just supposed to somehow how go on with our lives.

For me, I remember listening to my Queen album, A Night At The Opera, and smoking a joint to Bohemian Rhapsody the song's words echoed in my foggy state "...Nothing Really matters, anyone can see, nothing really matters, nothing really matters to me." Any recreational or experimental use with pot had crossed an unknowing imaginary line that day to pain avoidance.

I was so close to Jill that I could not imagine living in Oneida without her there. I had lost the one person aside from my mother that was always my strongest source of emotional comfort. As a classic middle child, there was the top 5, and the bottom 5, and me being forced down to the younger kids. She was always my ally, my in, with the older group. My childhood memories, my sister, and my friend were gone forever.

While you were doing your infamous Dating Game, I was planning on leaving home. After graduation, I remembered driving up to her gravesite in early July 1978. I spoke out loud with my voice cracking and tears beginning to stream down my cheeks in the hot and humid sun. "I can't stay here; I don't know what to do. I miss you. I'm going to put this behind me; I don't know how but I will. I need to move on, if I'm ever going to have a life." In my entire life I can count on one hand that number of times I have been to her grave site, and one of those times was for my own father's funeral.

Shortly after I started making friends in the military I can remember having a vivid dream of some friends that I bonded with being violently killed in my dream. I again awoke in a cold sweat like before, tears all ready streaming down my cheeks, while I again massaged my temples with my hands.

Jill Terry Barcomb – Bruce Barcomb Victim Impact Statement

Rodney James Alcala #2147175

Later in life as a young father, I can remember having similar dreams about my own son being victimized - - - killed. I again awoke with tears strolling down my cheeks, and in a cold sweat. I have since learned that I was suffering post trauma primarily as a result of your violence and choice to brutally murder my sister. I began writing therapy and working through my emotional healing process in my mid-twenties; nearly seven years after her murder.

By the early 1990's, a little more then a decade and a half after her murder, I came to California for the first time while on vacation. I actually tried to find the road that the prior press clippings had listed as to where LAPD had discovered her body. Thirteen years had passed and no one answered for what I assumed society saw as a disposable teen. Who cared for the loss of a dead teenage runaway? I did.

A few years later, I wrote the LAPD homicide department asking them to look into unsolved murders form the fall of 1977's. The murdered women were carried in the national press - - - their only media note worthy legacy was the shameful way they died in life. My letter was sent, but it has somehow been lost from the LAPD archives. Years later, I wrote a second and I believe a 3rd letter hoping that one more time LAPD would again open her file and try to work the case. It is from that second letter, that LAPD tracked me via my California driver's license as the point of contact for my family.

I received the LAPD Postcard notifying me to contact them in July 2005, a few days before my birthday. I considered that card a birthday present. Nearly 28 years later, the young man on his knees next to Jill's coffin in Oneida, NY, was now with in 5.7 miles from her sister's killer.

I am forever grateful for the LAPD and the DNA technology that has identified you solidly as her killer.

As I re-felt the original grief of her loss, I found support in traumatic loss support groups and homicide support groups; both in Orange and Los Angels County. I was able to be supportive for my family and others. I was able on some level to step back away from my original pain, and come to the realization that if I was feeling this way, all five families touched by your violence were probably feeling something similar.

Having been briefed by the homicide division, I chose to let go my pain, and contact you asking one thing only - - - "To own your truth". Translated, give up your

Jill Terry Barcomb – Bruce Barcomb Victim Impact Statement

Rodney James Alcala #2147175

dead, admit your part, and give us victim's peace." This began your 4 ½ year "Window of Opportunity" to take responsibility for your actions, and make amends to your victim's. You have denied your truth and my four written requests asking you to forgo this frivolous trial process. You have hidden like a coward from your truth even at this trial. Despite the overwhelming evidence, not once did the word Guilty come from your lips or through your prior attorney's pleadings.

Today, Dr. Drew's Celebrity rehab, including sexual rehab, is common place in our society and televised. Recognizing that you had 2 felonies as a sexual predator from the 60's and 70's it was easy to see you as a serious sexual predator and non-recovering sex addict. Clearly you were punished to the standard the law had at that time, but you never got recovery from your sexual addiction. You continued on in Polite Society with out any real recovery for your ongoing dangerous addictions. That untreated addiction is why we are all here today, and why you did time. Your incarceration has nothing to with ear rings, and everything to do with your addictions.

In an attempt by me to foster an environment of sexual recovery and tolerance of your addiction I sent you two books written by Patrick Carnes, and another on sexual recovery. The books were meant as an introduction to you that at some point, even in society today, it's ok to seek recovery or healing around sex addiction.

