

1 Impact - the force, the impression, the collision of our lives with evil.

2 The impact of these crimes against our family was and is like a bomb going off in
3 your house. It is nearly impossible to describe as it so completely shattered my
4 life and the lives of thousands of others.

5 I fell asleep after a very nice day-church, golf, and a fun and happy family dinner
6 and awoke to a confused terror. I was not sure exactly what was happening at
7 first due to being struck in the head, the darkness, and blood pouring over my
8 face. I was in and out of consciousness according to the EMT's who took me to
9 the hospital, but I will always remember my father's face when I asked about the
10 girls and he just slowly shook his head side to side and sobbed. The few clothes I
11 had were bloodied and cut off me at the hospital. I kept thinking that I needed to
12 ask Jen a question, to talk to Hayley about school, and giggle with Michaela-KK
13 and my heart would crash - they were not there to talk with, to sit with or to hold
14 or to hug. I never saw them again. My brother and sister identified their bodies
15 and said I should never look and should remember them as they were. They said
16 Jenna was unrecognizable.

17 Weeks later it was still like a dream - I went to sleep with a loving and kind wife, a
18 17-year old who had graduated near the top of her class in high school and was
19 exuberant about being headed to Dartmouth in a month, and an 11 year old who
20 was just turning the corner towards her teen years, as well as a house we had
21 slowly transformed into a home over 18 years. I remember pictures on all the
22 walls - vacations on Sanibel Island Florida, school pictures, artwork from school,
23 photos with their heroes taken at UCONN games-Nykesha Sales, Diana Taurasi,
24 Robin Roberts, Lisa Lesley and many others - but our home was no more, burned
25 into oblivion.

26 I had been the Director of the Joslin Diabetes Center, affiliate at the Hospital of
27 Central CT for 10 years. We had a wonderful team and had seen over 12,000
28 different patients since the Clinic opened. I saw patients four and a half days a
29 week, always accompanied by a first, second or third year resident or a Fellow in
30 Endocrinology from the UCONN program. Every day was a teaching day; every

31 interaction was a potential teaching moment. It was long and hard work; people
32 with diabetes have many issues-their blood sugar management, nutrition,
33 exercise, medications, eyes, feet, kidneys, heart, and we all did our best to keep
34 them as healthy as possible. I also was the Co-Head of the Clinical Research unit
35 where we mainly focused on new therapies for diabetes and its complications.

36 Six months after my family was wantonly murdered, my doctor looked at me and
37 said, "You have never mentioned your work once since I first met you in August
38 2007." I think I only gave her a dazed look, but realized she was correct. I had
39 spent every waking moment - and there were plenty - thinking of that night and
40 replaying everything that occurred over and over again. Medicine had absolutely
41 no importance for me and I apologize to my many patients for that, but I could
42 not focus for longer than 5 or 10 minutes at a time, and that is not a good
43 characteristic in a doctor taking care of complex patients. For three months, I
44 never slept more than two hours a day. Finally, after about seven or eight
45 medications, we found one that allowed me to sleep. It was like a miracle the first
46 night. The problem then became nightmares as well as daily daytime flashbacks
47 with thoughts intruding into every waking moment of my day. Initially, I feared
48 sleep, because that time right before you sleep was full of horrible images and
49 caused panic. When finally I was able to sleep, I feared awakening because then I
50 would always hope it was really just a nightmare and I would awaken and see
51 Jenna, Hayley, and KK sitting there smiling at me.

52 It took two or three months for my body to replace the blood that I had lost
53 during the attack, leading to one episode of passing out completely and another
54 trip to the emergency department for evaluation. While hospitalized I noted I had
55 developed black spots in my visual fields and felt something was wrong, and since
56 then have been seeing a retinal specialist due to visual field defects where my
57 vision is abnormal in my left eye between about 9 and 11 o'clock and between 1
58 and 3 o'clock in my right eye. The doctor states it is likely due to trauma to my
59 occipital lobe where we process images in our brain. The trauma interfered with
60 my balance; initially I had difficulties walking on uneven ground and began to use
61 the handrails on stairways. In general I must be much more cautious. If I turned

62 my head too quickly, I would develop vertigo and nausea with the room spinning.
63 The neurologist felt it was also due to the head trauma which damaged my inner
64 ear that helps control balance.

