
Subject: Re: Growing as a Team
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 17:49:49 GMT
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Thursday, March 22, 3:30 PM, local time, Lisa Parkhurst's house, Greenville, SC

Everyone had eaten, the dishes were washed, the leftover food (what little there was) was put away, and they were now relaxing. The broadcast of the ice skating was over and Dianne was chatting with her sister-in-law. Lisa picked up the first section of paper and began to read, feeling like she could finally relax. But ten minutes later, she gasped.

Dianne heard her mother. She hurried over to her and said, "Mom, what's wrong?"

Lisa looked up at her, unsure about whether or not to show what she'd just read to her daughter. Dianne, correctly interpreting the look on her face, said, "Let me see." Slowly, Lisa handed her the paper, which was turned to the "Letters" page. Dianne scanned it and paled when she saw what had made her mother gasp.

"When I read the newspaper report and heard the television report of the conviction of the terrorist, I was overjoyed at first. I had lost three family members in the bombing, and wanted someone to pay for it, so desperately.

"Then I felt shame. I remembered that there had been a report five years ago that hate mail had been sent to the family of Richard Koch, and I must now confess that I wrote one of those letters. When I heard that he was under suspicion, I believed him guilty. I felt, so soon after the bombing, that I had to, so I did. That was my reasoning, but it is not an excuse. There can be no excuse for writing such letters. It didn't even make me feel better. And all it did was victimize Mr. Koch's family, who never hurt anyone.

"I hope whoever else sent them similar letters reads this. They, too, should feel remorse for what they did. And I hope they learned more than one lesson from this, as I did.

"I do not ask for forgiveness from Mrs. Tracy - no matter how much I want it - but want to let her know that I am ashamed of myself. I wish I had the courage to tell her so face-to-face, but I don't. Maybe someday I will, and she will be able to forgive me then.

"Name withheld by request."

Dianne threw the paper down in disgust. "Ah thought it was all over, then this has to appear. When are they goin' to leave me alone?" She sat down heavily next to her mother, and put her head in her hands.

"Honey," replied Lisa, putting her arms around her, "Ah understand somewhat how you feel, but you have to remembah that many othahs need healin', too. Let it go. If this lettah helps this person find some closure, then Ah say, good. Now just put it behind you and move on. Rick has been vindicated, largely thanks to you, and you have a wonderful future to look forward to."

Dianne raised her head, turned and hugged Lisa. "Thanks, Mom. You're right. It'll be hard at first,

but Ah will, Ah'll move on." She looked up and saw Jeff, who was talking to Jared. "And Ah have a wonderful husband who'll be with me every step of the way."

Just then he looked over at her and smiled at her, swaying a bit on his crutches. Her eyes twinkled as she added, "Even if those steps are goin' to be slow and hesitant for a while."

Post by Hobbeth on 01/12/2004