The book sent to you, entitled the Gentle Path of the 12 Steps, is designed to mentor someone through a "Womb to Tomb", beginning to end, walk though of one's sexual history. We know where you ended your sex crazed murderous run, but where you began is unknown. There is a fundamental belief that there are other murder victims not represented in this court room today. One look at some of your mysterious unidentified effeminate jewelry makes me wonder how many other Charlotte Lamb like collectables you may have. If memory recall is an issue Rodney, than the Gentle Path is the perfect tool used by the outside world for you to refresh your long dormant memories.

If you had actually spent your time and energy during your 4 1/2 year window of opportunity on recovery you would be working with authorities and letting other victim's know the additional harms that you have perpetrated against their loved ones. Instead, you chose to live out some futile Perry Mason failed fantasy of getting away with 5 Capital Murder counts while running out the clock on your life.

5A

YOU MAY THINK THAT intellect AND
FALSE VIBRATO AS EVIDENCED FROM YOUR BOOK
IS WHAT HAS TWICE STAYED YOUR EXECUTION,
I ASSURE YOU YOUR LONGEVITY HAS LESS
TO DO WITH YOU AND MORE TO DO WITH
DIVINE INTERVENTION. ~~THAT~~ INTERVENTION
HAS KEPT YOU ALIVE SO THAT YOU HAVE
AN OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE RESTITUTION
TO YOUR VICTIMS NOT REPRESENTED IN THIS
COURT ROOM TODAY.

Jill Terry Barcomb – Bruce Barcomb Victim Impact Statement
Rodney James Alcala #2147175

My fourth and final letter to you ended with, *Sun Tzu's "The Art of War" speaks of knowing the outcome of a battle is won before it ever starts. Own Your Truth!!! Give up your dead. Let your victims loved ones have some peace, and maybe you might have a little peace knowing that in the end you finally attempted to make some humanitarian gesture for people lives you have irreputably harmed forever.*

That letter was written in response to the overwhelming evidence presented to the California Supreme court authorizing this historic trial of combining murder cases. That evidence is what convicted you then and now. This trial should not be some adolescent game of catch me if you can. That farce is over! The DNA evidence for Jill was 1 in 100 Billion for you, and your ego couldn't say guilty; or I did this.

If you want a different outcome other than 5 death penalty convictions, "Try a different Path." Try truth, try honesty, and try admitting your wrong doing. Say I was that sick and unable to control my compulsive thinking and behavior. But, without any acknowledgement or admonition by you of wrong doing or guilt, which is the quintessential characteristic for clemency for me, I have no choice but to ask this Court for a death penalty sentence for you.

I do not believe that you will ever be put to death in California, and if fate has that you slip peacefully into the next world via an IV drip, you will have left this world far more peaceful than any of your victims.

My sister died curled in a ball, beaten, breast brutally bitten, raped, head bashed in with a rock, strangled, savagely sodomized while a few of her fingers of her hand touched her privates, bleeding from her anus, and a few drops of blood dripping onto her hand.

There's murder, there's rape, there's murder and rape, and then there's the unequivocal carnage of a Rodney Alcala style murder and rape.

This day, Today, Rodney begins your NEW Window of Opportunity.

This is your window of opportunity for a paradigm shift in your thinking and actions. Choose a different path. There is nothing you can do to make amends to me other than that. I personally have no animosity towards you. I seek only to hold you accountable for the heinous actions you have cowardly denied committing. This trial, your day in court, was unnecessary.

Jill Terry Barcomb – Bruce Barcomb Victim Impact Statement

Rodney James Alcala #2147175

Your death means nothing to me personally. The only value your life has as a human being from this day forward is in the benevolence you pay to your victims via your cooperation with law enforcement. You have all ready wasted a 4 ½ year window of opportunity avoiding taking responsibility for your truth.

Surrender to the fact that you are a death row inmate, and all you have is time until you die. How best to fill the remaining time left on this earth should be your only real life's ambition. Work with the authorities. Make amends to your victims.

Do not waist another 4 1/2 years on a failed path or regiment that will never free you. Surrender and accept your defeat, and choose to confront the real demon which is your past, you untreated sexual addiction; and not the court, evidence, or surviving victim's family members. **Do the recovery work. Do a sexual inventory.** Work with authorities. They can assist with pictures and unsolved cases. Make amends with the time you have left on this plane of existence.

Do not appeal the verdict. Say, I did this. Say, I am sorry. Your recovery work will be evidence by the number of other victims families that you help know what happened to their loved ones.