65 The sleep is better but it requires three medications nightly; the visual field
66 problems have waxed and waned a bit, but seems stable; the balance has
67 improved, but is not normal; and I still have intermittent vertigo. The nightmares
68 and intrusive thoughts come and go, but have lessened. As many of you may
69 suspect, I seriously considered suicide many times - no wife, no children, no
70 home, and no interest in life in general. I have been unable to return to my
71 previous work, which had been very intensive, especially under the glare of this
72 tragedy and the complex legal proceedings. But truly, less of the emotional
73 damage is due to what happened to me; it is from what happened to my family.
74 My wife was raped and strangled in her own home after she had complied with
75 the intruders' wishes, Hayley and Michaela died alone burned alive and
76 asphyxiated in the sanctuaries of their own bedrooms in the only home they had
77 ever known.

78 I have been unable to return to my former neighborhood and see the ground
79 where we once had a home. Wonderful compassionate people from all over
80 central CT helped build a memorial garden on our land that I now consider sacred.
81 Sacred because three wonderful, kind, loving, gentle souls were killed in
82 particularly heinous, cruel and horrific manners, mainly, I believe, because they
83 were women - actually one mature woman, a young woman, and a little girl.

84 I met Jennifer in February 1981 at Children's Hospital in Pittsburgh. I was a second
85 year medical student and she was a relatively new nurse, taking care of a young
86 girl named Becky who had a kidney problem. Jennifer was brave, because as a
87 first date, she agreed to go out to dinner with me and my parents who had driven
88 into town for a visit. We fell in love and moved together to Rochester, NY, where I
89 became an intern in Internal Medicine. She was a good soul about it - there are
90 far fewer pediatric jobs available at most places than adult nursing jobs. So, she
91 took a job on an adult floor, taking care of many patients with a terrible and scary

92 new disease that we now know as AIDS. Eventually a job in pediatrics opened up,
93 and she got to do what she loved - care for children. We were married on April 13,
94 1985 by her father in the Old Stone Church in Meadville, PA, where he was the
95 Pastor. Father Dan, the Catholic chaplain at Strong Memorial Hospital, co-
96 officiated. Jenna hoped we could head south for sunshine, but I was accepted into
97 the fellowship program for Endocrinology-Metabolism and Diabetes at the Yale-
98 New Haven Hospital, Yale University School of Medicine and the West Haven VA
99 Hospital. Again she had to take a job in adult medicine, as there were no openings
100 in pediatrics. Finally, one became available; she was ecstatic and became the
101 Head of the Pediatric Adolescent Unit with a staff of nurses who loved her. She
102 helped as Yale made the move into their new pediatrics hospital and loved her
103 work. Hayley was born in 1989 and went to daycare at Yale right across the street
104 from the hospital. When Hayley entered kindergarten, Jenna again became
105 pregnant and decided that she wanted to spend more time with her baby; with
106 the arrival of Michaela, she took some time off. She eventually began to work
107 part-time at the Health Center at Cheshire Academy, as Hayley was in the lower
108 school there, and eventually became the Co-Director. She loved that job and her
109 kids. She was not full-time, but she put in many, many hours. She often spoke
110 with dorm parents at night about kids and would drive over to evaluate a student
111 at night. She knew her job was part nursing and part mothering, for many
112 students were boarding students from far away without parents nearby. She and
113 Deb, her co-director, put together a team that took great care of the kid's
114 physical, psychological, and spiritual needs.

