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In the News

Two Vermont women shot; man surrenders

ASSOCIATED PRESS

BURLINGTON, Vt. - A masseuse and her friend were robbed and shot here Saturday by a man claiming to have had a flashback to Vietnam, police said. Both women were seriously injured and still hospitalized yesterday.

Alison Granucci, 32, of Charlotte, the masseuse, was reported in serious condition at the Medical Center Hospital in Burlington. She was shot in the head. Granucci's friend, Nancy Watkin, 41, of Williston, was shot in the head and back. Watkin, manager of Farnham Associates, a real estate agency, was listed in fair condition yesterday.

Police said the attack took place at The Massage Center, a third-floor business on Church Street, where Granucci was giving Watkin a massage about 4:30 although the shop was closed for the day.

Shortly after the shooting, 35year-old Keith Roland, whose last address was in San Diego, rushed into a convenience store on Riverside Avenue and asked the clerk to call police because he had shot two people. Roland will be charged today with robbery and assault and two counts of attempted murder.

Police said they believe Roland arrived on a bus from Boston just an hour before the attack.

Burlington Detective Bureau Cmdr. John Sonnick alleged that when Roland found the massage center closed, he knocked on the door and asked Granucci for a massage. When Granucci told him to come back during business hours, Roland insisted he needed to make an appointment, Sonnick said.

"He was very persistent and asked to have a card so he could call," he said. When Granucci opened the door, Roland robbed the women, shot them and fled, Sonnick said.

Witnesses said that Granucci, despite her wound, somehow got down to the first floor to the Five Spice Cafe for help. She said she and her client had been shot.

Randy Dashnow, the clerk at the Cumberland Farms store where Roland turned himself in, said he thought Roland was a customer in a hurry to buy gas when he rushed in about 5 p.m.

"He bucked his way up to the front of the counter," Dashnow said. "He said, 'I'd like to turn myself in.'

"I asked, for what. He said, 'I'm the one who shot those two people." "He said, 'I'm a Vietnam vet. I had a flashback. I shot those two people.' Then he said, 'Would you take my revolver?"

Police arrived a short time later and arrested Roland. He is being held at the Chittenden Community Correctional Facility.

Gunman shoots 2 women



Alison S. Granucci of Charlotte is taken to an ambulance after being shot Saturday in Burlington.

gun. Dashnow complied.

to get out of it," Dashnow said.

Suspect surrenders in store, asks employee to disarm him

By Robert Getz Free Press Staff Writer

Randy Dashnow thought the customer was in a rush to buy gas for his car.

He pushed himself to the front of the line about 5 p.m. Saturday at the Cumberland Farms store at 454 Riverside Ave., past 10 customers holding milk and bread and other staples.

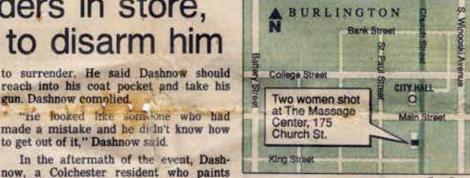
But the shaking man told Dashnow. 32, that he was a former Vietnam War veteran who'd suffered a flashback, shot two women and wanted



DASHNOW

now, a Colchester resident who paints houses and has worked at the store for a month and a half, recounted the story of a night that brought him face-to-face with the man whom police later identified as Keith Roland, 35, address unknown.

"He came into the store," Dashnow said. "There was a line of about 10 people in the store. He bucked his way up to the front of the counter. He said, 'I'd like to turn myself in."



"I said, 'For what?' He said, 'I'm the one who shot those two people.' And I said, 'What two people?' And he said, 'Haven't you been listening to the radio?' And I said no."

Burlington police said Roland shot 32year-old Alison Garnucci of Charlotte, an employee at The Massage Center, 175 Turn to SUSPECT, back page

Victims listed in critical condition

By Kathryn Haralambous Free Press Staff Writer

A man who arrived Saturday in downtown Burlington and went looking for someone to rob shot a real estate office manager and her masseuse then became repentant and surrendered at a convenience store about two miles away, authorities said.

Keith Roland, 35, was arrested shortly after 5 p.m. at the Cumberland Farms on Riverside Avenue. Police charged him with two counts of attempted murder and one of assault and robbery.

He was to be held overnight at the Chittenden Community Correctional Center in South Burlington, with arraignment expected Monday.

The women were listed in critical condition late Saturday at the Medical Center Hospital of Vermont. They were shot at The Massage Center, 175 Church St., upstairs from the Five Spice Cafe and the Professional Self Defense Institute, a karate studio.



Masseuse Alison S. Granucci, 32, of Charlotte, was shot in the head and her client, Nancy L. Watkin, 41, of Williston, manager of South Burlington real estate agency Farnham Associates, was shot in the head and back.

Watkin was the longtime director of the defunct Main Street Dance Theater in

Shortly before 4:30 p.m., Granucci was giving Watkin, a friend, a massage, Burlington Detective Bureau Cmdr. John Sonnick said. The center was closed.

Roland went upstairs, knocked on the door and asked Granucci for a massage. When Granucci told him to come back during business hours, Roland became insistant, Sonnick said. Granucci repeated he should come back when the business

"However he was very persistent and asked to have a (business) card so he could call." When Granucci opened the door, Roland robbed the women at gunpoint, then shot them and fled, Sonnick

"He came to Burlington today," Sonnick said of Roland. "We're trying to pinpoint how he arrrived."

Turn to GUNMAN, back page

Gunman shoots two women

From page 1A

Bea Bookchin, one of The Massage Center's founders, said the women gave Roland \$70. Sonnick would not confirm this.

Bookchin, who works at the center, said she spoke with Granucci at the Medical Center Hospital of Vermont.

Roland had just gotten off a bus, Bookchin said.

"When he spoke to them (the two women) he said he got out of prison and said he wasn't afraid to use the gun. He just wandered in off the street."

Witnesses said that after the shootings a bleeding Granucci went downstairs to the Five Spice Cafe, said she and her client had been shot and asked the staff to call the police.

"We just heard some rumbling around up there, like there was somebody wrestling around up there or maybe running through the building," said Steve Shover, chief instructor at the self-defense school.

He soon saw police in front of the building, across Main Street and a few doors south of City Hall.

While bystanders milled around in the cold, the women were taken downstairs on stretchers and to the hospital. Roland was taken into custody about a half-hour later when he walked into the Cumberland Farms and surrendered to the store clerk.

"Alison is a very highly respected massage practitioner in the community," said Eva Simon, who has a downtown Burlington massage practice. "It's shocking and very scary. Definitely scary."

"She's a pretty brilliant massage worker. She teaches massage classes and she has many students," Bookchin said.

"Alison's wonderful," added Walter Zeichner, a friend of Granucci's and a Burlington psychotherapist and masseur.

"She's a dancer. She's been very involved in creative movement as a means of healing. In the last six months or so she began to teach different kinds of body work through The Massage Center."

The center was the first of its kind in Vermont when Bookchin and two others formed it in 1976.

"Their reputation is impeccable," said Zeichner, who refers his students there. "I've sent clients there when I couldn't see them."

Granucci has worked there a number of years, Zeichner said. "We're friends. We used to exchange massages every week."

"I can't believe it. It's just amazing," Simon said.

Police were trying to confirm Saturday night whether Roland had a criminal port.

record and had served time. They also will investigate how Roland got to the convenience store.

The incident came during a winter that has seen numerous acts of violence against women in the area.

Jan. 29, Robert E. Mayo Jr. of Rutland, out on \$1,000 bail on a rape charge, forced his accuser into a car and rammed it into a tree in Pittsford, in what police called a murder-suicide. Cynthia Thow had told police Mayo had beaten her for months before the alleged rape and had a relief-from-abuse order out on him.

Jan. 30, Darren Couture, 24, allegedly shot Charles Ducharme, 23, in the Drew Street home of Couture's estranged wife. The woman had obtained three court orders to keep Couture away.

The following day, Arthur E. Passino, 24, of Enosburg was charged with first-degree murder for the rape and strangulation of his neighbor, Shirley J. LeClerk, 30

Dozens of protesters marched in Burlington Jan. 27 against a lack of response to alleged violence against women at The Outback — a bar two blocks from The Massage Center. Two unidentified women claimed they were thrown out of the bar Nov. 22 when they rejected a male patron's sexual overtures. Conflicting reports were made but dozens of women claim the incident was violence against women.

And Dec. 6, a Montreal gunman walked into Canada's largest engineering school screaming he was looking for women. His hunt-like spree left 14 female students dead and the city of Montreal in shock.

Saturday's shootings "had the same flavor" as the Montreal killings Zeichner said.

But Bookchin said she thought otherwise.

"He (Roland) was just interested in getting money and in finding places that he could get money. He asked if there were other places in the building he could get money. I don't think it was necessarily a crime against women."

Whatever the motive, Saturday's shootings left Burlington's massage community in shock.

"I feel like all the practitioners need to get together," Zeichner said. "Talk about vulnerability. It makes me feel like everybody has to have a security guard at their office. My guess is it's some nut. (That) it has nothing to do with Alison and the client."

Robert Getz contributed to this report.

Suspect surrenders in store

From page 1A

Church St. in Burlington, and her client, Nancy L. Watkin, 41, of Williston. Both were listed in critical condition at Medical Center Hospital of Vermont late Saturday.

Dashnow described the man as about 5feet 10 inches tall, 200 pounds, bearded, with shoulder-length brown hair and wearing glasses and a jean jacket bearing a Harley-Davidson logo.

At the man's prompting, Dashnow went to the store's pay phone and dialed 911. A dispatcher answered. He told her that a man who said he had shot two people wanted to turn himself in.

"She said, 'Is he carrying a firearm?' And I said, 'I don't know.' She said, 'We're on our way.'

"So I went back to him and said, 'Are you still carrying a firearm?' He said yes. I said, 'Would everybody please leave the store immediately?' Everybody dropped their packages and everything, and I shuttled them out the door. And I went out behind them."

He went back in the store when the man started to look "panicky," he said.

"He said, 'I'm a Vietnam vet. I had a flashback. I shot those two people.' Then he said, 'Would you take my revolver?' I said, 'I'd rather not.'

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"He said, 'I'm afraid for my safety. If

the police come in here while I have the gun on me they might shoot.' He said, 'Please take the gun.'

"I said, 'I will take the gun, but I don't want you changing your mind halfway through this.' He turned his head, flipped open his coat."

Dashnow said he was scared, but reached in. The revolver was in a pocket sewn into the inside of the jacket. Dashnow grabbed the gun and set it on the counter.

"I can't remember exactly what happened from there, but after that the cops started to pull in. He was getting a little fidgety. I was between him and the revolver, so I took the revolver off the counter and opened up the door and yelled to one officer, 'I've got the gun.'
"He's unarmed.'

A second officer pulled in and, unaware of what was under way, drew his revolver, Dashnow said. "I said, 'Whoa, whoa, whoa — it's not me.' I put the revolver on the ground."

After police took the man away, Dashnow found he had left \$2 on the counter. "I gave that to the police since he never made his purchase."

Cmdr. John Sonnick said, "He did an admirable job under the circumstances in dealing with the man, in being very patient and very calm and subsequently notifying us."

Suspect pleads innocent

From page 1A

stated that the .38-caliber handgun police said Roland used was an automatic.

Authorities don't know who Roland was referring to, Sonnick said.

He bought the .38-caliber handgun in Arizona, where there are no gun laws, Yuma Police Department officer Jan Schmidt said.

When Roland took a cab from the Vermont Pub and Brewery at 4:51 p.m. Saturday, he was "very calm and quiet when he walked really normally out of the bar," cab driver Chris Rickert said. "I knew he was from out of town because he asked to go to the Hilton," Rickert said. Roland then said he wanted to go to Montreal "for a night out on the town." But when he found it would cost \$132 he asked to be taken to St. Albans and produced a \$50 bill.

As Rickert drove to the Riverside Avenue Cumberland Farms to make change, dispatcher Bobbie Merchant radioed a police description of the assailant to the taxi fleet.

"I pulled myself up on the wheel and looked in the mirror and said, 'Is that you?'" Rickert said. "He said, 'Yes ...'

Rickert, a South Burlington native, said he stood in line waiting to alert his friend, convenience store clerk Randy Dashnow. But Roland inched behind him and told Dashnow he was a Vietnam veteran who had just shot two people and wanted to surrender.

The experience left Rickert shaking.

"It was a pretty hairy night,"
Merchant added. "Police have
called us before, but it's never
happened that we had who they
were looking for."

Roland also told police he served in Vietnam, but authorities do not know why Roland made that claim. He was discharged from the U.S. Marine Corps in 1973 after being absent without leave.

Roland, an unemployed mechanic on Social Security disability, left San Diego, Calif., where he lived for the past three months, for Burlington last week. His elderly mother



GRANUCCI

told police he would often go on trips but had never been to the East Coast. He arrived in town on a 3:35 p.m. bus Saturday.

Authorities were still trying to piece together Roland's past and any criminal record Tuesday. Murnane said they've found warrants for his arrest in Tennessee and Kansas for the time he was AWOL as a Marine.

They have learned he was a native of Nebraska who lived in Yuma for four years, according to court records. Since January he lived at the downtown San Diego Plaza Hotel on the nights he could afford the \$16 to \$28 rooms, clerk, Chris Scatolini said. On other nights Roland slept on the street, Scatolini said.

Roland checked out Tuesday, the day he bought a bus ticket to Burlington, police said.

A dozen of Granucci's and Watkin's friends attended Roland's 10minute arraignment.

Friends also have set up a fund to help with their hospital bills. Donations may be sent to: Friends of Alison and Nancy, care of P.O. Box 923, Burlington 05402.

Watkin is the manager of Farnham Associates, a real estate agency. She directed the now-defunct Main Steet Dance Theater. Watkin's husband died in September. She has a 2-year-old son.

Granucci, a highly regarded massage teacher, hopes to be home by the weekend, said her husband, Harry Grabenstein.

"Alison really believes the support out there has already helped in the healing process," he said.

82 SO. WINOOSKI AVE. BURLINGTON, VT 05401

35 cents. four news sections



Burlington Free Press

February 20, 1990

DET. MICHAEL A. VERRO

BURLINGTON POLICE DEPARTMENT

TO PROTECT AND SERVE

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Suspect pleads innocent in 2 shootings

Women shot while on floor, police say

By Kathryn Haralambous Free Press Staff Writer

Keith D. Roland made two women lie face down on the floor before shooting them through a pillow to muffle the noise, police said Tuesday.

Roland, 35, who pleaded innocent Tuesday to attempted murder and armed robbery charges in District Court, also made death threats against unspecified people while in custody this week, authorities said.

He remained in a state jail for lack of \$200,000 bail. Burlington police have accused Roland of stealing \$70 and shooting money, police said Roland made Alison S. Granucci and Nancy L. the women lie face down on the

Watkin at 4:30 p.m. Saturday at floor and paced around them, The Massage Center, 175 Church asked where their cars were and St., where Granucci had been giving her friend Watkin a mas-

If convicted, Roland faces a maximum 80-year sentence. Chittenden County State's Attorney William H. Sorrell said.

Roland, who came to court in a black Harley Davidson T-shirt, sat quietly and spoke only briefly with public defender Bradley S. Stetler, who said his client had nothing to say.

Police said Roland came to The Massage Center on Saturday and insisted that Granucci open the door so he could make an appointment.

When she opened the door, Roland drew the gun and said "I just got out of prison, and I'm not afraid to use it," police said.

After Granucci gave him the

told them he had to get "out of this town," Detective Michael Verro said.

Roland then shot at the women five times, muffling the sound with a pillow, police said. Watkin was hit twice, Granucci once.

He then went across City Hall Park to the Vermont Pub and Brewery, where he called Yellow Cab Co.

Watkin, 41, of Williston was moved out of intensive care Tuesday at the Medical Center Hospital of Vermont and was listed in fair condition. She had a bullet removed from between her skull and brain. The second bullet entered her back and exited her chest.

Granucci, 32, of Charlotte talked with reporters and said she was recuperating and in good condition Tuesday af-

Granucci, who had surgery to remove bullet fragments from her skull, picked Roland's picture out of a photograph lineup. Burlington Detective Bureau Cmdr. John Sonnick said.

"It's a very strong case from the state's point," Chief Deputy State's Attorney Janet C. Murnane said. "He incriminated himself several times."

At Tuesday's arraignment before Judge Alan W. Cook, Murnane sought a \$300,000 bail because Roland spent less than an hour in town before the shooting and then tried to flee the country.

Murnane said Roland told a Chittenden Community Correctional Center guard: "I'm going to kill them all when I get out of jail," after Roland read Tuesday's edition of The Burlington Free Press, which incorrectly

Turn to SUSPECT. 3A



MARK SASAHARA, Free Press

Keith Roland stands after his arraignment in Vermont District Court Burlington on Tuesday on charges of attempted murder and armed robbery.

Police probe suspect's background

From page 1A

Bookchin said. A second bullet entered her back and exited her chest. She was in fair condition in intensive care Monday.

Roland is in the Chittenden Community Correctional Center in lieu of \$60,000 bail, awaiting arraignment this morning

in Vermont District Court on two counts each of attempted murder and armed robbery with intent to cause bodily harm.

Police Chief Kevin Scully said he thinks Roland went for a drink at a downtown bar after shooting Granucci and Watkin.



ROLAND

Roland called a Yellow Cab from the bar. Scully said, but Scully would not say where he asked to go.

While Roland was in the cab, a taxi dispatcher radioed the driver about the shootings and described the suspect.

"The driver took a look in the rear view mirror. He asked (Roland) if he was the person (police were looking for). He simply responded, 'Yes,' "Scully said.

The driver pulled into the Riverside Avenue Cumberland Farms to call police but Roland beat him to it. Roland pushed to the front of the checkout line and told clerk Randy Dashnow to take his gun. He wanted to surrender.

Although Roland told Dashnow that he was a Vietnam veteran who had just shot two people after having a flashback, police said after talking to Roland they don't think he served in Vietnam.

"We still have to confirm that with military authorities," Burlington Detective Bureau Cmdr. John Sonnick said.

Authorities do not know why Roland made the claim, Scully said. What they do know is that Roland was discharged from the U.S. Marine Corps in 1973.

His mother, Virginia Roland of San Diego, refused to speak with a reporter Monday. "I'm not available because I don't know what it's all about and I'm not there to voice my opinion," she said.

Monday, authorities said the pieces of Roland's background were coming together slowly because federal offices were closed for Presidents Day.

Mrs. Roland told Burlington authorities her son would go on trips but had never been to the East Coast. "He has been to different states and different cities and we are going to check on all of them," Scully said.

Authorities have yet to determine whether Roland has been in jail or has a record, Scully said, although Roland told his victims he had been in jail and was not afraid to use his gun.

There were no active warrants for Roland's arrest, Scully said.

The randomness of Saturday's incident has stunned the women's friends and coworkers as well as Vermont authorities.

"It's not clear to us if he at any time sat down and said, 'I want to go to Burlington, Vt.,' and pinpointed Burlington, Vt., on a map," Scully said. "There is a certain element of randomness involved."

The governor, after visiting Granucci at MCHV, called the shootings "a senseless act of violence. This is the kind of thing that shakes the community — the fact that it was so random," she said.

Kunin said Granucci told her she'd be released from the hospital in about a week. Kunin said she knew Granucci and Watkin, who was not well enough to have visitors, but they were not close friends.

Granucci lives in Charlotte with her husband. Her clients and friends said she is a highly respected massage professional, healer and teacher. Like Watkin. Granucci is active in local dance.

Watkin directed the now-defunct Main Steet Dance Theater and is manager of the South Burlington real estate agency Farnham Associates. Watkin's husband died in September. She lives in Williston with her 2-year-old son.

The women's friends, clients and business associates are concerned about their future finances, said real estate broker Richard Feeley, Granucci's client.

"Both of them have the kinds of jobs that you can do only if you are healthy and can make your appointments," added Mary Ann Ficociello, a friend and former student of both women.

Friends have set up a fund for the women. Donations may be sent to: Friends of Alison and Nancy, c/o P.O. Box 923, Burlington, Vt. 05402.

Shooting victim left with hearing, vision damage food to be sold at the benefit.

By Kathryn Van Sant Free Press Staff Writer

One of the two women shot in February at a downtown Burlington massage center has permanent hearing and vision

Nancy Watkin, a 41-year-old real estate agent from Williston, has permanent 30 percent hearing loss and partial vision loss in both eyes, according to Mark Koenigsberg, one of those now organizing a benefit for Watkin and Alison Granucci.

"She can't drive and cannot read any more than a word at a time," Koenigsberg said. "She's making good progress in other ways, and healing.

Granucci, 32, of Charlotte, also was wounded in the shooting. She has since retuned to work part-time as a massage therapist.

A benefit concert is planned for June 1 to raise money for the medical bills of the two women, who police say were shot in the head Feb. 17 by an unemployed drifter with a histo-

ry of psychiatric hospitalizations

"Friends Celebrating Life" will begin at 8 p.m. at the Flynn Theatre. It will feature raffle prizes and three bands, including Kilimanjaro, traditional Japa-



WATKIN

neze drumming and area jazz musicians Dave Grippo and Joseph Sommerville.

Benefit tickets

"Friends Celebrating Life," a

Granucci and Nancy Watkin, begins

office, University of Vermont Cam-

pus Ticket Store, Pure Pop Records

night of dance and music to help

Theatre. Tickets are \$10, \$15 and

\$20, available at the Flynn box

and Montpelier's Buch Spieler.

pay the medical bills of Alison

at 8 p.m. June 1 at the Flynn

Deja Vu Cafe, Champlain Chocolates and other area businesses are donating Donations to the "Friends of Alison

and Nancy" fund have reached \$20,000. The fund was formed, its organizers said because Vermont is one of a handful of states without a victims compensation fund.

Contributions may be sent to "Friends of Alison and Nancy," P.O. Box 923, Burlington, Vt. 05402.

Keith Roland, 35, has pleaded innocent to two counts each of attempted murder and armed robbery.

Police allege that he stepped off a bus in Burlington and about an hour robbed and shot the women at the Massage Center, on lower Church Street. The business has since moved.

Police probe shooting suspect's background

By Kathryn Haralambous Free Press Staff Writer

Keith Roland could have gone

The 35-year-old unemployed mechanic often told his elderly mother he was leaving San Diego for a trip, police said.

He'd gone to many cities in the

West. Eventually, his mother said, he would come back.

A week ago today, police said, Roland bought a bus ticket for Burlington. Within an hour of getting off the Vermont Transit bus from Boston at 3:35 p.m. Saturday, auautomatic handgun and shot two of The Massage Center, the Church

women in the back of the head at a Street business where police said massage business a block from the bus stop. He took \$70, police said.

Alison S. Granucci, 32, walked a bit Monday at the Medical Center Hospital of Vermont after surgery to remove bullet fragments from thorities said he drew a .38-caliber her skull, said Bea Bookchin, owner

the shootings and robbery occurred. Gov. Madeleine Kunin visited Granucci to offer her moral support.

Granucci's friend and client. Nancy L. Watkin, 41, who had a bullet removed from between her skull and brain, sat up Monday, Turn to POLICE, back page WATKIN



Victims recovering; describe shooting to friends

San Diego man held on bail

By Kathryn Haralambous Free Press Staff Writer

Authorities are piecing together information on a former U.S. Marine who police say shot two women at a massage business less than an Vermont Transit bus from Boston on Saturday.

"There's a whole lot of leads we have to put together." Burlington Detective Bureau Cmdr. John Sonnick said. Police want to find out what brought Keith Roland, 35, of San Diego, Calif., to Burlington.

Masseuse Alison S. Granucci, 32, of Charlotte was in serious condition hour after he got off a 3:35 p.m. at Medical Center Hospital of Ver-

Victim advocates react, 16A

mont with a bullet wound to the head. Her client, Nancy L. Watkin, 41, of Williston, manager of a South Burlington real estate agency, was in fair condition. Watkin also has a head wound. Another bullet went through her back and exited her

Roland, 35, is being held at the

Chittenden Community Correctional Center for lack of \$50,000 bail on two counts of attempted murder and \$10,000 on one count of assault and robbery. He is scheduled to be arraigned Tuesday. He allegedly shot the two women at The Massage Center, a business established in 1976 at 175 Church St., where Granucci works.

Bone fragments were removed from Granucci's head, said Bea Turn to VICTIMS, back page ROLAND



425 Vermonters attend benefit for shooting victims

By Michael Allen Free Press Staff Writer

Alison S. Granucci and Nancy L. Watkin's friendship, which started when they were dancers 15 years ago, has been strengthened by the near-fatal tragedy they shared.

Friday night they stood side by side and held hands as performers in the local arts community entertained 425 people at Flynn Theatre in Burlington during a benefit to help the two women cope with the lost wages and medical bills they have faced since they were each shot in the head 81/2 months ago.

Shortly before 4:30 p.m. Feb. 17, a man argued his way into the Massage Center on Church Street, then robbed the women of \$70. Before he left, he shot Granucci, a masseuse, and Watkin, a real estate agent, in the back of the head.

Police have charged Keith Roland with attempted murder in the case. They

said he arrived in Burlington just before the shootings via a bus from Boston. The bus station is a block from where the Massage Center was located at the time.

Granucci and Watkin are tallying up the costs they have incurred from the incident and face the prospect of more surgery later this year to put plates in their skulls to protect their brains. It is unclear how much was raised from the benefit Friday. Tickets sold for \$10, \$15

Mark Koenigsberg, one of the coordinators for the benefit and a member of "Friends of Alison and Nancy," formed in the wake of the shooting, said the group's goal was to raise \$50,000 through projects and donations. He said \$22,000 had been

Granucci, 32, said words were not enough to express her feelings about the turnout Friday and the outpouring of support the women received from the



Nancy Watkin, right, and Alison Granucci attend a benefit Turn to VERMONTERS, 9B Friday night at Flynn Theatre in Burlington.

Victims recovering from shooting

From page 1A

Bookchin, who works at The Massage Center and who visited Granucci at the hospital. "She's all right. Nancy's surgery was more complicated because the bullet was lodged between her skull and her brain."

Chuck LaHaie, who has been friends with both women for years, visited them Sunday afternoon. "Nancy's in a lot of pain because they're not allowing her to have too much sedation since they want to keep track of her neurological functions," he said.

"Nancy said something to the effect that she couldn't believe it when it was happening since it was so horrible," La-Haie said.

Roland's most recent address was 4th Street and Broadway in San Diego, Calif., Sonnick said.

Shortly before 4:30 p.m. Saturday, Roland knocked on the locked door at the massage business and insisted that he get a massage. Granucci repeatedly told him the business was closed. Sonnick said Roland robbed and shot the women after Granucci opened the door to give him a business card he demanded so he could call during business hours.

He then ran out and called a taxi, which took him to the Riverside Avenue Cumberland Farms, Sonnick said.

Police are checking whether Roland has a criminal record in California. Bookchin said the victims told her that Roland took \$70 and told them that he had been in prison and was not afraid to shoot.

Police would not say how much money Roland allegedly took, what caliber handgun he used or how many shots he fired. Roland bought the gun "out West," Sonnick said, but would not elaborate.

Roland surrendered to a clerk at the Cumberland Farms store at 454 Riverside Ave. at 5:30 p.m. He told the clerk he was flashback and shot two people.

Sonnick said Roland served in the U.S. psychotherapist, said.

Marines Corps but could not confirm whether Roland had fought in Vietnam.

Although Saturday's shooting thrus the two women into the limelight, botl were already widely known and respected - Granucci within Burlington's massage community and Watkin in the dance and business world.

In a 1981 interview. Watkin told The Burlington Free Press, "I'd rather be happy than famous. I love Burlington and the people here."

Watkin, a choreographer, directed the now-defunct Main Steet Dance Theater, a Burlington dance company, for nearly all its nine years. She has taught dance, served on the board of directors of First Night and worked for the Vermont Council on the Arts.

Watkin has a 2-year-old son, Alexander D. Brousseau. Her husband, Edward S. Brousseau, a drug and alcohol abuse counselor for Howard Mental Health, died Sept. 21.

"It hasn't been easy for her for the past six months," LaHaie said.

First Night director Toni Lisman said "Nancy's absolutely amazing. There isn't anything she hasn't done."

Farnham Associates broker Susan C. Fisher said "She has the absolute respect of the real estate community." Watkir managed that office. Fisher called Wat kin's home at 7:30 a.m. Sunday to confirm a 9:15 appointment they had that morning with clients. Instead she reached Watkin's weeping mother, who told her of the

"I was showing property (Sunday) and every agent and every broker asked me how she was," Fisher said. "They were visibly shaken. People were crying."

Granucci lives in Charlotte with her husband. Her colleagues and friends describe her as a highly motivated massage teacher, healer and dancer.

"She's been very involved in creative a Vietnam veteran who had just had a movement as a means of healing," Walter Zeichner, a massage practitioner and

Fund-raising drive for shooting victims ends

Project reaches \$15,000 goal

By Kathryn Van Sant Free Press Staff Writer

A fund-raising drive to help pay for the medical expenses of two women shot last month in Burlington was suspended Thursday after reaching its \$15,000 goal, a friend of the women said.

About 300 people from Connecticut, Massachusetts and Vermont helped to raise the money about the future and astonished at fund, a state worker who helps

and Nancy Watkin of Williston, said Richard Feeley, one of the "Friends of Alison and Nancy"

Police said Watkin, a real estate agent, was getting a massage Feb. 17 at Granucci's Burlington business when a drifter robbed them of \$70 and shot them in the head. Both women were released from Medical Center Hospital of Vermont after surgery and are problems, he added.

"They both sound great," Feeley said. "They're both excited

for Alison Granucci of Charlotte the amount of support the commu- crime victims said. nity has given them."

> Donations, which began coming in Feb. 20, ranged from \$1 to

> "Both of these women feel strongly from an ethical standpoint about raising money beyond what their needs are," Feeley said. But the fund might be reactivated sometime because Watkin is having vision and hearing

> Granucci and Watkin are prime examples of why Vermont needs a victims compensation

Vermont is one of four states without such a fund. Addison County Victim Assistant Gale Fenn said. And it is also a state with an estimated 31,000 uninsured residents.

On Monday in Middlebury. Fenn will give Gov. Madeleine M. Kunin a petition endorsing a proposed law, H.202, signed by about 100 Addison and Rutland county residents. The bill would establish a victims compensation fund to pay for medical bills not covered by insurance, and for counseling

That is what the \$15,000 that the "Friends of Alison and Nancy" fund raised will go to, said Mary Ann Ficociello, another friend helping the two women.

"Very often victims of violent crimes, like these women, have real serious trauma that require therapy," Fenn said. "And if a defendant is found guilty and is going to jail, restitution is not ordered. But in many cases the assailant is never found."

If the bill passes, a \$5 fee paid by convicted criminals and those with traffic tickets would be increased to \$10 - \$5 for a victims

compensation fund and the \$5 that now goes to the state's General Fund for the Victim Assistance Program.

The original \$5 was designed to go directly to the assistance program but instead goes into the General Fund, where victim advocates "fight for every penny." Fenn said.

The additional \$5 surcharge would produce about \$450,000 a year, and the federal government would reimburse the state for 40 percent of the cost, Fenn said.

Injured women face anxiety, fear, victims advocate says

By Kathryn Haralambous Free Press Staff Writer

Alison Granucci and Nancy Watkin face a difficult healing process when they are released from Medical Center Hospital of Vermont, a state official who works with crime vicitims said.

The two women were shot during a robbery at Granucci's downtown Burlington massage practice Saturday afternoon.

Because they were the victims of a violent crime they will have a slow adjustment to normal life, Doris Clayton-Viens, Chittenden County victim advocate, said.

"These women will fear being alone, fear for their safety, have flashbacks of the incident, have trouble eating, trouble sleeping and intense anxiety," Clayton-Viens said.

But because Vermont is one of about five states without a victim compensation program, Granucci and Watkin may also face an additional uphill battle, Clayton-Viens said.

"Both of these women are going to have high hospital bills," she said. "This is the exact situation that victim compensation could be used for. We've been trying to push a bill for years."

financial loss caused by the crimes against them, victims are rarely reimbursed because assailants usually don't have the money, Clayton-Viens said.

Although advocates help them tally

Another problem is that the Vermont Victim Assistance Program - funded through \$5 surcharges tacked onto criminal convictions and traffic tickets - does not give any money to victims.

Under a 1986 proposal, the money -\$430,000 per year — would go directly toward salaries, administrative costs and police training programs. Instead the money goes in the state General Fund "where we have to fight for every penny we get," Gail Fenn, Addison County victim assistant, said.

To help ease victims' financial crunch, Clayton-Viens formed Chittenden County Crime Victims Assistance Fund in 1986, a non-profit corporation, to meet short term needs - such as helping an elderly man buy the glasses his assailant coulnot replace and giving a few night's fre lodging to the displaced family of

The group raises about \$1,000 a year To make a donation, call Clayton-Viens a

\$6,000 raised for shooting victims

By Kathryn Van Sant Free Press Staff Writer

Two women shot earlier this month are healing as friends and strangers try to ease the financial burden the two will face in a state without a victim compensation fund.

About 130 people have donated \$6,000 since The Burlington Free Press wrote Feb. 20 about a fund that a dozen friends and associates from Burlington's dance, massage, and real estate communities put together to help Alison S. Granucci and Nancy L. Watkin recuperate, one of the organizers said Tuesday.

Most of the money is from Chittenden County,

Richard Feeley said. "There's the occasional South Hero, Island Pond, Morrisville and one from Deerfield, Mass. The donations have been anywhere from a dollar to \$500."

Because Vermont is one of a handful of states without a victim compensation program, the women's friends said they were worried.

"If it wasn't for the fact that these women have given so much to the community when they were healthy ... I don't know what would happen," Mary Ann Ficociello said.

"Here you have people with a lot of friends and reasonably good health insurance, but because of this random act of violence, it's still

going to cost them a lot of money," Feeley said. 'What happens to some person who doesn't know a lot of people and doesn't have good coverage?"

The women's friends hope to raise \$15,000 to pay for the 20 percent of medical expenses that insurance won't cover and to replace lost income.

"Alison has absolutely no disability policy and thinks she may be out of work for four to six weeks," Ficociello said. "Nancy has a disabilty policy fortunately, but she has to be out of work for 90 days" before it takes effect.

Victim advocates "always ask for restitution. and it's usually ordered by the court but Turn to FUNDS, 3B



WATKIN

Funds collected by friends of Burlington shooting victims

From page 1B

the reality of collecting is a nightmare," said Doris Clayton-Viens. the Chittenden County victim advocate. She added that she would help the women draft Victim Impact Statements — listing lost wages, property damage and medical expenses.

Although judges take the document into consideration at sentencing, they can only order restitution if the defendant is able to pay — and defendants heading to jail are not required to do so.

To help ease victims' financial crunch, Clayton-Viens formed the Chittenden County Crime Victims Assistance Fund. To donate people may call her at 863-2865.

Donations may also be sent to Friends of Alison and Nancy, P.O. Box 923, Burlington 05402.

Granucci, 32, of Charlotte, said

she left Medical Center Hospital of Vermont on Friday and is doing well. Watkin, 41, of Williston was in good condition Tuesday.

