**Impact Statement**

The death of my mother has impacted the majority of my life, as she has been gone for far longer than she has been with me. From my earliest memories, she was there to teach, protect and guide me. And of course, we had a lot of fun along the way-like for my senior prom-she left a can of tuna fish and a non-alcoholic bottle of bubbly something with a note--can't afford champagne and caviar-this will have to do!

Just a few short months later, my dad came to see me unexpectedly, and wrapped me in a hug, crying. I remember it like it just happened an hour ago. He didn’t let go as he told me mom was dead, all I could think was NO!! What could have happened—must have been a car accident, and I bet it was this particular intersection. I was wrong, and when he told me what happened, deep depression, and uncertainty ruled my life, and nightmares started. Most people expect and understand the depression when you lose a close loved one. But when it seems intentional, it makes it worse. There is the question of WHY-why did someone want to kill her-- that will never be answered, and that will stay with me forever. I think of my grandparents, who had to bury their daughter (and having two daughters, I can't even comprehend the grief they went through!), and then went to their graves without knowing who could have done this. That makes my heart hurt. I don't think the depression has ever gone away, as I still think about her and miss her every day. At some point, fear came into my life as well. If someone rapes and kills your mom, you know that can happen to you, or even could make you a target. Think about that for a moment-as an 18 year old woman, to know that one wrong date-wrong guy, and your life is over. Or not even a date- some stranger. At a time when most young people are meeting new friends, I had to look at every one with distrust--for self-preservation. So I got to college, because mom wouldn't have wanted me not to go, and I tried to make some new friends. Of course, the first couple of questions are easy, name, where are you from, what are you studying, but then they ask-what do your parents do? My dad's an electrician, my mom just passed away. And then the question--what happened? What can I say? It wasn't cancer, not a car accident-mom taught me not to lie--so I say the truth-- she was murdered. At first it's sympathy, then they avoid you. Who wants to be associated with that?? So I learned to avoid the subject altogether to survive that stage, to hide the sadness and try to be "normal". I made it to graduation with honors--the first milestone mom was unable to share--no memories made with her, hoping she would be proud of my accomplishment, a milestone she missed.

Fast forward a couple years, I met someone I took a chance on to date. It went well, but I couldn't share the excitement with Mom, nor an engagement, nor the wedding plans or the wedding. No sage advice, or funny memories from her wedding to share. More milestones missed, more memories not made with her. My husband never got to meet her.

I realized at some point, somebody must know something about this case, so I started talking about it more and more. Contacting the officers to see how the investigation was going. As time went on, the officers started to retire, or pass away. For each one, a little bit of hope died away—how much information was lost each time someone left? I was always assured it was very solvable—we had good DNA, so I kept going.

When our children were born, no mom to share it with. Our first was a difficult colicky girl, sure would have been great for mom to help with that!! And she would have loved to do it! Our second girl was much easier- she slept a lot. Neither have ever known Grandma Nancy. That really breaks my heart. I can't call and say--do you know what those kids did NOW?? or do you know what those kids DID now?? More milestones -- the girls are old enough for boyfriends!! Then graduation. I only had memories of mom throughout my school up to graduation, so I could only go from that, but now when they move out and leave me an empty nest--now what do I do-how do I handle that? I don't have mom to ask, to cry on her shoulder, to share joys of the accomplishments. Grandma Nancy missed out on their college graduations, first real jobs, moving out of state, and new boyfriends and breakups—THIER WHOLE LIVES.

Throughout their lives, I've tried to keep her memory alive, but they never got to meet her, so at best they have my memory of her. Their memory is going to press conferences, and us speaking with officers trying to get this solved. It is horrible that is all they will really know of her.

Now as I get older, more family medical history is being asked. Strokes, heart disease, cancer--have your parents had any issues? Well, my mom died before any cholesterol tests even were done, and she died too young for the other stuff to be relevant. Half of my history is gone!

I didn’t think very much of the financial aspect of mom being gone back then. I just dealt with what I had, which wasn’t much. But as I grow older, and think about what I will be leaving my girls, I wonder what she would have built her life into, and what she may have left me-property, life insurance, 401K?

I don’t think I can find enough words to express how this has been weaved throughout my life. There is no way to sum it up in this short statement. I have spoken of some of the more major milestones, but it’s all of the little things-having a beverage by a bonfire, would she have taught my girls how to ski, the advice, phone calls, the sense of family not broken, just how you share your life with your mom. Think about how much you share with your mom, the holiday traditions, recipes, talking, family gatherings, help given or received, dinner/weekend at grandma’s house for my girls, and then imagine it being ripped away. That’s my life.

Even now, people ask me – you must be feeling better now that there is closure? Well, I can honestly say partially, because at least I know who, I will never know why, and no matter what happens here today, she will never come back into my life, EVER. I will never be the way I was before. There is no reparation that will make this better for me.