

Exhibit “A”

To the Honorable Judge Holcomb,

First and foremost, I would like to say that I take full responsibility for my actions. I am a 64-year-old man, and there is no excuse for me not to know right from wrong. I had an obsession, an addiction, a sickness. I am ashamed of what I have done. No matter what happens, for the rest of my life, I will carry this shame and remorse to my grave. My life will never be the same again, but my life doesn't matter anymore. The lives of the victims are what matters most. The mother and her children, all the victims in the material I had downloaded and viewed, my dear sweet wife whom I love with all my heart, my family, and my friends. I pray every day for all the victims. I wish I could tell them how truly sorry I am and if there was anything I could do to help them get through all this pain and suffering I have brought on them, I would do so in a heartbeat. All I can do is pray that God will help them get through this trauma and go on to live a long and happy life. I am so sorry for what I did, and there is no chance it will ever happen again. I have repented for my sins, and part of repenting is committing to never repeating those sins again. I am truly scared straight.

I write this letter with no intention of diminishing my responsibility for what I did. Only to give you a better understanding of who I am and how I got here.

My Health

At the age of 50, my health was failing me. I was having problems with my neck and back. I started having sharp pain, numbness, muscle spasms, and severe inflammation. I had days when the pain was so bad that I couldn't lift my head off the pillow in the morning. I would get up anyway and suffer through a shower. Then I would try to walk out to my car to go to work and I would stop halfway because the pain was so great. On the days I did make it to work I would have blinding headaches; my vision would go completely white, and I couldn't see the computer screen. After seeing numerous doctors including my doctor, state doctors, federal doctors, pain specialists, chiropractors, physical therapists, and having countless X-rays and MRI's, I was finally diagnosed with severe cervical spinal stenosis. Cervical spinal stenosis is the narrowing of the spinal canal and curvature of the spine. I finally saw a neurosurgeon out of Scripps Institute in San Diego, one of the top neurosurgeons in the entire world. He told me I had serious problems, he said that he could operate but the operation could put me in a wheelchair or have no effect on me at all. So, he recommended no surgery. I was told by the doctors that my condition will never get better, it will only get worse with age. I was told all I could do was learn how to manage the pain. Every day I live in pain, it's just a matter of how much pain. When I was at home, I could manage the pain with medicine and rest. Since I have been incarcerated, I have suffered exponentially more from the total lack of care.

Lack of Care in Custody

From the first day I was arrested until now my ADA rights have been denied. My condition has been ignored. When I was in intake for processing, they gave me a brief health screening. At that time, I informed them of my medical condition and told them that in 2011 it was

determined by a federal administrative judge that I was permanently disabled. I have told them here over and over that I can produce the award letter from the federal judge. The first week I was here I was put in quarantine in a two-man cell on a top bunk with no mattress, no blanket, no bedding, and no medication. I told the guards repeatedly that I am legally disabled, and I need a mattress because I am in extreme pain. Each time they would tell me that they had no mattress available. I slept on or should I say tried to sleep on a bare metal top bunk for an entire week. When I told my wife she informed my public defender and he said he informed my judge and the jail, but nothing came of it. Then one day one of the guards walked me upstairs for video court. I noticed under the stairs was a stack of mattresses taller than I am. At the end of my video hearing my public defender brought up the situation to the judge, I told this judge that my ADA rights were being ignored. I told the judge that I saw a stack of mattresses under the stairs. She asked me if there was a guard close by me and told me to have him step in front of the camera. The judge ordered the guard to give me a mattress immediately, so after a week of suffering and extreme pain on a bare metal bunk I finally received a four-inch-thick piece of worn-out foam to sleep on. After quarantine I was put in a dorm upstairs on a top bunk. I was in a lot of pain, so I put in a request to see a doctor. I also stated that I was a DA and again told them of my condition. When I saw the doctor, he did nothing but argue with me. He did nothing but refuse me and my ADA rights and I received no medication for three or four months. I was having extreme headaches when I would hit the intercom button which is for emergencies, and the guards would come to the door and tell me I was fine and walk away. I gave up and beared the pain. Since I have been incarcerated, I have filed over 100 medical and ADA requests for help. After almost two years ADA finally came to the cell door for the first time.