Police said Keith Roland, 35, got off the bus in Burlington at 3:35 p.m. Feb. 17 and within an hour had robbed and shot the women in the head at The Massage Center at 175 Church St., where Granucci was giving Watkin, a real estate agent and dancer, a massage. He allegedly took \$70, made the women lie facedown on the floor and shot at them five times through a pillow.

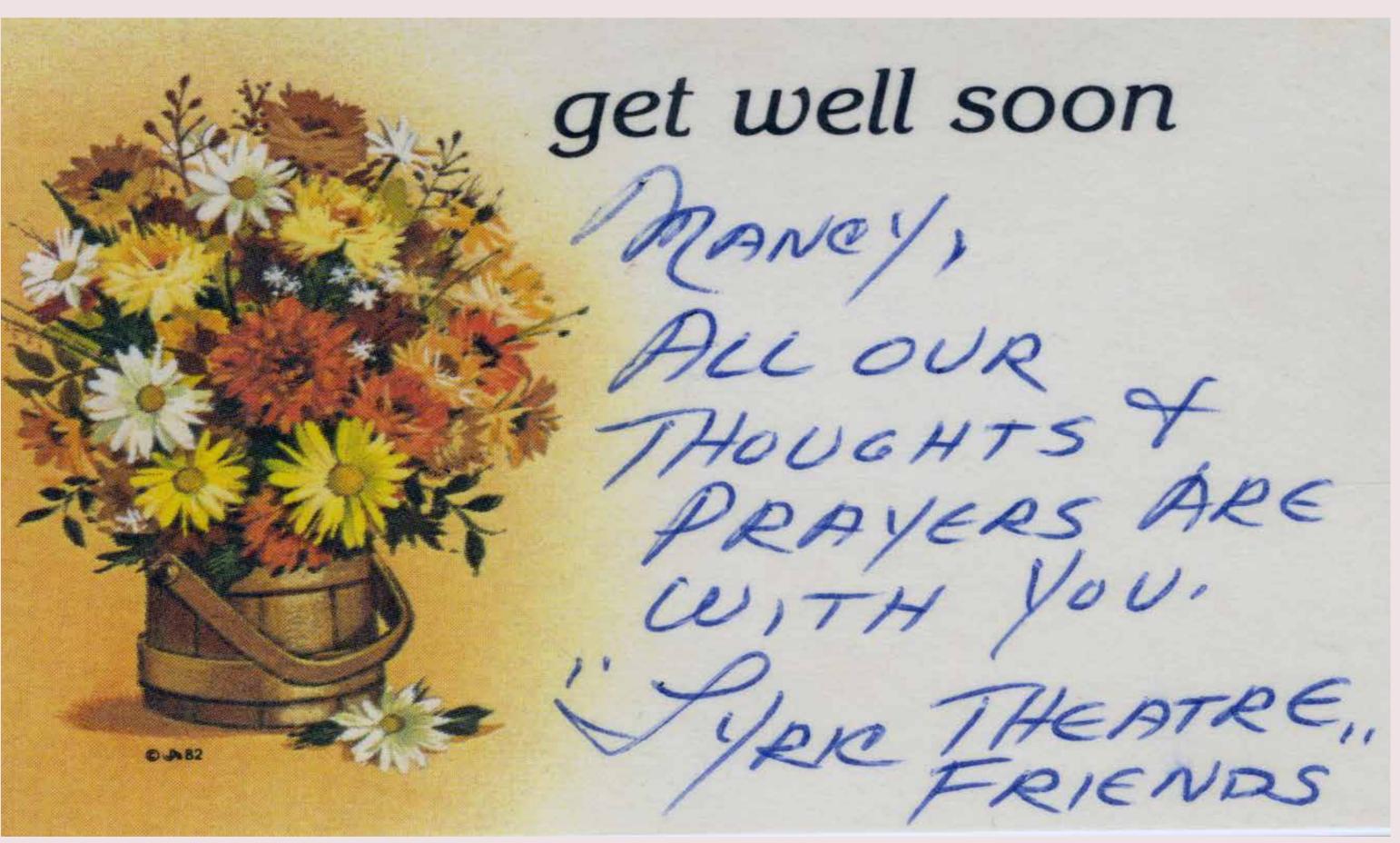
Roland pleaded innocent to two counts each of attempted murder and armed robbery with bodily injury resulting and was held for lack of \$200,000 bail.

Roland, who faces 80 years in jail, is at the Vermont State Hospital in Waterbury for a 60-day

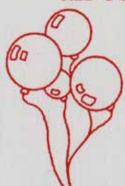
psychiatric evaluation to determine his mental state at the time of the shootings. A March 20 hearing is scheduled to determine his competency to stand trial.

Chittenden County State's Attorney William Sorrell said the "investigation into his background was largely put on hold because of dealing with (abortion protesters) last week. It's an unfortunate fact."

Flowers & Gifts



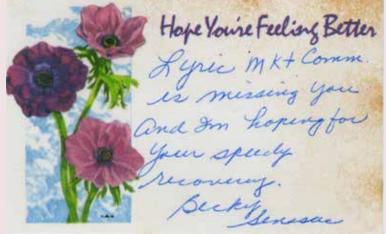
ALL OCCASION EXPRESS



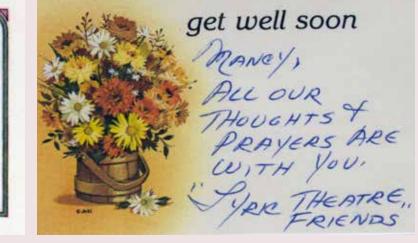
WE'RE ALL THINKING OF YOU!!!

Love,

The Lang Gang

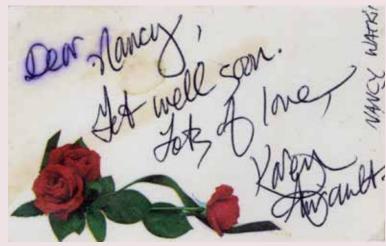








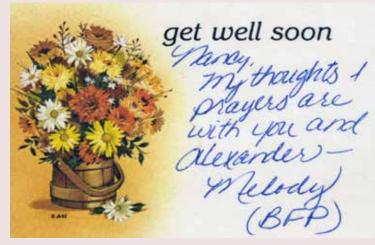


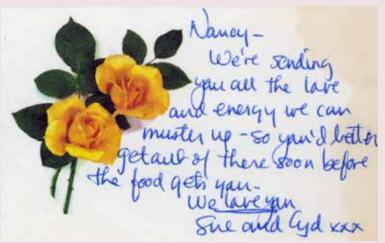


Love,



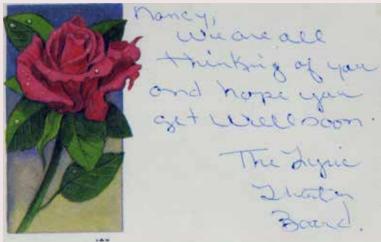


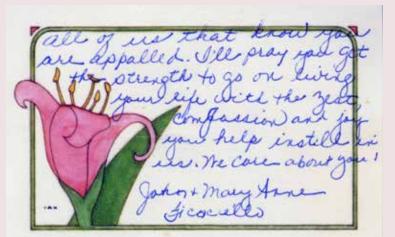




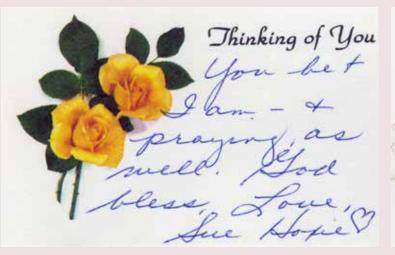




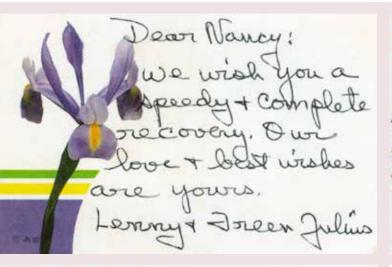






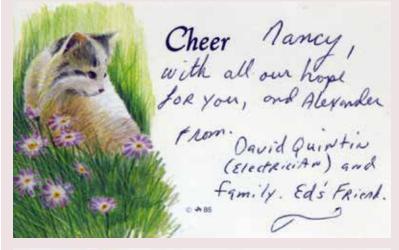


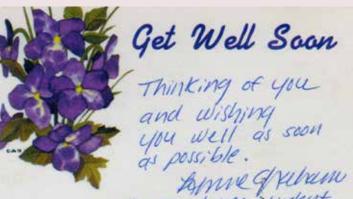






Jo Cheer You
Hang in there
Kiddo!
Get well soon
David, piane!
Benjamin Rome







Thinking of your every minute Tons of love,

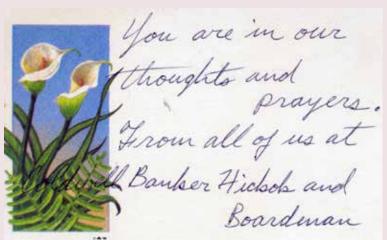
Jul

NEED ANYTHING.
YOU ARE SO SPECIAL!
LOW - Cyndie Secondi

NANCY,

I'M ALWAYS





(an "old" dance student

Dear Mancy:

We wish you a

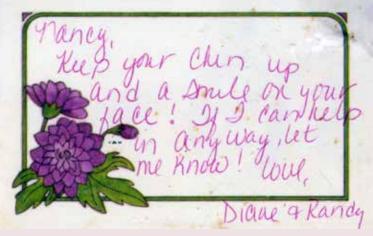
speedy + Complete

re covery. Owr

love + best wishes

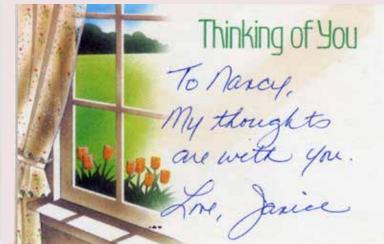
are yours.

Lerny + Freer Julius













GENUINE 4-Leaf Clover



May the "Luck of the Clover" bring you health, wealth and happiness all the days of the year!

(Legend on reverse side)

Dear Nancy Grenyone at the Flynn
gends lats of Love and wishes you at very very fast recovery - Philipsither

I gave blood today because I was thinking of you. Your blood needs were met by another caring donor. I, in turn, am offering my blood donation to replenish the supply for other patients who may need it.



American Red Cross American Red Cross Blood Services Vermont-New Hampshire Region

Daylight, I must want For the suncise I must think of A new life AND I MUSTIN GUEIN. When the DAWN comes, tombe will be A maney too, AND A NEW DAY WILL BELLIN I REMANDER the time I Know what happiness was LET the memory live Again. I love you whose, never give in,

Dear Nancy,

A WISH IN EACH FLOWER TO HOPE YOU'LL SOON BE WELL

> Sincerely, A former student + admirer of your dance

Chose this special card for you In hopes the wish it brings comes true. And to let you know without a doubt That you are often thought about!

HOPE YOU'RE BETTER SOON

DEAR NAWRY -HOPE YOU'RE Soon. TAKE IT SLOW -COUSIN GARY

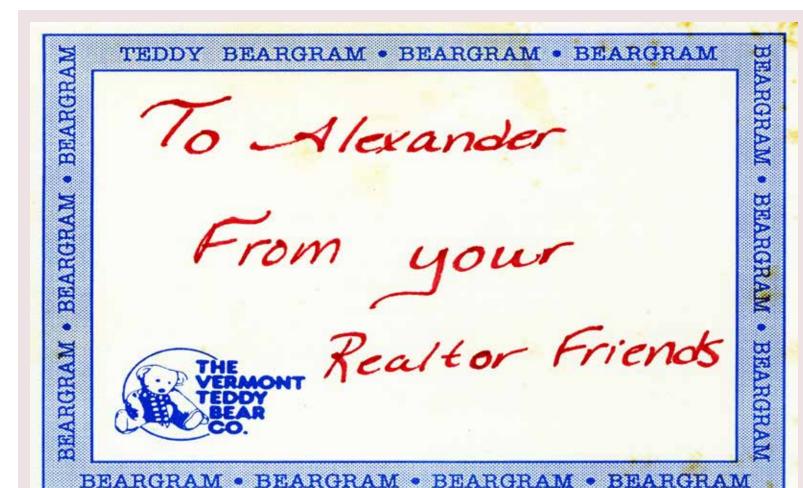
My Thoughts and prayers are with you. Hup up the good work, and I hope to ei you when I return. Susan Fisher

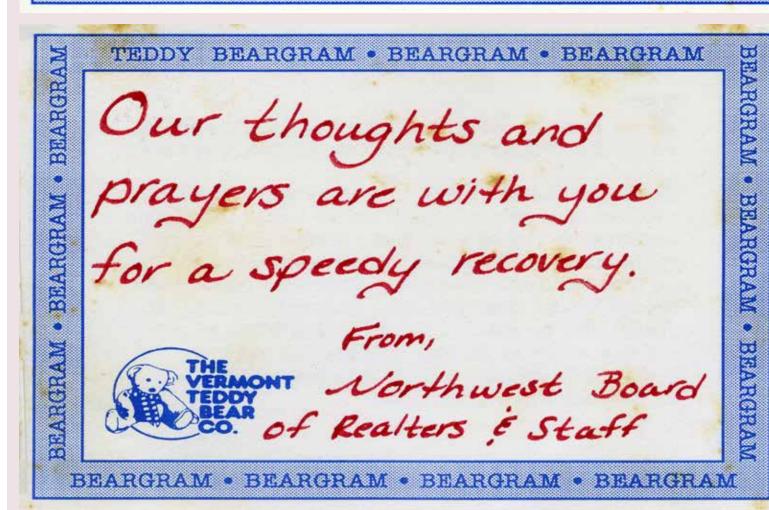
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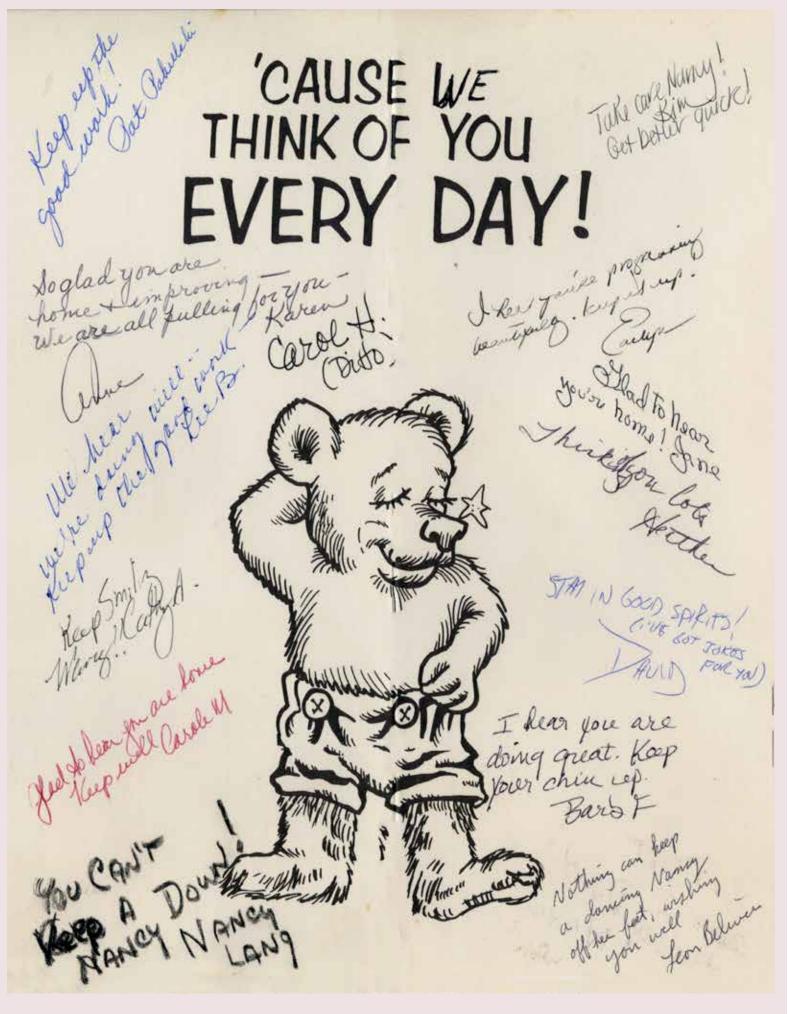
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2/20/90 Mancy. TOR YOU love, Jennifere BORTHWICK LESLIE



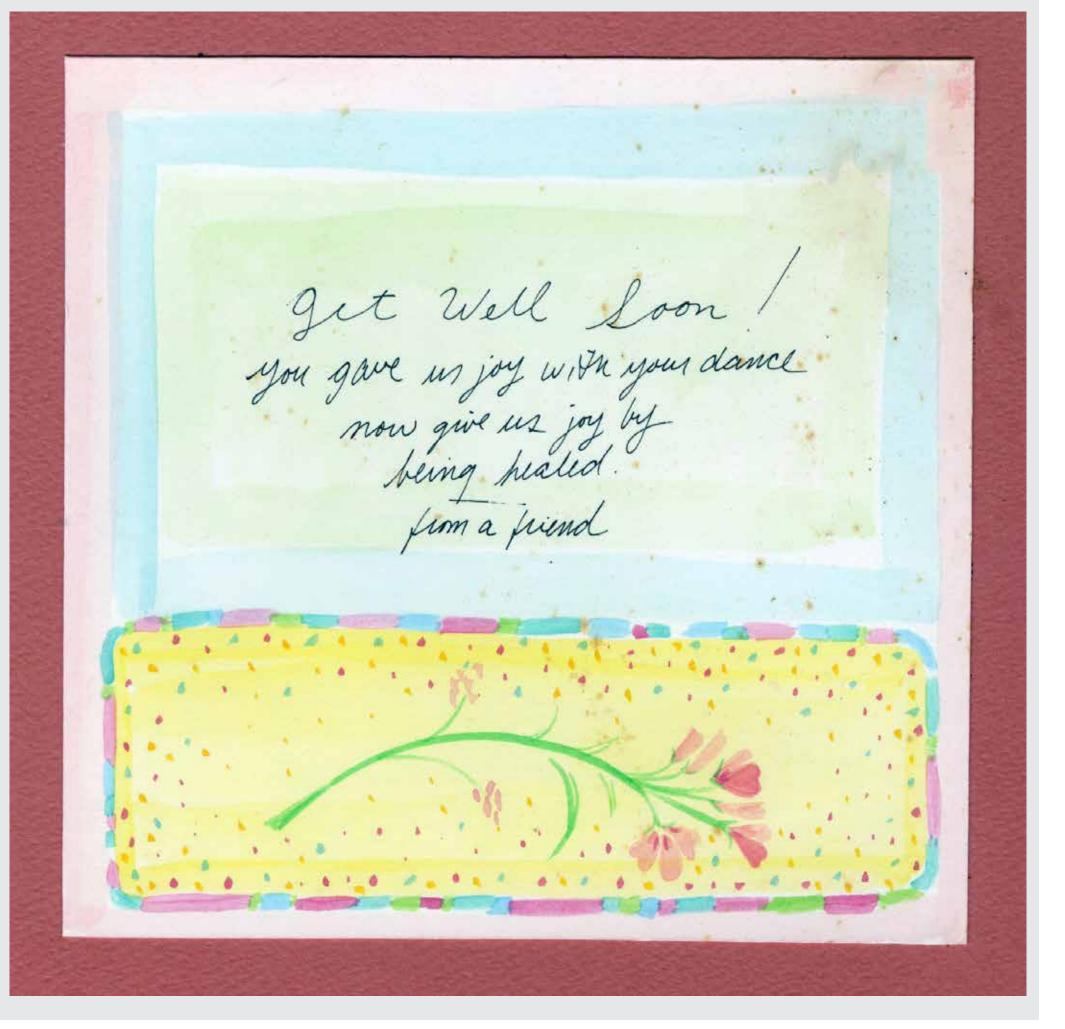




Handmade Cards









Dear Nancy.

are in my thoughts, and how much I feel over what has happened. And I'm of course not just talking about this week; I never really spoke up when Ed died, but I want to now.

I care about you a lot. May be it wasn't so easy to be around you all the time - being me, trying to find my own paths. You're a strong person, and a lovely one. I'm sorry we weren't able to find some kind of better balance than we have.

and hear well and fully. I send you my best, best energy daily.



730 E. Hukammed Ali Louisville, KY 40202 27 February 1990

Dear Nancy,

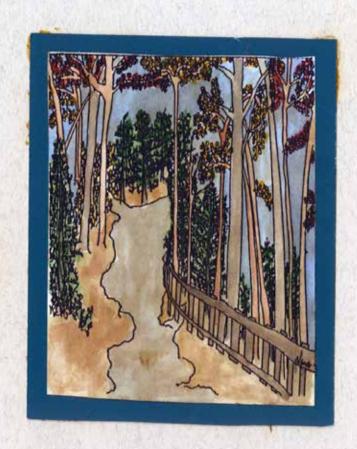
I heard from my nother, Paula Hackimon, about the real trajedy you and Allison faced recently. (wounted to entite to wish you strength and luck in your healing process.

It was a number of years ago that Tombarson and I took your lutiology class at Main Sheet Dance. you may remember in - two goodball ligh school guyehaving the flue of our likely dancing on hot summer whits The Anetha Franklin piece we performed at the Flynnit was a first experience and I want to thank you for it.

The figure on this stationary is Garesh, the

Andu god of good furture and health. I found the stationary in India when I was travelling this summer. I hope Govern in with your as you heal.

> Sincerely, Hichael Runge



and inspirational you are both as a dancer/choreographer in the main St. days and just simply as a familiar face in Builington - me who's given so much to so many both creatively and professionally. In one of many celebrating

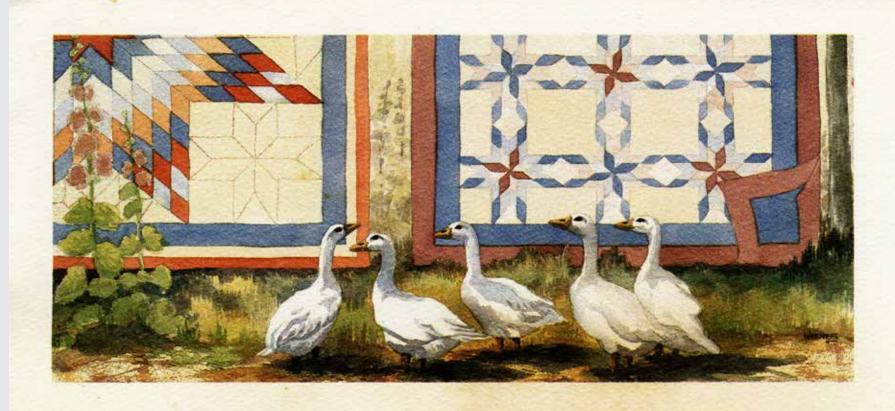
your vecovery and sending love and appreciation -

Pat Fontaine

Dear Janey -You have been on my mend constantly-I'm so greatful and thankful that you are coming along as well as you are -My God- yn neva know what will happen next. You have had so much more to cope with then any me I know you are a remarkable get Mancy. I pray you keep that the day ahead.

I only wish I were close so I could be of some help-it is such a use less feeling being so far away - I want you to know that I love you and Reay for you every day your a real trooper so I just know thing will get better for you and you family. Love you aunt alice

- Your making all the pageso every me cares and wishes only the best





Dear Mancy, deer;

you have been in my thoughts and

Pragers daily but this morning I was

Pragers daily but this morning I was

thinking about how some people remain

priends them faith a trust, even though

their meetings are few. From Sebelius

their dairy 6 and mother to mow me

the dairy 6 and mother to mow me

are connected. Heep reaching!

See you soon

Lone.

Carol Dunlup

Glear Nan

Iward lave to have a picture of

you with Alef-I'll beh he's a dall!

How are you loing; think about you so
much, and hope you're feeling much better.

Had a cord from Sara before they left, and
hope they're enjoying themselves - We really with
she a Jany would many for zoes sake but we
know what a rebel fana is:
Ini husy making quite, no pointing, but

lave seeing and doing my paenting with fabric Have made several-In nat that good at hand. quilting-atthactes - and its gaster on the machine. Sauce a forend who does hand-quelting, but ske's expensive, so dant. Varietas many, a skes Tatil sends her best & says to do your therapy Besthere from Kates 35 de besthelay deviner an the yas She needs to love more weight. I have suph three days a week, but will out down to 2 in a caughte weeks. Take care, get well- We lave mage



Montstream Vermont

Dear Nancy.

We are so glad to hear that

you are recovering. Over the past

winter you have been in our

thoughts constantly. Ever since

those windy mights last fall, I

don't think a day has gone by that

I haven't thought of you.

what is so strange about all of this

to me is that:

I was working the night the code
was called at Fanny Allen. for Ed.

Was called at Fanny Allen. for Ed.

They call a lot of codes and I rarely
even hardly hear them. That night
even hardly hear them. That night
I stood erect + said - I hope thatis not
for Steve it feet like a flippoint
for Steve it feet like a flippoint
thought + still I had this confused
feeling - like I was close.

at the exact time when you

and alian were shot, I get up + looked the door. I never lock the door in the middle of the afternoon or even up until I go to bed I've never thought about it. after I locked the door, I turned around and felt " something is terribly wong. It was a funny feeling because everything had been going so well & him all day. I evaluated by surroundings + wondered why I should feel such a dark cloud - couldn't \$ see anything to be alarmed about . I looked out the window + thought. What an interesting feeling. It would be interesting to know if steve just happened to fall down sking on his trip that he was on - and hist himself - +) just happined to ture in. Then on my way again. Very odd. Hang in there ! the sun is string Love Brance Steve Austin Ali Matthies



Dear Nancy,
My thoughts have been with you since the news affected about that havible about that havible about on you and Allison.

you have continbuted so much to this community and now I have you can just envision hundreds of these who care forming a loving circle around you until you heal.

Affectionately, Sheriell (a former student)

Lebruary Retwentieth



Labrana 14, 1490

Alon bustine Maring
John bustine Maring
To you in your chitaes

The your in your chitaes

The Thoughts wend tout often

Beat of chance servers to

your to help your too well

again . Ever

[army 11.

Dear Nancy,

Dear Nancy,

Dear Nancy,

Dear Nancy,

Dear Nancy,

Dear Nancy,

Heat you will recover quickly what

happened to you is not understandable

and never will be. I send you my

support and prayers. My hope is

with you.

Love,

Love,

Love,

D took a dance class with you at Main Street. Din sine you don't remember my sister we. Perchaps you remember my sister Julie who belonged to street Teems and who took your sazz III class quite be quently. Anyhow, if I can be of any help to you, cooking cleaning etc. support, please cloud hositate to call. Steet-4439. 46 no champlain St. Apt #1

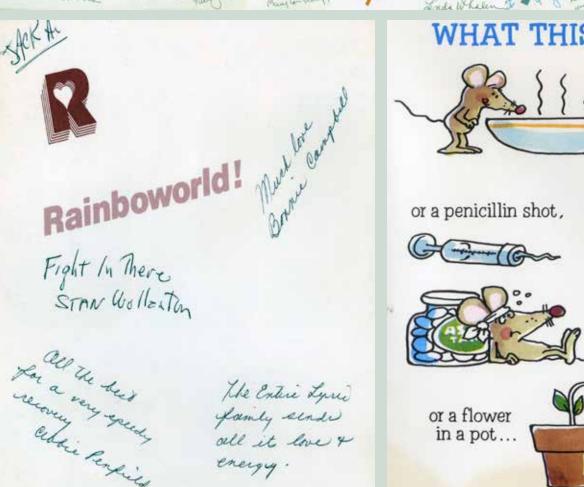
My Deepest Regards

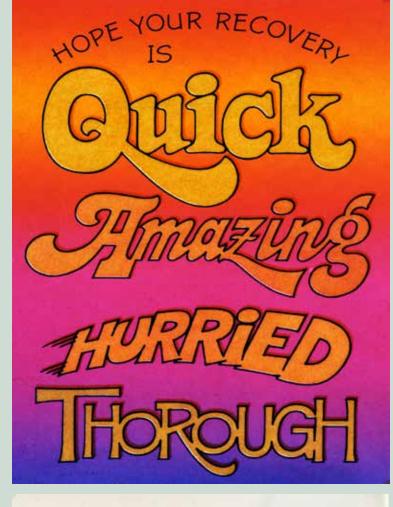




Other Cards & Notes







seems impossible that it ever happened. I hope you are empeaving rapidly- Knowing you you purbably will have a smile for everyone -sfald in their and

AMERICAN GREETINGS

God bless you

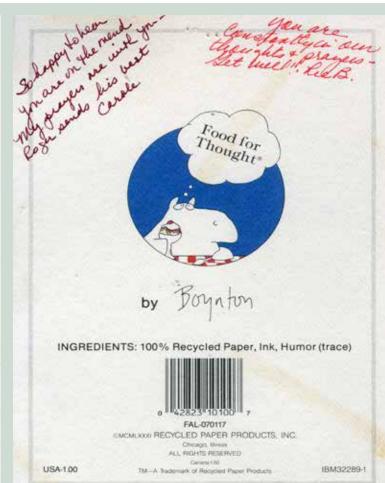
It ain't a bowl

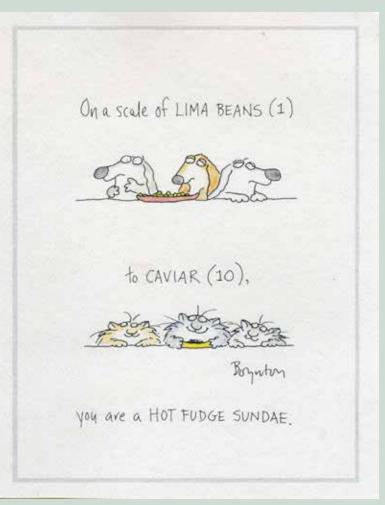
of nice hot

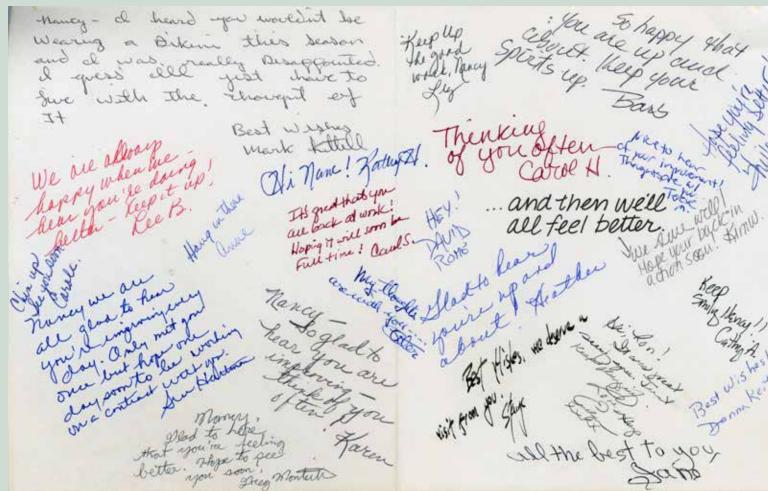


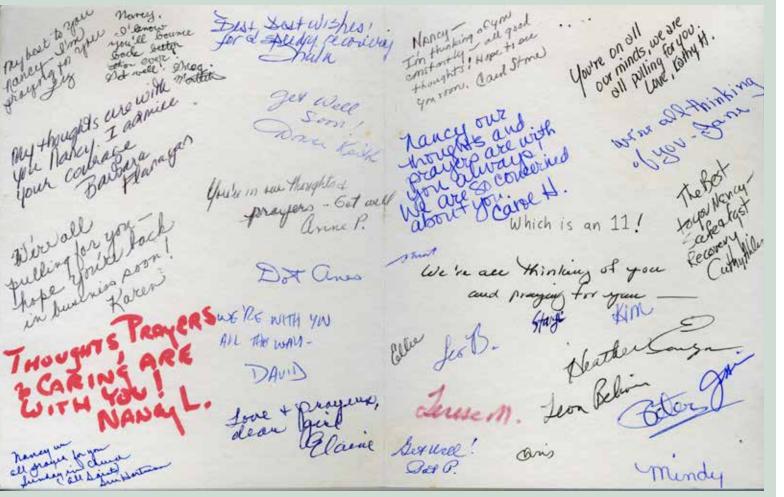


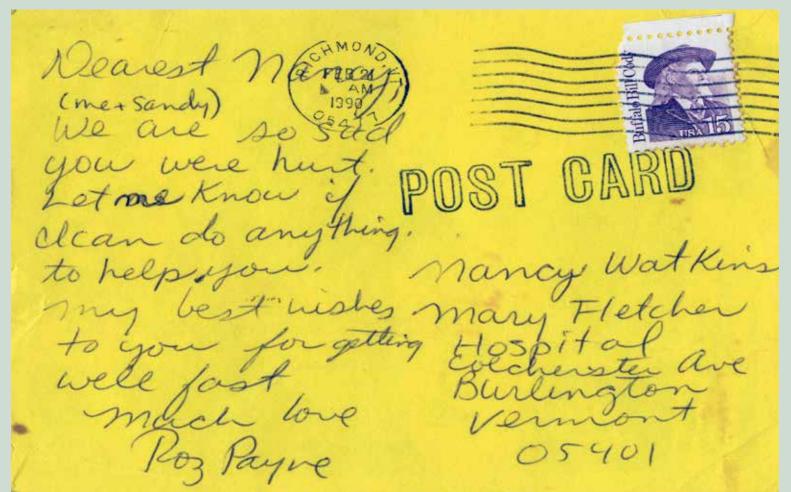












Dear many A little message from the heart To cheer you and to say That many friendly thoughts and prayers Are there with you today! My very hest to you

formane wheel

you may not remember me, but you sold my house at 244 Elmusel in Dec. 87. My son Kyle sent methe papers about your tradgely

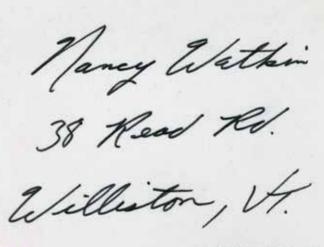
and San so sarry. Dalso noted from the poper that you also last your husbord. again my sencer Condolences and weshes for hetter things to come for you. I have not contested you since 87, but home often thought of you and your kindness to me. I was surprised that Kyler Michelle recognized your name, and they phaned me than you in my ANTERNAS FIRETINGS am with my son tenin in M. H. Stors back in Welleton for amadele, but left after Carmen was married. Tolecare of gravely and your son. Love to you + geland Forsiere takeel

FASHION SHOW ON BOARD THE NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD RAILROAD'S SHOW TRAIN, 1949 PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN WEINER



You'll be dancing in the isless before long!

all my Love



05495



please handle with care!

Hurry and Mend Fast

I love you ! ! Can twait to see you some you gone you

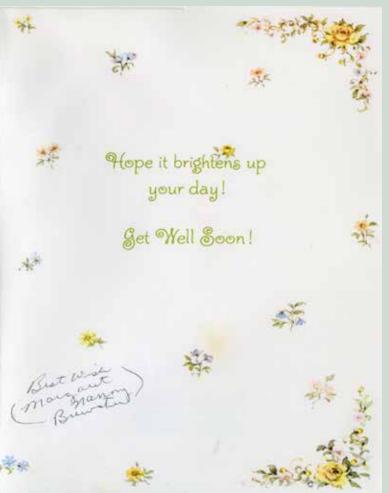


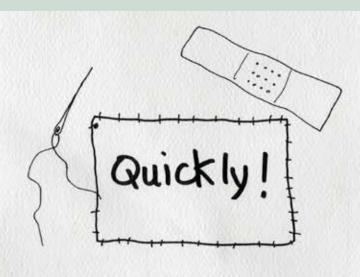
please handle with care!

