

Honorable Judge Taylor,

7-24-93

This is the hardest letter I've ever had to write to someone as I'm sure this may be the hardest decision you'll ever have to make. No matter what words are wrote, or decision made, no one has had it harder than Joyce's family. Her family and loved ones lives have been changed and altered forever and more than likely will never totally heal and I'm to blame for that. I took one of Gods most precious creations, an innocent human life was taken by my hands and it has haunted me for eight long years and will haunt me for the rest of my life. I have no doubt that the family has went through a hell that I will never know. Eight long years for them of not knowing is a hell that no one should have to go through, and I am truly sorry. Joyce has always been in my thoughts and prayers. I have never said a prayer that she wasn't apart of, and at each end asking God and her for forgiveness.

Sir, I tried to turn over Joyce's body to her loved ones even before I was charged with her murder. I just didn't know how to ~~do~~ do it. I was scared for myself and my now ex-wife (Rhonda Butters) of being charged with murder. Rhonda is the umbrella over our

children and the thoughts of her being taken away from them was very hard on me. Rhonda and I were told almost from the beginning that if Joyce was ever found we would both be arrested and charged. I told Kate Della Piana during a therapy session that I thought I knew who killed Joyce and that they did it to protect me. She asked me what I wanted to do about it, and I told her that I wanted to find out where she is so I could somehow get her body back to her loved ones. Even though my story to Kate was a lie, I did want very much to somehow get her body back to her family. I ~~is~~ was doing this before I was ever charged with taking her life.

I don't know what happened to Joyce's body. I know the place that I have taken ~~the~~ police time and time again is the place where I took this young ladies life and left her there. I can't explain why she's not there. It's also very important to me along with the family to see her have a proper funeral, and layed to rest.

Mr. Carpenter allowed me to see my father a couple of weeks ago at the South Ogden Police Department. It's the first time I have seen him since I was charged with this. I can't

express to you how hard it was to see him break down and cry. I broke my heart to know that I broke his. He said he would never believe this until I looked him in the eyes and tell him that I did, in fact take this young woman's life. when I did tell him, the tears kept coming and coming. I think this was only the third time I've seen my father cry. as we held each other I could feel his legs wanting to give out on him.

My mom died two years ago of a blood clot. My parents were the two greatest people in the world. If I could do it all over again I would without a doubt want them again.

I never felt like I did bad things because of my parents. They were kind, loving and always around for us kids. My problem was that when some thing happened to me, I would never talk about it. I always held it inside thinking it would go away or get better. I don't take loss very well at all. I grew up on a small farm in the country. We had all the animals that belonged on a farm and then some. Animals were the love of my life, and I had lots of them. I was the youngest with two older brothers. Russell was the oldest and Royce was inbetween. we were about

three years apart.

I never seen my mom or dad fight, and neither had my two older brothers. We were the perfect family so I thought. When I was 14 or 15 years old my father and mother told us they had something to tell us. By the looks on their faces we knew it wasn't good. Russ and Royce were both playing a game and I was watching them when dad asked us to sit on the couch and listen to him and mom. I remember thinking to myself that they were going to tell us someone in the family died, maybe Grandpa and Grandpa. I remember thinking that cause of the big tears that were swelling up in his eyes and I couldn't think of anything else that would be so sad to tell us. Dad said that he and mother were getting a divorce and we needed to decide who to live with, him or mom. I jumped up and took off. In just seconds five lives had shattered. I can still clearly hear my father's voice saying you kids need to decide who you want to live with. It was more than I could handle, picking between the two ~~that~~ I really loved, respected and admired. How dare they make me pick between them. Russ stayed with my mother and Royce went with my Dad.

I never could pick. I stayed with mom ~~and~~ and then I felt guilty for not being with my dad. I always felt who ever I was living with the other one was thinking that I loved them less. I constantly felt torn between the two people I loved the most I never did talk to anyone how I felt.

I had a girlfriend (DeAnn) who made me feel so special all the time. Just being with her always seem to make my world rise to another level. She was any boys dream come true, and she was in love with me. We were together for 3 or 4 years. She was so easy going and full of life, and everyone loved being around her. She was the most beautiful girl in school and the whole world. I always felt to be the luckiest ~~and~~ boy in the world. After my parents divorce and a couple other things that I never talked about (not even with DeAnn) our relationship started falling apart. After it ended it was one more piece of the puzzle I never talked about.



My brother (Royce) died Jan. 6, 1977. At the time of his death I was close to him than anyone in my life. He was my protector and best friend. I always seen my brother as ~~being~~ ~~the~~ being bigger than life. Just being with him I always felt safe and secure.

Royce and I never had fights or arguments with each other as adults. The day before he died we had a very bad argument. A lot of bad words were said between us. It was very heated and ugly. Our last words to each other were not good ones. I never talked about his death or the argument we had to anyone until I got into therapy with Kate Della-Piana.

For me, not talking about painful issues in life has caused me and innocent people a great deal of pain. 6 years of therapy has taught me that men don't talk about their inner feelings and problems they are having. It's first off very hard for them to admit that they are having problems, cause to them that's not manly. Second men don't know how to talk about their problems. If given the chance one of the programs I ~~want~~ want to start is talking to young children and get the message out to them that you need to talk about your troubles, no matter what troubles they may be.

would
you answer
your kids?