I know after 30 years learning what happened to Jill mattered to me, and I know it would matter to others. **Give Up Your Dead - - All Victims, All States, All Occurrences. Own your Truth!**

I know that if all my siblings were here that each would tell a different story of the hole you left in our lives and the personal hell that you put each of us through. I know that I speak in unity with them on the ultimate request made to this Court for the recommendation of death for you.

I ask the Court to send Rodney Alcala a clear message of a death penalty recommendation to help solidify that his old way of denying his truth is repugnant and unacceptable to even the Court. Rodney wasn't simply exercising his constitutional rights, something he robbed completely from his victims. He was exercising his ego while blatantly denying his truth. Any other recommendation will only give him more opportunity to continue on in the delusion that he got away with murder, or maybe if he only subject more jurors, juries, to his unending mindless malaise of self cross examination Rodney might arrive at a different outcome. Rodney has free will in his

Jill Terry Barcomb – Bruce Barcomb Victim Impact Statement

Rodney James Alcala #2147175

future course of actions, but I ask this Court to send him a clear undeniable message of a Death penalty punishment. **It is the only message he will ever clearly, irrevocably, and unambiguously hear.**

One spiritual axiom would hold, “The person who loses their life gains new life.” Rodney has nothing else to lose; not even his life. It belongs to the department of corrections. What path will Rodney choose as his old path is shut down for him via the Court’s death penalty verdict?

He has already ignored a strategic 4 ½ year “Window of Opportunity” to make honest amends to his victims. Do not give him sanctuary as life without the possibility of parole as his comfort zone of denial. None of his victims were ever afforded that grace. Send him a death penalty conviction and let my last words be his new mantra with what ever time has left on planet earth.

**Give Up Your Dead Rodney- - All Victims, All States, All Occurrences.
Own your Truth!**

March 30, 2010

VICTIM IMPACT STATEMENT

Re: Jill Parenteau

By: Her loving sister, Deidreann Parenteau

DURING THIS TRIAL THE QUESTION HAS BEEN ASKED, "IS YOUR MEMORY AS CLEAR TODAY AS IT WAS 30 YEARS AGO?"

YES IT IS.....

I REMEMBER THE WEATHER THE DAY I LEARNED THAT MY PRECIOUS SISTER, JILL WAS GONE FOREVER.

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE HAZY JUNE SUMMER DAYS. IT WAS HOT AND UNCOMFORTABLE. I HATE DAYS LIKE THAT. THEY REMIND ME OF "THAT" DAY.

I REMEMBER MY MOTHER MEETING ME AT THE APARTMENT MANAGERS DOOR. SHE LOOKED SO PALE, SO WEAK, SO HELPLESS, AND IN SUCH DISBELIEF. I'LL NEVER FORGET THE LOOK ON HER FACE.

I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO SEE MY MOTHER, WHO ALWAYS HELD HER EMOTIONS "IN CONTROL", SOB UNCONTROLABLY OVER LOSING HER YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

I REMEMBER PICKING MY FATHER UP FROM THE AIRPORT THAT EVENING. HE HAD BEEN VISITING FAMILY IN MINNESOTA. MY MOTHER HAD CALLED HIM EARLIER IN THE DAY. TELLING HIM JILL HAD BEEN KILLED. HIS FIRST QUESTION WAS "WAS SHE IN HER CAR?" "NO", MY MOTHER TOLD HIM. THEN SHE HAD TO TELL HIM... THE "UNTHINKABLE" HAD HAPPENED..... JILL HAD BEEN MURDERED!

TWO DAYS LATER, IT WAS FATHERS DAY. I REMEMBER FINDING MY FATHER STANDING AT THE WINDOW ALONE. TEARS STREAMING DOWN HIS CHEEK. THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME I EVER SAW MY FATHER CRY.

AT ONE POINT MY FATHER TOLD MY MOTHER "LETS MOVE BACK HOME TO MINNESOTA, MAYBE THAT WOULD BE BETTER, THERE ARE TOO MANY MEMORIES HERE. MY MOTHER CONVINCED HIM THAT WHEREVER THEY WENT, THE PAIN OF LOSING JILL WOULD FOLLOW. NOTHING WOULD END THIS NIGHTMARE.

WHEN I RETURNED TO WORK, I LEARNED TO COUNT THE HOURS JUST TO MAKE IT THROUGH THE DAY. IF I CAN JUST MAKE IT TO MORNING BREAK, IF I CAN JUST MAKE IT TO LUNCH, IF I CAN JUST MAKE IT TO AFTERNOON BREAK, IF THE END OF THE DAY WOULD JUST HURRY AND GET HERE.

MY OLDER BROTHER WAS ALSO DEVASTATED, TO THIS DAY; HE DOES NOT TALK ABOUT JILL.