Hurry and Mend Fast

If love of Support are healing you should be as good as new Very Soon. Love: Hoogie







(Nang in there!

You're the greatest!!

Love,

Mindy Bull



Think of this as a real opportunity!





Have been thinking about spew & Roping of praying for spew. I know spow space leven surrounded by all of your closest loved ones. Leaple have inquired blout spew all the time. Now those of see have you indown thoughts. Take core of God Bless!

Hope you make an amazingly speedy recovery!

Jaed Best Wish's Dolous Dear Rexcy.

The were so very surey,

to hear you were heart. He

were also pleased to hear you have

a letter one. Then you've mended

a letter one. Then you've mended

please bring him by sometime sos

please bring him by sometime sos

please bring him.

Jene and Sherry are bord

married now— it's great being a

Ji's going in iBM dusiniss

fin and I leave finday for—

Ji's going in iBM dusiniss

Grand Languag along.

Grand Jake case and get well soon.

Kay Jim Ashton

Kay Jim Ashton

and Sam so sarry. Dalso noted from the poper that you also last your husband. again my sencer Condolerces and wishes for hetter things to come for you. I have not Contacted you since 87, but home often thought of you and your hindness to me. I was surprised that Kyler Michelle recognized your name, and they should me than sent the clipping I'll renamble you in my ANTHONESTERNING am with my son tenin in M. H. Swas back in Welleton for amalile, but left after Carmen was married. Tole case of gravelf and your son. Love to you + godage

Love to you + gold to

+ 100C POA-13E -

Designed by Alan Chiar



Saw Normal Thomas at hair dressers this, week, They both wast to be remembered to you. They are leaving to day for 2 weeks to Mystle Beach. They have a daught that lives in Allante, so are going to stapthere too. It was a great pleasure talking to you both Sat. Morning. We both wished you could have been with us to water the gaf. I haven't stuck my mose out doors since tri, but plan ontet to day even though its very Cold.

Also had a phone call from the Walterander weather has been nice may there but now they are having row. Their daughter Jeanne & John more were there?

Every day we pray that things are looking brighter for you both & Naw alexander.

We had a collegesterday from the abstract Howa.

Feb : What was her birthay I had sent her a clothed wrote her a note about Al's pacemaker as I had a 't written to her pince before Christmas. They both would be be remembered to good, I hay peem take doingwell. Howing goes for therapy 3 times a week + doesn't , smoke sonly has one been every other day. He is also looking after 5 homes upthere as everyone has gone of Sea. sollis leeps him busy.

(over)

Mean Norme Jery:

A cheery reminder
That all through the day
Warm thoughts
and good wishes
Are going your way.

Allow Liver Gisses Lieux al

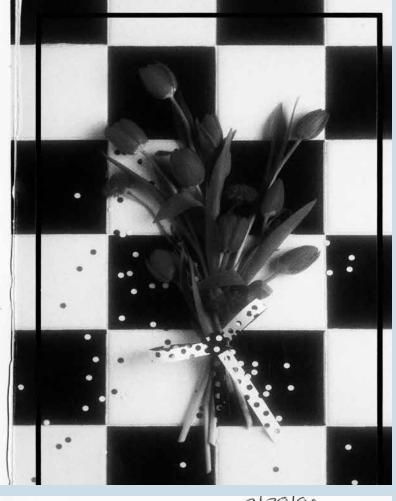
The Dance Pregram & others, because you have touched so meing hoes in your unique of special way are thinking of you.

Thank you for all you've given & good Luck to You - God Bless -Diane

AMERICAN GREETINGS Fletcher (Dance Program 86-87)

+ 536509 +





Dear Nancy 2/28/90

I saw this card and it remended me of your - your unique and inspiring, ways, your beauty and your wonderful talents. although it has been sometime since "One Step Ahead" I think of you often when I hear Something new about the Dance Trogram at UVM, when I hear about your work in town or specially when I get together with old Guends from the Program

Happy St. Patricki May loo. Sara & gary back from metico? We had a foot of snaw yesterday, melling today planely But we need it-Looks like more coming or Hawareyoudoing? Hang in there Han you've one real getry gal a wine real proud In finishing a body quelt for a replend wife in Ny expecting in april so I much hurry get it done - not a freezy body quilly but one they can use for years - did two fortales haty - and one for a ruce in

BUT THE STUPID CHICKEN HASN'T LAID A SINGLE NOODLE!



Anyway, Hope You'll Get Well Real Soon! Mac and Magee

TO HELP SPEED YOUR RECOVERY, I WANTED TO SEND YOU SOME CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP!



tueson. Have about 6 taps (or more) now to quick on the machine - One for Stillhave Sept 3 days a week but cutting down to 3- I need more time for my quelling x me-But I do love him he almost called you Sunday. but will call may be this week-end. Take core-and please do your therapy whatever the dactor differ

and we remember all of The wonderful, challenging and bun times in your Classes. First, being a Student about to top on maggies floor & later working with you to get a performance together-you added many. Special moments to my clube. moments I will not easily forget.

I hope you are the getting better, mentally & physically, from this terrible happening and please know that many people - many people from -

Take core-but take it very lasy, you're a fighter and you are laved by all of What are your favorite calass? and in alexa soom? In not pointing, all my love of color goes into my quick making now-Just did a workshop en brackine quitting, so I must practise & funcish about 7 taps -Original Design by Mary Melcher Be good

TOY-00323

• MCMLXXXV RECYCLED PAPER PRODUCTS, INC.

Cheago, llinois

Feb. 22, 1990 Dear Navay, Thursday Sorry of lover't written sooner, I guess ship just been in shock about this whole thing . I hope you feeling better every day. Please always temember I'm with you all the time. I lope to be able to see you next week. When your up to it please give me a call, of understand your not taking callo right now, Talked to alex one night but believe me it was short and sweet. He was more cinterested in the bubbles that night. I'll keep this short gust get your rest and take care, of really wish I could do more but it will take time. Waiting to hear about my last tests. I'll keep in touch. See you soon! I Love you, 0 13975 10011 PS my hove to also Paramount. 100.747V-KK.

21. Feb. 90 / Dearest Nancy / What a shock - what a world - what strong momen

you + Alison are - what

good friends you have

Steve + 1 were trying to figure out what we could do to help -I guess you have a lot of people offering since I relate to the world through sough I've made you a tape (in this age of CD's, you probably can't listen to it to all the scratches of some of my favorite old songs. Not too cheen but not too depressing. I figure you might need some music at this point! instrument on the other side / I was going to mention of a grun in one song is of me? Well I'y send it anyway The song is cowboy and you can

1-26-90 Klean Nan So glad you're out of Ic U-and will be home when This gets to Neamont-We have some snow, (haventhod much ar enough this winter) but need more Please take it easy () sememberyou cleaning the apt, (when Kate and I were there) & you were on your exitekes. a little dist/dust never hust, anyone - Since we moved into our townhouse, I hoven't any help, and I would rather guelt than clean my house - Une can

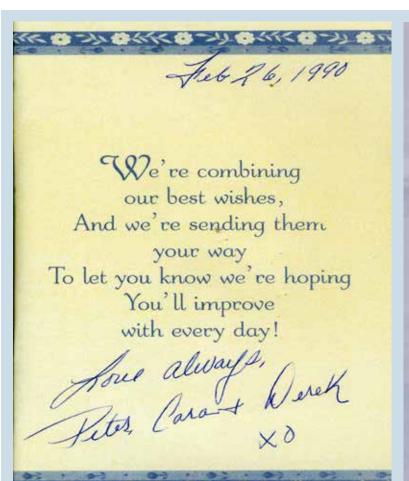
always elean, right? Kate Jae were herelost night for dinner, with baby Seph (short for Joseph) and Kate said to send you her regardsmy sister Suke calledyesterday (you met the Keel clan in 82) and she sends her regardades. So does mas! ... thinking of you ... Wish Kate could come see you, She's really doing well now in ker job here, They moved here in 84 and love it Doe laves hunting and fishing so he's happy to be here-I found this book for alex. excess the cover they only had one eapy) It has some lovely stories. I read to our children all the time!

Dearest Many, you have been so very much in my mend, my heart, and my prayers, It is so wonderful to see you on the 6th floor. I'll be stopping back in to see you might ever eateh guckly am so made it through this - thank, God thank, God. Please feel all the light & love that is flowing to you from \$181311 us. Take, Sue + 150C b09-bE + ship it if you want / boy, am I being too considerate?

Okay, and here's also a great tape that steve + his Montreal pal made. It's got no words either.

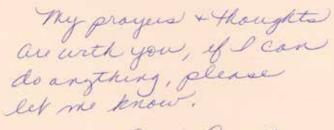
I hope they help - I know your parents are taking care of your son, but if you EVER need a hand with him, I've got a houseful of people who would welcome a little visitor. Emma is four and Matchew is eight + they both love little kids ".

Much love, prayers + hopes bor speedy exit from MCHV -Kaehel + Steve

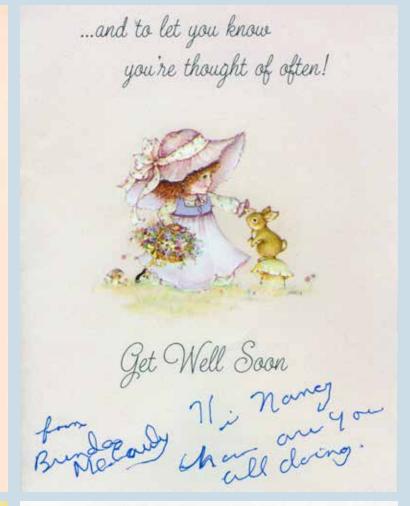


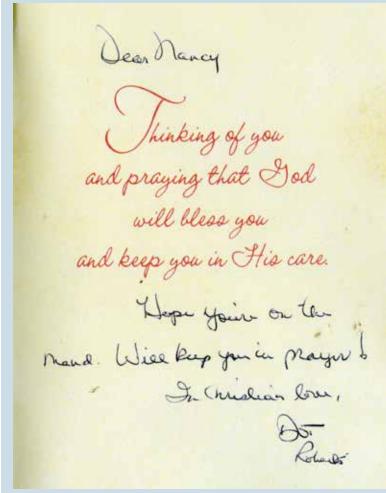


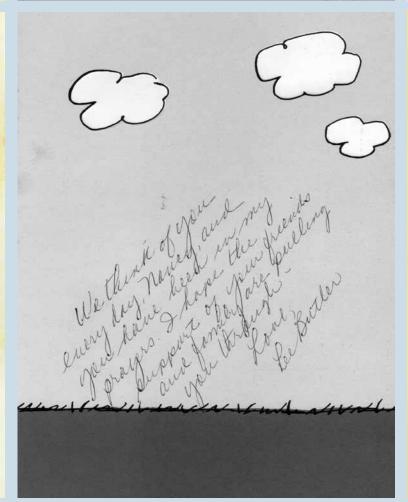


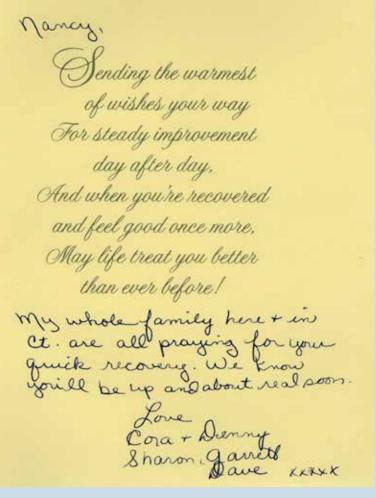


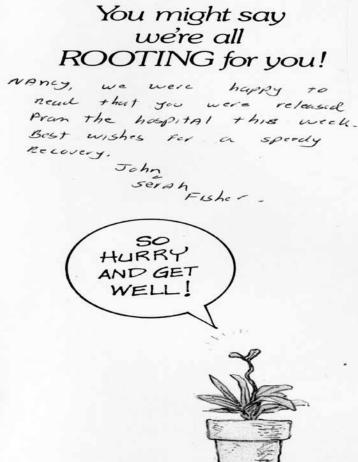
Caral audette











Dear Nancy, This early morning The birds of winter and spring gather in a kind of forum of promise. Their songs fill my whole being. Each day that goes by I am more aware energy and physical expression you have given me and so many Others, as I am driver to wonder over and over again about this fragile web of life we were whatit. As I watch the birds and lasten and breathe in this new air - all soft and blue

and brilliant I givery dedicate this spring to you and Alison, with love,

Max

p.s. here are some little bird stickers for you and Alex to play with or

American carasa

from Surinam, South America Merriam 18th Century © American Museum of Natural History, 1984 Den Nancy,

I didn't want to the

yn with yet another visiter
yn with yet another visiter
bout wanted yn to know

that I've been thinking of

you often.

I was very glad when the

hospital staff told me yn

were feeling better, getting

around a bit, and planning

to go home sometime som.

Please let me know if there's any knied of practical support you need - running enands, getting food in, etc, etc - or just some company.

(655-0115)

Best best myshes,

Jakuchu Ito (1716-1800) * Japan • Japon • Japón * Rose with Bird • Rose et oiseau • Rosa y pájaro * Riccar Art Museum, Tokyo.

For the well-being of the world's children + Pour le bien-être des enfants du monde + Por el bienestar de los niños del mundo + На благо всех детей мира + 這福世界人業。



Dency -

United Nations Children's Fund

90109 Printed in U.S.A.

Yo marcy!

Just a note

to hope you'll soon

be feeling fine again

And let you know

that warmest thoughts

are with you until then!

With Much Sove 1

Alexe 4h XO

so Hill just say Reare because I do.

with much much love,

Ann and Simon

2-20-90

Love and prayers...

from Bob Meen, with hopes for a speedly recovery... My thoughts and prayers are with you.

Love. I Linda Chia:

... and hoping you're feeling better.
We're are start thinking
of you have a CEXIVE.
Thy gersonal Prayers are
pert & you.
Day Caly

DEAR NAUCY.

VERY SORRY TO HEAR OF THIS ANGUL EVENT. FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD, TON ARE DON'D BEATER. GREAT!

BE POSITIVE. MY PRAYERS

Get Well Soon

WITH LOVE, BIM

Nan,

Hope you feel better soon!

Thought your could use some flowers, but they won't allow NEAL ores in intensive care, so ... these will have to as for a while. Our lave, and houghts, and prayers are with your. Here up the god work, We last you.

26

Sending many cheerful thoughts And all good wishes, too, That brighter, better days May be ahead for you.

glith love, Irene & Cinest June Just a little something to help. So solly.

Nancy -May these flowers remind you of the hope of spring after the dark days of February you've endured.

ope you have a cheerful day as get well wishes come your way

Nancy - place let me know if I can help you in any way! Much love - Tom Jiamachello Manay L

Thinking of You and Hoping You're Feeling

Much Better Today

Siracely, Carry Cellus

Deen Pancy:

Hope you'll feel better soon.

My thoughts and prayers are with you.
Wishing you a speedy recovery.

With have, Juneaux

Thinking of you

Ray & Hilda Hendrickson

...that God will keep you in His care.

Thinking of you Fred & Pauli

Nany-

Please get well soon

Nancy -Please

get well

soon.

Love .

Sary to hear you'r laidy. We're thinking of you. Michelle + Greg Thinking of you and hoping you feel better soon!

Truch Lone John, Karre Elizabeth Paterson You'll be out in no time! Get Well Soon

we are always Thinking of you,

... picked just for you!

Get Well Sooner Than Soon! Late of Love Vich + Elle

To remind you that many warm thoughts and good wishes are with you every day.

10m Nugent

Dear nancy

Sending many wishes to make sure it won't be long until you're up and well feeling fine and strong! Warmest regards, carrye

> Hope You Will Feel Better Soon

NICE THOUGHTS

ARE SENT
YOUR WAY.

Bolgard

You could get stuck in a hot elevator with a bunch of fat guys who went to an all- you- can - eat burrito buffet for lunch.

We love you Mancy LDX The Fainhamiter

Dear nancy and now like the hundreds. Comfort and peace for your, there's anything I can do for you, please let me know. Iteally care for you hove, Carre Hue

Ho Veney. Just a short note To let you know that for you Through this or Neal. your a very special parson

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

To

Thinking of you at this difficult time, and hoping that you can draw strength from knowing that many others care about you.

Survey, Paulette Malaney Because you're special!

Love -Nouse

Cheery thoughts... friendly thoughts ... thoughts full of heartfelt concern.

Please Get Well Soon. Nancy, our thoughts and proyers are with you." Michael & Michael Ann

...and I smiled!

Manuey -Like soo many others, I have been Thinking about you and Alexander alot lately, and just recently begun to since. I was so happy to Tread That you are finally home among found, friends and loved ares. I'M be sure to stop over often you've have a chance to couch you breath. In the meantime, cyon il continue to be in my thought, Love, I have Caulo P.S. Recording They lottery tuber, I've got a good feeling May healing thoughts and love hasten your recovery.

Can't wait till you're up and hopping around again.

> Much love, Bace

> > 16. September 1990

Dear Nancy.

Im just thinking of you a haping this time of year hasn't been too hard on you - hope you get through all the feelings & can move ahead. It seems like you're done alot of work in that direction but still, same times, it's hand.

Boy. The summer went by fast mine was crammed packed with activity a visitors.

activity the strongth of insight you got from your Arizona trip continues to help.

LOVE! Valence

Maney,

Loving thoughts are with you at this time and always...

Just a school note to let you know my thoughts have been with you through out all of this. Please let me know if I could dany thing at all to make things best. Fordly, Doma artell Dear Mancy -

... and rainbows follow rain. get well soon

I'm so relieved you're cleay!
Words can't express the shock we all feel-you've certainly proven yourself to be a "rock" + we are all rooten' for youPlease let me know'y 1 can help with Alexander - 862-3095

Hope you're feeling better today and that you'll be completely well again soon.

Dear Nancy,

My thoughts are with

you almost every moment.

I'm so glad to hear that

you are improving each day.

We will have that lunch

soon when you are up &
around. Bless you, Love, Spike

28th teb

Believe in yourself and all things are possible.

John & Tare-thrilled with your progress reports! God Speed -

Squah Winslaw Fater

Get Well Soon

Blue gold of John Holly

and many funded by southed by

Allahary To right of bound that

Suy planted on your way

John Car Support you

and way.

The any way.

Thoughts of you

are like these flowers,

Just as cheery,

just as bright;

Hope they'll find you

feeling better,

And that SOON

you'll be ALL RIGHT!

WHE HOUGHTS & good wisher to you

Shure frames & Good wisher Dence

Maney -

If wishes could make you well, you'd be all better already!

Thouking of you. Things can:4 Get any worke pirt better!

Out Pakulahe Marry

Just thought it might
do you good to see
a smiling face today!
Although, Im sure that
you're receiving many
smiling faces | all your
fellow healtors are pulling
for you and hope you enjoy
a speedy recovery.

(2) Your Triend
Jam Cross

Dear Many,

This cheery greeting
Is simply repeating
The wish that so many
are making for youThat it won't be much longer
Till you'll be much stronger,
Fully recovered
and feeling like new.

The Staff and agents of High Point Realty

Dancy,

Thinking ofyou with love. and caring!

My thoughts and grayers are with you. Het well soon -

Anna Silean

Nancy.

May your faith in God give you peace until He reaches down in love to restore you to perfect health.

Get Well Soon!

my thoughts " grager are with you. Love Sally

But maybe if I told you I believe in you, and I know you'll be OK, it'll help to give you a little of the support and understanding that you need.

How are in my prayers And a know in my heart there are some good times for you ahead folding

/his cheery greeting Is simply repeating The wish that so many are making for you-That it won't be much longer Till you'll be much stronger, Fully recovered and feeling like new.

> Thunking of you. Joann & Bob Sanfield

seems impossible that it wer happened. I hope you are empeaving rapidly. Knowing you your purbably will have a smile for everyone -Hald en there and

AMERICAN GREETINGS

God bless you,

Chne trate

Naney -

Thinking of you and wishing you... all things bright and beautiful, like butterflies and flowers, all things soft and gentle, like rainbows after showers... all things glad and cheerful, like the sun's morning rays...

and all things warm and wonderful to brighten all your days.

Hope you fully Better!

Hope this finds you beeling brighter, Your spirits higher, your heart lighter, And hope it makes you happier, too, To know that friends are thinking of you.

Marge Garkins Saturia Mergen and Mornian Heather Berts

Sheem Vorney Steers Frombly of Trombly Restate

Dear Manager

2/21/90

Thoughts of you are like these flowers, Just as cheery, just as bright; Hope they'll find you feeling better, And that SOON you'll be ALL RIGHT!

My most heartfelt wisher for a very speedy recovery. Law Kenniew TENCOPF PRODUCTIONS

More wishes that
you'll soon be well
And warmer thoughts
than words can tell
come with this card for you.

But Bevores Jun Cross
But Bevores Jun Clau Ryer &
Plant Rollor

Maine Belowler Both Junto More

Maine Belowler Both Junto More

Maine Belowler Bonga Stevens

Jacky Vitale

Thoughts of you

are like these flowers,

Just as cheery,

just as bright;

Hope they'll find you

feeling better,

And that SOON

you'll be ALL RIGHT!

Le Low you'll

(YOX)

Raith can move mountains And if that's the case You'll soon wear a bright, Realthy smile on your face; For friends pray each day And believe, as they do, That in love God will send Quick Recovery To You!

Love in Christ
Ray & Covinni
FAY

Dear Nancy.

I believe everyone you've ever touched "came home", too! We wrapped our selves in things familiar to us that bring conjort, rejuge, courage and peace... and the warnith and bustle of family... and quietly felt embraced — symbolically embraced — symbolically embracing you and the wonderful mings in like!

we can't say more than those fellings say ... and your giving gives on.
Atexander will herer wonder what courage and tore are all about and we will under stand their true meaning within our seres a little better now. Too.

l celebrate this day...
NANCY IS HOME!!!
ucky to be among the

3.1.90

Just a few words

to help brighten your day

and let you know

you're thought of

warmly and often.

Hi Nancy I We were

both very soirry to hear
about your actident and

are glad that you are

doing OK. We hope the

future holds bester times

and happiness for you'l Kim+Dan

and happiness for you'l Kim+Dan

who happiness for yo

Hello Premey:

Hope it brightens up
your day!

Get Well Soon!

Willi my very best wishes for a
100% recovery from the shooting
mying! (It shouthn't lowe toppend to)
a pig!

from Junerose Illy
we I now each other through Canal hill's
woodern Dance from p-wid '70 ies.)

Hope you're feeling better today and that you'll be completely well again soon.

Dear Money, which about to has what they are supposed to Surphy to

office is not the same without you do take your time about your time about coming back - Sudulge yoursel!

alisan Etantone

Dear Marcy,

Our prayers are

with your for

a complete recovery.

Awarm and special greeting

that is sent to say "Hello"

And let you know

you're thought about

more often than you know,

And naturally included

are many wishes, too,

That better health

and happiness

are on their way to you!

See you en Écuador. Tove, Déblie aud Stu Kanfmon



positive dream, I felt great that there was something I could do to help, even if it meant just holding a pleesing babe pleeping babe -Take care. In sure the good day are on their way with the Spring flowers. The Wells-Richardson Building
P.O. Box 923, 125 College Street
Burlington, Vermont 05402
802-658-6666
Shumway

Tancy, you are in my mind every day 4 in my sayers every night. our hearts of souls of week for the day you call on us to help in any way we can.

missing you...

Becena of I send your + alex Jobs of Heigh + Misses. See you soon. Fre leve line to Second +

nancy.

It's just a little message, But here's hoping it will show That someone's thinking of you now And wanted you to know. Otherh of you so often, hope things are getting Love & prayers Sally

If there's anything a friend can do, This friend would be most happy to.

Dear Manay -I mean it - just call 658-3294. I heard you were having some tests today hope the results are all normal! I will be over Love, Spêke

9/27/90 Leon Han Saw are you doing? and how is your son? Sarry haven't wentler, it was a heater, arayy summer-Just gat back from aurannual AF reunian in Ornaka, it was great. Have to eall Sara and see how everyone is. In so glad she gary are morried, so is trac specially for goes sake-Fall is here, and Im glad, ets been so hat this summer, unusual-tripwas not, but went smoothly. Had fun Shapping in the big city, big malls. Ussited maci sisters in Meh. also, had a great time-Take eare -

> $\dots to \ say \ I've \ been$ thinking about you.

Love magee a mac Tate sends regards too Dear Mancy,

... caring about you.

Thinking of you - Caring about you, Praying for you, missing + Loving you wisking there was something I could to to take away the pain + what you are feeling. Please, here always remember that it am here for you + want to Help in any for you + want to help in any be way I can. No request could be way I can. No request could be too bis or small. Hang in there for you are a storely of loving hady who means so made! to everyone who means so made! to everyone who we are there to visit you. Hope we are all our fore lever, you There 2-20-90

Nancy. I am utterly shocked about what happened. I will be around at least until may when 9 graduate. Please let me know if there's anything I can do. maybe help with care for your son! Recover quickly!

> Sincerely, Sandra Blake 863-4723

Please get well soon

each step carefully.

DIRECTIONS:

To speed your recovery, place card next to bed.
Throughout the day, millions of tiny get-well wishes will rush into your system, spreading cheer and well-being.

ACTIVE INGREDIENTS:

Concern, friendship, goodwill, empathy, and tender loving care.

DOSAGE:

Repeat every 24 hours as needed.

Hope you have Juny Juny Jodews

Just a short rote

To let you know that

Corinna & I are graying

Jor you Through this or Neal.

your a very special preson

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." This brings you
more wishes
Than these words can tell
That soon
you'll be up again—
Active and well.

Regards Nother W)

Maran 10, 1990 Dear Nancy, The birds of winter and spring gather in a kind Their songs fill my whole being. Each day that goes by I am more aware of the gifts of humor, energy and Physical expression you have given me and so many Others, as I am driver to wonder over and over again about this fragile web of life we wereness what the birds and lasten and breathe in this new air - all soft and blue

Dear Nancy,

I didn't want to the you with jet another visiter but wanted you to know that I've been thinking of you often.

I was very glad when the hospital staff told me you were feeling better, getting around a but, and planning

YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE LIKE YOU WE'VE GOT!

Mar, magee and Tatie

We laweyou and and pulling for you - will call you when your efecting better And come see us. Mr. M

HOT TUR ETIQUETT

- It's not lady-like to straddle a water jet, moan in ecstasy, then scream at the top of your lungs, "Oh YES, baby!"
- Washing your partner's back is sexy. Washing your panty hose is not.
- 3. Group nude bathing with strangers can be a pleasant experience, but don't spoil things by making snide remarks like, "I've seen bigger wangs on hamsters!"
- 4. It's O.K. to pass a joint while tubbing. It's not O.K. to pass gas.
- Don't think you're fooling anybody by trying to pass off your vibrator as a toy submarine.

I know you're not going to believe this but when I picked up this card, I heard a little voice say, "send me to Nanny ... send me to Nanny ... send me to Nanny ... send me

Llave you, Sae XXXXXXXXXX

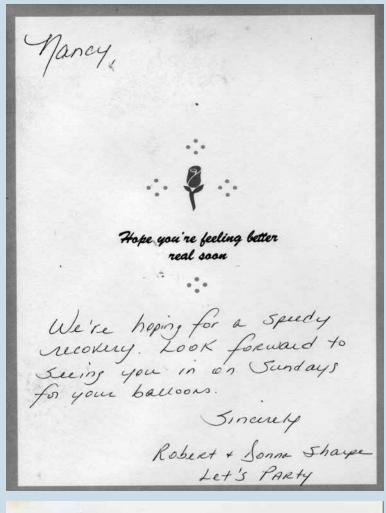
Thinking of you...
in a special way

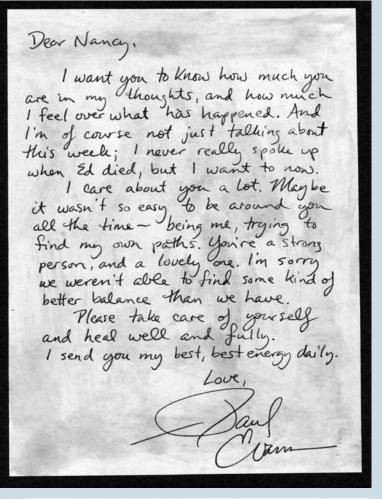
with get well wishes

for you today.

Jan phad har purely

John James And Janes And Jane





This brings the best of wishes
That it won't be very long
Until you are back home again
And feeling well and strong,
But in the meantime, don't forget
That in a special way
The warmest thoughts go out to you
Every single day.

Bost wished messers

Sonos. Trombies

Sonos. Trombies

Hope you're feeling better today and that you'll be completely well again soon.

Warner to your for sure frances in my

To Mancy -

With warm and cheerful wishes and with sunshine thoughts of you,

This comes especially to say that someone cares—I do!

Low ingly—

Lucy Davis

Cell very hest to you,

may Lod Bless- XX Z

3 Cathedral Sq-5 F Burlington 1 t, 05401 Hope it will make
the day brighter,
perhaps a bit cheerier, too,
To know that others
are thinking
so often, so warmly of you.

be at Commonwealth are praying for a full and speedy recovery.

Ben Bosher, Confettele Hells

Stee Morse

Dear Nan-Hope you efeeling much better and alex is waiting for the Easter Bunny. Sejoh is too young this year but rephylar should be toddling asound, bugging the caho day hate o Jackene Were getting snow again, hope this is the last call map I want Springs worm Baly a hit sick, but better Coday - Seph is a good baby & is so pretty- Has his slawer front teeth now cute! Well, laundry today o Seph is here today- my beathly tomorrow, 67th. The easting dinner Take case mayou

Can't say hello in person
or come visit you today.
But this will let you know
warm thoughts are with you anyway.

Happy Easter

Mae and Magee

NANCY
NIGHT AND DAY

YOU ARE IN MY

THOUGHTS AND

PRAYERS AND THE

THOUGHTS AND

PRAYERS OF MANY

MANY OTHERS.

TAKE CARE, LOVEL

LADY AND LET ME

TAKE CARE, LOVELY
LADY AND LET ME
KNOW IF THERE IS
EVER ANYTHING
I CAN DO FOR YOU.
... PLEASE. IT
HELPS US SO TO BE
OF ANY HELP TO
YOU.
GOD BLESS YOU.

Happened to you, didn't it?

Hurry Up and Get Well

WITH MUCH LOVE AND LIGHT -SUE HOXIE 862-8183 Just to let you have my thoughts are winth you having a speedy recovery. I have wants to visit you so I will want. The most important thing right now is pleased of RAR. I will see I you soon. If you soon at you seed sarry thing pleases remember I'm a phone call away. 878-8581

...and sent this friendly, greeting Just to tell you so today!

> With Line, Bonnie Campbell

March 17,1990.

Dear Mancy,

Hoping you'll be up and around soon!

the teruble thing that happened to you and
Alism Were thinking of you often
and sending our warm healing
Thoughts for at the best poss recovery
goine such a strong, wonderful
person. I think of you and always
will as - a special dance teacher and
a beautiful exceptional dancer-with
warm, fond memories of our times at
main St. Dance Theatre
take Good Care-

Please call on as of there please can do Jos us anything we can do Jos us and you fall coming

No one should

ever have to face
what you're going through,
and though I don't
know any way to change
what has happened,
I just want you to know
how much I care.

Connie + Tony Leccese

Janice Dave, Amanda-Cyyans

formerly Daniel (1 year)

Janice Lief1979-1980-freeds with atth of your son Alex!

Regars Many Carol

35

Depresenday, you are feeling better's will be home soon. Today it is cold here and we got about 8 of snow even the weekend. Spring is just around the corner we hope! Thy cold is better so now Ican sent you more cards. elidal twant to send you any germs. Hove been woshing my hands before I touch ampling Will write more leter.

We are so glad to hear that

you are recovering. Over the past

winter you have been in our

thoughto constantly. - Ever since

those windy mights last fall, I

don't think a day has gone by that

I haven't thought of you. What is so strange about all of this

was called at Farmy Allen. - for Ed.

I was working the night the rade

They call a lot of codes and I rarely

even hardly hear them that night

I stood erect + said - I hope that's met

and again: exact time when you

for steve it feet like a Slippant

feeling - like I was close.

thought still I had this confused

Feb 26 190 ilear Dan:

> Geen thinking about you Und just want to say Hope you're improving In every way!

> > all an Love + Prayer Le al

"Dod Blessym"

and alison were shot, I got up + looked the door. I never lock the door in the middle of the afternoon or even up until I go to bed I've never thought about it. after I locked the door, I turned around and felt " something is terribly wong. It was a funny feeling because everything had been going so well when all day. I evaluated by surroundings + wondered why I should feel such a dark cloud - couldn't & see anything to be alarmed about .) looked out the window + thought. What an interesting feeling. It would be interesting to know if Steve just happened to fall down sking on his trip that he was on - and hurt himsely - +) just hopened to tune in. Then on my way again. Hang in there ' the sun is shining Love Dianne Steve Austin Ali Matthies

Manay-Hope you've fuling good + well on the road to recovery! In lieu of flowers and such, PC wanted to Started but couldn't locate the address. Please add my Contribution Words Cannat express now schocked and ortraced I was when I heard about the attack, Par + Chuck Kept me posted onique progress & Dan + I had hoped to see you a few weekens ago but you weren't feeling up to it then. Despefully we can all get together in the rear future to share some laughs together again!

You are in my thoughts -

Dear nancy

Sending many wishes to make sure it won't be long until you're up and well feeling fine and strong! Warnest regards, Chelyl

Maucy, These just are no words hat so many Juliup. On Nax. apresen ax 4:30 V was terry Ceral Stendel Had I stice have your mini hat save I have to get together with you to give et so san. - so many tange + Lyang. Det is sauf a pued goe of heeper us all enformed of your propers were us pleasural. miraculoud! I've kemp to see you as sem with sand for your Gan are never and of my mend or Meant.

XXXX

20000

... I'm someone.

Dugs + Kisses, Coulyn

Dear Nancy.

NANCY + ALISON,
ALL MY STRENGT STATE
HOPES ARE WITH YOU THE SPRING
BESTOW ITS NEW BEGIN
INGS ON YOU TWO AND
DELIVER YOUR SMILING
FACES BACK TO OUR COMMUNITY SOON.

EDDLE WINANT

WATKIN. GRANUCCI C/O M C 14 V. 610/632 Mc CLURE BURLINGTON, JT.

FROM 'GLORIOUS KNITTING' BY KAFFE FASSETT

KFP 016 POSTCARD. PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE LOVI ©

Dem Nancy
Needless to Say, I in sabrolutely outraged and appalled by what happieved to you + almon. I just want you to know that my thoughts are with you, as are my topes that your body will hear quickly and that the memories will fade with time.

With much affection,

Fria (alther)

Pierre-Auguste Renoir (1841–1919). Les Vignes à Cagnes (The Vineyards at Cagnes), 1906. Oil on canvas, 46.3 × 55.2 cm. (18¼ × 21¾ in.). The Brooklyn Museum, Gift of Colonel and Mrs. E. W. Garbisch. © 1986 The Brooklyn Museum.