My Wife

I met my wife in 2010 which was the best thing that ever happened to me. I consider myself one of the luckiest people in the world because after almost 50 years of searching I found the perfect person for me. I love her so much I can't even put it into words. We got married a year after we met, and it was the happiest day of my life. I thank God every day for blessing me and bringing her into my life. There is no way I could ever live without her. She is truly an angel sent from heaven above. She is the sweetest person you could ever meet. She is a nurse. I could never do what she does. She takes care of hospice patients, people who are terminally ill and dying. My wife would become so close to her patients and their family, that they would consider her part of it. My wife would become so attached to these patients that she would need time to grieve along with the family before being able to take on a new patient.

My wife is a very timid person, and the thought of driving scares her. She has no driver's license. She fears the aggressive way in which California drivers drive. So, I would drive her to work every morning, and pick her up every evening. She sometimes would have patients that were over an hour's drive from the house, which would mean that I would be in the car driving over 4 1/2 hours every day. My poor health made it hard for me to drive her to and from work each day. We ate dinner in the car each night. We did this for over three years It made me feel good being able to do something to help these patients and families. Now, because I am no longer

able to drive my wife to work, she is having to pay for an uber out of her hard-earned minimum wage paycheck.

My wife and I always worked together as a couple to get things done, and now that I have left her alone, she is now having to do everything for herself. The hardest part of this situation for me, is when my wife tells me how much she is struggling, and that she doesn't know what to do. I do not care about myself, but it breaks my heart when she tells me about how hard this has been on her. This is all my fault, and it kills me that I cannot be there to help her.

As I said before my wife is a caregiver, a nurse, a Hospice worker. I was an engineer for almost 40 years until I was forced to stop working due to health issues with my neck and back. At the time this occurred my wife was working in Corona, hours' drive from our home.

About 3-4 years ago, out of the blue my wife started complaining of exhaustion, more than just normal exhaustion, extreme exhaustion. Over a three-month period, she had deteriorated to the point where she could not only not work anymore, but she could not even stand or walk under her own power. We were scared so I carried her out to this car and took her to our doctor. He examined her and did not know what was wrong with her period he told us it was something very serious and told us she needed to go to the emergency room immediately. We drove from Valle Vista where we live, 30 minutes to the Kaiser ER in Moreno Valley. When we got there, they lifted her out of the car and put her onto a gurney and wheeled her into admitting. This was during the height of the COVID epidemic, so I was not allowed to go in with her. We were both very scared when we said our goodbyes and they took her in. I got in the car and as I drove home all the possibilities ran through my head. I was scared I was going to lose her. I was worried about her being in there all alone. We had never been apart since the day we met. I had always been a loner, a recluse, but that all changed when I met my wife. My wife is everything, she is the reason I live. I try to spend every moment I can with her and now for all I know she could be dying in the hospital. I didn't hear from her for days. It was horrible I was worried sick, I felt helpless. Finally, the doctor called, she told me that they did not know what was wrong with her but whatever it was very serious. She said my wife was having thousands of muscle spasms and that every muscle in her body, including her heart was deteriorating and they did not know why. For five or six weeks they ran test after test trying to figure out what was wrong with her. Finally, they diagnosed her with a rare form of myositis. They still, however, did not know how to treat it. They tried one thing after another, but nothing seemed to work. My wife had regressed to the point where all she could do was move her fingers and toes a little. She was down to 80 pounds and she was paralyzed. I was scared I was going to lose her. I was worried about her being scared and all alone. I wanted to be there with her so badly, but I couldn't. It was driving me crazy; I didn't know what to do. Finally, the doctor said they wanted to give her plasma transfusions. However, plasma transfusions were in short supply because they were being used on serious covid patients. It took weeks to finally get approval for her treatments. After the transfusion she showed small improvements. The muscle spasms were slowing down. After a few weeks and more transfusions, she was finally stabilized, but she was still far from being better period she was still paralyzed except for the tips of her fingers and her toes. She was barely 80 pounds and could do nothing for herself.

The doctor said she would need to learn to do everything again, how to eat, how to get out of bed, how to walk, how to go to the restroom. All her muscles were weak and had forgotten how to function. The doctor wanted to admit her to a rehab facility, but even with health insurance they wanted \$8000 just to get her in the front door. Because of her being out of work and my limited income from disability insurance we could not afford it, so it was not an option.