115 Jenna was a PK, a preacher's kid, and liked the Cheshire United Methodist Church,
116 as it was near the Academy and had good programs for children. Hayley and
117 Michaela grew up there. Jenna taught Sunday school and participated on
118 committees. She sang in the show "Lazarus" and, as a family, we all participated
119 in the living nativity each year called "Road to Bethlehem" - both projects were
120 done to raise food and money for the food pantry and the fuel bank. She was the
121 spiritual anchor of our family.

122 In the late 90's she developed strange symptoms and, as a nurse, always thought
123 the worst - she figured she had brain cancer. When she actually found out she
124 had MS, she was relieved, because it was treatable- though she secretly feared
125 deteriorating and not being able to care for Hayley and Michaela. She began
126 therapy and had some ups and downs, but eventually was coping. Over the last
127 few years, however there were subtle signs that she was having more problems.
128 She did her best to hide these symptoms from Hayley and Michaela.

129 We were best friends. As you might suspect with a doctor and a nurse, we spent
130 a great deal of time talking about medicine and about the best ways to handle
131 people, as we both realized that bedside manner was a huge part of good care.
132 We learned from one another and always appreciated that. We vacationed yearly
133 on Sanibel Island, a place Jenna had found and we first visited with two other
134 couples from our residency days in Rochester. After that we fell in love with it and
135 considered moving there after retirement. I took up gardening to relax and grew
136 flowers, so that during the summer, I could cut fresh bouquets each week for
137 Jenna, Hayley, and KK. Jenna was content with container gardening on the patio,
138 and, though a previous sun worshipper, when she developed MS she had a
139 tougher time dealing with the heat which often worsened her symptoms. My job
140 was stressful, and she helped me learn how to calm down and think and try to do
141 the best I could for each patient. A friend from the Cheshire United Methodist
142 church was teaching advanced practice nurses and for an advanced degree was
143 doing a thesis on Prayer and Patient care. Jen agreed to be one of the subjects
144 interviewed for the study. Jen taught me about prayer. An important statement
145 she made during the interview was that she did not pray for God to make things
146 right, but for God to give her the strength to deal with the difficulties in her life.
147 She had spent much of her career dealing with very sick people, those with acute
148 leukemias, bone cancers, brain cancers, AIDS, etc, and learned to be calm in the
149 face of adversity. When I saw the bank video for the first time recorded just
150 before her death, I recognized the strain on her face; but she clearly had a calm
151 demeanor, because she had practiced it most of her career. I suspect she was
152 praying very hard for God to give her the strength to get through the ordeal and be

153 sure her children were safe. Not until after she died did her friends tell me how
154 worried she was when I was hospitalized for a week in 2004 with very low heart
155 rates ranging from 15-30 beats per minute as well as other irregular heart
156 rhythms- they said she felt I was going to die and she loved me, but she wanted to
157 be brave for Hayley, 15 at the time, and KK, just shy of her 9th birthday.

158 What do I miss? The little things- talking about medicine after dinner, walking the
159 beach on Sanibel and collecting seashells, sharing a quiet meal, sitting in the
160 family room eating popcorn and watching Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman, which
161 was Hayley's favorite show (She was named after Hayley Mills and she chose her
162 sister's name, as Dr. Quinn was named Michaela.) Those times have all been
163 ripped away from me, from us. Jenna was very, very kind to my grandmother,
164 Hayley's and Michaela's great-grandmother, who is now 95. Every Friday night,
165 Jenna would get Michaela after school and bring her to Gram's house where they
166 would have a delightful time cooking. Now, when every night my 95 year-old
167 grandmother kisses me before she goes to bed, she asks me why those men did
168 what they did to Jenna, Hayley, and Michaela, and she cries – I have no answer
169 for her, other than real EVIL exists in the world and we came face to face with it.
170 Jenna did not need fancy meals or cars or jewels. She wanted to spend time with
171 family. She tried each year to get the girls to Slippery Rock, PA, to see her parents,
172 so the girls could kayak with their grandma Hawke or Meemaw as they called her
173 on the Slippery Creek and visit farms and carnivals with their Grandpa Hawke or
174 Popup as they called him. She made sure we got to NC to see her only sister,
175 Cindy, and the girls' two cousins and uncle, Evan, Lydia, and Bill. I have a huge
176 family here with eight aunts and uncles on one side and three on the other and
177 about 42 first cousins – she met them all and rolled with all the punches that
178 come with a big family. From September to December, it seemed as if we were
179 celebrating a birthday on a weekly basis. Many of them looked up to Jenna for
180 mothering and parenting and nursing/medical advice for themselves and their
181 families. When she did not know, she asked me and, obviously, when neither of
182 us did, we referred them to whomever we thought was the best person to