March 14-905 MAD PM (S) MAH (S)

Just a note to say hi and hope you and Alexane & doing well. My surgery went of now adjusting hormones, we not sure when I can go home.

Have a happy St. Patrick's Day. Keep in touch, hope to see you + Alex Soon! Much Love,

alexe

Iceboat 1880s
USA

Iceboat 1880s
USA

Nancy Watkin

38 Read Road

Williston, Ut. 05495

2/24/90

We're haping you're and of Intensive Care and on your way to recovery.

We again, Nancy! As you can see I got this card for you way back - then I lost you way back - then I lost your hospital adaress. We are your how well and fast you're recovered!

Several times we've talked to Doug and he kept us posted. A friend of ours just happened to see the Rutland Deraed and Called us reunion (your 20th) when we reunion (your 20th) when we saw you. It was great to see you and you certainly looked

have our 20th reunion this summer. Junny how some Some stay the same I'm some you would their nick in the same-Open this card still every four hours alot of and get well quick! fun, yet maturity us starting to sevele in Calong with the gray hair!) We there you are the luck and are thankful you've done so grandmather said special grayers for you and he saip she has a direct Nick, Lindsoy

We really are all

Hainking of you and

praying that you will

Soon to back on your

toes.

It's just a little message,
But here's hoping
it will show
That someone's
thinking of you now
And wanted you to know.

Nau-

Jove, Vicki Powers— (an old Main Street friend) Thinking of You and Hoping You're Feeling Much Better Today

I heard via the night shift gos is clarned that you are going home today — I figured you'd be asless to I thought I'd drop you a note to say that I have you'll call (I'll cally an too-of cause) and led me know when I can help out.

Tout to you soon — lave sure Add was

February 23, 1990

Dear Maney,

Tomy + I were shocked and

scared when we heard that you

and alison were shot. Thank God

you got such good care so quickly.

We're both so thankful that

you have survived this and

that you are such a strong

woman. Remember that Tony

+ I love you + Alexander and

we're cheering for you.

Don't let the hospital

get you down. I know how

sow and tedious it can all seem.

Be good and Get Well Soon!

Soon uguill be home.

Please let us know, have your
mom call us, how we can help. Tony
will be in Vermont at the end
of March + alain + nay come
along too.

Love, Oeb Morel Dair Albie telle me you're
doing Super! Keep up

the fast recovery.

you're a remarkable

person.

Looking forward to seeing

you.

Many,

May the warmth

of His love

Bring to you

brighter days

And strength anew.

Huniting J. Jan

Panette Korhelean

MARCH 90

Feel where we have been lit up from within. We are the moon we are the moon Coming near that the fear. Ipin and sing Spin and sing life to bring life to bring.

Touchpoint 1974

Georgia O'Keeffe, American, 1887–1986 POPPY, 1927 oil on canvas Given in memory of Jeanne Crawford Henderso by Margaret Stevenson and Charles C. Henderso Museum of Fine Arts St. Petersburg, Florida

WE 125-18432

© H. GEORGE CASPARI. II NEW YORK/ZÜRICH

Dear hon, Life has taken us so many places I heard through the passages that you were back at work. Is this really Frue? Dancy, be careful with yourself. I am so glad from you are with us still, such an odd concection of feelings can they all find their place in the puzzle? I have spent these Tost few weeks thinking of our many years together and all the different prople we have their and yet We have shared alot of life together and that feels great. When things Settle 2 bit for you, I would love To ponder with you and catch up and look ahead with venewed excitment. My love and thoughers dre with you. tendly

It hence of you so
often and want you
to know I'm amongst
me hundred of people
wishing you well. And so
very happy your injuries
were not greater. This
year was certainly mown enough
misfortune your way to severely
test your strength and comase,
bout you will heal - you are heating.

Note you will heal - you are heating.

Note you will head would not a victim. On you will head you are you will head you will head you are you will head you will not a victim. On you will head you want to see you soon.

Loving thoughts are with you at this time and always...

Love and light-

I just wanted to wish you Strength and peace and The Speediest of recoveries. It's impossibly painful to even imagine what you've been through and I am pulling for you.

I'm sure all the positive energy awrera you will help you in die this. Hold on to all those you believes and they will help you to hear yourself.

I wanted you to know that I am thereing about you your your life (with what you've given me at Main Street)—and I'll

Be yourself

always treasure trat. Thank you.

> with love, libby Honden

filolog

Chose this special card for you
In hopes the wish it brings comes true,
And to let you know without a doubt
That you are often thought about!

HOPE YOU'RE BETTER SOON

Many - I was in Fla, last week - I'm
so sorry about the shooting - but very glad
you're doing so well from what I hear
you're been through alot but you obviously
have alot of courage to strength 5137 is
sending a donation in your name Best Wisher for a
sending a donation in your name Best Wisher for a

Mancy

Leavy you may be gained

Lome sorned than expected.

I also lead you've up 80

brains love in and

Jentalical

June love 50 see

you. I didn't must 80 come

heger you were fully up to

votern ever where you lou've

need.

I'm Issiring of your

always.

...and I smiled!

Bry, did 0,11

Sunday

Dear Friend, nancy

Denise and I are sitting here, putting our collective energy into thoughts of you — wishing you well. So often it has been you who have energized us, gatten us focused given us clarity. Steve, Shari & Jayce are here too we're with you, pulling for you.

much love

Carry Steve, Shawis Joyce Nancy - At the end of February, Janet Peisch called to tell me the hersible Alving that had happened to you & Alison & 10 minutes later, Dorean called me from San Diego with the same news. Bad news travels fast but it allowed us to get in our prayers with all the rest. I hope you're physically mending & emotionally recovering, & that time & love of your child will heal all your wound S.

Dozeen & I are meeting in Vermont in late May & hope to have a shance to visit you then.

From the moment the sun rises, may your Easter be full of pleasant surprises

I hope it's an affirmation of life for you -

Thinking of you -Kegan Dear Nancy

The divergent forces of our personal lives curtailed The Kernel of our triend ship which began to grow Tyears ago. Through Those years you remained a uniquely special person.

Fale has dealt harshly with you during those years . Victor Francki describes Fale as the cards Life deals us while treedom is how we play our hands. In many ways you personify that Freedom.

Someone's need to support a friend In a time of crisis can be an imposition and increase the burden. I do not Wish to impose. I do want you to Know That I Experience you as a very valuable person in my life (honever limited that relationship has been). If I can be of Support in any way I would welcome. In Friendship,

Mancy - all fiel so helpless! Please let us know how we can help you out, our thoughts and prayers are with you and alep! Priscille

Sup your Children Keny Bis Louise Mous

NancyNancyOur prayers one with you!

you're a righter 100 %!

you're a you are the mike
behind you cover + mike

Bestofluck Jen Bart Sen Jen F.

what else can I possibly say?

I love you

warmest wishes and energies to you, Nancy

John Secon

Diene Downer

Dear Nancy, Our hearts are with 900 -Much Love, Dennis Marian Deala

Dear Mancy a aux prayers are for a full recovery.

"Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear, not

courageous acts every do Thinking of you-

love -

Jear Narcy- Feb. 28/90 . 3/8/90 Dear Nancy flar, mastery of flar, not lage you've absence of flat."

Mark Twar fleeling letter. Love, Claim

Your friends at Coburn & Teeley are withing you all the Lest. You are in sur Thoughts

Sprayers!

Source Barry

Privalla

Chair Sally

Chair Park Judy

Dear Nancy:

We're thinking of you.

Sending some love, support + prayers

your way.

Bonnie, Ron + boys

(Tucker, formerly Gravelin)

Mounty in the part is in the control of the control

Sunday. Near hancy, We are are praying for you. Get were soon or please let us know if there is anything we can do -Spil truly at Cobun + Freez None of think I'm still the seven of me just to don't have some healing. I all sending you an incredible amount of healing + Love.

I have him to live for your family your frequency of the seven of me sending you an incredible amount of healing + Love.

I have him to live for and Jove you. I from A.

I want daning to another your dancing your your

Your and slung your felling + Carrage you have yet.

I have your and some your dance yet.

I have your beauty of ment to heal to he

The to Maney.

There is so much pasitive energy that is being sent in your direction Let yourself soah it all in. It probably hard to imagine how vast This energy is being in the small rooms you've been in but I'm telling you Manay I can feel the support for you every where I go!

ford Jody

Dear hancy.

I just wanted to let
you know that I was thinking
about you + hope you are alright.

I just can't believe what happens
ed! I was in such shock when
I found out and so ahaid for
you. I know you have alof of
Prends but if there is anything
I can do for you or anything
I can do for you or anything
I can go you. 864-4661-863-6158

I've loved you for a long time!

Tove, Bity

Jake Care.

Dear Nancy,

Your warmth and words
of encouragement have given
me the utmost respect and

love for you.

I pray that you and Alison get through this OK.
These are my words of encouragement to you -- hang in there, we love you!

Linda Henzel

Jean have been in my theaght and peagers
for the past few weeks. What can I do for
you at this rad time: At a time in my life
when I suffered the less of a nister, there was
really nathing any one could do for a while. But
that changed time began to heal the feelings.
I baugest this book for you and your
eittle son because I meede mesmile and I
thought you two could begin to show it a
maybe untly the. For some reason it remaded
me of the Fairy Good Mottles... long agaIf you ever exent some company or an ear
or haly auntil or anything, pleas I move I
am hely theme taling heen one of your
am here is have taken four Dunlip 864-5950

Honder god of good farture and health. I found the stationary in India when I was travelling this summer. I hope Genesh is with you as you heal.

Smerely, Michael Runge 3/6/90

Dear Nancy.

Clare and I want you to know that we are thinking of your.

no one should have to experience the pain that you have been through, and we are very said that such a tragic turn of events should have occurred. Please accept our sincere sympathy over Ed's death

trother David I have heard about your your remarkable secovery at this point, your remarkable secovery at this point, point the shooting. On your continue to mend, physically and emotionally from the wounds of these past months know the wounds of these past months know that we are wishing you all the best.

LOVE, Bin+Clase

Dear Nancy.

Nords cannot repress how

Nelievied and grateful I am

to know that you are alwie

and getting better dorley.

The past 2 days I have

been flooded with memmories

of our time to getler and all

the joy you have gwien he.

you have touched me in a

you have for way and have impacked

very deep way and have impacked

my life in a major way as I

Know you have for many

others.

I have been part of many healing circles dedicated to you + Allism these past Z days. We are all Playing

for ym. I will be leaving today for 31/2 wks, but my family and I will continue to pray for your recovery and for your family. I hope that when I return, I can come to visit you and lend support in whatever way forsible. I want you to Know Nancy that I love you and you Lave a very special place in my heart. Jone + Jight 2 cindy

Just to let you how that every book at Ben and Juny's is pulling for you. Name of the server of the strings to pumpe you - and you deserve it!

Love

Del

we are sending you many thoughts for the rower that healthy.

Jein Gegory of Wild She

Much love and encouragement,

Much love and encouragement,

for good health energy to Namy!

Alealing energy to Namy!

Now of us can farm the

horror of what you experienced

horror of what you re teen

or the strength you ine teen

called upon to so monem.

called upon and prayers

my lone and prayers

to your and brown that here

to your and brown that here

to you and brown that here

(Rogers)

Feb. 22, 1990

Deaust Many,

If gee how, can hear, and I

beliefe Mey can, know that

we are sending you every

nay of love and coverage we

can muster. you are so

special to me and my

family and I be whose you

acts community - to whom you

Larr given so much of your

would takent.

Dearest Nancy,

Put these treats in the freezer and when the flowers have gone by and the many visitors are gone, indulge in a little pick-me-up!

I hope it goes without saying-that if there is anything - don't hesitate to call for us. You have been and will confinue to be in our thought.

Dove, Dovis o Ton

"FOREIVENESS, IS THE FRAGRANCE OF THE VIOLET WHICH STILL CLINGS FAST TO THE HEEL THAT CRUSHED IT"
G. ROEMISCH

AND THE STRONG ROOTS THAT ENABLE IT TO BLOSSOM AGAIN

Wishing you a speedy Recovery

THIS TOO WILL PASS "

YOUR COLLEAGUE & FRIEND

Barry

Please how how who many yearns who who not how you you for ond yearnally yet are very continued for and aliout you.

Trom all at Trinty

Cullegy row

Dur prayer and

Support

Lister Janie Ryan

nancy -

the mend. An amazing

year for your - your love of

life and will to always

be your best have really

pulled you through. The

support and love in this

community towards you to

allison are not surprising
all my best wishes!

Priscilla Shumway

Hi Nancy!

You probably don't remember me, I took tap a Jazz class from you at main street back in 81', 82'.

I want you to know my heart and thoughts coo out to you.

Love,

Review Cring I naves

I just wanted to let you Know there are lots of people booking for your recovery - people like me that you wouldn't know on the street! Anyways... Know that you've bern, cared about all over Burlington -you are in ald & hearts + minds Be Strong + get well Love Moureon Connon

Dear Nancy We've never met but I like ald of Burlingtonions know you through Main St Dance. I thenk you soothed a lot of souls as well as bodies w/ the Lonce + stretch closses youred there now I wish I would do something

2/19/90 Nancy: We'd love to help with your baby. We have a 4 and 2 yr old , extra crib , full-time Nanny, The kids would love it. We will pick-up and ddiver; do whatever 15 lest for you and baby. We really are set up short on 18mg term. Please beel free to call us it you weel Cerry thing - Get well and hope you'll take us up on offer. June alich

I can only hope that, when you're ready, you'll let metry. I lave your The Hall XXX

Dear Mancy,

I hope this tape is helpful during your healing process. Thinking of you and sending you healing energy, Jane Miller

I hope this helps. Your words helped me recently. Thank you. May you continue to find faith in Your program. DAVE MORSE

Dear Hancy He are all praying for your complete that every day you are feeling a Sit Setter. Sove from Pop and Jane

dear NAMCY, This mote is to lend my support and caring to you as a massage proctetioner your courage and healing ability amozes me as I redd of your experience in the poper. Though the news connet cores what you actually felt, - the fear - the sodness - the pain, I think often of both you & Alison & pray the Semotional healing experience. I painteed May peace and trust and gog be yours

Productive Bodyworks of the ault

to you fine said "Mother thes

10 a lottly" ! (anyone would...

Please, distant said

"Heat sundo tile hang.)

Gulga a feare sight

Thre

are lots yes out here

reacted to see and there

corefort be said (physically

mentally). Any with

support you be year friend

yell at lovel! I gen friend

yell at lovel!

Just let you bonno hour me he all therifung about you - In had Cours from andrea Bosses I Hat Piccorillo I Teltform Eletter where mames are escapening me at the moment - are pulling proper Dures tarking month your morning The Mind Mr had youth alul Dear Mancy

Test a note

to say how thankful

we are that you're

alive and well. You're

a tough cootine to

survive such an ordeal.

I am in awe of your

pravery and speedy

recovery. Please know

that we're 100 percent
behind you in your
spearl climb to
recoury. If you even
need any help or
support please know
where Leve to help you
in any way. (Meals on
wheelo or vaccoming
are my specialtys—
658-2449
much fore Sosie Eddy
Broce Andrews

Nancywe love gen!

Get well soon

Love,

Marianne,

Bruce,

Morgan + ghane

Dear Nancy

May my love and healing energy be with you every moment every day o

fill Donaldson

This chicken stew is a favorite of my husband and sons (age 7+9). I sometime put it in a cassarole with a pie crust and lake for a pie. Hope you enjoy. It was made 3/12 and freezes rively. Barl.

P.S. Don't worry about the container.

eyes ricely.

Barl.

Mest and get well. Hope to perform you are fully up to it.

Gir may Man bourge

Pat fortaine

John + Waret Foriello Solve letzel Barbara "-

March 1990 Den hanny are of us have tal you in one itoughts + players for the past month: your courage has been on inspiration to all of me. we continue to pray for you wowey luck smiling are our some

"The Frieds of alicon & honey

Many and the state of the state

Dear Nancy,

Thope you are healing quickly. I'm so sorry about your being shat.

gust know charle +1 are thinking anout you fred noutry 4 soughing on carried morn trospyte + feelings.

me, re promont of tonor get ukknow many people in common 4 therefore benow about what's been happening. warnly yours thanks bottle

Hear Nancy, We haven 4 met, but I am one of the many people who were shocked & saddened by the assault of yourself + alison, Please know that I am thenking of your and praying for you. Best wester for a healthy recovery of God bless you!

- even though we once took comfort in the old adage that light ming never atuhes twice? hancy - we are maying for your physical, prychologi. recovery, Laryan gam son, your lowing mother and for you and your ready recovery - am despest Concerns, mest sincère pragers -Dest-always (Charlotte Hammond

my dearest hancy We have never met-I write This to you an behalf of my son Evan and low Hanson who - male as They are - remain uncertain as to lion to express their love and concern and love, concern, support is all we have to offer in these territying limes! Even That is very Door insurance against the prospect of future violence

bout with colds. Will be glad when the weather warms up and we can get out doors.

Hope alexander is staying healthy. He is so cute. Sine him our love and hope to see you both soon.

Love + Kusis Lieux al Dear Man:

Hope you are feeling better each day. I have wonted to send you some flowers or a plant byour mother said you had so many so and sending you a send with as you wish. Want you to know, you that you have been in our thoughts and sprayers every day and would have sent you more cards but I lost your address.

Pray your feture days will be filled with new found strength and health and with true kappiness.

20. Feb. 90

Dear Nancy Get well + heal
quickly. My thoughts
are with you.

All possible good

Wither -Caney Kaplan Ite send our blessings,
love, and good energy
so you will head as
gueckly as possible!
Jape to you
Jape to you
Jape to you
Jeanne

Many get you are Medias from this aught event.

Now is the time to let all of your many good friends support you as you have done and would do yourself on just such a sixtuadia.

Dow't heartet to ash for help from any of us.

I will stop by to see you as soon as visitors are generated. In the mean time, keep your printer out of the Jopen.

you. We ine
nooting for you.

from ace of
us at farnham Assoc.

Some peace of mind knowing. You have so many people who care.
Who care.
My thoughts are mid you and your son. Chis Powers

Be Back in Burl. March 7th

Dear Mancy
Jest so sad to

read in the paper

about the shooting
Jose leading forw

Howari so I waited

mite I was here to

Write you a note
Please let me know

Joany help to

you I hope

you will find

You may recall
weeting me at your
button's in New Jork
4 couple of years back.
He told we of your
recent misfortune
and I wanted to

let you know that we are thinking with much positive evergy about you.

With Love and Support

Stove Albahari

Javet Walanthy.

March 5, 1990

Afra Maney Farents,

(an enclosing a gift certificate

for your Jamely to enjoyed Sext

well & get Back to work From!

Wishing your all the treet....

NancyDire wanted to call and wish you well but I hear you get so calls a day and your morn is running interference for your so I will hold off - just know I think of you often!

I had a wonderful dream about your last night! I was taking care of your baby while you ran a dance rehearsal you were vibrant, healthy and happy and everyone was so impressed at your recovery! The baby was only 4-5 months old, so till alex to move over! a strange but

Dearest Nan Perhaps I will have been able to hear your own trautiful voice by the time you get this card all the way across the country. Never have you seemed more has away. but Sive been talking to Sara at least once a day since Saturday, and she's doing a great job of keeping me sosted. My heart is with you - I'm thinking of you all day every day and sending you love and strength. You have so which of both those qualities, and more plooding to you from sesple who love you everywhere. This, too, will pass. all my love, filexxxx

Dear Nancy:

Sending thoughts, prayers + love your way. You deserve the best care and recovery possible.

For years your dance classes helped me through trxing times in my life. You gave me something to look forward to each week.

If I can be of any assistance now or in the future to help you in any way (in addition to the "Friends of Allison + Nancy fund), don't he sitate to contact me. 656-2614 a.m. Thinking of you, 879-6266 p.m. Bonnie Tucker

Dear Manay,

I wish you well in your
recovery from this tragic
event. I you have been a

great inspiration to me
and -urle continue to be!

and -urle continue to be!

my name is Kate Del Signore
and I'va a former gazz student
(champlain min; Ballet studio on fine)

your energy and creativity was always wonderful but your teaching style is what truly made me feel I was a dancer. as a Writing Teacher of young children that positive afformation is a great lesson. I you continue to make a great difference in many people's lives. Sincerely, Kate

Manay -

It's our minds that
set us free
And our hearts that
fring us home
It's our wounds that
make us human
And our love that
make us ine
Jove and
many blessings.

Jun

MARCH S

JUE BEEN HOPING & PRAYING

FOR YOU DURING THE PAST TWO WEEKS AND

COULDN'T BE MORE PLEASED TO KNOW YOU

ARE HOME, AFTER THIS DISTRESSING EXPERIENCE.

HOPE YOU ARE IN GOOD SPIRITS AND ON YOUR

WAY TO FULL RECOVERY. MY VERY BEST

WISHES TO YOU AND LOTS OF LOVE TOO!

KIRK XXOO

Marcel

Seing you and huggend

Jan. I just carit fund

For words. you're so

Special. We recon 9.2 Hinks

so too. It's so live you

herd purin.

I keep up here good work.

I thought you larted you'd!

Love you!

tap class your support and enthusvam for my pottery was very meaningful to me.

of you and hope to see you soon

> Love of hugs Marcy

2/20/90

Dear Hanry just a short note to let you know Im sending strong healing Vibes your way! I was shocked to hear of your accident life docsn't seem fair Some times I have alot of faith that you will recover. and grow strong again. memories of days at Main St., esp taking your

Simon + Ann 223-2155

Sister Sue Hope 862-8183

daughter

Michael Ann Gliddens 865-4816

daughter many Conlor 388-7801

Dear horma and Jerry, you have all been (and are) in our thoughts and players. Please, if there is anything we can do, let us know. Two of my daughters and my sister have also said they'd like to help in any way, so I'm putting all way, so I'm putting all our phone #'s + names down have, for you. Aun and Semon

9.5. A remember something X felt about your strengt & c good fortune in the part that, when, Nancy Falls, she falls standing up. you've a model of the west that humans have to offer. the news of your speedy for recovery is a delight for my ears. A was as many of your friends & acquaint aprels lin shock opain after the femble news.

A kept saying to myself, this is not possible - how could This happen to Nancy - No unfair I why? These litaries of questions of course go unanswered in this God for saken world we live in.

A talk with Debbre every! few days to hear news of you phogress @ would your to Visit when you would like -Untel then by love to you call my heartfelt wished for your recovery. home Doreen

P.S. A remember something X felt about your strengt (c good fortune in the part that, when, Nancy Falls, she falls standing up. you've a model of the west that humans have to offer. the news of your speedy for recovery is a delight for my ears. A was as many of your friends & acquaint aprels lin shock to pain after the femble news.

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Oreen.

Mancy-The girls & 9 your the rest of The city-rejoicing in your recovery. We send you love and any encouragement we Can. Please call on us for any Thing -Sclene, adriane + hourse Colbum

Manch 23, 1990

Dear Maney, you have been in my thoughts. I'm glad to know your at home. Vim suce as difficult as things have been you you the comfort of you home lie important you you.

If I can support you in any way shase let me know.

I hope your recovery no sopredy.

With Love, Karen

Year Nancy-It ried to call you last back several times to see In you were doing (Tid you get my russeyes)??) I'n sony I didn't her from you. I niss laughing

the cottolic try in me will be praying for you this week. Everything, I'm some will be fire! I have convections with many saints! Take one of yourself Danay - Call re anything Lanyon Juin! 655-4621

Dear Nancy-1 spoke to both Sue Hall & Sarah last weekend. 1 hear you are much improved - 1 m so glad. My very best wishes for a rapid, confirmous relovery.
Cass Reep

2/24/90

Dear Nanney. 2/20 of can hardly believe NANCY, I send you my what's happened! Thouse with w. best wishes for a steady with ws. and complete recovery. I have Best wisher for a much respect and Love for speedy recovery let me know of t you; I'm confident that you will bounce back. As I found out

Dary Steller

AT MSDT, dancers are Tough.

nancy, 1 just want to wish you the best! Many people are praying for you and wishing you the best! Anything / can do for you + Alex, please feel free 40 ask! Get Well Soon! Sumas

Dean Nancy al first thought al would write and Comeserate with you about your satest Episode. . I hear that your Doing well and we are

Need this like you need a role in your head, but shat would be taken well soon. our shoughts and grayers are with you fore mark kittill

can help. But. Lochwood all hoppy for that.

GET WELL SOON!

Our days are filled with thoughts of you and hopes for a swift recovery. We're here for you and for anything you or your family may need. Much love, Par, & cold

Dean Naucy,

But I Want you to know that I think of you Many James each day -With Wishes for good slovery and then spirit healing.

Warmly, Pelleca Penes Builington

lear Navey. you are, and have been, so very much in our thoughts throughout these pest days our concern for you is great indeed. he are much heartened whenever alison tells as y your properse in recovering. We send you, as so many have done, our very best wishes and our

Sugie aux Harses brancai

Non -

Hi - I was surprised (and jayous) that you went home before I had a chance to see gon again at the huspital. What an incredibly strong woman you are ...

Hope all is going well. I think of you often -

Bin

May 10, 1990

Dear Marrey, I have thought of you everyday serie February and everted you to know that. for evere a most important person a my life - some of my momenter of greatest joy and challenge enere effected in your dance Classes) The even days who the muse and the movement and together I left me for above they towdry reactey. I greene that you have in the later. They am one of her deeded whose life you toucled west you get of tacking. That love

a - cs I try to Semulate some

of your talet in my own work, music of movement in our mends. Love to your Blejonder, Karled Tighth Day

for a day or help with a meal..? Mihr is a babysitter-in-training - i we'd both enjoy it!

The "mystik disc" is for you, but you have to share it with Alex...

I look forward to seeing you

Much live,
I hope in Peace—;

you get Dard
Mihr
better
5000

Dear Nancy, Sendunej my love to you with this eard, to let you know you are in my thoughts. I hope that you are home now, & relaxmey. I wish you wan speedy & deep healing - on all the levels... Please let me know if I can be of help to you in any vay... entertaining your young me

Dear Janey
I so enjoyed seeing you on
Opening Fight of "I Do" - you looked
wonderful!
I had lunch ready to bring typer
last Monday, but learned your phone
is unlisted. I'll be ready again
to bring the "soup" to you whenever
you feel up to it. Please phone
me —

Jean have to the my voice to the chows of friends you have loving you and Caring deeply. I am so grateful you are adise and be well. be well. be well. be well. Techapo these might help your kesling. Joseday bearing again; I know lit. Peace, Janga

Friday Mar. 22 Jayre

Tear Mancy,

Tear Haney,

If thoughts of love and concern

can have an effect in your

reconery, then you will door be

well. So many have expressed

shock and outrage over your order

and many tears have been shed.

This is followed by compassionate

wisher for your weel-being:

Please know that our thoughts

are always with you and grow

stronger each day!

Feb. 20, 1990 He Flanagans

Dear Mancy,

Dear Mancy,

Dear Mancy,

Dear Mancy,

Dear Mancy,

Dear Mancy,

Dear Mister and support

are offered to you and your

friend as you contine to mench

The strength of you both is

impressing the men
fusing and encouragement pro
vided by friends, even those

Seldom sean, is ceseful.

Clean Gevskaach

many-I think of you often, I know many people do, all moth weeken for health and peace. This cards message , enjoy the slow times, they are a great," caught my eye in the card shap. The message Certainly has the potential to pies one off. OR - if one lets it sit for awhile -- I believe its got a real valvolle underlayer. It wouldn't surprise me to discover that this secovery interlude you're in right now, when looked back at years from now, might be a real valuable period in your life. you get to betinal the love and concern of lueryone you know, and even strangers), which only happens to people in Crusis. Everyone doe only gets that interactly of emotion from that many people at one time when they die . you can be alive and open up your least and let it head you. Soak it up. I'll be in touch HJedy Z.

I hook forward do puing you poon. all the best. Creeen Oranger Maney:

I hope this card

finds you fuling

were, and I am

po happy to hear

what you are making
a miraculous recovery.

I am beginning to

public into my new

office purroundings,

knowing that I made

whe right decision!

Dear Manay,

We have all been thinking of you Constantly — only good thoughts: " Caul Jordon used to give Barry and me massages in that same noom — so we can't picture it all. We pray for you that you'll be able to get past that soon and get back to a normal life (is like ever normal?).

Joe endoed some enloring books for you little quy Alexander. He must be up

Down Mancy,

We've been thinking so much
about you and were so glad to
hear about your excellent progress.
Debti has kept "Lyric" informed for
which we've been grateful. What
a good friend you have!

If there is any thing you ned
hope you'll let us know.

Keep improving and remember
we've all behind you!

Get well soon - and remember:

"The only way to keep your health is to lat what you don't want, drink what you don't like and do what you'd rather not." - Mark Twain As one realtor to another of m Aorry you're temporarily out of commission: (grown)

Dear Nan -

I just wanted to let you know that I've been thinking and wondering about you a lot. Needless to say there have been lots of feelings, questions, ponderings about the ways of the universe surrounding all this. I've decided that any conclusions about mesering short of a year from now would be presideture.

I toried to see you a couple of Times in the hospital to no avail - times when rest and fours on the self were more important. I did some meditations in the solarium instead - forused on your healing. I hope they helped. I'm glad you're home. I hope your healing in all ways goes warmly and

bearhoney I don't understand at all why such shirles things hopper to onyone, especially Someone as wonderful as you are the may thing of Con say is that I am new concerned about you and send you lets of strength and love to keep going and bring yourseep to peace med hearth. My love to your

always,

ale_

DS. I have been in ohis since Jon. 3 and will be for a few more weers helping my govents while my Dot has surgery. I hope to hearn you're doing kittel soon!

Dean Nancy typoods thought bus by by by by Comeserate with you about your fatest Episode. d hear shat your Doing Well and we are all hoppy for shat.

al was egoing to say you Need ship like you weed en role in your head, but that would be Tacky Anyway, get well soon. our shoughts and grayers are with you fore mark kittill

February 21, 1990

Dear hancy. although we hardly Know one another. I ve hear a long. time admirer y jun talent. Please know that when Son retren, in time, to normal life after this terrible Volence that the peager of so many in our community - people Sm don't ever know- are with you, and helping In to hear. I am certains among them. Warms. Rilean action

so happy to have you home.

Wishing you a very speedy recovery in every way.

> Warm regards, Caul Stone

We were thinking about you And wanted to say, We're hoping you're feeling Much better today!" Well, we heard you were doing much better today & out of intensive care. See you som Nancy, Love, Spike & Dana

Dear Maney, I hope you got better soon, physically & emotionally. I also was very sorry to read of your himband's death. You've been a great inspiration in my life. If you head anything, anytime, please all me. My heart is with you. Much love, Jan Donant

Teb 18, 1990

Den Novey Thinking of you.

Get Well Soon. David Roby

October 10, 1990

Dear Valerie -

I found nancy's account of his journey tascinating. Coincidentally, The day betwe your letter arrived I van into a woman who had just returned from a neeks vocation in The southwest 4 she was describing her experience to me of climbing up into The Indian cliffside villeges. The spoke about the warmin that emanated from the walls. Then a few days later, I came across an article in The newspaper describing The beauty of Amzona with a special section on Sedona. I know I want to go There-I want to see The sily There and experience The colors. Sometimes I teel surprised at myself that I haven't been more aclive in Anyhow Nancy's writing is powerful and I was drawn into her experience. I know That I read it again, will tuck it away in my tolder of travel material for The future. Thanks for sending it to me. Suzanne Hagner

Dear Nancy - Wed, 2/21/90 I just found out today that you're in the hospital and about the Shooting. I want you to know that I'm thinking of you. Tonight I'm testing for my purple belt in karate, and I'm dedicating my test to you and alison.

I love you and send all my healing wishes -Laurel Surk

February 20, 1990

Dear Nancy -I hope you can feel all the love and energy Coming your way Nancy. I just Wanted to let you know how much I and so many other people are thinking about you in your healing. I'll just keep Visuzlizing you in your most vibract self _

Connie wilson

March 25, 1990

Cear Maney, "m sending up to books which I hope will bring you pleasure as you recoup your strength. I found being read to one of the best and most soothing distractions during recovery. C) love you.

Love, Deb

Dear Nancy, This card sends blessings and love or your road to healing a card made for nee by another Mancy-I saw you is Sneakers et breakfast 2 weeks ago of thought how glad I am to see you over all there years, even y I don't say bello a I want you to know how important

ship it if you want/boy, am I being too considerate?

Okay, and here's also a great tape that steve + his Montreal pal made.

It's got no words either.

I hope they help - I know your parents are taking care of your son, but if you EVER need a hand with him, I've got a houseful of people who would welcome a wille visitor. Emma is four and Matchew is eight + they both love " little kids".

Much love prayers + hopes bor speedey exit from MCHV __ Rachel + Steve

in the face of tragedy that would overcome most people. It's this strength which I know will also help you to get through this last harror- (and we gray it is ThE LAST!)

It's OK far you to feel rormally weak once in a while — when you do, just

I would love to have a picture of you with Alex. I'll beh he's a doll!

How are you doing? think about you so much, and hope you're feeling much better.

Had a cord from Sara before they left, and hope they enjoying themselves. We really with she or gang would many for zoe's sake but we know what a rebel sara is.

In husy making quite, no painting, but

that you have coped sorvell in the face of tragedy that would overcome most people. It's this strength which I know will also help you to get through this last harror- (and we gray it is ThE LAST!)

It's OK far you to feel normally weak once in a while — when you do, just

NancyDire wanted to call and wish you well but I hear you get so calls a day and your morn is running interference for you so I will hold off - just know I think of you often!

O had a wonderful dream about you last night! I was taking care of your baby while you ran a dance rehearsal you were vibrant, healthy and happy and leveryone was so impressed at your recovery!

The baby was only 4-5 months old, so till alex to move over! A strange but

NancyOur prayer are
with you and your
Journey. He there
can do for you +
your with one
Please Wh as
how
With land

Dan + Shule Ayus fluidly. I'm sending you lots of love and warm light.

20ve

P.S. I will call you on the 10th to see if you're up for a visit and to see if there is any way I can help. Mennishill I in at 865-4775@ 864-6871 home

Dear Nancy
Our thought, energy & proyer

Cere with your - speeder? you on to
a fuel recovery.

From: Sue Gillis are the

Vermont Woman staff.

Votes from the factor of the field of the factor of

Dear Maney.

All of us here at the studio wish both you and allion a speedy and complete recovery.

Please know that our thoughts, prayers, and bove are with you. Iname Med

Letters



Feb. 19, 1990

GOVERNOR MADELEINE M. KUNIN
P. O. BOX 1386
MONTPELIER, VERMONT 05602
(802) 223-3333

Dur Rancy,

yn - and I mot que with a Spudy and Antal recoursey.

With Kind regards,

Madelem.

PATRICK J. LEAHY
VERMONT



February 21, 1990

Dear Ms. Watkin,

Please accept the condolences of the Leahy family after the senseless attack you endured on Saturday.

Marcelle and I admire your display of courage throughout this awful experience.

We pray for your rapid return to the community and resumption of day to day activities by you and members of your family with this incident put far behind you.