At this point my wife just wanted to go home. We decided that our only option was for me to rehabilitate her at home even though I had no medical experience. The doctor did not think it was a good idea. That did not help our confidence, but we had no choice, I had to step up, my wife's life was on the line. I borrowed a wheelchair and a walker from a friend and I went to the hospital and picked her up. At the hospital there were two male nurses to pick my wife up off the Gurney and put her into the car.

I knew when we got home, I would be on my own, and that worried me. With a chronic bad neck and back I was not sure I could do this, but I had no other choice, my wife needed me. When we got home, I had to lift her out of the car, carry her up the driveway, up the stairs, through the door, down the hall walking sideways, and into the bedroom. It took all I had, the pain was almost too much to bear, but dropping her was not an option. She felt completely limp in my arms which made it much harder to carry her. When I finally got her to the bed and laid her down, she was motionless. She laid flat on her back; her head had flopped to one side. It was at that point that I realized how helpless she really was. I could not imagine how she must have felt. Her life was literally in my hands. At that point I wondered if I could really do this, but I knew I had to. I knew I could not let her see the doubt that was in my mind. I constantly told her that it was going to be OK, they had her on all kinds of medications, blood thinners because her heart was too weak to pump her normal blood, meds to help her digest her food and have proper bowel movements, meds to help her sleep, meds to help her with the nausea from all the meds, and finally large dosages of steroids to help rebuild all the muscles she had lost. I had to change diapers every 20 to 30 minutes because of what the medications did to her. I had to cook meals and feed her by hand. When she started getting stronger, I had to sit her up in bed, and help her learn to lift a spoon to her mouth and feed herself. I started taking her to and from the bathroom every 20 minutes. I held her up on the toilet where she went until she got strong enough to hold herself up with her walker. I helped her with her showers. I started lifting her out of bed and into her wheelchair so she could sit up a while and watch TV. We started physical therapy exercises three to four times a day. All this would have been something an entire staff of medical personnel would have done out of rehab institution, but I did it all myself. It was 24/7.

For months, sleep was something I rarely found time for, 30 minutes here 20 minutes there. My back and neck were destroyed, I was constantly in extreme pain. I still have double hernias from lifting her in and out of bed, I was scheduled for surgery when I was arrested. She was on extremely high dosages of steroid medications that caused her to be angry and even combative with me and she was frustrated all the time. From her mood swings from the steroids to my

back pain, anxiety, and exhaustion from no sleep, and you get a couple that went from never arguing, to constantly arguing.

This was the situation we were in when I made the worst mistake of my life. These were the circumstances that led me to make the poor choices I made. I still take full responsibility for my actions, and I will suffer whatever punishment that is given to me. I only wish my wife didn't have to suffer for my actions. My wife will never fully recover from her illness. She is 63 years old, weighs less than 90 pounds and has no strength. I have no idea how she can possibly support herself if I can't be there to help. We will lose our home and she will have no place to live. Since I have been in here, she found a job through a friend as a dishwasher in a health care facility. The job was too physical for her, so they moved her to the admin department to do records and filing. She was happy and doing great until some corporation bought the facility and laid her off. Now, she is sitting at home and has no idea what she is going to do.

Upbringing/Family/Loss

When I was 4 years old, and my sister was 2 and a half, our parents divorced. I went with our father, and my sister went with our mother. After that, I had no contact with our mother, my sister, or anyone else on my mother's side of the family until I was 51 years old. My mother lived in southern California the entire time, but never made any attempt to reach out to me. Even when my mother was notified of my father's death, she made no effort to contact me or attend my father's funeral. She also did not inform my sister of our father's death.

I lived with my father whenever he had a stable job with stable housing. During the times that he did not have a stable environment, my Grandparents and my aunt took care of me. Whenever I asked questions about my mother, I was told that "She is not a good mother" and that "I was better off without her." Out of respect for my grandparents and my aunt, who ended up raising me, I listened to them and made no effort to seek out my mother. My entire life, I had always wondered why my mother had abandoned me. Most of all, I resented her for never allowing me and my sister to know each other, and to have a relationship. I always wanted to meet my sister. I have no idea when my sister was informed that she had a brother.

