

Dear Ruby,

I am probably the last person you expect or even wish to hear from, so I will be brief. I write only to apologize for the grief I have brought you. I consider daily the hurt my destruction has caused. I realize that you, possibly more than anyone else, have suffered greatly from my actions.

I did not know your husband, Steve. I had never met him and knew nothing of him save for what others had told me in the days immediately preceding his death. I held no grudges against him, harbored no ill feelings about him, and certainly had no reason or right to kill him. There are simply no excuses for my actions. I will never dare offer any.

Admittedly, Steve died because of my cowardice and horribly misguided loyalty to friends. It has been said that I had great influence in the way that terrible night unfolded, that others looked to me for guidance out of their conflict with Steve. I do not know that that is the case, but if it is, I certainly failed.

You may never forgive me for killing your husband. You certainly are not obliged to, and I won't dare ask for your

forgiveness. But I do want you to know that I am sorry for my actions and failures, sorry for the pain I have caused you, your family, and all those who loved and cared for Steve.

I hope you find peace.

Very sincerely,

Daniel W. Womack