consult. She was gentle and kind and always took the time to hear out someone's problems.

When you are with someone 26 years, it takes a long time for habits to change. For months, and still on occasion, I start to think...."I'll just ask Jen...." Then I shudder and feel a cold sweat and realize for the 100, 000th time what has happened. Again, mornings are often bad, I wake up and, for a split second, I think my world is normal; then I realize it has changed in a huge way. There is a giant hole in the universe, in my heart, and I do not understand it. I do not want to live in what I call an alternative universe that I have not chosen.

Hayley, Hayley, Hayley-what a wonderful girl-born on a beautiful bright fall day on October 15th, 1989. She should now be reveling in her Senior year at Dartmouth College and rowing with the crew. She always seemed older than her years. She was always sweet and gentle, and I do not think I ever saw her truly get angry in 17 years. She worked and worked and worked. She loved to read. She went to countless UCONN basketball games with me, and became a rabid UCONN fan. We traveled to Tennessee, Villanova, Georgetown and other places to watch both women and men Huskies play. We attended several Big East Championships at Madison Square Garden as it would fall during the time of her two week spring vacation. In 5th grade she was chosen to give the end of the year speech, as the lower school at Cheshire Academy was closing. She wrote it on her own, and it was like listening to a 15 year old, not a 10 year old. As I noted, when she was young every Friday night was Dr. Quinn Medicine Woman night. In fact, when she was in high school long after the series had ended, I bought her the DVDs, and she watched them over and over again. I think she loved learning of life in Colorado some 120 years ago and loved watching Dr. Quinn, a woman, who was smart, industrious and helped others the best she could in all situations. She went to Sunday school each week and all the teachers wanted her in their class as she was a natural leader - though quiet. Her report cards reflected that from K-12- "Excellent work, 'A' student, prepared, mature -needs to speak more as all the girls listen when she speaks because it is usually cogent and important." By senior year, she was elected Head of Sports, one of nine leadership positions at school.

214 She ran cross-country and was co-captain in basketball and crew. She was a great
215 rower and a great student and that was her ticket to Dartmouth. As her best
216 subjects were English, French and history, she shocked me when she told me she
217 wanted to major in biology, so she could go to medical school. When she was
218 accepted Early Decision in December, she did not want to interrupt me at the
219 office, as I was with patients, so, one of her friends called, and I was on cloud nine
220 and relieved - as Dartmouth had been the only school she applied to. She was not
221 cocky, she just told me, "Don't worry, Dad, it will be OK". When I was hospitalized
222 for a week in 2004, each day after school and sports, she would come to my
223 hospital room and sit at the edge of the bed and do homework until she had to go
224 home. She was a worker. We shared the home office, and often both worked until
225 midnight or later. Many nights I would go to bed and she would be fast asleep
226 with her text still propped up in her hands. I treasured our morning and evening
227 commutes as we had time to chat quietly, though some mornings she was asleep
228 and some she was studying for a quiz or test. Late in her senior year, I learned
229 something from her friends-I heard her friends talking about WWHD and I said,
230 "What?" They laughed and smiled and said, "When we have a problem we say
231 'WWHD', 'what would Hayley do', because that usually leads to the right answer."