All my life, there was nothing I wanted more than to have a normal family, with a mother, father, brothers, and sisters. During the holidays, most people experience the best times of their life, with big family get togethers, warmth, love, and happiness, it was the opposite experience for me. I would experience loneliness, depression, and envy all the people who had big families around them. Some of my closer friends, who knew I had family to spend the holidays with, would invite me to spend the holiday with their family. I know they meant well, and I appreciate them so much for inviting me, but I felt like I was intruding, and becoming a burden on them. It was hard for me to put on a happy face. I didn't want to cast a shadow of gloom on their holiday celebrations. Normally, I would just thank them for the invitation, and politely decline. Sometimes, I would try to find something to do, that would keep me from thinking about my situation. It usually did not work, and I ended up alone somewhere just being depressed and feeling sorry for myself.

When my grandmother was still alive, my aunt would invite me over for Thanksgiving and Christmas, but that was only because I would bring my grandmother (her mother), with me, because she could not drive herself. When my grandmother had passed, my aunt stopped inviting me.

When I was 5 years old, my father married his second wife, Bonnie. She had children of her own, but I was too young to remember much about them. I do remember that Bonnie was very nice to me, and I eventually called her 'Mom'. I also remember she taught me how to draw and got me interested in art. From that point on, I was always drawing. My interest in art eventually led me to a career in graphic art, drafting, architecture, and engineering. Throughout all the turmoil and instability of my life, my career ended up being the only consistent thing in my life. I knew from a very young age, that I wanted to draw for a living, and I let nothing stop me from making that happen. Once again, my father and stepmother Bonnie were divorced. Once again, before the age of 6, my family was split up, and I never saw Bonnie or her children again.

I went back into the care of my grandparents, who were living in the Whittier/ La Habra area. When my father was back on his feet again, I went to live with him. My father had a lot of girlfriends, and a couple of them ended up living with us for short periods of time, but he never remarried.

My father was one of those larger-than-life people. Years later, when I met my uncle from my mother's side of my family, he described my father as a "real life James Dean". He was very popular, and he always had friends around him. He was the life of the party wherever he went. He must have been an attractive man because I remember he was always around beautiful women, including my mother, and my stepmother. I loved being with my father, there was no place I would rather be. Whenever I was with my dad, we were always at the races or somewhere exciting. My father always drove the coolest cars, and boats, and I was always in his car steering everywhere we went. He was the coolest father a boy could ever have. He was my hero, he was my best friend, he was my dad.

When I was 8 years old, my father was hired by Sanger Boat Company in Fresno, CA. They hired him as a painter and as a driver on their race team. My father moved in to a two-bedroom apartment, at the back of a Motel 6, 20 miles south of Fresno, next to King's River. Once he was settled in, my grandparents sent me to live with him. During the day, while my father was at work, the owners of the Motel 6 would keep an eye on me. They also gave me a couple of jobs to do. Each day, after the maids had finished cleaning the motel rooms, I would drive around in a golf cart, picking up the dirty laundry, and dropping it at the laundry room. Then I would drive around in a Chevy truck, pick up all the trash, and dump it. For doing all this work, I was given my own one-bedroom studio apartment.

My father had taught me to be confident, and that I can do anything anyone else can do. He taught me to compete and strive to be the best at whatever I did. He taught me to be responsible, and to understand the difference between right and wrong. My father never

physically punished me. I learned to be independent at a very young age. I was allowed to do just about anything I wanted to. My father would even let me do things like drive cars or take his race boat out and cruise up and down the river with one of my friends. Heads would turn when people saw an 8-year-old driving the fastest boat on the river all by himself, my father put great trust in me, and I did my best to never let him down. I realize now how reckless that was.

It was winter, I was nine years old, and my father sent me back to my grandparents to attend school. Late one night, about 3:00 AM, me and my grandparents were sleeping, and the phone rang. When I was young, I could sleep through just about anything, but for some reason the phone call woke me up. The call was from the California Highway Patrol to notify us that my father was involved in a fatal car accident. My father, my best friend, my hero and the coolest person in the entire world was dead. I have no words to describe what I was feeling. I was shocked, I was numb, I felt like my life ended with his. I could not comprehend what this all meant. My life changed that night, everything turned upside down. For the rest of my life nothing would ever be the same. I felt so alone, and the pain is something I will carry to my grave. I shut down, I closed everything off. I heard people around me talking, I heard people trying to talk to me, but I didn't hear anything. I didn't want to hear anything either. I stopped talking for years. I felt dead inside.