It's obvious that locking people up is not working. The juvenile system is so over crowded that the ACLU has filed a law suit for it being so over crowded. Young people are constantly coming into the system and once here

in the system...the majority...keep coming back. Prison guards is the fastest growing work force group in the U.S.. So far this year 4 teens have been charged with capital murder in Utah. 1981 to 1990 murder by teens (National study is up 60%, assault 57% and sexual ~~assault~~ assault 28%. I know that if I was able to talk openly and honestly with young people I could make a difference. I want them to know and understand that talking is the key to helping yourself, that it's not a bad thing to admit that you're having problems.

Good morals and values have gotten away from the family. Parents aren't raising children, children are raising themselves. Parents (for the most) don't get involved with their children. Communication is almost non-existent between children and their parents. Far too many children are growing up with no self worth. Some kids will shave their heads, tattoo themselves, put a ring in their nose or paint their head green or purple just to be noticed or feel apart of something. Racism, crime and violence is at an all time high and yet morals, values and commitment it is at an all time low. Kids don't turn to drugs, gangs and violence because they are happy. They don't rape and kill because they are happy. They are troubled and unhappy.

with who they are and what they're becoming. I remember back in school when two boys had a problem with each other, they would meet after school and fight. The worse that might happen is a bloody nose or black eye. Now days they kill each other without hesitation. A kids status in school now is what kind of gun he has, not the accomplishments he or she has made.

Prison is a living hell, it's like being sentenced to a war. Seeing young kids come into this system and leaving worse than when they got here. It's hard working with them once they get here cause they're so hostile and angry. Very few change, partly cause they don't want too and partly cause they don't know how too and some are even scared too change. Change for me was very hard and painful. I had to work at it every minute of every day. It didn't happen over night, it took several years. I've shed more tears in the last 6 years than I did in my whole life time. I had to go through each event of my past one ste, at a time. Talking about secrets of my past was more painful than any me could imagine. Therapy for those who truly want to change is very hard. Half the time I was a mental wreck and was terrified that I would pull out of it.

I constantly... wondered when is this going to get easy for me and then I realized that change is never easy. Therapy and Kate Della-Pioma was a blessing come true for me. I wish the two had come together for me years ago but at that time I was one of those young men that thought I had it to gether and that I could deal with my own problems. On the outside I may have looked OK but on the inside I was going through a haunting hell. I was so unhappy and hateful of myself. When you can't even be your own best friend, you know you got problems that need dealt with. Taking Joyce Post's life wasn't caused by just a relationship gone bad, divorced parents or the death of my brother who was also my best friend. It's a combination of many more things on top of that. I never dealt with events in my life as they happened.

Where I am housed right now is 30 to 40 feet away from where Will in Andrews was executed. The night his life was taken was a night that I will never forget. I didn't sleep all night id wasn't able to eat for days. So many thoughts and memories raced through y head " night long. Then at times I fel' con and numb. I suddenly realized ~~in~~ half wa through the night that what I was going through was what

he was probaly going through. I remember having heart flashes and then cold sweats. I remember thinking of my children, my family and my ~~other~~ ^{victims} family.

Today is my little boys (Cody) 7th birthday. He was born on the 24th of July 1986. He's my little Utah Pioneer boy and I am so proud of him. Alisha turned 12 the 24th of April. They are the love and joy of my life. It's hard being a father in prison but I be the best I can be, and I've always let them know that I love them and will do what ever I can for them. I know this has been hard on them and they expressed to me a few weeks ago how they felt about what I did. It was an emotional experience for the 3 of us. Terry Carpenter made it possible for us 3 to meet at a church and talk. I don't think my little boy knows that I took a human life but he does know that I'm here for being bad.

I asked Terry Carpenter if I could speak to Joyce's family to allow them to vent their anger to me. I feel that I have the right to do so and ask me any questions they want. It would be hard, but I think it would be good to them and me as well. He told me they would but the prosecution wanted to wait till after I was sentenced.

Since I've been in prison I have done many positive things to change myself and my behavior. Every step has been hard, but forward. I have helped many people along the way. Even though I'm locked up I have alot to offer people in here and hopefully through some programs (2) I want to get started, I can help many people out there. I have no doubt that I can turn peoples lives around. 6 years of therapy has taught me alot about myself and my behavior and why I did the things I did. Sir if I could somehow talk to God I would ask him to take my life and bring Joyce back, but we both know that's not possible, but it is possible to do the next best thing, and that is to help others and prevent them from doing the things I have done. I have caused so much pain to so many and for the last 7 1/2 years I have been moving forward. I can't undo what I have done, but I can prevent other people from causing the pain that I have to others. I see visions of Joyce just each and every day and it is very painful to me to see what I have done. It hurts to see what I have done to her family and mine.

Success
Instructor

I could have been many great things in life. In school I took the championship

in my weight division in wrestling. In 1976 I took the championship in Moto Cross and 2nd in the state in 1977. I've won championship tennis games in both singles and doubles. I've ~~also~~ won ribbons (1st & 2nd) in short and long distance running. One of the many messages I want to get ~~across~~ across to young people is that we are all capable of being many good things in life. I want to tell them to stay close to sports, religion, school and family. Kids have got to know ~~that~~ and feel that they are someone important in life. They need to know that there is someone there for them to talk to, someone who cares and understands where they are coming from.

Sir, the man you sentence today is not the same man that took this young woman's life 8 years ago.

I am truly sorry for what I did.

Thank You
-Ray J. Lovell