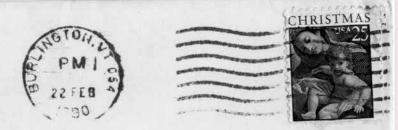
Sincerely,

PATRICK LEAHY

United States Senator

Ms. Nancy L. Watkin Burlington, VT

MAYOR'S OFFICE CITY HALL BURLINGTON, VT 05401



Mancy L. Watkin mcHV McHV McChure 632 Burlington, Vt 05405

Get Well Soon

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WILLIAM H. SORRELL STATE'S ATTORNEY

JANET C. MURNANE CHIEF DEPUTY STATES ATTORNEY

LAUREN BOWERMAN
JOHN R. CHURCHILL
PHILIP R. DANIELSON
JOSEPH A. FARNHAM
SCOT L. KLINE
CINDY J. MAGUIRE
ELIZABETH F. NOVOTNY
ADELE V. PASTOR
EDWARD D. SUTTON



STATE OF VERMONT

OFFICE OF THE CHITTENDEN COUNTY STATE'S ATTORNEY

STATE OFFICE BUILDING P.O. BOX 27 39 PEARL STREET BURLINGTON, VT 05402

PHONE: (802) 863-2865 FAX: (802) 863-9509

DORIS CLAYTON-VIENS VICTIM ADVOCATE

ROBERT E. McGRAW

February 20,1990

Mr. and Mrs. Finnegan c/o Watkin 38 Read Road Williston, VT 05495

RE: State of Vermont vs. Keith Roland
Attempted homicide/assault and robbery

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Finnegan:

Enclosed is the normal packet we send out to crime victims. As I indicated on the telephone today, I have done "release notification" paperwork, which means if this defendant is bailed out or if he escapes from custody, I will be notified immediately. I will then notify you.

Today, Mr. Roland pled not guilty and was held for lack of \$50,000 on four felony counts, totalling \$200,000 bail. If he is bailed out, he has been ordered to adhere to the following conditions of release: report to Burlington Police Department each day, reside in Chittenden County, may not purchase/possess/consume drugs, may not have any weapons in his possession, to have no contact whatsoever, nor cause to be harassed Ms. Watkin. He may not be released on bail if he does not have a local address.

I will inform you each time there is a hearing scheduled in this matter and explain what is happening with the cases. If you have any questions, or there is anything that I can do to assist you, please don't hesitate to call me at the above number. My home telephone number is 863-3803 (unlisted). Please feel free to call me in the evening or on weekends, if you need to.

Sincerely,

Doris Clayton Viens Victim Advocate for Chittenden County WILLIAM H. SORRELL STATE'S ATTORNEY

JANET C. MURNANE CHIEF DEPUTY STATE'S ATTORNEY

LAUREN BOWERMAN JOHN R. CHURCHILL PHILIP R. DANIELSON JOSEPH A. FARNHAM SCOT L. KLINE CINDY J. MAGUIRE ELIZABETH F. NOVOTNY ADELE V. PASTOR EDWARD D. SUTTON



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DORIS CLAYTON-VIENS VICTIM ADVOCATE

ROBERT E. McGRAW INVESTIGATOR

STATE OF VERMONT

February 20, 1990

Nancy Watkin 38 Read Road Williston, VT 05495

Re: State of Vermont vs. Keith Roland

Offense: Attempted homicide/assault and robbery

Dear Ms. Watkin:

A Victim/Witness Assistance Program exists in each of the State's Attorney's offices throughout Vermont, to meet the needs of victims and witnesses. I am the victim/witness advocate for Chittenden County. The purpose of the program is to provide advocacy, counseling referrals, emotional support services, and information and notification for victims and witnesses of crime.

You will be notified by our office of any action which may take place relating to this case. Many defendants plead to the charges before a case reaches the trial stage and therefore, it is important to contact us if you have concerns about restitution.

I have enclosed information about what services are available through the Program, and a victim-impact statement. Information about this defendant appears at the bottom of this letter. If you need any assistance or have any questions, please don't hesitate to contact us at the above number.

Sincerely,

Doris Clayton Viens Victim/Witness Advocate

for Chittenden County

DCV:ts Encl.

The defendant was lodged in jail for lack of \$200,000.00 bail.

WILLIAM H. SORRELL STATE'S ATTORNEY

JANET C. MURNANE CHIEF DEPUTY STATE'S ATTORNEY

LAUREN BOWERMAN JOHN R. CHURCHILL PHILIP R. DANIELSON JOSEPH A. FARNHAM SCOT L. KLINE CINDY J. MAGUIRE ELIZABETH F. NOVOTNY ADELE V. PASTOR EDWARD D. SUTTON



BURLINGTON, VT 05402

DORIS CLAYTON-VIENS VICTIM ADVOCATE

STATE OFFICE BUILDING

P.O. BOX 27

39 PEARL STREET

PHONE: (802) 863-2865

FAX: (802) 863-9509

ROBERT E. MCGRAW INVESTIGATOR

STATE OF VERMONT OFFICE OF THE CHITTENDEN COUNTY STATE'S ATTORNEY

March 5,1990

Nancy Watkin 38 Read Road Williston, VT 05495

Dear Ms. Watkin:

I have been conversing with your parents about this pending case. I plan to meet with Alison soon at her house to discuss what's happening and answer any questions she has. If you are feeling up to meeting with me, I would be glad to come to your house and discuss this with you.

I don't want to hurry you along, so if you aren't prepared to meet with me yet, just let me know and I'll certainly understand. Perhaps your parents could get in touch with me regarding this letter. Thank you.

Sincerely,

Doris Clayton-Viens Victim Advocate for Chittenden County

DCV/ls

WILLIAM H. SORRELL STATE'S ATTORNEY

JANET C. MURNANE CHIEF DEPUTY STATE'S ATTORNEY

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DORIS CLAYTON-VIENS

STATE OFFICE BUILDING

P.O. BOX 27

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PHONE: 18021 863-2865 FAX: (802) 863-9509

VICTIM ADVOCATE

ROBERT E MCGRAW

INVESTIGATOR

STATE OF VERMONT OFFICE OF THE CHITTENDEN COUNTY STATE'S ATTORNEY

March 5,1990

Mr. Richard Feeley Friends of Alison & Nancy P.O.Box 923 Burlington, VT 05402

Dear Mr. Feeley:

As per our telephone conversation today, I have enclosed a couple pamphlets. One details the services offered by the Vermont Victim Assistance Program and the other details the services offered by the non-profit organization I started in 1986 to meet the short-term, emergency needs of crime victims in Chittenden County.

The pamphlet on the Victim Assistance Program does not include all the protocols we have set up with other agencies within the County, nor does it address the several victim groups I facilitate at night. If you would like more information about these other services, please call me.

The Fund has made disbursements of money to victims to pay for such things as glasses, funerals, clean-up of homicide scenes, clothing, etc. We also have contracted with several area motels to provide up to 10 days of free lodging for victims who are in need of a place to stay.

Karen Bradley, who is working on the victim compensation bill with me, is going to send you information on that bill and it's status. If you have any questions at all, please contact me.

Sincerely,

April augh Vien Doris Clayton-Viens Victim Advocate for Chittenden County



State of Vermont Agency of Human Services

CENTER FOR THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF SEXUAL ABUSE

12 South Main Street Waterbury, Vermont 05676 (802) 244-6902

March 8, 1990

Nancy Watkin c/o Mr. and Mrs. Finnegan 38 Read Road Williston, VT 05495

Dear Nancy,

Doris Clayton-Viens, the Victim Advocate from Chittenden County, requested that I send you information on H202, a bill to authorize Crime Victim's Compensation in Vermont.

Please feel free to call me if I can answer any questions you may have concerning this legislation. I have been working on this bill for four years. This will be the most difficult year for passage given the budget deficit.

I thank you for your interest and wish you a speedy recovery.

Sincerely

Karen Bradley Program Coordinator

/ Victim Services

There is nothing I can give you which you do not have But there is much that, while I cannot give it, You can take.

No heaven can come to us Unless our hearts find rest in today. Take heaven.

No peace lies in the future Which is not hidden in this present instant. Take peace.

The gloom of the world is but a shadow; behind it Yet within reach is joy; there is radiance and glory In the darkness could we but see, and to see We have only to look. I beseech you to look.

Life is so generous a giver, but we, judging its gifts
By their covering, cast them away as ugly or heavy
Or hard. Remove the covering, and you will find beneath
It a living splendor, woven of love, by wisdom, with power.

Welcome it, grasp it, and you touch the angel's hand
That brings it to you. Everything we call a trial,
A sorrow or a duty: the angel's hand is there; the gift is
There, and the wonder of an overshadowing presence.
Our joys too, be not content with them as joys.
They too conceal diviner gifts.

And so at this time I greet you: not quite as the world Sends greatings, but with profound esteem And the prayer that for you, now and forever, The day breaks and the shadows flee away.

[A Christmas Greeting}

Dearest Ones,

You have bonded your sisterhood in a violent and terrifying way. The presence of the other (physically, mentally, and spiritually) and your recall will keep you ever mindful of your gift of life. Even in your pain, as your body mends, you can rejoice in this gift of life. As you feel thankful for your body and the ability to feel the pain—you will rise above it. You are Blessed. This experience helps you know it. You are infinitely supported and loved on all levels. Call on God and his human manifestations, draw in the healing light, and rejoice.

You were the Chosen Ones. Support the ones who face you with their own fear, pain, and anger. They serve you by their feelings. What they carry is partly yours. As you see how deeply those around you are effected—you will experience more deeply the effect already within you. Know that as others serve you, they are nourishing themselves and you help them by accepting and requesting. Cherrish it.

Wear your covered badges of courage proudly and find comfort in them. They are wounds soon to be scars and they mark your initiation and your Bond.

You have been Graced with experiencing how Loved you are while still in human form. You have been Graced with very intimate knowledge of how precious and vulnerable human existence is. You have been Graced and having been Touched are now Touching many others...only to expand the Grace.

God bless you, you cherrished ones

41 Dundonald Street, Apt. 1104, Toronto Canada M4Y 1K6

April 8, 1990

Nancy Watkin 38 Read Road Williston, Vermont 05495 USA

Dear Nancy,

Please forgive the formality — and the typing. It's a habit I got into when I was an editor, and one that's reinforced by sitting at the screen of a word-processor. Besides, my handwriting long-since went out the window.

I should apologize for not being in touch before this, but I assume you had enough on your plate without having to take care of other people's concern, even concern about you. I have a friend in hospital now whom I keep trying to visit, but every time I arrive he just wants to sleep. I can imagine how he feels.

Still, it was awful to hear what happenned — though good to hear that you've come through it as well as you have. I've coped with people being sick here and people dying, but in every case I had at least some time to get ready for the idea. I live and work in a world where we're all ready for the idea, so there's sadness and pain but there's rarely shock. What you have been through is, I'm sure, much harder.

Debi said you've asked how I am and I hope she's told you I'm well. I am — but I know she can be a worrier and she's been worried about me. (She does seem in much better shape herself now than she has for years, which makes me less worried about her.) I do have HIV, as you probably know, but I haven't had anything more than minor symptoms — and those a long time ago. I've been on AZT since August of 1988, and everything since then has been completely stable. I feel so good that only the pills remind me I have a virus.

It also helps that I work for the country's biggest AIDS organization. That, friends I've known for years, and the community work I've done with them for years, have kept me from ever feeling isolated in this. All around me there are people dealing with exactly what I'm dealing with, personally and otherwise. And mostly what I see when I look around is immense courage and strength and a lot of plain good sense. Life feels very good. And even after 20 years here, I still know I picked the right place to live!

Anyway -- don't feel you have to answer this. It's just to let you know I'm thinking of you, and to send you a little strength. From what I hear, though, you've got plenty of your own and you're using it well. So don't stop, eh? I'm not about to.

All the best, Nancy.

Rich



June 5, 1990

Dear Nancy -

I want to tell you how moved I was by your words that Mark read at the Celebration of Life. Most people would have died within if they had had even half of the burdens that have been laid at your door. Your strength and courage and acceptance have not only made you a survivor, but you are capable of helping to heal others. I think you were right in saying that you have had many weeks to work on your own healing and the Celebration of Life was a form of healing for the community. The violence done to you two has definitely increased the sense of vulnerability that most women already felt in our state. Of course, it could have been a man just as easily, or even a child. As a father, I fear for my child from such senseless brutality.

What made the evening so profound for me was your comment: "When you stumble, make it a part of your dance". I cry even now as I write those words. Thank you for being such a model of courage and wisdom in the face of true hardship and adversity. As my family and friends and I stumble through our chosen paths, I will always think of those words to help me and give us perspective.

onMiller

Much love always -

286 COLLEGE STREET • BURLINGTON • VERMONT 05401 • (802) 864-6805

THE FRIENDS OF ALISON & NANCY

P.O. Box 923 Burlington, VT 05402 March 21, 1990

Dear Friend of Alison & Nancy

The purpose of this letter is to thank you and the 300+ contributors who were so generous in supporting the fund which was set up for Alison Granucci and Nancy Watkin.

Our fund raising was instituted to help defray the medical expenses and loss of income that Alison & Nancy will experience as a result of the injuries they suffered from a shooting incident in downtown Burlington last month. We are pleased to announce that we have reached our \$15,000 goal, and expect to actually exceed it by a few thousand dollars.

Both Alison & Nancy have been released from the hospital and are recovering at home. Alison expects to return to work in approximately a month, but Nancy's injuries may delay her re-entry to the workplace for some time. She is still experiencing some difficulties with her vision and hearing, but it is hopeful that those problems will subside over the next few weeks.

All of us involved in this fund raising effort are overwhelmed by the tremendous emotional and financial support that you have shown. For the time being we have decided to suspend our fund raising efforts and hope that they will not have to be started up again. However, that is somewhat dependent upon how both women respond to treatment during their recovery. If and when it is necessary to ask for additional help, we are sure that this wonderful community that we live in will be there.

Many thanks to you and all of Alison's & Nancy's 'friends', and please be assured that either through the media or by direct letter to you we will keep you informed as to how things are coming with Alison & Nancy.

Sincerely,

MARYANN FICOCIELLO
MARK KOENIGSBERG
For the Friends of Aligon & Nancy

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Where a good day

henri de marne & associates, consultants

residential energy conservation, insulation & building systems house condition inspections & appraisals rr 1 box 309 waitsfield, vt. 05673 (802) 496-3910

Sunday 4 march 1970

Dear Navay,

Shode, horror are words too weak to be wife how I felt won reading about what happened to you recently. For personal reasons, your situation strikes we as particularly painful.

Please accept the endored che de to help depay form medical expenses; I am only sorry I can't do more at this time.

But I may be helpful in other ways I am pretry handy around the house in fixing things up, carrying fix wood if helded, Ceneral main terrance and up keep, inside 4 out or simply running enands.

This is a time you need help from all those concerned about you and the more we are the lighter is the broak load.

It would make me very happy to contribute more to your prompt recovery and poace of mind than I can do financially at this time.

phone number of lan not in a drop me a note.

Warnest with,

tun de terang

Daniel C. Cox

Katharine C. Blanchard

P.O. Box 1431 Charlotte, Vermont 05445

3/2/90

Dear Nancy.

Casy tells me you're a suchy good realfor and ... a such person! Pare qualities in that midustry!

At both wish you a very complete

Drawingly.

Dan e Carce

Dear Nancy,

as impersonal as a check may seem it is nonetheless our way of letting you know our support and heartfelt sadness in your tragedy. None of us can begin to know the intense feelings you must be experiencing; yet we hope that in some small way this assistance will ease some of your bunder.

With the few encounters (businesswise) that I have had with you I have come to admire your strength and Jainness (oupled with a group of truly caring partners and friends at Farnham, I hope that I will be working with you again in real estate transactions in the rear future.

D am obviously writing on Lehalf of everyone at Trademark some of whom you may know better than others, but it is the concur for you from each and everyone of us at Trademark that got us together to send you this check as support.

Our best best wishes

Sincerely, Many Beth Rempp 3.10.90 Hello, my Juena I think of you daily. I'm so grateful you are alive!! I would like to come and be with your, helping out where needed, and flist being west to you Please let me know if that ok. I have a can mow. Before I left to be we rack for a week went to see you in The hospital. Suzanne accompanied me. I sat by your bed held your hand, watched you breathe, talked with you. You were deeply Seeping. In a need to do something I took all the cards out of The envelopes and affect Them, some envelopes, back on me flower arrangements that filled your room, so That you could see at a glanie who had sent for the Gougnets. U People do odd Things in such einburnstances. The dreampt of you several times in The last I weeks; strong, powerful dream images. Hove you alor, Nam. Harval

APRIL 12, 1990

DEAR NANCY,

IT WAS GREAT TO HEAR YOUR VOICE, I SENCED
THE STRENGTH AND PROGRESS, YOUR TREMENDOUS
WILL AND UN YIELDING DETERMINATION, WILL
ALWAYS CARRY YOU THROUGH.... JUST REMEMBER
PEOPLE CARE AND WANT TO HELP, IT HELPS
ALL OF US AS WELL.

THE TIME I HAVE SPENT WITH YOU, ALEX AND YOUR FAMILY, HAS BEEN A VERY SPECTAL TIME. IT HAS BRIDGED A PAST WITH A PRESENT AND ALLOWED FOR A FUTURE.

I DO LOOK FORWARD TO A LONG AND FULFIELING FRIENDSHIP.

THE SKY IS WITHOUT LIMITS_

ALL MY LOVE-Suson When I received the call and I heard your name I know something was wrong. My first comment—is it bal?, The next trought somewhat less absented 'O know the will be alright I know this keranse them yours of tyliem crises have for timale of upone to believe this time will be the exception. You are strong and much here has and have only began to etch your mank on the face of this world.

My thought and fragen, an with you don friend,

Noth Jove,

February 23, 1990

Dear Nancy, There have been several times in the last few years that you've been in my thought a lot - alexanders birth, Eds death - and live herstated to conte a note for (I think) understandable therapsist reasons, This time it a little too much, though I suist wanted you to know los been thinking of you every day and sending all the good energy I can. I hope yours surrounded you deserve night non

Dear Nancy -

I stopped in to add my best wishes to your pile of good wishes. I'm pleased you're doing so well. Keep up the good work. I'll call in a few days to see how things are going. Please feel free to call me (W-863-2810/H-863-5293) if you have any questions. From my point of view, The only thing you need to worry about is your speedy recovery (ie. everything also is GOOD.) We'll chat when your ready to, but rest assured, you have nothing to warry about ! We all love you so much and can't wait for you to come out and play!

Dan

Dear Nan-I have been thinking lots about you - 1 Mess you -Some news abt Sava huh!? In of to So. Africa tomorrow Lunch when I come home. Be will & Strong. I lon you

Get well Mancy. We're thenheing Debbi Level Page and the Grade angie Sweet as Flynn School Kristin Dusablen Josh La Fountaine Erlica Hall Nathan Hayes Brooke Smith Lauce Puprey Erin Prim David Puwis gettion gener Mike reno Vina Blair Steven Chagnon nichole Burawa Jeremy Bowen Nick Brogna Get well Soom

ofter - Take it easy + what - it'll are work

out.

Take To you soon.

But while

Aid Fully

I don't know what I can do to support you during and after this mightness, but if anything ames up pleaser let me know.

Much love,

Lawen

NOTES JOURNAL / INSIGHT

Dear Mancy & alexander Gary Cley poked us today to write you a letter, what a wonderful idea. This enables me to put it down on paper all the thoughts, feelings, hopes and players of home for you both, so that you can read reread them when you want. These last 5 days have been norrendous for you nancy a alex and for all of us. Iwant to start may saying sim horored to have been so way time. I seem to have been

plessed with the inner strenger to help you. Thank you dear God. My heart is heavy as I write this, but with all the love + Support of our fuends, we all get through this terrible time you nancy are a very special person, as one day alexander you'll see. you mom loves you very much. We are all going to take care of you and watch you grow up to De a fine person like your dad. What a great man he was aly. There are so many kind ways about Ed, always smilings, always caring, always there for so many people.

DIARY / IDEAS

SUBJEC

Denon you'll be the some way as your dad was.

Nancy this is an opportunity for you to open up and let in all the love & Support & hove for your Please lean on me when you need to. You have done so much for me and together we will fulfill all our driams.

Ploveyon May Eller

2-21-90 MEDICAL CENTER HOSPITAL OF VERMONT CLINICAL RECORD Dancy Watkins !! Jenniver BORTHWICK-leslie - I'll be back THURSDAY BEFORE stopped by but you were sleeping Mancy - Michael ann Stopped in - I'll see you later.

	2-02-90
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	CLINICAL RECORD
	nancy Wort Kins
	0
Con	ie Pathanson
Bill T	Pawis.
Sim (Occher d
13111	Ce Lancer HI-love always
Pama	la Polston - Hi-sending you love & energy See you later .
Pom S	
Bob S	Stanfield - letting you know that late of people care.
Tano	Selzer
Mich	and Harrison
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	is Watkin OF YOU CONSTANTLY.
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Hello Nancy - Wishing you To a Jery speedy recovery	SEE YOU HT OVE CS	Jane Miller			
Lots of Love - Philip Bither	Hello Nancy - Wishin you				
		nots of Love - Philip Bither			
		BY TO SAY HI! TAKE CARE!			
Thypol	1	THUMON			
	*;				

DEAR NON.

GOT YOUR LETTER (DIAPY OF YOUR TIME) AND READ IT WITH GREAT INTEREST. I HAVE THE STRONGEST FEELING THAT YOU ARE (AND I MEAN THIS WELL OF CORPSE) OF A DIFFERENT WOULD NOW SOMEWING APART FROM "US". ALL YOU HAVE GONE THROUGH IN THE PAST YEAR, SO MANY THISLE BY FIRE, LIKE THE BUDDHIST MONKS WHO WALL ZO MINES EVERLY PAY PAND AND POND THEIR MUNITAIN FOR LOUD DAYS, PUTS YOU IS A PLACE DIFFERENTIATED, SEPARATED AND IN THIN GIVES YOU SOMETHING OF GREAT IMPORTANCE TO TROOK YOU SOMETHING OF GREAT IMPORTANCE TO TROOK AMIN'S YOU. WHAT OD YO THINK NAN? AMIN OUGH STATING THINGS?

WE'FE GOD!

MOMORO'S UPHCHUG TO PREPARE TUNGS FOR

SOME UP COMING EX MIDITIONS. I'M IN AND UT

OF TOWN GOING TO SINGULU (ANOTHER PREPARENTOLOGIO) TO

BUILD A PROJECT I MAK DESIGNED. I'M EATING A WY

OF DUMPINGS AND BERGY LATELY. IN FACT I'M GETTING

A LITTLE PUMPLING-IST MYSELF TOO. AS A MATTING OF

FACT. WELL YOU THE WHAT YOU EAT!

HOW I'M YOU FIRE MEATING AND VISION WAN?

I'M BE IN NEW YOUR NOU 2900 DERE 5 AND WILL

CIVE YOU A PING THEN.

be were to see.
My TO seex.

PS. NOW WHAT LAST NAME , 100 YOU GO BY THESE 100 YO ?

up

Thursday

Hi Maney -Just stopped by to say howdy and to let you know that there are so very many of no thinking of & praying for you. sat wy you a bit Tues . it was so wonderful just to be able to see you & he with you. Take care - I'll be back Get plenty of healing sleep, I see you getting stronger & better fast. Lue Hope

February 23, 1990

Dear Nancy, There have been several times in the last few years that you've been in my thought a lot - alexanders birth, Eds death - and live hestated to conte a note for (I think) understandable therageist reasons, This time it a little too much, though I just wanted you to know live been thinking of you every day and sending all the good energy I can. I hope your surrounded by all the love and care you deserve nght non

OCT 14,1990

LENORA AND CLIFF SAGENDORF

1048 NO JANTZEN AVE.

PORTLAND, OREGON 97217

(503) 289-8083

I CHOSE TO WRITE AFTER WE HAD

HEARD MOST OF THE NEWS. IT IS A LOT EASIER

TO WRITE WHEN WE'VE LEARNED YOU ARE ON

THE MEND. IT IS AMAZING HOW INFORMATION ABOUT

FRIENDS RETURNS. LENNIE'S MOTHER, RUTH DUCHAUR,

SAW THE FREE PRESS TOVERAGE, REMEMBERED OUR

TIMES SPENT AND FORWARDED CLIPPINGS. AT THIS

WRITING WE KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN UP TO.

SO IN FAIRNESS - HERE IS OUR HISTORY

69-71. COLLEGE, MARRIED, DRAFTED: BY A "FLOOK"

IN THE MILITARY'S PAPER WORK I SPENT MY

SNITIRE MILITARY EXPERIENCE IN ANNISTON, ALABAMA.

LENIORA JOINED ME, SO WE LEARNED HOW TO LIVE

ON A MILITARY POST. AFTER THE ARMY WE WANDERED

AROUND THE COUNTRY FOR FOUR MONTHS. THAT WAS WHEN

WE SAW ONE ANOTHER AT, THE HARM, MI NEW YORK.

I HAVE OCCASSION TO STILL TELL PEOPLE ABOUT

YOUR WALL PAPERING OF THE UPSTAIRS BATHROOM!

WE HINE OUT IN VERMONT 1972-74. WE SPENT

A COUPLE OF MONTHS WANDERING AGAIN, THEN SETTLED

INTO COLUMBUS, OHIO. LENORA PERSUED HER CAREER

IN RETAILING AND I WENT TO GRACUATE SCHOOL.

I STANTED TEACHING AT THE OHIO STATE SCHOOL

FOR THE BUIND AND DEAF BUIND. THE GOOD LIFE

CONSISTED OF BUYING SOME STUFF, FURNISHING A

CONTEMPORARY APARTMENT, AND WANDERING AROUND

THE COUNTRY. WE LEARNED ABOUT THE CARIBBEAN

IN WINTERS AND MIDWEST SUMMERS: INDY 500,

KENTUCKY DERBY, LARE ERIE, AND OTHERS.

1980 WE USED THE DUST FROM MT. ST.

HELENS TO GUIDE US TO THE PACIFIC MORTHWEST.

HERE IS WHERE WE HAVE DECIDED TO CIVE, I

TEACH MULTI-HANDICAPPED STUDENTS IN A PUBLIC

HILH SCHOOL LENORA IS A BUYER FOR A

DEPARTMENT STORE. 1983 WE LOUGHT A PLOAT

HOME MOORED AT JANTZEN BEACH, COLUMBIA

RIVER. WE LIVE NEXT TO THE BRIOGE THAT

CONNECTS OREGON TO WASHINGTON. WE HAVE

REMODELED A SUMMER HOUSE INTO OUR PERMANEUT

RESIDENCE.

WE STILL WANDER SOME: MEXICO, HAWAII

AND NORTH WEST. SEATILE AND SAN FRANCISCO ARE

GOOD FOR LONG WEEKENDS. OTHER TRIPS INCLUDE—

"GAING-HOME" VERMONT. BOTH FAMILIES LIVE:

BURLINGTON, JERICHO, MIDDUEBURY, AND WATERWILLE.

WITHOUT EXCEPTION THEY RAISE KIDS, MAKE SYRUP

AND ENJOY ALL OF THE MORTHERST'S PLEASURES.

LENIORA SPENDS AT CEAST A NEEK A MONTH IN NEW YORK CITY, DURING HER BUYING SKASON. ON THOSE VISITS SHE OFTEN GOKS TO VERMONT, DUR PARENTS ARE TWENTY MINUTES DRIVE APART. WHY NOT CRAVE YOUR NUMBER AND WE WILL CALL: LEN'S FAMILY: 88 SARATOGA AVE BURLINGTON, VERMONT 05401 HOWARD + RUTH 862-1013 DUCHACKIL CLIFF'S FAMILY: 96 EASTVIEW ESTATES WILLISTON, VERMONT 05495 VIC + DOTTIE 879 -8339 SAGENDORF TAKE CARE CLIFF SAGENDORF Dear Maney, Hope you are continuably mending! Thinking

2. What to Say to sou tirally & pist teneded what the improv poet worders. up almost - except. I conit say we're Lest friends, But surane Someone ? actainth feel have a hand untit that tackes many herses. I have loved worlangen preces with pullets do it Again) Monath been a difficult le months from. Est tose the sunling force in The paper everyday. Espoke to theren bruthy Sin might so iturn more reassures) Jeb. 21, 1990 Makeart lare and houghts have been will you since & Thad of sur & have no idea haw to disceibly tounking reded when its Swends - Sult world Day Law tradged Ote seem so empty- 8 ye held onto This card on day Struggering with

Dear Mancy years ago we worked together in Magrans. Igues it was in 1973 or 74. I know that youve experienced many changes in your life since then both. personally and professionally . Sont asked me how I know these things I guess In only aware at the level small fown news gets around. I read about the shooting and can only imigine how gratiful you are to be alive therever, if I can only for a moment put mipelf in your place Ican imagine the enarmous since of betrayal and violation you must This and stuck me. The black bird normally the symbol of negativety and darkness has moved bugand the wil symbolism and becomes a helper lifting the somewhat defeated looking kitty into the light. Its a very populal card. - my grayers are with you for a healing of your body and Saul With good thought Duncen frame (Hanna)

2-19-90

Dear Nancy. My thoughts and prayers are with you. I know you and know you have the great strength you will need to heal yourself from this attack on your body and your spirit. I keep thinking of all the strange and wonderful dances you made and how under. neath then all was this belief in the human spirit and your own power. I hope you can get back to your beautiful son and your work soon. Jove Ellen

Dear Mancy,

Our thoughts and prayers
have been with your since we
heard the shocking news of
your shooting. I'm sine it
is difficult to maintain any
faith in markind after such
a horrendous experience. But
some good must come of every,
tragedy-perhaps appreciating
the pucious gift of life is a
lesson we all can learn as
we realize just how fragile
our lives are.

With the support of family and friends the healing will begin. Please know you are treasured and loved by all of us!

With love, Cendy, Bill and Daniel 21. February. 1990

Dear Nancy,

... and hoping you're feeling better.

Sending you all good moughts and wishes. We need you Nancy, We need your laughter and creativity and strong spirit! with fondress q (ove, Valerie

Hello Nancy -I came to visit but you were asteep. Rest up, held up. Serding you all best + love. Valence Man. Feb. 26 4:45 pm

25 · February · 1990

Dear Nancy,

I heard The good news from Harry That you are feeling better! That's fantastic! Rebecca has also been keeping me informed about your progress & Sana too. (I've been guing to ! mem. - And loft classes The past month) I Kept Trinking of you as I watched Pilobolus perform here on feb. B - remembered are mose little lifts & carries you used to work into your dances a appreciated Them more, at This point in time. Why does into your dances appreciated Them more, at This point in time. Why does into your dances a smetimes, to understand These Get Well Soon Things?

It take years, smetimes, to understand These Get Well Soon Things?

The Cocktail Party dance, The Ladder dance, The Rainbow dance, -trinking back on it all, those were damn good pieces of choreography, exciting, intricate; you put alot into Them. I remember thinking when you revamped The cocktail party piece a did it with Bill Davis's music a Hanna's vacalizations _ "Wow, That's still a good piece, it holds up. " You're brought alot of dance excitement to This town.

That's The way I Think of you - and also with little Alex a growny shopping & in your real estate garb, a with all your good friends a your dear parents.

Keep getting better. Stay happy.

With love,

Valerie

5. March: 1990

Dear Nancy,

home a surrounded by good people & your little son!

Thinking of you with love of fondness and continuing to cheer you on. (I hear your sense of humor is still full force. Good. Good Good!!!) Love, Valerie

Saturday 29. March.

Dear Nancy -

Born Sana & Rebecca keep me informed about how you're doing. (It sounds like such a hard struggle). Also, now I'm worried about Sana, especially 9 Rebecca - Their health hasn't been The greatest. Boy, life certainly Throws us some curve balls!

Keep getting better. Keep loving yourself, as you are. - because we all do.

I'm rooting for you Nancy! Hope The love, pain lessons & Valenie lessons.

29. August 1990

Dear Nancy.

Thanks for Thinking of me a sending your account of The Sedona tip. Its an amazing story & piece of writing. You write well! Your descriptions are very ulvid. Keep at it.

Im glad That There was alot of healing strength a vision That came from This trip for you. - 4 for church too - what a good friend he is. love! Valerie

22: October 1990 Monday night

Down Namey.

I took The liberty of sending a copy of your writing on your Sedon a experience to a dear friend of mine who is atherapist & who lives in Seattle. I haven't seen her in almost 10 years & have talked to her on The phone maybe 5 times in That period but we keep up a lively correspondence, exchanging letters & cards several times a week. Anyway, she was very impressed with your writing a what you had to tell & I mought I'd share The opening paragraph of her most recent letter to Man because it is so complimentary to you & to The work you are doing. Boy, time sure does pass by quidly. I an't believe we are headed toward The Holidays already -Halloween, Thanksqiving, Christmas-That trium vinate. I still have yet to dream up a Halloween costume for several parties next week. Thought I'd Paint some old chicken wish bones blue mat I have hanging around here a wear Trem on strings on my costume
wear Trem on strings on my costume
Well, hope you are
Kird of Jamaican, eh? Well, hope you are
kird of Jamaican, eh? well, hope you are
well + Saw Rebecca last week. we went to
well + Saw Rebecca last week. we went to
well + Saw Rebecca last week.

MARCH 1,1990

Nancy,

I am homipied to have heard the news concerning you and Alisyn. Thank God your toth alive! I pray for you that there will be no lasting damage to you, physically dayway. Enotionally, it likely will be a different story.

I feel so anging at this man who caused you this harm. I wanted to go immediately to Ut. and Kill him ! It's not fair, it's not human that such a threatening experience should be fall you. It's a tribute to your strength & courage ax a person that you've survived buch an order. (I suppose there's on another angel "looking out for you also)

I don't know much of the details, televe & after. Gail & I have received news in tits & preces, with long intervals between. Both of us have been truly shaken by this how—ever, as Alisyn & you are people we care very much about.

ready to plie or ease into pelvic contractions, I think of you you have bun such a major force in helping one discover the beauty & Joy of dance (and countless others I'm sure) and I'll always ful tremendous grattitude toward you.

lost year. Again a tradgedy you don't deserve.

Congratulations however, regarding your
son. I'm glad I can arentian something of joy
as I imagine he must be for you. I'm to sure
hour a wonderful mother, and he's value

I willy to have you'd

pail, gabrielle and I are doing well we have survived some challenging trials oursalves over the point 3 yrs. I.E. Dealls in my family, miscarriages, poverty and dispair. However things have turned for the botter, as we're took warring jobs we love she is managing aditor of war, magazine and I am practicing family thingpy. Briefle is blossoming into a charming, immaginative little girl. She truly makes my heart sing.

Seattle looks to be or home for a while, a wonderful city. I have started dancing more seriously after a 3 yr. I allott. Bred offered a spot in commenty musical - we'll sur. Time is still a problem these days with formily responsibilities. good by a Noncy. I will next you go my return to the green Atts. (may be next your good blooms you - and get well please !! with much love that, Gail, Garrier

415/2021

My dearest Nancy,

I can't say enough

low wonderful it was

to falk to you in Jeb.

And by wonderful, I

wear morny and profound.

You are embedded in

say heart and I love you.

Enclosed one the two articles

I promisel, plus my posem.

I look forward to learny

from you when you open

yourse boy of letters

Another - I doing I believe

J saved any (although I also
com't believe I thorow any
away - I hope they are
somely misplaced).

J hope a visit is in
our future - soon!