I don't know if it is true or not, but it was said that he was street racing with someone. He was on a frontage road that paralleled the freeway and led up to the freeway overpass. At the top of a 20-foot high embankment the road turned left and crossed over the freeway, my father was on the outside of the left turn, and it was said that the other driver did not give my father enough room to make the turn. My father drove through the guardrail and became airborne. In those days not many people wore seat belts. He was ejected from the car as it flew through the air. He landed face up on the side of the embankment and the car landed upside down on top of him, he was crushed and suffocated from the weight of the car. The other driver fled the scene of the accident and was never identified.

There was an open casket funeral, I did not want to go, I did not want to see my father laying there dead. I was scared and in tears. I can't remember everything; it was too traumatic. I do remember that I hid under a table, and I did not want to come out. What little family I had left, were trying to get me to come out from under the table. My aunt eventually dragged me out by the hand. I remember being taken into a room, it was filled with roses and flowers. The smell was strong, and overpowering. Even so, it did not mask the scent of death. On the far side of the room was an open coffin. My aunt pulled me by the hand over to the coffin and made me look inside. I was horrified, my father who was always so full of life was laying there in the coffin. He was wearing a dark colored suit; I had never seen him in a suit before. His hands were crossed in front of him, his skin was white with a purple tint. He had abrasions on his face, and you could see the stitches. That was the worst experience I have ever had to go through. I will never forgive my aunt for forcing me to go through that experience, for making me see my father like that. To this day I cannot bring myself to attend a funeral. This is the first time I have never had to put all of this into words for someone to read. I have spent my entire life trying to

bury these memories. Bringing all this back to the surface also brings with it all the pain and the heartbreak, and the tears.

My mother had been notified of my father's death but failed to show up to the funeral. She also chose not to inform my sister of her father's death. I was nine years old now, my father was dead. I had a mother who thought of only herself, she had abandoned me, her first born child, and chose to turn her back on me, my entire life. My grandparents who were getting old in age and were in poor health, and an aunt resented me and viewed me as nothing but an inconvenience. I ended up being bounced between my aunt and my grandparents for the rest of my childhood. At this point I was completely shut down. I wouldn't talk to anyone for years period I remember my aunt would get mad at me for not talking, she thought I was doing it on purpose. My aunt made me feel like I was unwanted. Even when I was living with my grandparents, I remember her talking to my grandparents right in front of me, saying I was "too much trouble, and I was affecting their health". I felt alone, I felt like I didn't belong. I just wanted my father back.

My grandmother was Catholic, and she always had a Bible close at hand. I knew she always prayed for me, but at this point I had lost all my faith in God. I just couldn't understand how God could let my mother take my sister, my only sibling out of my life and then abandoned me at the age of four years old. Then take my father, my best friend, my hero, and the coolest father a boy could ever have when I was nine years old. Then as a young boy I am supposed to keep faith in God and understand that it is all a part of God's plan. I am sorry, but at such a young age I did not understand, and I lost faith in God. Ever since then I always felt like I didn't belong anywhere. I was an outsider looking in. Wishing I had the deep bonds and relationships that most people had. From my last years in grade school, through junior high, and my first years in high school, I don't remember ever finishing a complete school year at the same school. I was always the new kid in school, the outsider trying to fit in.