232 I grieve because she never got to love someone for a long time. She had a friend
233 who was a boy and who still thinks about her; he is now a senior and a basketball
234 player. If he called on a Sunday night at 7 o'clock, and she had been studying for
235 six hours and looked washed-out, she jumped up and got her basketball clothes
236 on, because that is what they did-they played basketball together and chatted.
237 She loved it and probably loved him.

238 Many patients remember her because, when she was young, if her mom was
239 working, she often came to the hospital with me and sat at the nurses' desk
240 reading while I saw patients. She loved to be there and thought it was a very
241 exciting place to be. I think some of the patients walking around the unit felt
242 better just seeing her because she would smile at them. Those were precious
243 times because we could talk in the car on the way back and forth to the hospital,
244 and it was private, quality time.

245 She was and will always be my hero for her Senior Week. She was at school
246 Tuesday night of Senior Week and felt pain in her left shoulder and knew what it
247 was. Her grandparents, the Hawkes, were there because graduation was that
248 Friday. She knew because she had had a right-sided spontaneous pneumothorax,
249 (a collapsed lung) during a cross-country meet. She called crying and we rushed to
250 Farmington and took her to the hospital. The x-ray confirmed the diagnosis and a
251 chest tube was placed between her chest wall and her lung. I had hoped the leak
252 in her lung would seal so she could graduate with her friends. There was no
253 progress. Further tests showed she needed surgery. I left briefly one night to
254 accept her Writing Award at the ceremony she could not attend. Her friends were
255 wonderful and all came to visit. Late Thursday we made a decision; she went into
256 surgery at 10 PM Thursday night and had a partial removal of the top part of her
257 left lung. She still had a tube in place and got back to her room by about 2 AM. At
258 8 AM the nurses helped us bandage her up so she would not bleed on her white
259 dress, and we signed her out for graduation. The surgeon, a friend of mine was
260 not entirely happy, but she had the tube in place and a nurse and an MD with her.
261 Her friends were ecstatic when they saw her, and the school had been sure to
262 save her a spot on the stage. She got a standing ovation as she walked across the
263 stage on her own power 12 hours after a major surgery. She barely made it
264 though the ceremony, and by 12 or 12:30, we were taking her back to the hospital
265 for her convalescence. She showed what a tough and brave kid she was that day. I
266 had previously looked up to her, but now did so more than ever. She was a hard
267 worker, honest, kind and very brave. I often wished I could be as calm and tough
268 as Hayley. She amazed me.

269 When her mom was diagnosed with MS and Hayley was about nine, she thought
270 about it as best she could and decided if she could raise enough money she could
271 save her mother's life. She began writing letters to people on lined paper with a
272 pencil and asked them to sponsor her in the annual MS Walk. She did a better job
273 each year, and we left her to her own devices. She raised about \$55,000 over that
274 period and received a number of fundraiser awards from the MS Society-CT
275 Chapter. Her Senior year, when her friends were taking a trip to one of the girl's

276 houses for the weekend she told them she would be late. She did not tell them
277 she would be late because she was asked to speak at the Women and MS
278 luncheon. That is her in a nutshell. She did something for someone else and did
279 not want to tell anyone about it. She worked for the United Methodist Army for 2
280 weeks and helped the less fortunate and just thought it was fun and the right
281 thing to do. As a HS student she became one of the lay leaders at church and
282 helped with the services. Like the rest of us, she participated in the "Road to
283 Bethlehem" each year.