Jone feed for life,

PS-Chuck said Reid Smail me
+didn't. Is he still there?

Enow bendes to fact E'm

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Universal spirit - whetever the Force.

The Live Divine Love.

Also myself E'm don's

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have A core which this

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P.S. What Music dogin

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ALISON GRANUCCI AND NANCY WATEN C/O MCHV BURLINGTON, VT 05401

FEBRUARY 26,1990

DEAR ALISON AND NANCY,

I DON'T KNOW YON, BUT I WISH TO SEND YOU MY HOPES FOR A RAPID RECOVERY. FOR YOU SITH.

I THINK OFTEN ABOUT THE SHOOTING WHICH TOOK PLACE AT THE MASSAGE CENTER. WALKING THE STREETS OF BURLINGTON HASN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE. I AM PAINFULLY AWARE THAT IT (CILL) HAVE BEEN ME OR SOMEONE ELSE, AT THE END OF THIS MAN'S GUN- THAT IT HAPPENED TO BE YOU BOTH WAS LARGELY CHANCE.

HOWEVER, AS WOMEN, WE ARE ESPECIALLY TARGETED.

THOPE THIS EXPERIENCE DUESN'T LEAVE
YOU FEELING SOME HOW RESPONSIBLE OR IN
ANY WAY ESPECIALLY TARGETED. WE ARE
ALL VILNERABLE; THIS IS A SCARY TRITH.

THISH FOR YOU BUTH AND FOR ALL WOMEN MUREL INCluded)
THE COURAGE TO GET ON WITH OUR LIVES
DESPITE THE THREAT OF VIOLENCE AGAINST US.

AGAIN, BEST NISHES FOR YOUR RECWERY,

WL flacks

AILERN L. LACHS.



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new tools build on stones' success

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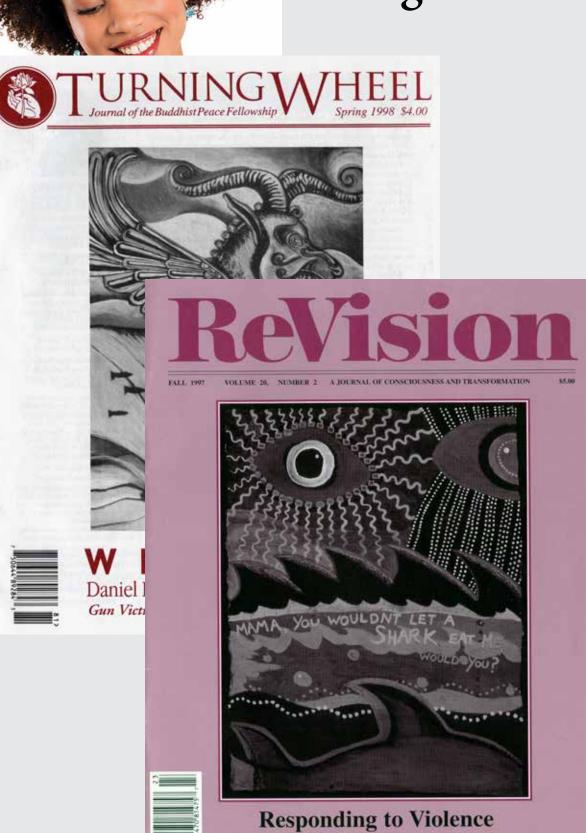
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If You Stumble, Make it Part of the Dance -A massage therapist and her client recover from a violent attack

BY DAVID STEINHARDT

Healing.

In a word, that's what a good massage is all about. In the sanctuary of the studio, practitioner and client come together, with trust, to reinvigorate the regenerative powers within. Soothing recorded music and four walls insulate this sacred space from the pressures and uncertainties of the outside world.

Massage is like an improvisational dance, during which the energy of the client, the practitioner's intuition and the mood of the music braid together to inspire the creative act of releasing the client from pain, tension, anxiety, rage, trauma or whatever else has brought him/her to the session.

It is different every time. Massage, then, can be a place where the healing and performing arts overlap.

Enter two dancers who are friends, also massage therapist and client — Alison Granucci and Nancy Watkin. Alison studied dance with Nancy and performed at the dance theater Nancy managed. Nancy provided Alison with her first massage space within the theater building.

Alison shares a studio called The Massage Center these days. She is also one of the leading teachers of massage in the area. She has her own method, Body Systems Integration, which is adapted from Bonnie Bainbridge Cohen's movement work.

Nancy now manages a real estate brokerage firm, while staying active in the performing arts. She is working with a playwright on a dramatization of her life. She is the mother of a little boy . named Alexander.

On Feb. 17, 1990, a drifter named Keith Roland invaded the sacred space of the studio and attacked Alison and Nancy. Roland arrived in Burlington, Vermont via Greyhound bus from San Diego at about 3:30 p.m. In his wallet were the business cards of several massage parlors from around the U.S. Walking down a Burlington street, Keith saw a business sign which read "The Massage Center." He went inside at about 4 o'clock.

Alison Granucci (pronounced granoosee) heard someone in the stairwell near the end of the session with Nancy. "That's happened hundreds of times since I'd worked there, but for some reaGunman gets 35-80 years

Victims say they'll always remember

By Mike Donoghue Free Press Staff Writer



Guilty plea offered in city attack

Reprinted with permission of The Burlington Free Press, Burlington, Vermont.

son something about this one scared me. I remember hearing the creaking of the stairs and there was danger in the air. I really felt something was not right."

Alison had given Nancy gift certifi-cates for massage following the sudden and somewhat mysterious death of Nancy's husband, Ed Brousseau, in September 1989. The massage which Alison performed on Nancy starting at 3 p.m. on Saturday, Feb. 17, had been originally scheduled for that time, but had been rescheduled several times before they finally agreed to do it as first planned. "Afterwards, it was funny that we had tried to change it so many times. It was like we were supposed to be

there," Alison says now. She does not usually work Saturdays.

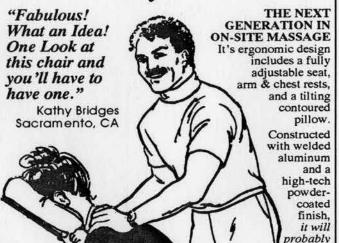
She considered sharing her concern with Nancy, but decided that "she had enough on her mind already," and continued working for another 15 or 20 minutes, "hoping this person would go away. He didn't. I kept hearing the creaking, like he was standing there just rocking back and forth."

A closet in the studio had a curtained window to the hallway. After thesession, "I told Nancy I had to get something from the closet and I went in and looked behind the curtain....He was pretty grungy and just swaying on the stairs

Continued on page 36>

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IF YOU STUMBLE...

Continued from page 34

and I thought, 'Looks like a homeless person and he looks kind of weird, but he's probably harmless enough."

Walking out to The Massage Center's lobby, Alison told herself to "be brave, which was weird, because I'd been there alone a lot and had never felt that before."

Alison and Keith talked through a picture window next to the door. She told him to go away, he refused, then she unwisely opened the door to give him a business card. When she turned her back for a moment, he drew a gun. Alison screamed at him to leave and pushed at his much larger body, but when he said he was ready to use the gun and wanted money, she led him into the studio.

The memory of Nancy's face as they entered is still heartbreaking to Alison. She tried to tell her with a facial expression,

In contrast to Alison, Nancy was completely cooperative. Keith, however, was starting to panic. He worried aloud about his escape and ordered Alison and Nancy to lie on the floor with hands behind their heads. For a moment it looked as if he would try to escape in one of their cars, but suddenly he took a foot pillow, placed it in front of the gun and fired into Nancy's

Alison says that seeing Nancy's back arch and hearing her scream made her realize they were being shot. She describes what she did next only slowly, aware of skeptics: "I put a shield of gold light around us."

Nancy, meanwhile, was having a vision of her late husband, Ed, sitting on her shoulder, blocking the bullets.

Of five shots Keith fired, three hit Nancy. One passed through the back and out the chest, while two lodged in the head. Alison was hit twice. One bullet grazed the left forefinger which was on the back of the head, the other passed twice through the parietal bone of the skull without hitting the brain.

After Keith left, Alison was conscious and Nancy was not. It was only after feeling blood that Alison knew she had been hit. "I screamed, 'Are you alive?' at Nancy, but she was out." Alison ran downstairs, managed to open the door of the restaurant below her studio with a numb right hand, and had a man there call 911. Then she went back upstairs, lay down next to Nancy, and waited for the rescue squad. She was still conscious when they arrived, and gave a description which led to Keith Roland's arrest less than an hour later.

Burlington's arts and real estate communities rallied around Alison and Nancy immediately. The Burlington Free Press reported the crime and some followup stories under banner, front-page headlines with news and file photos. The paper also featured appeals for the Friends of Alison and Nancy Fund, which was formed to help pay their extraordinary expenses. Through the newspaper drive, the volunteer efforts of many people, and a benefit concert at Burlington's Flynn Theatre, the Friends of Alison and Nancy raised over \$30,000. That's nearly a dollar for every person in Burlington, Vermont's largest city. The director of the Flynn, Philip Bither, said it was the first time in his tenure that staff support and use of the theater were provided free. "They're both such amazing people. We didn't want to take away anything that might help them," Bither said.

Notwithstanding all the love and support (even then-Gov. Madeline Kunin made a publicized visit to the hospital), recov-

ery was a long, painful process for both of them.

Now, however, on meeting Alison or Nancy, no one would ever guess what they had been through. "I always planned to live to 100, so I certainly wasn't going to give it up at 33!" Alison jokes.

Continued on page 38>

IF YOU STUMBLE...

Continued from page 36

Nancy's recovery has far exceeded doctors' expectations. A portion of her brain, "about the size of a lemon, looks real fuzzy on the x-ray. It doesn't look good." She recounts the prognosis she was given for the level of brain damage she suffered: "Memory loss, vision problems, hearing loss, coordination problems and personality disorders, plus an inability to control my bladder and - oh yeah! involuntary vomiting. Also pseudo tumors, which have all the symptoms of tumors without anything actually growing there." In fact, she has had only some vision problems and hearing loss. "They can't figure it out. They really can't," she says about both her recovery and the fact that the two slugs in her brain stopped far short of where the experts say they should have gone.

Nancy attributes her relative lack of permanent damage to Alison's massage. "I had just received about an 80-minute massage. I was completely dressed (when Keith entered), which I think was key. If I had been nude, I would have been much more uncomfortable...I was sitting in a chair, feeling totally euphoric, with my entire body feeling as relaxed as it's ever going to get. So even though he entered the room and there was clearly some adrenaline rush, my theory — and it's only a theory — is that I was muscularly so relaxed that the bullets didn't do more damage than they did.'

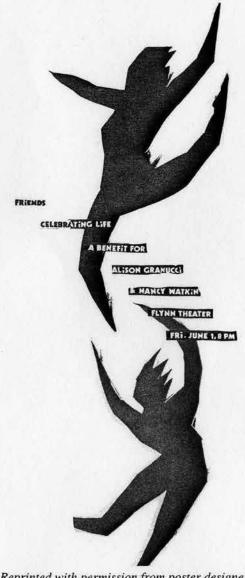
Alison, like Nancy, has an acrylic plate in her skull to cover for bone loss. Alison's only other physical reminder of the shooting is about 80 percent numbness in the last three fingers of the right hand. "If I'm working under someone and can't see those fingers, I don't know where they are," she explains, "so I work around that.'

Also with her, however, is fear. "I wasn't afraid during the attack. The fear — lots of it — came later, but that's getting better. Just last week, after teaching a class at night, I sat in the office thinking, 'I'm here alone and I'm not

"For the first three months, anything I tried felt like too much," she says about healing techniques she used on herself. "I slept most of the time. Then I started strengthening my energy field

"The attack was in February and I guess it was in May that I was in a class on energy work. I went out into my energy field, and it was shattered. It felt like nothing at all that had been there before was left. Some of the patterns were ones I wanted to remake, but I just felt I didn't know how, so I broke down. I wailed and screamed and cried for an

"Soon afterward I went to the Omega Institute to do Zero Balancing, which deals with the energy in the body.



Reprinted with permission from poster designers Anthony Sini and Michael Jager.

The second day there I felt my innermost core release the energy I had been holding." She smiles almost triumphantly as she describes the power of what would be inside after such an attack: "There were torrents pouring out of my hands and feet. I saw my core as a glass tube which, once emptied, could be refilled. It was a totally transformative week. Then I started dancing again, which I didn't think I'd be ready to do for a long time!"

Alison consciously tries to reach and massage all of the body's layers and systems. Talking to Alison about the

body is a multi-media experience. She speaks, gestures, demonstrates and gets up and dances to convey her points. "You have to feel each of these systems in your own body. Once you can resonate on each of these levels, you can have a dialogue with these same systems in your client. I like the word specificity. In my first class I differentiate the layers

of skin, fascia, muscle and bone. You can get to all of the different layers both by changing your pressure and also by changing your intention, by

changing your mind.

Then there are the systems. The skeletal system is a place of clarity and ease. Ligaments are very precise. Muscles are about effort, power, dynamic qualities. Working with the organs, people are less in tune with them, so I try to move them in relation to the skeletal system, so people can feel their relationship to their container. The nervous system basically organizes the rest of the body. One thing I've really discovered in my own body as a result of the shooting, and which Bonnie teaches, is that what is often considered muscular tension can actually be nerve tension, because the nerves control the mus-

Bonnie Bainbridge Cohen, the creator of Body-Mind Centering, teaches movement-based work in Amherst, Massachusetts. Her own work is now with brain-damaged infants, helping them to initiate movement through non-traditional paths, when the "normal" one isn't operative. Alison credits Bonnie with the inspiration for her massage technique, Body Systems Integration, and with identifying how her own trauma manifested itself.

"What I've come to feel is that the nerve tissue held the trauma more than any other. My posture changed after the shooting, sort of a caved-in look. I thought, 'Oh, it's obvious, I'm protecting myself.' But doing some work with Bonnie, she said, 'Your nerves are in this position,' and as soon as she put her hands on, I could feel my arms just wanting to rotate, which changed my posture. I eventu-

ally realized that they were twisting in the direction they had been in when they were behind my head, during the shooting, and that the nerves had somehow imprinted that trauma. So I started working on unwinding from my hands, through my arms, and that has brought my spine and sternum back into align-

"So now I've started working on that with other people, especially with survivors of sexual or physical abuse. It's the nerves that are actually torqued in some way and that dictate where the muscles are going, rather than the muscles actually holding it." Alison has brought the work of the healer full circle.

Nancy's recovery has been different, but no less remarkable. The attack seems to have evoked an expansion of her psychic abilities. A vision about Sedona, Arizona led her out there recently to perform rituals of healing not only for herself, but for the earth.

A professional psychic told her that she, Alison, Keith and Ed were continuing a karmic drama which went back through other lifetimes. When asked if she now saw her husband's death as somehow necessary, Nancy replied, "Absolutely," because she needed him there in spirit to protect her.

Alison is planning to write about her experiences. Nancy is working with Taylor Barton, a playwright affiliated with the Manhattan Theatre Club, to develop a play about her life. Roseanne Cash is expected to contribute a song. Alison and Nancy have resumed their massages now, after the forced hiatus.

Last year, when Keith Roland was sentenced to 35-80 years in prison, the two friends were shown in a photograph under a banner headline of the Burlington Free Press for one last time. This time, they were hugging.

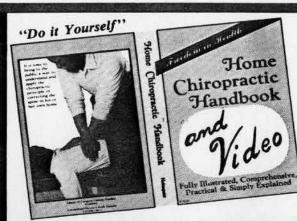
Nancy quoted a teacher who used to say, "If you stumble, turn it into part of the dance." Nancy and Alison have both lived that proverb.



Alison Granucci with her husband, Harry Grabenstein (Photo © 1991 D. Steinhardt)



David L. Steinhardt maintains a small massage practice within the Quarry Hill community in Rochester, Vermont. He is a member of the National Writers Union.

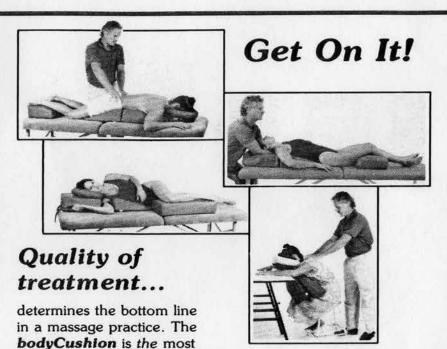


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STRAIGHT TO THE HEAD

A shooting survivor speaks on rage, detachment, and the power of the gun

I put myself on the

aggressor's side of the barrel

and experienced firsthand

the disconnection that the

gun allows the one

who shoots it.

by Alison S. Granucci

That weapon will replace your tongue. You will learn to speak through it. And your poetry will now be written in blood.

-Indian in Dead Man

It was more than three years since my friend Nancy and I had been shot in the head during a robbery at my office in downtown Burlington, Vermont. After three years, I was still struggling to comprehend the violence that had been committed against us.

Not knowing why it would help, but feeling that it would, I decided to make a trip to the local firing range and learn how to shoot a gun. I felt compelled to do this by some force larger than my own reasoning, for the thought of actually touching a gun repulsed

me. Yet I knew myself well enough to know I would not be able to get the idea out of my head until I followed my mind's impudent urging. I simply wanted to understand the power of the gun from the other side of the barrel. I wondered: Could I grasp the mystique of the gun? Could I understand why so many people are attracted—even addicted—to guns, and fight so fervently for the right to own

one? Could I confront my fear of and disdain for guns? Could my fear be lessened?

And could I feel, while aiming at a paper target, what it might be like to shoot at another person's head?

My outlook on guns is biased because I am a survivor of a shooting crime, an attempted homicide in which a .38 snub-nosed pistol was the weapon of choice. The perpetrator, Keith Roland stopped in Arizona on his way east from San Diego specifically to buy a gun in a state with no gun-control laws. As I had been a vehement opponent of guns my entire life, I had never even seen a real gun until I found myself looking down the barrel of the one Keith Roland, was pointing at my face; and even then I assumed it was not real. (The gun is so small. It must be a toy, was my immediate thought.)

Yet I had to look at my negative attitude toward guns because—as odd as this may sound—I wanted to be as free from any predisposition as humanly possible when I got to the firing range. Even though I had always favored nonviolence, I wanted to be open to any and all reactions and emotions that surfaced in the moment of shooting the gun. I did not want to assume that I would hate it. I wanted to come fresh to the experience and possibly be surprised.

I was also hoping for some sort of resolution. A closure. What better way to put the shooting behind me once and for all than to face the very instrument of destruction that had been used against me? If I could master my fear of the weapon used in the attempt against my life, then I would truly and finally be healed. Or so I thought.

My first of two visits to the firing range left me stunned. Shooting a firearm shook up my insides. I felt a pounding in my belly for several hours afterward, accompanied by an urgency to write the experience down in order to simply get it out of my body. I had been nervous to go to the firing range, and incredulous at my own audacity: What was I thinking, anyway? Once there I still did not understand what I was doing with a .22 in hand, aiming at a target and pulling the trigger.

I went with Corporal Robert Booher, the police officer who had been the first person at the scene of the crime, and who stood beside me, smiling kindly through his big handlebar mustache, in the emergency room. We had recently had a twohour conversation over coffee and muffins to tell each other our (very different) responses to the day of the shooting. That conversation had

ended with Robert's offer to teach me to shoot (he thought I should learn for self-defense) and my saying no. Before long the idea took hold, however, and I was on the phone asking if he really meant it.

It was a crisp October day. Robert and I met at the commuter lot between our towns; the short ride from there to the range was not long enough to calm the apprehension in my stomach. I spoke, simply so I would not feel. At the range, Robert taught me firearm safety and showed me the basic mechanics of how a gun works. When I was ready to shoot he instructed me: "Stand with your legs apart. Hold the gun in front at shoulder height, elbows locked." What a bizarre experience, to stand in combat position, my gun at the ready...

I shot several guns. A .22 automatic, a .357 magnum revolver, and a .45 automatic. It was not until the second visit that I shot a .38 and a .38 snub-nosed gun, the kind Keith Roland used against Nancy and me. In fact, I went back the second time specifically to experience the weapon he had used. I wanted to sense what Keith Roland had experienced as much as possible; then perhaps I could also, in some visceral way, feel what he felt, and maybe even begin to comprehend what went on inside his head when he fired the first

TURNING WHEEL O SPRING 1998

bullet into Nancy's back and the next four bullets into our heads.

On this first visit I began with the .22 and stayed with it until-and I could not believe this-I was quite enjoying myself! I found an unexpected satisfaction in the concentration required to aim at the target and shoot. I was even good at it, and I took pride in my unexpected abilities. Yes, I thought, I could understand why people would want to shoot for recreation, and I almost let myself think I would like to also. In an odd way, engaging with this weapon became a practice in meditation, for it demanded such single-minded focus. To hit the target close to the bull's-eye meant I had to be fully present and aware in each moment, maintaining a distilled attention, the kind of attention I invoke in my massage practice. The irony of this did not escape me.

Then Robert pulled out a .357 and fired it. The louder noise, the smell of gunpowder, the bigger recoil all upset me terribly. After I fired one shot I screamed and nearly threw the gun down, as if it had stung my hand. I persevered through a few more shots, then I was done, disappointed that I did not have the fortitude to stay with the larger caliber pistols. When a little flame came out of the barrel I lost my nerve altogether. But by the time I got home I knew I would go back and try them again. There was still something I had to face in the shooting of a gun-and in myself-and I was determined to know what that something was. For the time being, though, I

had to respect the fact that my body and mind had quit. After the last few rounds my hand vibrated for a long time. And my heart ached. I was overwhelmed by the power of these weapons and by the fact that, as Robert so bluntly put it, "They are designed to kill people."

Later that evening I wrote:

I am sure this experience today made an energetic change in my body and psyche. It will take time for that to sort itself out and make itself known. There is a post-performance letdown settling in now that is making me want to cry. But the tears are not near the surface. They are deep in my belly. They are buried behind a wall of protection and they are nameless. Are they tears for me or tears for the state of the world? It is a grief that comes with wounding and I do not believe it matters to these tears who they cry for.

Robert says he hopes I find what I'm searching for, because I seem to be searching for something. What am I searching for, I wonder? It seemed clear until he asked. I would have to say it is still about resolution and healing, but what beyond that? Am I looking for a universal experience, or one so completely personal that only I can hold and understand it? This is part of my learning. It is part of my autobiography, my spiritual practice. I long for understanding; that is my nature. I no longer mind searching for it in places I am afraid to look.

It is seven hours later. My arms and hands are still vibrating. The gunshots reverberate in my chest.

Slowly, my other responses began to sift out. I was

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hand the disconnection the gun allows the one who shoots it. While holding the gun I felt I could say to anyone, "I am over here, I am the one with the power. You are over there. There is no connection between us. I can shoot this gun and not be involved." Robert suggested that if all guns were taken away and people had to fight with their bodies again, using hand-held weapons such as knives, the number of murders would drop dramatically. After experiencing the emotional distance allowed—or required—by the gun, I believe he is right. If the gun could speak, I am sure it would go further

most struck by the feeling of detachment that shooting a

gun sent through my entire system. I had put myself on

the aggressor's side of the barrel and experienced first-

and say, "I am also not connected to you, the one who holds me." I felt so clearly that the shooter must disengage from himself or herself as well as from whatever he or she is shooting at—a target, a deer, or a human head. It was suddenly obvious to me why, in a time of such acute cultural separation and divorce from a spiritual base, from a perspective that would understand the con-

nection of all humanity-no, all life, the gun would be the weapon most prevalent and most sought after: the gun can only reinforce detachment from spirit. The gun then becomes the ultimate weapon of separation.

Through learning to shoot I have come to feel how severe the fracturing of self from spirit truly is in this society. We fracture every time we give someone or something outside of ourselves more of ourselves than we keep. In a fractured environment the gun as the instru-

ment of detachment becomes the false hope for reclaimed power. Give a gun to a lost and angry adolescent and the sense of power it gives him is overwhelmingly seductive. My friend Shawn, who worked with inner city gangs, saw this repeatedly in the way these teenagers would come to life even when they just talked about their guns. "The seduction was obvious in their faces as they recounted how their victims would deflate in the presence of their gun," Shawn told me. The gun holds a counterfeit power, however, one we cling to in an increasingly violent world; mistaking it for true power, we use it thinking it to be the only sane or practical means of protection.

The gun also becomes the carrier of a deep cry for help from those so far removed from the power of soulful living that they turn instead to this idol of power, thinking it will give them what they lack. There is a strange irony when I consider that those who feel this existential hole inside use the gun to blast a literal hole in someone else.

I believe this is uncannily true in the case of Keith

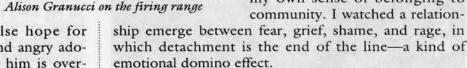
Roland. Once enough years had passed and I was over the most acute anguish of having been shot, the cry I camerto hear in his violent action was, "I am so detached, I do not exist. I am in such pain I must separate myself from all life, my own included."

I have no desire to absolve Keith Roland of his monstrous deed; I hold him fully accountable for his radical violation against Nancy and me. The intention to extinguish the life spark in another-whether or not the intention is fulfilled—is the greatest sacrilege. And yet, from the part of me that holds human compassion, I also see this shooting as the way he exposed his plea for recognition. It is through the gun that he voiced his plea; I can never say this for sure but I now sense that his act of trying to destroy our lives was a first desperate step toward trying to find his own.

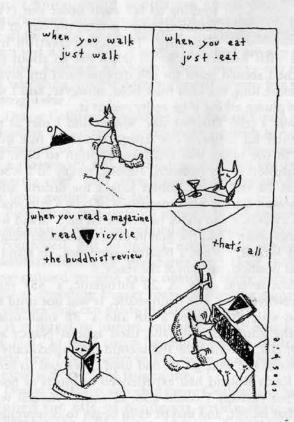
I do not believe Keith Roland has ever acknowledged his own inner torment-certainly not before he shot us, and from what I hear from his prison caseworkers, not much since then, either. I do not know if he has ever felt remorse for shooting us, but if he does

> not feel connected to his own life, he will most likely not feel connected to his actions, even one that exploded from him in the ultimate violence.

> These realizations caused me to wonder what underlies such detachment, and how it can go unchecked for so long. I began to study myself, to pay attention to the times I felt detached from my own heart, my own inner life, my own sense of belonging to



For myself and for those who live relatively stable lives, detachment can manifest as depression, anxiety, or simply a feeling that something is not quite right. It can also translate as a general antagonism toward the world, one in which we become bitter, feel like a victim, and blame others for our misfortunes and miseries. But in some people this rage and blame is directed inward, toward the self. This leads to a life so out of control there seems to be no way out of the internal chaos it causes. Then the rage escalates further, traveling beyond the bounds of safe containment, motivating violent actions such as Keith Roland's and those of countless thousands of others like him. James Gilligan, in his book Violence: Our Deadly Epidemic, gives his definition of violence as "an intolerable condition of human shame and rage, a blinding rage that speaks through the body." He speaks of the hundreds of violent inmates he has worked with through the years: "I have seen it many times-men who have





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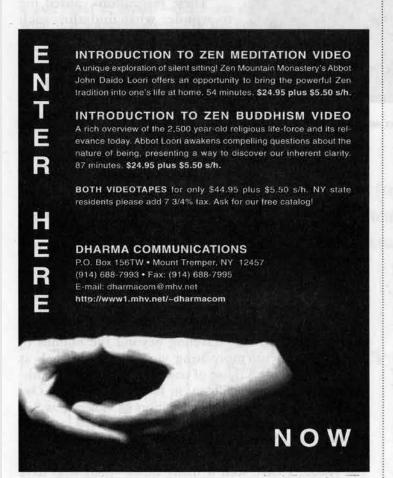
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If I experienced remorse over shooting the outline of a paper head, how could Keith Roland shoot the real thing and walk away?

brought the roof down on their own heads as the only means of expressing their boundless rage, when the whole world appeared to them as their enemy."

Could I feel this unbounded rage in myself?, I wondered. Could I feel such uncontained hostility that I could imagine it bursting out of me in a brutal act against another? I did not know, but I thought I would try. Then, I thought, perhaps I could understand what went on inside Keith Roland's head. Then, perhaps, I could understand the unbearable pain, confusion, and fury he must have felt to make Nancy and me the outer objects of his inner turmoil. It was in search of my own undiscovered rage that I went back to the firing range a second time.

It was a month later, a sunny but frigid morning in November, and I was scared. Did I really want to do this again? Robert had brought the .38 pistols, and just seeing them put me into a state of remembered panic. How could I dare touch them? But as I did on the day I was shot, I breathed through the fear and rose to meet the challenge, relying on some inner strength—or foolhardiness—that seems held in reserve exclusively for moments like this.

I returned to the firing range with great resolve and even greater doubt. After having felt the detachment that a gun allows the shooter, I wondered if I could map that separation in my body and find how it related to my own rage and grief. I also wondered if I could shoot the gun while staying connected to my body, my emotions, and my spirit, like the samurai who practices violence with detachment as a form of spiritual purity.

Again, Robert started me with the .22 for a warmup. We moved quickly to the larger caliber guns, as I was anxious to do what I had come to do. I dredged up courage from somewhere to begin each shot, cutting through the wave of grief I felt from just holding the pistol. Then I felt my body shut down in slow motion as I fired. My breath stopped, my chest and belly tightened, and my back went rigid. I pulled the trigger so slowly that sometimes I would lose the strength in my finger and have to start over. Tension took over my face, squeezing my eyes and mouth. As the bullet exploded out of the gun, my eyes shut tight and some expletive exploded out of me as the recoil traveled down my arm and jolted my shoulder. Opening my eyes again, I released my breath in one tremendous sigh. I wondered, How could anyone get used to this? Why would they want to?

These larger guns, as it turned out, were not so

daunting as the first time I tried them. Still, to meet them required my full attention, every ounce of concentration I had. It exhausted me. Shooting a .45 was not meditative in the way shooting the .22 had been. Physically, it was a tough contest as to who was stronger. After an hour I could hardly hold my arms up in front of me, even empty-handed. When I went home it was with a painful spasm in my left shoulder, and a bruised right thumb, tender to the touch, that persisted well into the next week.

At the second meeting, Robert also brought a target that outlined a human head and torso. In the center was a large Q, more or less where the heart would be. I found this target disturbing, but I did not say so. "Aim at the Q," Robert instructed me. I wanted to aim at the head, but I kept that to myself. I did as I was told. I aimed at the Q, the heart of the matter, and fired.

Again, my aim was good, and I found that satisfying. I *liked* shooting with precision. After several shots, however, one bullet hit the outlined head. On the left, close to the spot where I had been shot. I stopped abruptly. I had to catch my breath. I had to keep looking at it, feeling it, remembering it, quietly wondering to myself, Did I just shoot someone in the head? How did that happen? A very sad and sobering feeling swept through me. Robert called me out of my reverie. "That one was in the head. Lower your sights. Look at the Q over the top of the gun." He thought I had done something wrong! There was no way to explain to him how right it had been. That one shot ripped through my entire body. My head resonated with this paper head.

What must Keith Roland have felt when he shot me in the head? Search as I might, I could find no answer to this question. But fearing he felt nothing sparked my anger. Good! Now I could let my rage surface. Now I could use the gun and match the force it was designed for. Now I could see how the power of the gun matches the power of rage, and how man has cleverly found a way to harness that out-of-control feeling in this superconcentrated form.

I wondered now: If I experienced remorse over shooting the outline of a paper head, how could Keith Roland shoot the real thing and walk away?

My blood boiled at the thought of Keith Roland. I envisioned him as the target and pulled the trigger. Shot in the heart! And again! And again! Then I let loose—shooting several bullets in a row with no hesitation. Bam! Bam! I met the intensity instead of fighting it. The surge of power was exhilarating. I was almost high from it! Again, the gun felt powerful and I felt powerful. Oh yes, this could be fun. Robert smiled like a proud father and said, "Looks like you're getting pretty comfortable with that." But with each additional shot I felt progressively less invigorated by my anger. Personalizing it only defeated me. Instead of my rage prevailing, I was again overcome by a deep grief.

At first I thought I had failed in my mission because I could not sustain my own fury and direct it against another person; it took me a long time to see that, in fact, I had accomplished my goal. I went to the firing range. I stood strong in my fear. I picked up and shot the .357, the .45, the .38. I let myself detach, I felt my anger, and I became the wounder. Then I came back. I rejoined my center. From there my grief at the state of the world spilled forth, but in that grief also came a glimmer of awareness that the world's unrestrained rage is merely an attenuation of the soul's vital force. And I saw that we have the ability—every one of us—to extend ourselves in alliance with that vitality.

The evening after my second visit to the firing range, I wrote these words:

I have so much energy since shooting the guns today. A huge force is welling up inside my belly. I've tapped into something that is bigger than me—dare I call it the energy of creation? It is certainly the energy of desire and the motivation to go forward, as I moved headlong into my new life.

I am vibrating this time with some knowledge of the nature of duality. I allowed myself to experience both extremes—the force of creation and the icon of destruction—so I now find the power of myself as I stand in the middle, newly strong, aware of my relationship to both sides.

My desire to learn to shoot was based on my need to return myself into the world as it is with all its imperfections, contradictions, and flaws. I had to finally see the violence a large part of the population lives with on a daily basis. I have always experienced the spiritual aspect of life easily—almost greedily—for I thought it meant I did not have to partake in the mundane, sometimes horrific way in which much of the world lives. Now I used the gun to stabilize my effervescent spirit and put it back into the context of the physical world—the world that I live in, the one that houses weapons and murderers, hatred and bitterness, as well as saints and sweet love and the simple pleasures of being alive.

I will never own a gun or use one for self-defense, but I am grateful for what guns have taught me. They have helped me to live more fully, for they have given me a more accurate perception of both sides of human nature. I now know the dance between light and shadow. I have been to the edge and back. And I am glad I know the edge—not because it is a place to like; it isn't—but because it anchors me in my humanity and helps keep me alive.

I never thought I would be grateful to guns, especially since I was almost murdered by one, and I am still as opposed to them as ever. Yet I am left with this gratitude. And what do I do with it? As hard as it is, I accept it; and I quietly remind myself that I asked to be surprised.

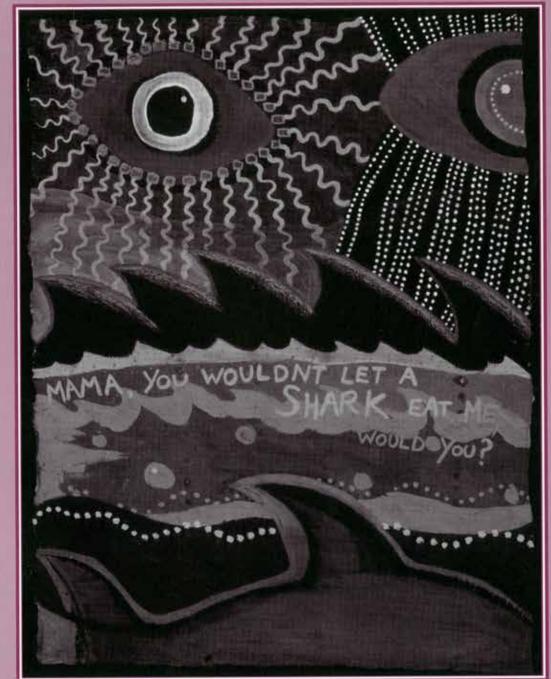
A massage therapist, writer, dancer, and mandala artist, Alison Granucci's spiritual practice is rooted in the creative process. She works at the Omega Institute for Holistic Studies in Rhinebeck, NY, and lives part time in northern Vermont.