My grandparents were the only ones that tried to help me. Looking back now I can see that my aunt only took care of me for two reasons, and love was not one of them. First, I was a teenager, and like any other teenager I was a handful to take care of. She made sure that I knew that I was making things hard on my grandparents and that was causing them a lot of pain and hardship, and she resented me for that. She only took care of me to give my grandparents a break. She made me feel like I was an unwanted burden, and it would be better if I would just go away somewhere. The second reason was, her and her husband had just purchased their first home. I was receiving survivors benefits from my father's Social Security, so his check helped them make their house payments. My aunt was my father's younger sister, and being older and a boy he was allowed to do a lot of things she was not allowed to do. She was jealous of that and transferred that jealousy to me. I was so much like my father that my grandparents and my aunt would often call me Jack, which was my father's first name. My aunt had two sons, one older than me, and the other younger than me by a couple of months. Unlike my cousins, I had no mother or father, and my grandparents tried making up for that. However, every time they would buy me things I needed such as clothing or a gift, my aunt would insist that they buy something for her sons as well. My mother would never acknowledge the fact that I had no

mother or father. I remember one Christmas when I was living at my aunt's house, she her husband had bought their sons brand new Honda Trail 70 Dirt bikes. That same Christmas, she bought me socks and underwear. When I went back to live with my grandparents, they felt sorry for me and bought me an old, used street motorcycle, even though they knew my aunt would throw a fit.

After 50 years, my sister found me on social media. When we met, I instantly felt a connection to her, even after being separated our entire lives. Through her, I finally found out how to contact my mother. I saw her for the first time in 50 years and she seemed happy to see me. She was 74 years old and not in the greatest condition. BUT, a while later I called her and all she said was "oh it's you" and hung up on me. After about three more months I called her again and this time all I heard was "click ". She hung up on me, blocked my number, and stopped talking to me and the rest of the family. No one has heard from her since. She abandoned me again.

Sports

Competitive sports became a big part of who I am. It was also who my father was. I inherited it from him. I always felt I was at a disadvantage in life because I didn't have the support of family that most people had. I felt that competitive sports gave me a platform where everyone was on an equal playing field, apart from equipment. It was a way I could prove to myself that I could still succeed even though I was at a disadvantage, so I raced that street motorcycle on the dirt. On the starting line, all the other kids on their dirt bikes would laugh at me, and make fun of me, so I would hide in the back and start behind everyone. Eventually I found my way to the front. I started winning races, and I got noticed. I got offered a sponsorship from La Habra Yamaha. I was given a New Yamaha 80 Dirt bike. I ended up being number 3 in the nation, two years straight. The only reason I ended up 3rd was because the top two guys were had full factory sponsorship from Honda and Yamaha. They both had big rig tractor truck and trailer transports, that allowed them to compete in every race across the nation. I only competed in the West Coast races. I wanted to win at everything, to prove to myself that I could succeed at anything, despite any disadvantages I may have. I received a skateboard sponsorship at the age of 10 that lasted for ten years. I received a surfing sponsorship at the age of 12. I played Pop Warner football, Little League baseball, swimming, ice hockey, and speed skating. The last year I played baseball in school, I had scouts from the Twins talk to me about going back east to play on their minor league team. At the age of 24, I received a sponsorship to race mountain bikes and road bikes. I was a multi time winner of some of the biggest bicycle races in the US and Mexico. I beat 3-time Tour de France winner Lance Armstrong in a race from Bishop up to Mammoth Ski Resort. I was offered a sponsorship to race bicycles in Europe, but I turned it down so I could work on my career in architecture and engineering.

The reason I am sharing this is to show that as unsure I was of myself, deep down inside I felt the need to prove to myself that I could still succeed in life, despite all the setbacks I had faced. The truth is, none of this success would ever bring my father back, or my mother, or my sister, or the comfort, love, and stability that comes from being part of a family. I would give anything to know what it feels like to have those blessings in life.

My grandparents understood my hardships, and even while they were going through their own hardships, getting old in age, health issues, and living on a fixed income. My grandparents did everything within their power to help me, and I loved them so much. When I was 14 my grandparents moved to Hemet CA. and took me with them. They moved to Hemet because they were having health issues and they were told the warm dry climate would be better for their health. Hemet was a retirement town with a population of 25,000 people at that time and the average age there was 65. It was almost all 55+ mobile home parks. At first, I hated it there. There was nothing for young people to do. I became bored and depressed. The mobile Home Park we lived in was converted from a family park to a 55+ community. The only reason I was allowed to live there was because I was on the original rental agreement. All the seniors were angry because I was allowed to live there and there were constantly trying to have me kicked out.