MY FATHER DIED FOURTEEN YEARS AGO, MY MOTHER DIED LAST NOVEMBER. WHEN I WAS GOING THROUGH MY MOTHER'S HOUSE I FOUND MY FATHER'S WALLET. INSIDE THERE WERE PICTURES OF MY BROTHER, MYSELF AND JILL. THERE WAS ALSO DETECTIVE BOWERS CARD. THERE WAS ALSO A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING FROM JULY 12, 1980. THE TITLE OF THE ARTICLE READ; CONVICTED MURDERER FACES BURBANK STRANGLING CHARGE. MY FATHER CARRIED THAT IN HIS WALLET FOR 17 YEARS. UNTIL THE DAY HE DIED.

MY FAMILY WOULD SOMETIMES TALK ABOUT JILL, THINGS ABOUT HER WE REMEMBERED. HOW BEAUTIFUL, KIND AND GENTLE SHE WAS. FUNNY LITTLE HABITS SHE HAD. SHE ALWAYS SEEMED UPBEAT, AND HAPPY. A FRIEND OF HERS ONCE SAID, "JILL HAD A SMILE THAT COULD BRING DOWN THE HOUSE".

WE SPOKE OF HER OFTEN, BUT WE NEVER SPOKE ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HER.

RODNEY ALCALA SEEMS TO HAVE A LOVING RELATIONSHIP WITH HIS SISTER. ALTHOUGH I DON'T BELIEVE HE IS CAPABLE OF LOVE. I WONDER HOW HE WOULD FEEL IF HIS SISTER WAS MURDERED LIKE HE MURDERED MY SISTER JILL.

PEOPLE THINK YOU'RE "OVER IT", DOING OK, JUST BECAUSE YOU DON'T DISPLAY YOUR SORROW..... YOU'RE NEVER OVER IT. EVERYNIGHT AS I CHECK, AND RECHECK MY LOCKED DOORS I THINK HOW JILL MUST HAVE FELT SAFE IN HER APARTMENT, IN HER OWN BED..... THEN, THIS EVIL MONSTER APPEARED. SHE FOUGHT FOR HER LIFE. THE TERROR SHE MUST HAVE FELT. IT SICKENS ME, BREAKS MY HEART KNOWING THE LAST FACE THAT SHE SAW IN HER LIFE WAS THAT OF THIS MONSTER.

I WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY SHE HAD TO DIE THAT WAY.

SHE WAS 21 YEARS OLD. SHE HAD HER WHOLE LIFE AHEAD OF HER. SHE SHOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PLAN HER WEDDING, GET MARRIED, HAVE CHILDREN. SHE SHOULD HAVE BEEN IN MY WEDDING. SHE SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE THROUGH OUR PARENTS LAST DAYS. RODNEY ALCALA PREVENTED THAT.

THE MORNING AFTER THE VERDICT, WHEN I AWOKE, I STOOD LOOKING AT JILL'S PICTURE. FEELING ALL THE LOVE I HAD FOR THAT BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN WHO BROUGHT SO MUCH JOY TO OUR FAMILY.

MY WISH IS THAT SOMEHOW SHE, AND MY PARENTS HAVE BEEN LOOKING DOWN AND WATCHING ALL THAT HAS TRANSPIRED I WISH MY PARENTS COULD KNOW THAT AFTER 30 YEARS, THIS HAS FINALLY BEEN SOMEWHAT SETTLED. THERE IS NO "CLOSURE". I GET THAT. I CAN'T HAVE HER BACK. CAN'T ERASE WHAT SHE HAD TO ENDURE IN HER FINAL MOMENTS.

IF THERE IS A HELL, I HOPE RODNEY ALCALA BURNS ETERNALLY. I WISH HE WOULD EXPERIENCE THE TERROR THAT HE PUT HIS VICTIMS THROUGH.

HE IS TRULY A DEVIL. WHO DOES NOT BELONG ON THIS EARTH.

Victim's Impact Statement

Two years ago I lost a son. I think I have an inkling as to the devastation my neighbors felt when they lost their daughter Jill. I talked to Mayme Parenteau over the fence for thirty nine years. She was a very stoic woman, keeping her grief to herself. Did that mean that she grieved any less? Of course not. I remember when she began doubting her faith. I believe I told her that this was not God's will, but the result of the heinous crime of a deranged man. I told Mayme, before her mind began deteriorating, that I wanted to come to court and look Alcala in the eye. I wanted to let him know that he snuffed out a very precious life, which left a hole in the hearts of the Parenteau family that will never be filled. Perhaps, Mayme's dementia was a blessing in disguise, so she wouldn't have to relive the horror of that fateful day.

Sincerely,

Lila Otey