284 I miss the car rides and chats, I miss sitting next to her talking hoops, and I miss
285 discussing any topic with her. Hayley was just a good, kind and gentle soul. I miss
286 playing hoops with her. As a senior, she was about 6'0" and 170 pounds and very
287 strong - as a 50 year-old dad, who had played college hoops in 1974-75, I had a
288 tough time moving her away from the basket. Her potential will never be known.
289 She could have been a great physician healer or teacher or whatever she wanted
290 to be. There are few people like her, and she was violently ripped away from the
291 sanctuary of her own home. The entire world, not just me and her other relatives
292 and friends, has been denied the chance to see her blossom and see what an
293 impact she would have on our ever changing world.

294 Michaela Rose Petit, as I wrote in her obituary, came into the world smiling and
295 laughing. She was a happy girl. She was a sweet girl. Unlike her sister, she did not
296 like homework but always got it done and got great grades. She got along with all
297 the children in her classes. I learned many things from her teachers after she died
298 that I wish they had told me before. One teacher said she always made an effort
299 to go over to someone who was ignored by others in the class. Other children told
300 me she stood up to the older kids on the bus when they tried to make the smaller
301 and younger kids give up their seats. I just received a card from a former
302 classmate of hers who told me how sad she was because Michaela was not able
303 to get to the 9th grade as she should have been doing. This girl reminisced about
304 how KK (this nickname came from Hayley's early attempts to pronounce
305 Michaela) was always happy and made her smile and laugh. She said she remains
306 very sad about losing her friend. Another friend liked KK so much and missed her,

307 she created a website called Michaela Forever and has begun an MS walk team in
308 KK's honor and has raised money for the past 3 years. She loved to sing. She sang
309 in the car and at home and was in the choir at church for some time. Her favorite
310 quote at the end of 5th grade was from Gandhi, "You must be the change you wish
311 to see in the world." She agreed to take over the MS walk from her big sister
312 Hayley whom she looked up to and adored and wanted to call her walk team
313 "Michaela's Miracle." She loved animals. She had a cat and loved our chinchilla
314 that Hayley had brought home at the end of 5th grade. On the weekend before
315 she died, she emailed some of her friends to help raise money to support animal
316 rescue and shelters. She was the cook in the family and cherished time in the
317 kitchen with anyone, but especially her great-grandmom and her Aunt Hanna who
318 is a professional chef. She loved the food channel - Paula Dean, Rachel Ray,
319 Emeril-anyone with pizzazz or flair. As the 11 year-old sister of a 17 year-old high
320 school senior, she loved to snoop around her older sister, especially if any of
321 Hayley's friends were around; she wanted to know what the big girls were doing
322 and she wanted to be like Hayley. Like any siblings, they squabbled about minor
323 things, but when it came down to it, they loved spending time together.

324 I miss her running to the door and yelling "Da-Da's home!" On Friday nights, when
325 she went to great grandma's house, she always called my cell phone and wanted
326 to know when I would be there and what I wanted for dinner. When I arrived, she
327 made a great show of serving me specially and watching me eat. I miss going to
328 the Notch Store in Cheshire with her, because we bought donuts and other treats
329 and tried not to let Jen know - but usually KK squealed on me.

330 She loved hanging out with her six cousins who lived locally, and she was
331 especially fond of Andrew even though he was a boy and a year older. Both she
332 and Hayley loved Harry Potter, and when we had a vacation in Chatham, about 10
333 days before they died, we all saw the latest Harry Potter movie very late at night.
334 One day we took a bike ride to the farthest end of Chatham, reached if you take a
335 right off the Main Street towards the lighthouse, and went by a small inlet.
336 Someone yelled, "KK" and lo and behold we ran into friends from Cheshire
337 Academy who apparently often spent the summers in Chatham. That chance

338 meeting led to an impromptu pre-dinner of fresh clams and just hanging out,
339 talking and relaxing with our friends and their children.