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Responding to Violence

Shot into Life

ALISON GRANUCCI

It was the first step to liberation, that bullet, though I wouldn't have said so at the time.

—Dick Francis (1965, 1)

was shot in the head, execution style, during an armed robbery and attempted homicide in 1990. My good fortune is that I lived, suffering no lasting physical damage. The injuries sustained, however, went much deeper than the bullets, causing a crisis of spiritual faith. I was forced to reevaluate my comfortable, naive notion that nothing violent would ever happen to me because I live in Vermont, considered one of the safest states in the country; because I am a white, attractive, financially secure woman, well known in my community; andmy gravest misconception-because I considered myself too "spiritually evolved" to be put to such a morbid test. To heal from the shooting, I have had to recommit to my innate faith in humankind. I have had to broaden my understanding of the world to include the notion that violence such as I lived through could have a larger meaning, could be given a spiritual framework, without condoning the act or the person who committed it. The story I tell here—my story—is a story of the soul, a story that chronicles both the power of

the wound, and the prayerful calling forth of a new life.

The crime I lived through is one that millions in this country live in fear of and go to great lengths to protect themselves from. According to 1993 reports, an average of over three thousand people a day suffer some form of violent assault, nearly one thousand of those involving guns. In addition to my experience, two other especially vicious crimes have been experienced in the last six years in my own extended family. My uncle, a prominent lawyer in Charlotte, North Carolina, had his skull cracked open with an iron pipe by three inner-city teenagers as he walked to a restaurant for dinner; they stole his watch. And my cousin's wife, a visiting nurse in New Jersey, was murdered in a patient's home by the fifty-four-yearold son who felt threatened by her intervention. He shot his parents first, then Marcia, then himself.

The ramifications affecting family and community members from shootings and other brutal crimes exceed one's imagination. Here in Burlington, Vermont, I have been called upon many times to talk and share my writing with family members who have had relatives shot, stabbed, or raped in different parts of the country. In each of these situations I have seen how shock and post-traumatic_symptoms affect the larger

community as well as the individual. These reverberations erode the integrity of the social fabric as fear overrides one's ordinary sense of security.

The Shooting

It is 17 February 1990. On this sharp and clear winter afternoon, I am giving a massage as a gift to my dear friend Nancy Watkin, who is grieving the recent death of her husband. While I am working on Nancy, Keith Roland arrives in Burlington, by bus, from San Diego. Within fifteen minutes of stepping off the bus he finds his way to my officepresumably he is in search of the homeless shelter. Seeing the sign to my business at street level, he walks up the stairs and stands in the stairwell outside the locked door to the lobby of my office. He stands there waiting while I massage Nancy, my hands gently easing tension and tears from her body. Rocking back and forth so that the stairs creak, he stands there. Waiting.

I t is March 1993. In a beautiful eightsided building in central Vermont, and as part of a professional training, I am beginning my first and only session of therapeutic breathwork. With two helpers next to me, I focus my concentration, slow my mind, and hold the intention for healing. I purposely do not specify a desire to heal from any one thing in particular, believing instead that what needs to occur will come forth on its own. Trying to clear my thoughts, I begin to breathe. Deeply. Inhale. . . exhale. . . inhale. . . exhale. . . fully, without rest. Within moments I begin to gag. I feel nauseous, about to throw up, my stomach tightening. I am catapulted back through time, to February 1990.

Images come to me all at once: I am in the Massage Center. I am massaging Nancy. It is 17 February 1990. There is a strange man in the hallway; I can feel his energy. It scares me. It is unstable. Bad. Dangerous. I feel danger in the air and I don't know what to do. I try to assess it. I look at him through a closet window. He is standing in the stairwell. He is rocking back and forth, back and forth. The stairs creak. It is the creaking of the stairs that scares me. There is something ominous in the way they creak. They have never creaked like this before.

I look at him. He is big. Dishevelled. Dirty. Homeless, I think. Just looks bad. Probably harmless. I'll go out there. Fear, go away! Be brave, I tell myself. Be brave. Ignore the fear. You're making it all up, Alison. There's nothing to worry about. It's just the scary movie you saw last night. Anyway, the door is locked. Go into the lobby and be brave. Okay. I breathe. I'm brave.

I go out to confront him. "Go away," I tell him through the picture window. "Go away. We're closed." He says he wants an appointment. Can I schedule an appointment? I say, "Come back Monday." He won't go away. He stays. "Go away," I say again. "We're closed." He doesn't go away. He says he doesn't have a phone. He can't call. He stands there. He looks hopeless. I don't want to talk to him. What will make him go away? He just keeps standing there. "Go away," I say. He keeps giving me excuses. I keep talking to him. I think I'll give him my business card-then he'll go away. I unlock the door.

I UNLOCK THE DOOR! I cannot believe it, but I unlock the door. (I feel now in 1993 the judgment that I placed upon myself by taking this action.) I think I am an idiot and I unlock the door anyway. What else could I do? I didn't dare leave him standing there while I went away. I'm unlocking the door and

I cannot believe it. I open the door. It opens out into the stairwell and he steps between the door and the door frame. He is still in the hallway and I have opened the door. There is no barrier. I have invited him into my space by opening the door. I know it is wrong even as I do it. But I do not let myself feel that knowledge. I give him a card. I do not take my eyes off him. He is sleazy. He is fat. He is shaking scared. I do not take my eyes off him until he asks me to write down his name. He wants to give me his name. I look away. This is my mistake. I look away. For an instant, one instant. When I look back he is holding a gun. He is pointing it at me. Oh, shit! A hot flash rushes through my body. This can't be happening. This is not happening. That can't really be a gun. No one would really point a gun at me. ME? No way.

The gun is so small. It must be a toy. This is a joke. My body is hot from fear as I try to make sense of this scenario. Adrenaline floods my system. The fear passes. My brain works furiously to find reality. And to find a way out. But it is not real. How could this be real? I have nothing to learn by going through this. My brain overloads-it needs meaning. It can find no meaning. I need meaning. I do not ask, Why me? But instead, Why this? Why must I go through this? All in an instant. Less than an instant: a flash. All systems on alert. I think-I actually think a thought-I think about stories I have heard of women who survive these situations by getting angry. I get angry. I WILL NOT LET THIS HAPPEN TO ME! He waves the gun at me. The toy gun. He tells me to get back. I vell at him: "NO! I will not get back. YOU GET OUT OF HERE!" I push him as hard as I can, my 95 pounds against his 220. He is a rock. How did the door get behind him? I push him again, my whole body against his. "GET OUT OF HERE!" Suddenly, my brain finds reality. But it's not the reality I want. The gun becomes real. Yes, this is a gun. Alison, this man has a gun. It could hurt you. Oh my God, why is this happening? What is the lesson here? Still, I search for meaning. It is the only way I can even think there is sense to this situation. It is the only way to keep from leaving my body completely.

am still breathing, in 1993, in present L time. I am being held by two women helpers, and now I find the words: "Go away. Go away. I don't want to go through this one. Anything but this." I whimper. "Please, I don't want to do this one. Really, I don't." I feel defeated, beaten. I have lost control.

h, but I'm strong, and I meet the J challenge. I will not let him win. He tells me he wants money. He is not afraid to use the gun. Do what he wants. He is just out of prison, he says. Later I find out this is a lie, but it works now. He is not afraid to use the gun, he says, but I do not believe he will use it. I hear him say it and it's not even that I don't believe him, I just don't believe it is possible. It never enters my mind. There is no possible way that he would shoot the gun. It is not even a thought. I cannot conceive of it. I do not consider it because my brain has no concept for that possibility. It is beyond me. There is no way I could ever get shot.

I'm in my massage room now. He has followed me in with the gun. Nancy is dressed by now, sitting on a chair, putting on her shoes. Oh, Nancy, I'm sorry! I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I say with my eyes. I did what I could. I tried to get rid of him. I tried to get him out. He wouldn't go. I tried to stop this. Her face is frozen in my mind. She stares in disbelief. I'm sorry, I say again with my eyes. Nancy cooperates immediately. "What do you want?" she asks. "We'll give you anything you want." She turns her purse over so it empties on the floor. I think maybe I should have been nice to him. Maybe Nancy has the right approach. I'll be nice now. I'll cooperate. I'll do whatever he wants. I'm at the closet to get my purse. "No!" he yells at me. "Lie on the floor and put your hands behind your head." He is still shaking. Even worse. "You," he says to Nancy, "get her wallet." I'm on the floor. My face is in the rug. My hands are behind my head. I cannot believe I am in this position on the floor of my massage room, my sacred space, on the floor on my belly with my hands behind my head with this man behind me with a gun. This position is not good. There is no control here. I have lost control.

All I can think of is to keep my energy flowing. That is all I can do and I do it consciously, fully, forcefully. Nancy is busy, helping him. I'm staring into the carpet. Breathing. Searching frantically for meaning. What is this event about? Why have I brought this to myself? I don't ask this in self-blame, just in the search for context and understanding. Nancy gives me my wallet and I give him seventy dollars. Now Nancy is on the floor next to me. On my right. Her hands are behind her head. I look at her with my peripheral vision. I can't take it all in. I can't look at her on the floor like that. I'm disengaging. I close my eyes. I don't want to see this anymore. I tell him we'll cooperate. "Just leave and we won't call the police," I promise. "Just go. Just leave us alone. We won't tell a soul." I think he laughs. "Do we have any rope," he asks. "No." "Any tape?" "No." "I have to figure out how to get out of this town," he says. "Where are your cars? Your keys?" Yes! I think. Take my keys, take my car. Steal my car, I could care less. "Take my car and get out of here. Just

help. I can do something. The room is suddenly unbearably quiet. Oh my God-what was that noise? Does he have a ruler? Did he just hit the table with a ruler? Is he going to beat us now? No, he's just trying to scare us. He scared Nancy. She screamed. I opened my eyes at the sound of her scream and saw her arch her back. Another noise. No, stupid, that's not a ruler! He's shooting blanks at us to scare us. It's just a big cap gun. He's just trying to scare us. Another noise. These are so loud! This is the loudest noise I've ever heard. Oh God, he's shooting at us! He is fucking shooting at us! He is shooting us! I can't

leave us alone." Suddenly, I realize he

could rape us now. We're lying on the

floor on our bellies and he has a gun and

he could rape us. Banish that thought!, I

command my mind. That thought brings

the fear in. I cannot lie here and be afraid.

Fear makes it worse. What can I do then?

I can shield us with golden light. That's

what I can do. From my training in body

work, I know how to do that. I expand

my energy field to create a dome, a shield

around Nancy and me. I increase the

vibration until it is at the frequency of

gold. This is working. This is putting me

back in charge. I find some control. I can

believe it. My mind can't absorb this at all. This man is standing behind us and shooting at us. Shooting real bullets. HE IS TRYING TO KILL US!

I hear four noises that I can remember. Later I find out it was five. I only understand what is happening at the third noise. The third shot. The third bullet. These noises are gunshots. Gunshots. Gunshots! This is totally unbelievable to me. My mind is racing. Fast. Looking for something, anything, to hold on to. I think: I know I'm going to live to be at least one hundred so I know Can you hear me? NANCY!! Are you alive? NANCY??" She does not answer. I cannot tell if she is alive or dead, but I do not think she is dead. I realize now that I am sitting up, bleeding from my head, and could probably pass out. I stand up to get help. It doesn't occur to me to use the phone in the lobby. I need to see a person. I need to have a person see me. Go downstairs to the Five Spice Cafe, I think.

I go to the door. My arm is numb. I can't feel the doorknob. I can't make my hand work. I can't open the door. My

escending into the void was—and is—all-consuming, for it wreaks havoc with any assumptions we may have of the innate coherence of the world and our place of belonging in it.

I'm not going to die now. . . . Suddenly, instantly, the room is silent. Absolutely silent. I have never experienced such silence. He is gone. I know that even though I don't hear him leave. I hear no footsteps, no door opening or closing, no creaking stairs. I hear silence and I know he is gone. I open my eyes. I can see the desk in the lobby so I know I am not dead. I wiggle my fingers and toes so I know I am not paralyzed. My left hand is suddenly hot. Burning hot. I look at it. It is covered with blood. Oh my God, I've been shot! For the first time, I realize I've been shot. I never felt getting hit. I never felt a thing. He left because he thinks we are both dead! I have been shot. In the head! I HAVE BEEN SHOT IN THE HEAD! I am bleeding all over the rug, all over my hand, all from my head. I never knew blood was so hot. It is steaming hot. And it is incredibly red. Brilliant, scarlet red. Hot, red blood is streaming out of my head.

How is Nancy? The room is too quiet. I sit up (I can move okay) and I see a hole through Nancy's back. Right in the middle. Oh God! That could be through her spinal cord. It could have gone right through her heart. "Nancy!?

hand slides off each time. I can't hold on. My mind takes over. It makes the muscles remember what to do even though they can't feel anything. Miraculously the door opens and I run downstairs, my left hand over the bloody wound. Into the Five Spice. I see Ginger, the owner. "Call an ambulance," I say. "We've been shot." "Who?" she asks, incredulously. "Me and my client." I turn upstairs and lie down next to Nancy and put my hands back behind my head. I do this to keep myself contained. To keep myself together. To keep myself connected to her.

This scenario plays through my head as I continue to inhale, exhale, inhale, now, in March 1993. Only this time it plays with emotion. With emotions I have never felt. Not then and not anytime in between. Now I allow myself the terror. Big terror. I am totally terrified as I realize we're being shot at. As I breathe now I find myself on my belly with my hands behind my head, in the very same position as I was that day. I cannot hold it in anymore. I never screamed then and I must scream now. I scream as loud as I can. Louder than Nancy did. She

screamed then and I never did. Now I scream. Again and again. And I tell him to leave. "DON'T DO THIS TO US. Don't shoot us. I don't want to be shot. Get out of here! GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!" I can scream this at him now. Over and over again. "Get out of here! Get away from us! Leave us alone. LEAVE US ALONE!"

uddenly the room is filled with rescue workers and police. FILLED. How did that happen? Just a second ago I told the bartender, who followed me upstairs, to call my husband. I tell him my phone number and dictate a message. My mind is functioning and hyperalert, my perceptions extremely acute, and now the room is filled with people. They are asking me questions. What happened? Can I give them a description? How am I? They are cutting my hair. Ripping my clothes. They are cutting my hair! I want to tell them to stop but I don't. How could I be vain at a moment like this? I am hyperalert, hypersensitive, hyperperceptive. I am completely in shock.

N ow, in 1993, in present time, I cry. I cry and sob and scream. I whimper and babble. I am so tired. I am tired from holding this for so long. I cry in relief and defeat. I cry in terror and fear. I cry in exhaustion and sadness. I cry for having gone through this and for surviving. My tears cover it all. I cry for my rage and I cry for myself. Through my tears, my emotions, and my breath I begin to find resolution. I begin to find integration. I begin to find a place for this in the story of my life.

From Grief to Meaning

It took about two years after I was shot for me to even begin to feel safe in the world-or in my body-again. During those many long months I wrestled with fear and nightmares, was despondent with isolation, and lived in a state of hypervigilance and frozen shock, all typical symptoms of post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD). I was often beaten down with grief and terror and the panic of the void. Annihilation was the word that haunted me. My grief came before my rage, and it started almost as soon as I woke from the

surgery where they washed bullet fragments from the inside of my skull. (Although the bullet pierced my skull, it did not enter my brain.) I remember it

It is three o'clock in the morning. I am alone in my hospital room and a deep upwelling of terror overtakes me. I am alone and I am uncertain of everything. I don't understand how a strange man could have wanted to, could have tried to, kill me. Not even knowing how to begin to understand, I cry. That, at least, lets me do something. Why would someone want to kill me? This question runs through my mind, a silent, ceaseless mantra. I chant it to myself relentlessly as I lie awake, disbelieving my fate. Through the tears I slowly begin to realize that surrendering to my sorrow helps release some of my panic. My breath ends in a groan. The tears stream, untended, down my face.

There is no longer anything to support me-no other person, no inner resource, no energetic frame. This is my biggest fear. It is as though my entire energetic field was shattered, along with my skull, by the violence of the exploding bullet. Without this energetic scaffold, my physical body collapses in on itself. I curl up into a ball. It seems impossible to reach out, and even if I could, at three a.m. there is no one near to touch. Curled tight, I wail at the injustice that has been done. I gulp air as if trying to speak in a language not known even to myself.

The pain is unfathomable. I am falling . . . falling . . . falling . . . I am falling and there is no ground beneath me, no net to catch me, no arms to hold me. I am a lone star in an empty sky; I cry for connection, only to feel even more alone. I do not know how to go on from here. I wonder if it is possible to cry forever. Then, perhaps, I won't have to move: not now, not in a few minutes, not ever again.

Eventually, one thing enters the dark of my consciousness. When the tears wane and I can open my eyes again, I see flowers, a room full of flowers. A room so full of flowers the collective scent wafts through the long hallway and beyond the exit doors. Something calls me to unfurl my body. Now I am standing, walking. I start to count the

bouquets, each one becoming a measure of connection to the world I used to know: thirty, forty, fifty . . . ninety bouquets in all. Awareness breaks through as I methodically count: each blossom becomes the tangible evidence of a person's hope and concern for me. These roses from my old roommate, Tinaour first contact since a bad falling out many years ago. This orange bouquet by my bed from Governor Kunin, who visited me personally, even after I insisted that no TV cameras come with her. ("This is not a media event," I told her.) These daisies with a little tennis racquet made of pipe cleaners from my tennis group. Single flowers and lavish bouquets from friends, clients, family, and people I have never met. Melanie, knowing me too well, sends chocolates with hers, which I hoard, even though I will have no appetite for them for months. Suddenly I feel the net that can catch me, the web that can hold me; that net is love and the prayers of others.

I recall some friends saying earlier in the day that they wished people would not send flowers but would send donations to our recovery fund instead. At the time I agreed, but now I think no, no ... these flowers are the visible support of my community, and they are guiding me through this abyss of aloneness and annihilation. For tonight anyway. For tonight. . . . Tomorrow night I will undoubtedly fall again. . . .

Palling and rebounding, falling and rebounding: This is how I lived my life for more than a year, close to two. Over time the peaks and valleys of tumbling into my terror and climbing back out again spread out far enough that the vacillations were less frequent, though they were no less potent when they occurred. Descending into the void was-and is-all-consuming, for it wreaks havoc with any assumptions we may have of the innate coherence of the world and our place of belonging in it.

As the years have passed, more than seven now, the situations that can catapult me back into fright and trepidation are not necessarily directly related to the shooting, but my response can always be traced back to the trauma lingering in my system as a result of the attack. To this day, any situation that triggers my

fear of annihilation, even a perceived attack on my character from a good friend, will set me back into the heartpounding and emotionally disorganizing symptoms of PTSD.

The first, and most disturbingly pro-

found, confrontation I had with this inner fear of annihilation, separate from yet intimately connected to the shooting and the very real near-annihilation it caused, was when my marriage began to fall apart. My husband had been an absolute godsend through the early days of recovery. His emotional support gave me the place of nurture and comfort that I needed to rest in, and his practical help, whether calling insurance companies or making me vanilla amaretto pudding every day from scratch, seemed limitless. Then after a year and a half of my post-traumatic, emotional falling and rebounding, an abrupt and unexpected change happened. I fell in love with another man. I tried to stop it. I tried to keep my feelings at bay, but eventually I lost my resolve. I slipped, somehow seamlessly, into an affair. The disintegration of my marriage from there was slow and painful. So slow at first I refused to see it, and amazingly, I insisted nothing was at all wrong between us. But when my secret life was discovered, the end of the marriage came quickly. Even though the end through divorce came as a result of my actions and (finally, I admitted) from my desire, I was devastated, I was terrified, and I was in a deeper grief than I had ever known.

Grief overwhelmed me. The sorrow seemed so much bigger-and much older—than the shooting, or my divorce. For months, wave after wave of bodyshaking sobs would overtake me. These made me feel weak, out of control, frustratingly unable to determine the course of my own life. But grieving is what allowed me to sink deep into my old pain, the pain I had been holding tight inside, the pain I had been denying and avoiding. The pain that, so denied, had become my vast and seemingly impenetrable void. Grief would simply spill over me with no obvious cause. I wept daily, sometimes hourly. And sometimes I sat and stared, emptied out and numb when no tears would come.

The unraveling of my marriage evidently caused the unresolved emotions from the shooting to surge up within me. This occurred as I was just being able to take small and tentative steps out of the first stage of recovery (Herman 1992)—reestablishing a sense of safety-and walk toward the second-being able to tell the story without starting to shiver uncontrollably with fear. During one of my afternoon cries on the sofa, I opened my copy of Judith Herman's Trauma and Recovery: The Aftermath of Violence and read these opening two sentences: "The ordinary response to atrocities is to banish them from conhead-moving into womanhood, becoming an adult and discovering her voice. It was the grief of the initiate passing through the hellish and demonic underworld not yet knowing she will return transformed. It was the grief of a broken heart and confused mind. The grief extended to this generation raised to be silent, to conform to an authority either unnamed or named endlessly, but an authority always posited outside of the self. My grief went to all of the women and men who have survived oppression, violence, attack of spirit, body, mind,

felt as though I had failed myself the day of the **L** shooting by not listening to the voice inside that told me I was walking into danger.

sciousness. Certain violations of the social compact are too terrible to utter aloud: this is the meaning of the word 'unspeakable'" (Herman 1992, 1).

Suddenly I was blasted deeper into my pain than ever before. Something about the word unspeakable reached into the core of my being. It grabbed my heart and ripped it open, spilling out a grief so profound I was amazed I had been able to carry it unnoticed for so long, let alone at all. It had to do with silence. It was the silence I lived in because no one could ever enter the territory-or the terror-of being shot with me. It was the pain of isolation and the silence of secrecy in my marriage. And it was the growing recognition that this "secret silence" was a place I had inhabited all too often in my life.

In the anguish that came from feeling the impact of the word unspeakable, I suddenly knew that this was a grief of a lifetime, perhaps of many lifetimes, or perhaps of many generations, a grief passed on like a half whispered lament from mother to daughter through a kind of emotional inheritance. It was certainly the grief of my child self-having just violently lost her naiveté at the age of thirty-two from a gunshot wound to the emotion, and voice, and who now move through survival into life.

It took three years following being shot but finally the pain-with-no-name (from the shooting) that lay beneath the grief-with-no-words (from my history), did surface. I felt it when, at that time, I dared for the very first time to write in my journal after the shooting. It took tremendous courage to buy and then open a new blank book, so I waited until I was in a safe haven, the French village of Grande Case on the Caribbean island of St. Martin. There I reopened my heart in the company of the ocean, the one place I knew my tears and my pain could be met, held, absorbed, and washed away. I looked to the ocean to be my match in intensity.

Before I even finished writing the first paragraph, the pinpoint of my despair articulated itself before my eyes. I wrote:

Below the issue of feeling safe in the world again, and inexorably entwined in it, is the issue of trust. I have kept this feeling hidden because it is not trust of others that is at stake here, but trust of myself. It's not about what others can do to me, but whether I can trust myself to keep myself safe. That is the crux. . .

With these words tears once again filled my eyes. I felt as though I had failed myself the day of the shooting by not listening to the voice inside that told me I was walking into danger. But did I fail myself? I did not die. Was life the greater force? Or was I the weak link in the chain of events, even though I also got help and pulled us through? How could I ever trust myself again? That was the deep hurt, the raw pain, the place of resistance to all feeling. Walking the beach, swimming, watching the moon set over the water, I would try out the words, "I trust myself," and my body emphatically rejected them. Trust in myself—the one thing I had never. ever questioned before. What a terrible thing to have lost. The recognition made me feel like my insides had been carved away. It suddenly seemed impossible to respect the grieving process because it felt only like exploding pain with no conclusion in sight and no hope for reclamation of self.

While on St. Martin, and within days of having started writing again, I read a passage in Women Who Run with the Wolves (Estes 1992) that gave me sweet validation to stay with my tears. Clarissa Pinkola Estes writes:

There are times in a woman's life when she cries and cries and even though she has the succor and support of her loved ones, still and yet she cries. . . . Tears are part of the mending of rips in the psyche where energy has leaked and leaked away. The matter is serious, but the worst does not occur—our light is not stolen-for tears make us conscious. There is no chance to go back to sleep when one is weeping.

Sometimes a woman says, "I am sick of crying, I am tired of it, I want to stop." But it is her soul that is making tears, and they are her protection. So she must keep on till the time of need is over. Some women marvel at all the water their bodies can produce when they weep. It will not last forever, only till the soul is done with its wise expression. (404)

Estes then goes on to say, "To be a flowering tree and to be moist is essential, otherwise, you will break. Crying is good, it is right. It does not cure the dilemma, but it enables the process to continue instead of collapsing" (409).

Tears make us conscious. This simple statement gave me a focus of purpose and hope, and that was all the support I

needed to continue in my cascading sorrow. By staying with my grief for the next number of months-because there was nothing else to do-trust began to seep in again. It was as if grief had alchemically dissolved the hard nugget of resistance inside me. Eventually I discovered that what had felt like total disintegration was, in actuality, movement toward reconnection.

Through this surrender to my tears and to an unutterable sense of loss emerged a stronger faith, one based on the willingness to lose everything and survive. I see grieving now not only as an expression of deep sadness but as a necessary and powerful tool for transforming pain. We feel better after we cry because we have released a caged sadness, but the act of grieving our deepest soul sorrows, our most painful inner wounds, goes beyond simply releasing emotion. It transforms the energy of pain, pain that is etched in our bodies and psyches the way a rupture is etched in the ground after an earthquake. Grieving heals the rent, closes it, so that we literally-physically and psychically-become more coalesced, more whole. At times it may seem that grieving holds us in our pain, but truly it allows us to move through our pain to a place of greater fortitude and calm. When I was my most torn open, I could almost feel my tears joining together to

form a stitch that would close the rip. During this time I would study, with intense fascination, the middle panel of the triptych "Journey of the Wounded Healer" by visionary artist (and later teacher and friend) Alex Grey (1990). This panel depicts a person torn apart by tremendous force, body parts exploding through space in every direction. I would look at it again and again, amazed, and think, "How could he know so perfectly well exactly how I feel?" Both the shooting and my divorce caused this kind of psychic tearing apart within me, but with the aid of that painting, even in my most despairing moments, the choice seemed clear: I could go into the dismembering vortex of the underworld and try with all my might to put myself back together. Or I could let it destroy me. In my case, I grieved my way out of the blackness of nearly being murdered and the void of discovering my deepest terror of aloneness.

When I came back to the daylight, I discovered quite by accident that the creative process is a good mirror of the process of birthing ourselves out of the void. Intuitively, and organically, I began drawing mandalas, in an unconscious attempt to recreate the center when the center had been shattered. After a year or two of drawing these mandalas, the process of recreating the center became more and more conscious. Then I saw we could begin to use and embody creativity as a transmuting force in our lives. Suffering turned into art (in the broadest sense of the word) is what allows us to merge with the power of the new self we are birthing. As my friend Diana said, "We are all artists because we all have the ability to transform reality." The void itself does not give us the creative jolt, and it is not the fall and the rise back again, in and of itself, that opens our creativity. It is the fall into the void and the willingness to stay present therewith all the accompanying emotionsthat opens the channels for more vital rivers to flow through. Creativity has currents deeper than despair. I once heard Malidoma Somé say, making an astute association, "When a person has grieved, the door to creativity opens."

T have worked with integrating the L trauma of the shooting through the traditional arts of writing and drawing, but one of the most creative approaches I have taken in my healing is to look at ways I could place the shooting into a larger context, to give it meaning in the framework of my life and soul, even to view it as a kind of initiatory experience. The search for meaning has been the one constant through all other things. It began the moment Keith Roland stepped inside my door with gun in hand: My brain overloads-it needs meaning. It can find no meaning. I need meaning. I do not ask, Why me? But instead, Why this? Why must I go through this?

The creation of a life demands that we constantly reimagine the future and reinterpret the past so as to give meaning to the present. We do this whether we know we are doing it or not, but it becomes richer when we know it, and so can direct it. James Hillman (1996) says that "we dull our lives by the way we conceive them" (5). Conversely, we also enrich our lives by the way we conceive them. Joseph Campbell has spoken about following your bliss, he also has spoken about how your life opens up if you have the guts to follow your own myth. Following your myth, however, also means you first have to create-or allow-a mythic life. And to create a mythic life you first have to decide that such a life interests you.

In creating a mythic life you must ask, "Who are my gods and heroes, my demons and daimons? What is the Big Theme running through my own archetypal crisis? And through what little twists of magic or enchantment can the demons transform into helpers, the crises into resolution?" Myth is not just story, but the intersection of pattern, meaning, and symbol that exists out of time.

In The Sibling Society Robert Bly (1996) writes an entire book about what happens to a nation that loses its ability to see mythologically, as we have. He writes,

The sibling society has lost so much ability to see mythologically that both sons and daughters wander in a flat landscape. . . . They do not become mature because they do not become lined up with their ancestors. They can't figure out how to look downward to depth or upward to the divine. (88)

A de-mythologized life moves in straight lines only, in cause and effect, one step after another. No moving in circles or spirals, no soaring on the cosmic winds, no leaping from the bounds of what is known into that which is not.

This is really a matter of the imagination, which is, of course, the point of origin for all change. We are alreadyalways have been and always will bethe storytellers of our own lives. Ultimately there is nothing to stop us from becoming myth-makers as well, from enriching what might otherwise be an indifferent, callous, or perhaps a confused telling of our own story with the weightedness of looking deep, and the vastness of looking up. This is not about lying or exaggerating or making up fantastical tales, but about opening to those timeless dimensions that already reside within and without and calling them forth in a magnificent way.

fter I was shot the first advice A almost everyone rushed to give me was, "Alison, don't try to find meaning in what happened. It will only make you crazy!" Person after person assured me, "This was a random act and it doesn't mean anything." Polite Libran that I am, I nodded my head in agreement, but I knew from the moment I was lying on the floor in my office that to not find meaning in the shooting is what would make me crazy. And it has been exactly through the meaning I have found—even if that meaning makes sense to no one else—that my psyche has been able to integrate the magnitude of such violence.

Meaning gives us a wider lens through which to view our lives. "Meaningless pain cannot be tolerated, much less integrated," insists Gary Sparks (1994, 10). With meaning,

The pain of traumatic events can be integrated-accepted without bitterness and used to help us grow-because their purpose is known. They are agents of a new future [This] wider context transforms the painful experience by enlarging the conscious attitudes to receive meaning of what is felt only through horror." (14)

Such is the basis of my approach to life: I will always want to find and assign meaning, understanding, and purpose to the things that happen to me, even something so seemingly random and meaningless as being shot in the head by a drifter on a Saturday afternoon. The framework of meaning has supported the many life changes I've gone through as I have worked to integrate the experience of violence in a way that is ultimately life-affirming, not lifediminishing.

O ne autumn day about four years after the shooting, I walked up the hill to visit with my next door neighbor. Anne, a delightfully wild, wise, and eccentric woman. We talked about the shooting for the first time; we were just becoming friends after twelve years of my living on her property. In little birdlike movements, with otherworldly blue eyes bouncing around and white hair flying every which way, she nearly leapt out of her chair as she exclaimed, "Alison, you are so lucky this happened to you! This event pierced through to the essence of something-the essence of

something that released the blood of life and creation! In my eighty years I have never had anything pierce through like that!" At first I thought "Lucky?!?" I'm not sure "lucky" is the word I'd use to describe what happened—lucky to have lived, yes, but not lucky to have been shot in the first place. But I have come to appreciate her point, and I think she may be right. My life, my soul, my entire being was cracked open as a result of that bullet to the head, and from the blood that flowed.

At first, however, getting shot seemed to be a decidedly "unspiritual" event. The moment the bullet pierced my skull my spirit separated from my body, for at that exact moment I also judged myself as being somehow spiritually unworthy to have "allowed" myself to be assaulted. I was sure that I must have done something seriously wrong to have been one out of two of Burlington's population of forty thousand that was "randomly" shot on that wintery day. What kind of "evolved soul" could I be after all? Obviously not a very good one.

The shooting, not very eloquently, but quite emphatically, thrust me into the realm of the shadow-mine, Keith Roland's, and the world's, not necessarily in that order. Suddenly up against the dark side of humanity, I was rudely awakened to the reality of the physical. With my head stapled closed and (for once) not "in the clouds," I was flooded with the realization that spiritual evolution does not come only by striving for the light. In the months and years after the shooting. I have by necessity explored and come to accept the idea that we can only evolve when we have entered and wrestled with the blackest, stickiest, most self-defeating facets of our innermost selves. For we are both light nature and dark, and we cannot know one without the other. We need both sides to be able to live in the complexities and disparities of this world. Trying to understand the motivation of hatred that came from the absolute bottom of another's soul made me feel sick at the state of humankind. Attempted homicide: could that really have happened to me? To have experienced the most debased act one person could do to another meant I could no longer turn a blind eye from the daily headlines and



"Target Series I" (1997). Alison began drawing mandalas in 1993 as a way (unconsciously at first) of healing the center that had been shattered by the shooting. Her latest piece, above, is the first in a series of three that approach the shooting directly and show the transformative journey through visual representation.

news of shootings and murders around the world and still hold to my sweet, innocuous, and naive conception of "the light."

The hungering desire to rise up out of darkness, to ascend to the light without the rooted aspect of the shadow as a necessary component to living, is all too prevalent in many current spiritual philosophies. Yet we sabotage ourselves by oversimplifying the role and the language of spirit. We need to revivify the richness of spirit by weaving our imperfections, our injuries, and our injustices into the tapestry of our world. Such a tapestry is woven with the rough warp of war and destruction interlacing with the silky weft of phenomenal beauty and the generous extending of love from one to another." We cannot know one without the other. If we can live in the center of the duality, in the tension of opposites, then in that tension is where our life will be the freshest. My healing has come from how I have chosen to work with myself in relationship to Keith Roland and his "evil" act, not by condemning him as evil and leaving it at that. Or not by saying that what he did had "nothing" to do with me. It had

everything to do with me. It was my life he toyed with and it is my life that I have reclaimed, by virtue of being willing to look at who I am in the face of the violence, the one thing in the world I have hated most of all.

In my oscillating and often chaotic journey of recovery I have become reconciled with the truth that healing involves pain. We have to stay present with the wound as we heal it. We cannot heal if we bypass the wound with spiritual notions. After all these years, people ask me, "How are you? Have you fully recovered?" There was a time earlier on when I said, "Yes, I am fine. I have recovered." But now I am not so completely certain. While I almost always feel good and strong, I also know that no matter how healed I consider myself I may be surprised at any moment by an issue related to the shooting I thought was put to rest, or by a fright I did not think I should feel.

One such fright happened more than six years after the shooting. I was in New York City to do bodywork for monologue artist Spalding Gray while he was performing at Lincoln Center. Partway through our session his door

buzzer started ringing. We ignored it. Twenty minutes later there was a knock on the door and Spalding asked me to see who it was. I went to the door, wondering out loud how someone could have gotten up if we had not buzzed the person in. Spalding guessed that it was the workman from upstairs. I asked through the closed door who was there. No one answered. So that, I thought, was that. A moment later his agent telephoned, urgently speaking into the answering machine that ABC had been standing in the street, in the rain, for the last thirty minutes, buzzing constantly for their scheduled TV interview with Spalding, which he had completely forgotten.

