

Sept. 27, 2007

Dear Hon. Judge Polaha,

My name is Kathy Lee Williams. I have never written a letter such as this, and have agonized for months over what to say. Nothing I say will bring our LJ back to life. Reliving the horror of her death and giving attention to the heinous acts of an evil man are not what this is about.

After today, I never want to hear the name Denver Dean Pullin. It sickens me to be acknowledging his existence in this letter. From this day forward, I want to know that Denver Dean Pullin will pay for what he did with the harshest of punishments. This will not bring peace and there is no closure; just emptiness and loss.

My life was forever changed when I received a phone call the evening of Sept. 2, 2006, from Tom Lawrence, LJ's brother and only sibling. Tommy said, "Kathy Lee, I'm sorry. LJ is gone." Gone? I could not accept his words that my best friend was murdered—brutally and senselessly. The shock and grief of that moment has NEVER left me.

For my little boy, Jacob, it is too much to comprehend. LJ was at my side when he was born at St. Mary's Hospital 11 years ago. LJ was a major part of my son's life, and was there for all his milestones. Today, Jacob still cries, one year later, and asks me, and God, why.....why....why someone would shoot his beloved LJ in the head. How could anyone ever want to hurt LJ, he says? What kind of "boyfriend" was this, he says. I ask you, Judge Polaha...what should I say to him?

There are no answers. And all the questions in the world will not bring back this truly extraordinary woman. I am left with pictures...hundreds of photos and video images of our LJ, which I can barely bring myself to look at. LJ playing bass alongside me and my keyboard, on every stage imaginable; LJ and me rafting the Truckee every year for her birthday; LJ sprawled on the floor playing Leggos and dinosaurs with Jacob; letters and cards detailing the amazing friendship we've had since we first met nearly 20 years ago. LJ moved to Reno because of my urging. She had been playing music in the Bay Area, and I was thrilled to influence her to come to northern Nevada. I had no idea that this remarkable musician would become my best friend, and have such a dynamic impact on so many others.

LJ wanted a baby. She would have been an incredible mother. She never got that chance. LJ wanted to bring music into the lives of children. She will never do that. LJ beat thyroid cancer. That was a scary time. Now she has no more time. LJ was a talented performing artist, whose success enabled her to buy her own home. She was murdered in her home, in her room, by Denver Dean Pullin.

LJ's kindness cost her her life when she did not get Denver Dean Pullin out of her house before he turned his evil rage on her. LJ had painfully realized this guy was a leech and a loser. She asked him to move, then told him to move out, then begged him to move out of her home. As her friend, I will live with guilt and sorrow that I did not do more to push her away from Dean. None of us, including LJ, had imagined the devil himself was living in her house. The last time I spoke with her, I was relieved that she had set a date of Sept. 1 as the day he MUST be out. She was dead the next morning.

I did not know of Denver Dean Pullin's violent past. But others did know...and chose not to tell LJ. I will never understand this, but I am grateful to his daughter for bravely stepping forward to make sure her father cannot hurt anyone else.

Please, Judge Polaha...my young son, Jacob, and I are asking that you put this evil person away forever, with no chance of every being free. Denver Dean Pullin killed LJ Lawrence and ruined the lives of countless others. For LJ Lawrence there is no more life. She's dead.

Thank you.

With Sorrow and Sincerity,

Kathy Lee Williams