340 She would help me in the garden, and her favorite activity was planting. When we
341 would dig spots for seedlings, she would gently place the seedling in and gently
342 pat down the soil and would say it was important that the plants be "cozy". Like
343 most children including her sister, weeding was another issue, and they both
344 usually disappeared when that was the order of the day. They always came back
345 at the end though, after helping their mom with dinner, and would help with
346 clean-up and getting the weeds and debris to the compost area. They both really
347 loved a quiet dinner at home, as our lives were hectic with calls for both my wife
348 and me and the increased amount of homework that both girls had as they
349 progressed in school - as well as their extra-curricular activities. KK took piano and
350 flute and was to play her first solo in church several weeks after she was
351 murdered.

352 I could go on for hours and hours. What do I miss? I miss my entire family, my
353 home, everything we had together as a group. They were three special people, as
354 everyone who has a wife or husband and children knows. Your children are your
355 jewels. We focused on our children, as all parents do-we wanted the best for
356 them. We wanted them to be better than us-to know more, to be kinder, to be
357 more patient-in trying to teach them we taught ourselves. 26 years with Jennifer,
358 17 years with Hayley and only 11 years with a little girl, just turning into a
359 beautiful pre-teen named Michaela Rose. I chose her middle name because I
360 thought she was as sweet as a rose. If average life span for these women was 80
361 years and even if only 74 for me, I have been cheated out of 72 years with the
362 three most important people in my life. They cannot be replaced. I will never
363 again get to see the twinkle in KK's eyes when she would make me breakfast for
364 my birthday, the excitement in Hayley's voice when she talked about a winning
365 crew race or basketball game, and just know that Jen would be there as my
366 teammate. The week before these murders we had started to talk about what
367 was next-what might we change if anything? Would we move? Would we change
368 career paths? Or keep doing what we were doing? We were satisfied. We knew

we did not need nor want a bigger house-in fact we talked about getting a smaller one. We wanted to try to spend more time together. I will never be able to walk Hayley or Michaela down the wedding aisle nor see their children. The world will never know how many more children Jenna may have helped in some simple way, just by listening and being kind. We were robbed of this in a heinous and evil manner, and to what end? Money - money that other people felt they did not need to work for. On top of taking the money they were unspeakably violent and cruel. They killed a trusting mother, Jennifer Lynn Hawke-Petit with a chronic illness, and two children, Hayley Elizabeth Petit and Michaela Rose Petit, in their own homes, in their own private sanctuaries-their own bedrooms. They violated Michaela in a way that I am sure she never could imagine. Then instead of considering these three people God's creatures, they killed them by strangulation and burning them alive because they considered them evidence. It was by chance I was not murdered; I was left for dead in the basement and escaped only to find out much later that it was minutes before our house was set on fire.

I lost my entire family. I lost the records of our shared lives together due to the fire. Thus I lost my past and my future. After July 23, 2007, I was better able to appreciate and understand the extraordinary loss suffered by victims of the Holocaust. Here unfathomable, EVIL acts visited upon innocents by two men caused our personal Holocaust. My only hope is for justice to be served and to do my best to honor the lives of my family who should still all be here and share their gifts and love with the world.

I have a difficult time trusting anyone anymore. I am not sure what my own hopes and dreams are if any, beyond honoring my family. With the help of friends we have created the Petit Family Foundation to honor the memories of Jennifer, Hayley, and Michaela and to ask others to emulate the kindness, activism and idealism they lived and represented. This horrific evil act affected thousands of people. I have received over 15,000 cards and notes from all 50 states and many foreign countries. I think it has affected many because it reminds them that evil does exist and it can strike anywhere at any time. It reminds everyone that you can go to bed one night and awaken to tragedy no matter what steps you take. I

400 push forward in the hope that good will overcome evil and feel the need to tell
401 the world that evil lives among us and we need to rid the world of it. I hope with
402 our Foundation's three-fold mission of helping the education of young people
403 especially women in the sciences, helping educate those with chronic illnesses
404 and helping those who have been hurt by violence we will make the world a
405 better place for all and as Michaela wished, we can all "be the change we wish to
406 see in the world".

407

408 William A. Petit Jr. MD 12-02-2010