

March 22, 2005

To the family of Greg McRoberts,

You do not know me, and I have never met you, but I need to confess something that has been heavy on my heart for a long time. I was driving the car that hit and killed Greg.

I was traveling south bound, on Meridian road. He was traveling north. I don't know why, but he was riding his bike in my lane. There are small wood guardrails there that are very close to the road. He may have thought I was farther away that I really was because I only had one headlight. Or maybe he was just not paying attention. I have no way of knowing. All I do know is that I didn't see him until it was too late. I tried to avoid him, but he slammed into the right passenger side of my vehicle. I panicked and fled. I know it was the wrong thing to do. I counted on the cars behind me stopping and helping him.

I did not stop, and did not know the outcome until a month later my neighbor told me that they had found him. That moment is etched on my memory and something inside of me also I died knowing what had happened and the pain that I had caused. To leave a son, wife and children alone is an unthinkably painful realization.

I am so sorry. Words cannot describe. I'll never forget that feeling, that hole it left in me. The guilt of my actions has many times brought me to desperation and crying in the years since that night. I just didn't want to believe that it happened. I have tried many ways to forget my actions and to drown my memory because then everything might be all right. I discovered that I couldn't take enough drugs or alcohol to cover the pain of my own guilt. But it just made me feel less worthwhile and made my own guilt worse. Hiding my actions has caused me to go into deep depression, an attempt to escape myself with alcohol and drugs and the loss of my marriage. In fact they became a prison of my own making. Nothing worked, because no matter how hard I tried, you can't deny reality. In many ways I wish I had turned myself in. I know that if I had turned myself in, I would have paid whatever price society would have deemed worthy and then maybe not have suffered with the guilt and shame through the years like I have.

In time I realized that I needed to make a change in my life. I started going through a 12 step program and getting in touch with my higher power. I ended up finding that higher power in a personal relationship with God. As I did that, I began to realize that I needed to deal with this one part of my life that I had for so long tried to forget. I needed to realize that the pain of the loss that I caused and the taking of his life doesn't leave me.

I do not want to minimize in any way your pain over this loss you have suffered. I can only begin to imagine what you have had to go through in these years. It had to be even worse not knowing exactly what happened or who was responsible.

One time I was in Minnesota fishing with my brother, he was about 14 at the time. We were on a small island about 1 1/8 acres in size with a lot of steep rocks that went down into the water. All of a sudden he came up missing. I had this terrible gut wrenching feeling that he had slipped into the water and went off the drop off. I'll never forget that feeling, that hole it left in me. It brought me to desperation and crying and panic. That incident had haunted me because it was short lived as I learned soon that he was alright. I

have many times realized that you must have experienced that feeling over and over through the years.

Words cannot express how sorry I am. Writing this letter is a witness to this fact. I saw a lawyer a short time ago as I have tried to get my life back in order to turn myself in, and he advised me that the statute of limitations has passed and that I should just forget it and go on with my life. Somehow I just can not do that. I have come to realize that to take his advice, to try and just forget doesn't work, and to not care is to not free oneself to live. I feel like to be comfortable about just living and enjoying life as if nothing happened after you have taken a life is like living in contempt of that life. After much thought and council and prayer, I at least needed to do this one thing, to write you and confess to you and give you the circumstances of your son's death. I can not give value to my life if I do not value the life of others, especially Greg's.

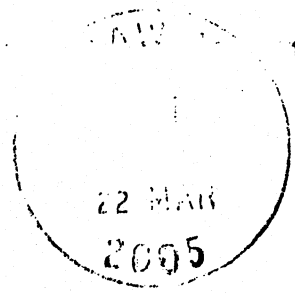
I'm making sure of one thing though, because I'm alive and I know that I don't deserve it. I have made a commitment to God that I will seek to create and do as much good and help save as many lives as I can and make a positive impact on the world. I feel that I owe you and the world that. I have come to realize that time is so short and you have only so many opportunities. So I'm not just living for my life, I'm living for your son too, because he did matter and he still does matter greatly. In the last few years I have come to realize that someone else has died because of me, Jesus Christ. My responsibility is to now live worthy of that incredible price.

I fear that this note will cause you much pain. That is not my hope. Saying that I am sorry seems too inadequate, yet I want to help us both bring some kind of closure to what was an unimaginable tragedy for you and a lifelong burden of guilt for me.

I know that nothing I can say or do can ever repay the life that was taken. I do want you to know that I refuse to take my actions lightly. I will live with the pain of my own actions for the rest of my life. I refuse to not accept responsibility for my actions. Please accept this letter as one of the steps that I am taking to make payment for my actions and to take responsibility for my past.

I pray for you almost daily. And I pray that you will find the peace that I am seeking and have begun to find in this confession. I do not know what will come of this effort on my part. I fear that I have caused more pain than help for you. I can not even begin to imagine that you will have anything but contempt for me. I didn't reveal this till now because I didn't want to reopen old wounds and cause you even more pain. But a friend of mine told me through experiences that it was really important for you to have some kind of closure on this. If this does cause you more pain, I am deeply sorry. I want to ask for your forgiveness, however I also know that this might not be possible.

If you need to respond to this confession on my part, good or bad, you may put an add in the personal section of the Midland Daily news from Greg's family.



D McRoberts

Kawkawlin, MI 48631

Envelope Size: 3 3/4" X 6 1/2", white in color
Post Marked: 22 March, 2005 in Saginaw