The schools there were not what I was used to, the programs were way behind the level of the schools in LA county schools, so I became bored and lost interest. Once again, I was the new guy and I felt like I didn't fit in. I was still heavily affected by my father's death, and I was introverted and a loner. I was always asked why I was so quiet, and why I didn't talk. Almost on a yearly basis I was being bounced back and forth between my grandparents in Hemet and my aunt in Hacienda heights. The differences in cultures and schools were huge. Whenever I went from school in Hacienda heights to Hemet I was way ahead of the program. That drafting and architecture program in Hacienda heights was almost at a college level, we were working in teams on large commercial size products, drawing full size plans, and building scale models. The drafting program in Hemet was taught by the baseball coach, and we were drawing on 8 1/2 by 11 copier paper with #2 pencils. I was unchallenged and it was easy to lose interest. I was playing football, baseball, and swimming in school, and I was still skateboarding, surfing, and racing motorcycles.

I didn't have any close friends at the time. There were two groups of people in Hemet high school, the sportos, who wore Letterman jackets and hung out with the cheerleaders and the popular people and the stoners who hung out on the field smoking weed. I was a surfer, skateboarder so they didn't know what to think of me. I didn't fit into either group. So once again I was the outsider.

I received my driver's license at the age of 16, so now even though I lived hours from the beach, I was able to get back to surfing. I eventually threw everything I owned in the back of my car, surfboard, skateboards, wet suits and all my clothes. I was making enough for my sponsors to move into a house on the beach with some of my teammates. I also took a job at a local surfboard shop for some extra money. I was living the dream; I was doing what I loved and being paid for it. In San Diego, surfing and skateboarding were more popular than football, baseball, and other stick and ball sports, so being a pro was a big deal. Finally for the first time since before my father had died, I was happy and enjoying my life. It was short lived, however, early 20s in these sports meant you were an old man.

Career

Ever since the age of 6 when my stepmother introduced me to drawing in art, I knew that was what I wanted to do when I grew up. I developed a huge interest in architecture. All through school, I studied everything available to me. I was lucky that the high school I attended while living with my aunt in Hacienda heights had an excellent drafting and architecture program. I also enrolled in classes in the local junior college. I started my career at the very bottom, taking jobs in construction. I worked as a Carpenter, a brick Mason, and roof plaster. I also worked at a lumberyard and a couple hardware stores. My first architecture related job was designing and drafting group truss systems for houses.

My next job was doing civil, structural engineering, and land surveying. The father of my best friend in high school owned a large engineering firm so I took a job there. I only knew what architects did, I had no idea what a civil engineer was, or what they did. So once again I started at the bottom in the blueprint room making copies of plans. Then one day I was talking to one of the designers while I was copying some plans for him, and I told him I knew how to design and draw plans. At the time they had a huge deadline they were trying to meet so they yanked me out of the blueprint room and promoted me to the position of draftsman. This all happened before calculations and computers existed. When computers first came out, I found that I had a knack for working on them. At that time computers were so new that nobody knew how to work on them. You had to basically teach yourself how to make them run properly. I was completely self-taught. There were no classes you could take.

I have been working in the computer and engineering field for 40 years. The last two engineering firms I worked for, I had executive position, CIO (chief information officer). These were Fortune 500 engineering firms. My skills with computers had enabled me to give myself the career I had dreamed of as a child drawing pictures. Now, I have used those same skills to hurt people and bring myself to my knees.

Charity

I organized four or five charity bike rides/ races that included age group racing and a children's ride. The events I organized raised thousands of dollars for organizations like Red Cross, Hemet Hospice, and valley wide recreation. I organized those events for six years straight. I united companies and organizations across the entire valley for sponsorships and donations.

All my life and up to this day, there is nothing I wanted more than to have a family. I wanted to be a father and provide my children with the safe, secure and loving environment that I never had as a child. Sadly that never came to be.

My only hope

When I was arrested, my wife told me she married me for better and for worse, I promised to love her and to cherish her and to take care of her. I feel horrible about leaving her alone, and I hate myself for what I did. All I can do is pray to God, and beg for mercy, and some kind of miracle that will allow me to go home and keep my promise to take care of my wife.

All my family and friends have either passed away or drifted out of my life. My wife is all I have left now. I was looking forward to spending our golden years together, all I can think about now, though, is if I will be able to be with her again before I die.

Sincerely,
John M. Piecuch