The next time I saw Spalding was at a party and, with anticipation, he told me he had figured out why I had spoken so softly at the door that rainy afternoon. The whole experience, he explained, was a reenactment of the shooting: In the middle of a massage someone knocked on a locked door, trying to get in. At that moment, the post-traumatic floodgates opened. Amazingly, I had not made that connection myself. All at once I felt how tightly I had held myself during that exchange, and now, for the first time since then. I let the air out of my lungs. I had no sense, until that moment, that my breath was imprisoned within me, inside, and I had had no idea that I had spoken so softly at the door, but now I could remember having had almost no voice at all.

While we can and do find resolution for our losses, we nonetheless live with them forever; they become part of our new makeup. As such they are reference points around which we gauge our present experiences. It has been liberating finally to realize that healing from the shooting does not mean forever putting it behind me but means instead always carrying it with me-not in the sense of never moving on from it, but in the sense of holding it as an integrated part of my psyche and my life, ready at any moment to integrate it further, if the need should arise. In this way I have fluid movement between the past hurt and the present life. As such, the shooting has molded the rest of my life into a new form. I am proud of the person it has helped me become, and I carry it

with me now as part of the ever-shifting dialogue of change.

Mystery

What propels me on this search for meaning, for the wider context, is my curiosity. Some questions that my curiosity has prompted me to ask are, What is it like to shoot a gun? How can it be that I do not feel like a victim? (Examining the idea of being a victim has been paramount in my recovery. I devote a chapter to the subject in my larger book-in-progress, from which this essay is excerpted.) What goes on in the mind of a violent person when he or she is in the midst of committing a violent act? What happens if I use this trauma as the inspiration for making art? I asked these questions with the belief that information is power. The more I know, the more resources I have for understanding, for reasoning, for shifting, for healing. I still ask a lot of questions of myself but not to find the answers (or "The Answer") anymore so much as to be led through the answers to new questions. This is how I follow the unfolding of my life and recovery. My experience so far is that each time I take a step toward resolution, I find both closure, on the one hand, and the opening to whole new worlds on the other. At first I thought that if I got the answer to "this one question" (whatever the question of the moment was)

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then I would be able to close the book on the shooting once and for all. Now closing the book is no longer a goal, for life keeps getting too interesting as I follow my questions into new and varied places. And I am starting to like what I learn from going to places I never thought I would go—like the firing range and the prison. I am, if nothing else, getting a more complete picture of the world, allowing myself to see the full spectrum of people who inhabit it, from the beautiful and the strange to the violent and extraordinary, as I find my place among them.

With all this search for meaning, however, I also have no desire to demystify the things that cannot be known. Indeed, if a thing is already known there is nothing left in it to discover, and that is the very antithesis of life. Mystery, then, must be at the heart of everything we do. No matter how much I learn, or how much I discover, or how much I realize and understand, it is the mystery itself that sustains me, and carries me further on my search. Annie Dillard (1974) expresses this perfectly for me, giving strong and beautiful voice to the way I view the shooting, the most cataclysmic event of my life so far. She writes:

But knowledge does not vanquish mystery, or obscure its distant lights. I still now and will tomorrow steer by what happened that day, when some undeniably

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traction property and application of the party of the last of the

new spirit roared down the air, bowled me over, and turned on the lights. (241)

NOTE

Nancy recovered fully within a year, except for slight visual impairments. Keith Roland was arrested within a half-hour of the shooting. He was sentenced to thirty-five to eighty years and is incarcerated in Vermont. My only remaining physical effect from the shooting is numbness in three fingers of my right hand.

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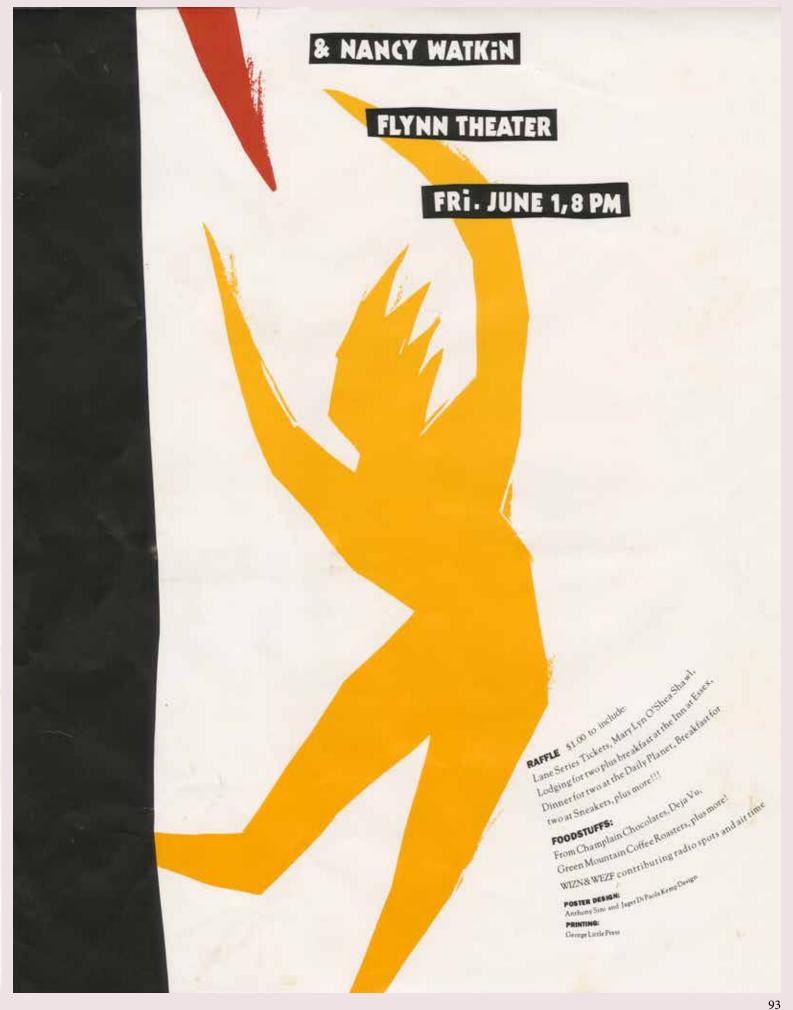
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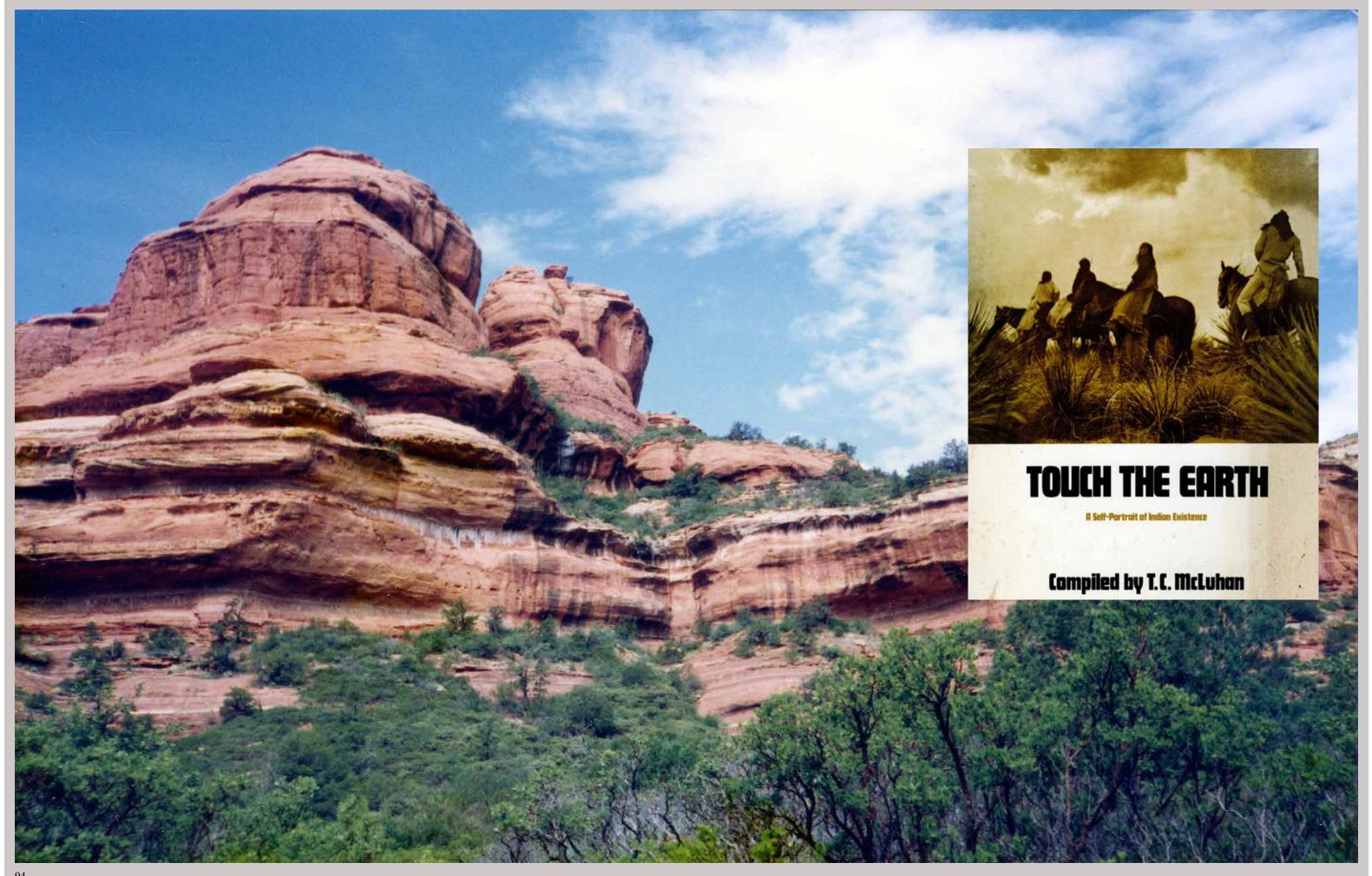
Alison Granucci is a massage therapist, writer, dancer, and mandala artist living in the Champlain Valley of Vermont. She speaks publicly on spirituality, violence, and the notion of victim consciousness. This article excerpts three chapters from her book-in-progress, Shot Into Life: A Soulful Approach to Healing from Violence and Other Trauma.

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10

The Poster FRIENDS CELEBRATING LIFE A BENEFIT FOR ALISON GRANUCCI







Idan & Encouhen I leigan

- At my bush - somewhere
in my child hood

cuisinsness - Alex's

bush - Ed's down
the spooling - the
"visies" - perhaps

I decare - in the

leginning . I sit

had now in a

fairly drat - potel

noom whe client

who is reading the
Wall Street fournel
and Soot, of three
and Soot, of three
the Some paper
at Peal & forte
prices and
used Mercroles.
Die packed up
my Crystals - Eds
ring and the
Sook from my
vision toughthe

I feel mady to
continue this fourness

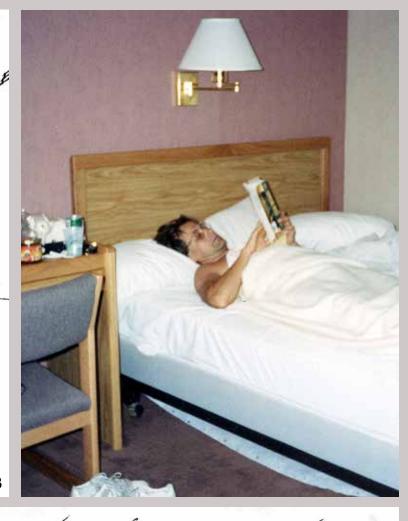
- in senach of
what I know

not.

In Jeeling
lazy about the
detail but don't
want to forget
the pieces to

this pagale

as time trids





the menory with more elaboration than was true.

Concerning Sedona any way some major points are.

Seisan Clark - fellower holding my head closed the seigns

See Sedona

Red Vertile Rode

hands spread feet bar (
feet bar (
head down (
50 M
Church sitting to (
the right ready from the Box (
Crystals in a circle first day of a new Moon for 4 days

Chuck - free Tears Susan reading sound trip ticket from ahar to Phone Suly 90 believe is the Book Jane gave me The map from my The Book - Al There try forth och was a quipose C (SEDONA) = Alisin - tallsengwing MC Surmoh - past lefe Village -3 journey - Im Dana - Song of Sedera filled she places 3 Books my object (cryshel!) 6 VISION Chapter One

Chuck - IBM ring Surcedo - E'd on young man ughting farmec flrot temo he saw wring - Sitting o never again my shalder slowing down Trip with farat Scean bullits (saw alulo seeing Ray Bleven a mind connection Out of body no words picked crystal it's fum watching my head being operated in Sedona "Were losingher" Return to body Tears a hen seeing Choice? or force? Bell Rock

Ske tears when

Col 4 Swere

here 5 yrs. a fo

How do I do

this: Chamber

Chamber

Jest wong

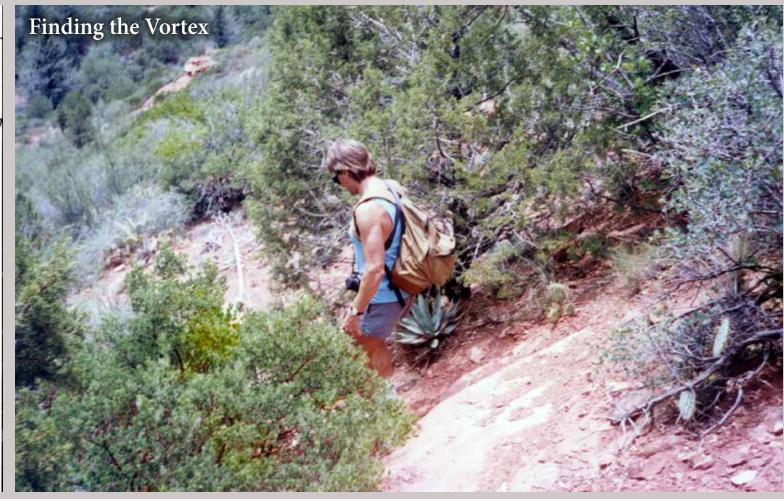
private paper how Age

Center - put A

paper swent

tack private paper

Test shy - Soft of the of ship of the ship of the ship of the soft of the ship of the ship



to so (4) days

(4) vortex

BODY

1 I start at

Red Rock Crossing

the longtion of

Cathedral Rock

where I first

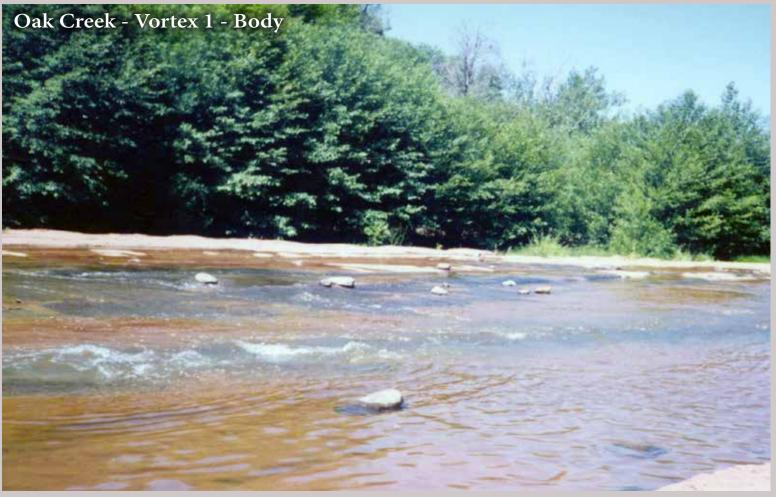
place my hands

and fect in

the healing

waters

OAK Creek
We reached led
Rock Bossing semations
arriend 9:30 following
the instructions of Rev.
Voyce we went first
to the water I bathed
in I - as I has healing powers - we
walked along the
ruser for a
leng temp until

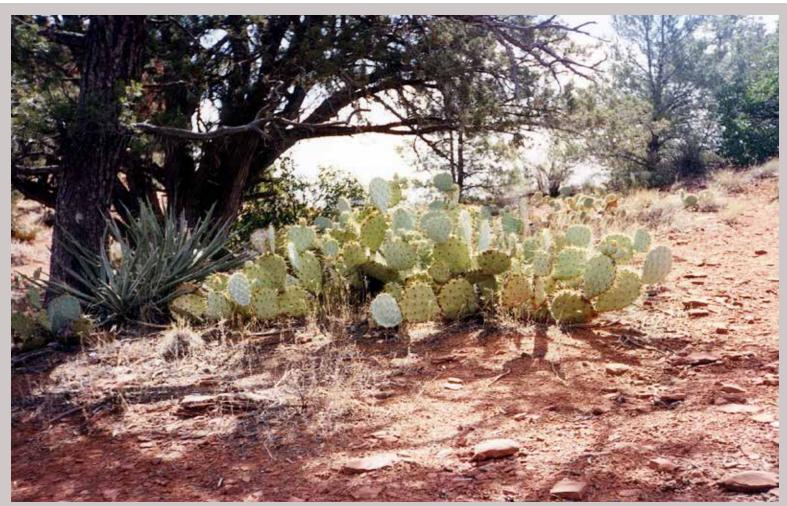


Juther. We seemed to be traveling away from the men so my turned and headed back. Church seemed to be leadering - he was drawn to a place in the

Steep - fough fairy and steep - fough fairy and was cent by bushes

We climbed until
We breach a
Steep face - wall
Bred rock
We looked up
a large cruck
then a vat
the top aligned
with the son
So perfectly up

there I was 5 of noon I placed the crystals we positioned our bodies and as Chuck started to read the sun broke through the V and lit us up orystals sparkling -Chuck reading 17



and me feeling an electree current of energy flowers through my hunds and newing my hunds and newing specke to us of the endians struggle - of ill - fitting clother relegion and helists which which

unistable The white mans
world forced on the
red man. Most
importantly for me
spoke of slence
the power and
importance of silene
God we fill our
space (sound answape)
we fill our
full consume

So that we have no silence - in our mind, Body, EARS, vision A magnificent yellow butterfly who joined us by the wine came to the north top also flying by and fath - at one tems diving at my head-20 Strow it was ED

though The sock was

evol I fourthed

thuck he said he

full the electricate.

We dembed down

felt hight healthe

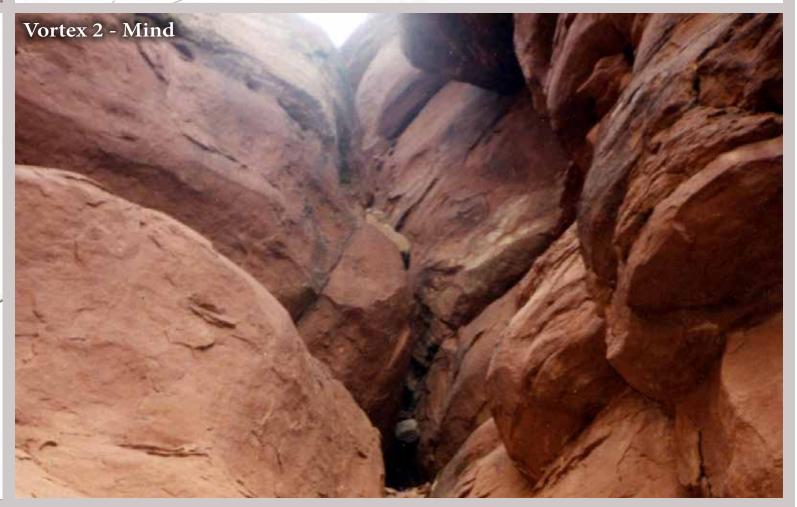
await to merson

Monosty MIND

We arrive at Drylhed

Rd taking us to our

Jirst vottex



It begins - very
townst - home being
built - power tools
us he discoveraged
al Though know
we are in the
right place for our
fellow Butter fly
is here several
miles out Chuck
wants to turn
I and head
there a large,
22 lock formation

I want to contence

I thenk I've

found our sepot

yell to lhuck and

the Buttersly grooms

past my head back

down the gath. I

urge us up a socky

inclinio - we climb

we reach a ledge

I want - no sign
no nock energy of s

the wrong place

Malie Chuckers

Mit The Butterfly

was telling ne to

go back. We head

and across sough

termin - scratchy

bushes - steep sock

the Butterfly is with

us. We climb
I'm tired-we climb
Sim sime times

search - wy climb

He wants to go to hotop
which is 3 or 400 feet

Up of whe reach the Top
the view 360° is mijnitivit
he crystals are placed
up both strip their to
our shorts Chuckerinds

Hair the readings
are sack he speaks
of Sudians havengto

leave their hims the
and that their is
a Sperine place

I don't feel the physical energy this time. I ask himeto she play I lay ble close my eyes Instantly (4) VISIUS A I I am a young Andran played a young man from a young man from me wire shughing me wire shughing -in lost - we come to their hands placed to meach others chest

Jaces close.

3 The hele in my hand

spens up and a belk

and grey stripe snake

undoils from my

brain slides down

my neck across my

shouder down my

right arm les
under I be heels Juny

fut I by t Them

recoss the nock and

away. It represented

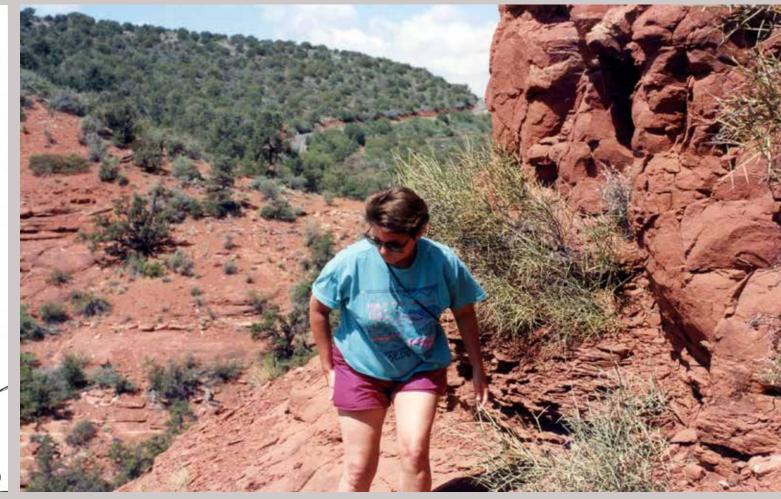
evel prilod in my

brain.



#3 A young man warrior in modern day dress - strong build - deep brown eyes - fair hair Connected to early and humanity -it is Alex at the age #H & beautiful face-Strong - kind - sensitive grey hair - large 28 rystal blue eyes

he moves over me bys face aligning with mine hovering movers closer directly over me. Chuck, says Man it's high nown. I now know this is about BODY-MIND HEART - SPIRT the (4) voitex the first expinence was Weny Bedy play was very mind

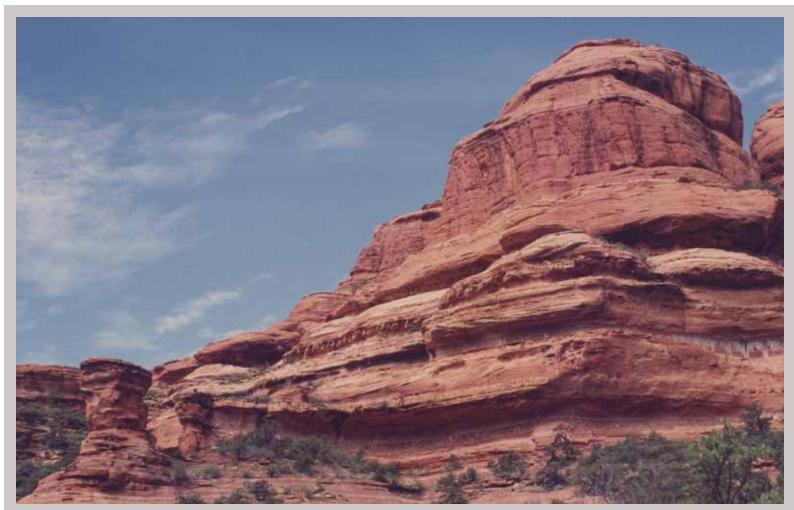




believe fomorrow well torick my heart. I will Jollan Church he leads the way O trust him.

HEART Today are went to Bell Book - I woke up this morning feeling said. I knew it would be a day of emotion And of course of

The climb was all noch ledge not as hard as the others but still a challenge We came to a landing just under the virting & dedn/t want to go further Chuck did - 1 Starped - Lo chopped his puck and



went on the sock behind me spoke then I realized the hum of the cars below I noted the place I was at between material + 5 perstual worlds. I thought of Ed and 32 waited for a sign

The Butterfly to day

fust then I looked

up and an & 'Izaid

was sitteng lookers

at me he rocked

his head as of to

listen and I

spoke to him. I

acknowledged his

strength, courage

respect for the

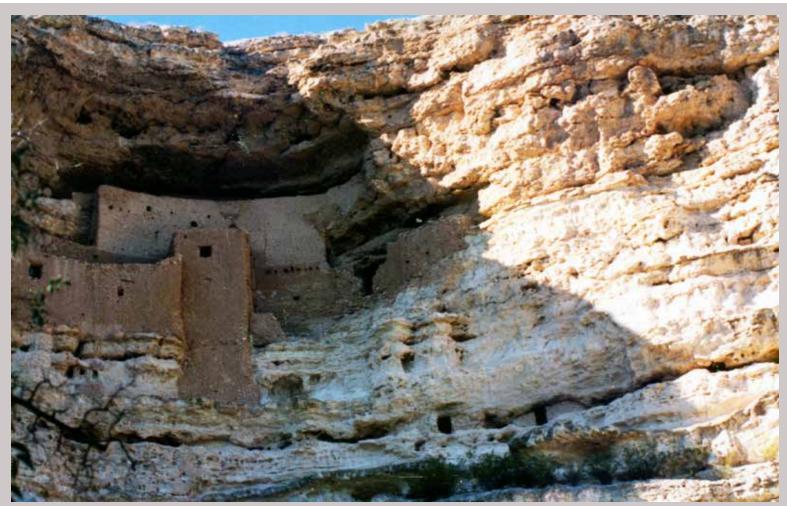
easter his 33

Jellowship, I fellowship, I forgave him his weak ness his body afread to be close his fear Jintemacy. I know he is at peace now his body is gone he no longer has to sight of Chuck returns the ligard flees. Chuck has give higher has scaled a long wall was seared med the fear came back to me trembling and fuel of prices.

long tems and talk of both of what I have to loarn on that I from so have survived so very 36

I want more Chuck says be contentyou are success be content with that I am but
I want more.

Chuck feels In hooking for a knight in skining armer to emotionally saveme 37



I disajue Ins

lostii for someny

to spare my

emotional wealth

with. I have an

over whelming amount

for internacy

wosdom, constit

and future to

share. That's what

ship waiting for.

Just as we rise to leave the Gellan Butterfly appears. Cod was here in the form of the lyand so sould speak to him and the Butterfly so I would know we had once again Choosen the right place.

SPIRITUAL

Burjert Mesa our

Jinal violety the

last leg of the

fourney. Sam

deeply said that

It is about to end

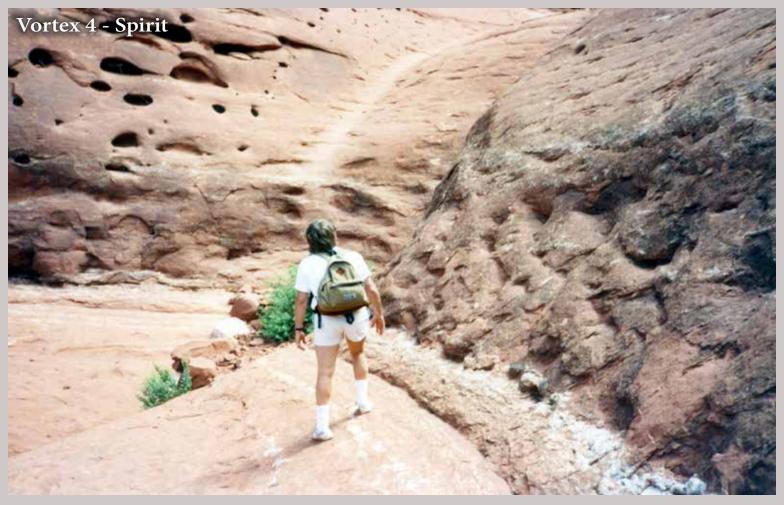
these past sew

days have been

the Most memorable

several spots once again I linger aline for gothe Sometime in une particular houting and the wind Speaks to me.

Again and whence



erupting from
its center thrusteng
with a force
equal to none
give our imagine
pushing thru
like the head of
the fitus thru
the screams of
the woman A

She stands shimming and wet when her newness. Hot and pulsing awaiting the sun to warm dry and crack her like the skin old. She spends timp now

testing the limits

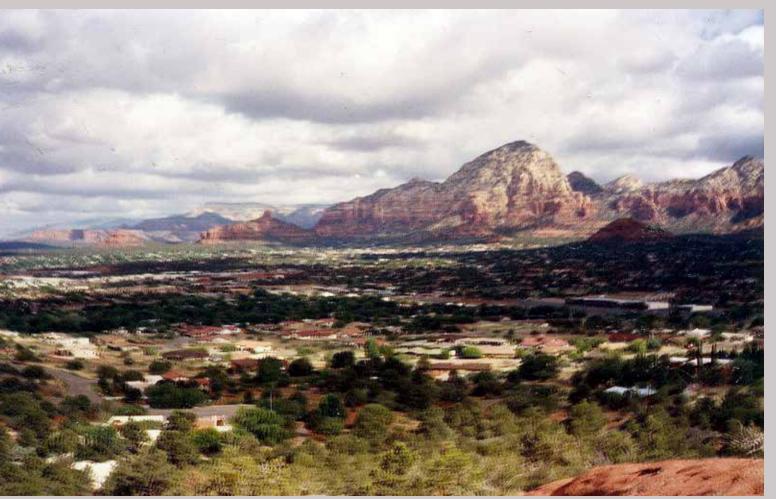
If her intellect
her science, her
exploration—
examination—
examination
Adorns herself
accessorising
and putting

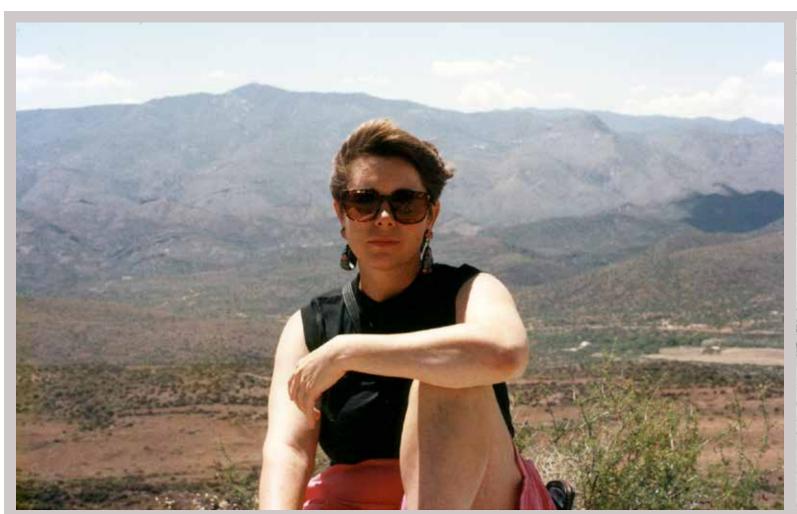
believer she'll be more blantiful. But she's sufformers the weight of her fewlery, the layers of her make up are fieling her. Hay attentions the lurch is diffing 45

this information this information his here there will me there on the presence of the sock

tills out reaching for sunlight.

I pluce the crystals Chuck reaches I hear the message thru his reader for the earth is differ the earth is differ





the sun breaks
the wind swould
and eddies in
our little womb.
I take out the
ashes from Bobs
that Wark gave
me.

I know not why
I till Chuck too
left his sheit
I sub ash on
his heart —

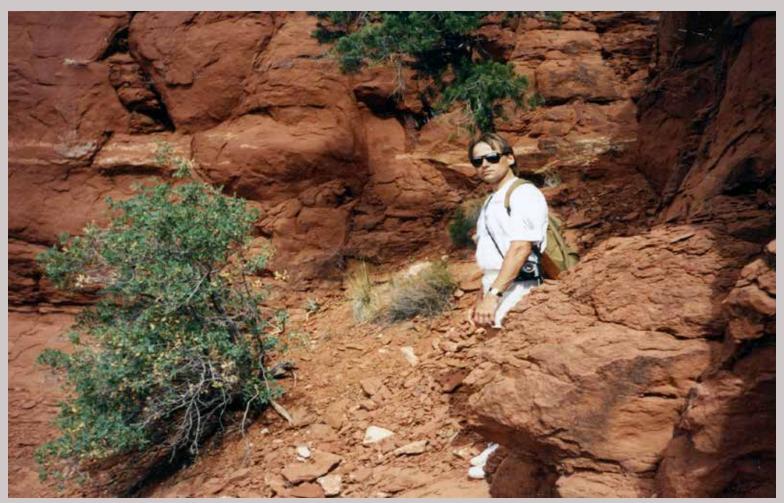
My heart and
place ash on
my forface.

I hold the

48

confainer high
the wind whips
the arst ash
up and out
a spreads in
one hundred
directions.
S reach for
the churches hard

say nothing we pack up and leave - the Gules Velow us-Chuch leads he turns to face the moment so as to lower his body easier



At says turn arriend use the noch leke a ladder I place my hampel down to turn and am startled

my hand

Nests on a
belautiful
crystal. I
can hardly
believe it just
sitting ont here
alone on masses
of red sock
this clear shining
crystal awaited.





Chuck said

pick of up it's

here for your
I shall carry

I always.

As my drine

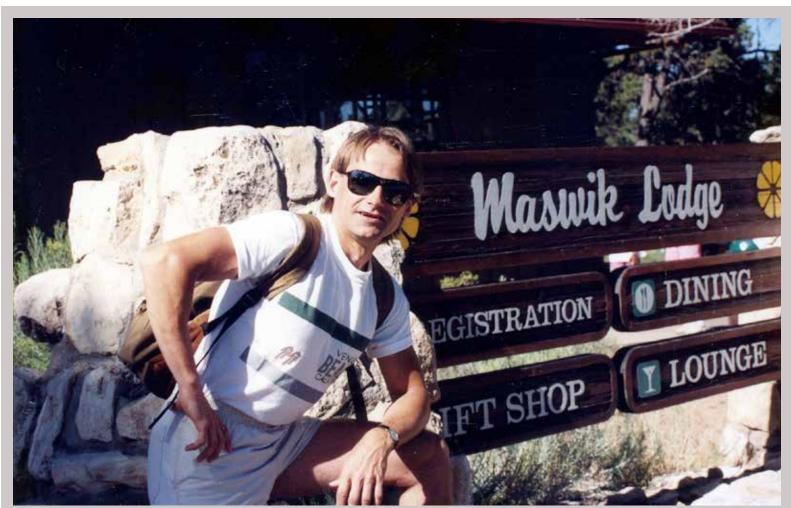
away - leaving

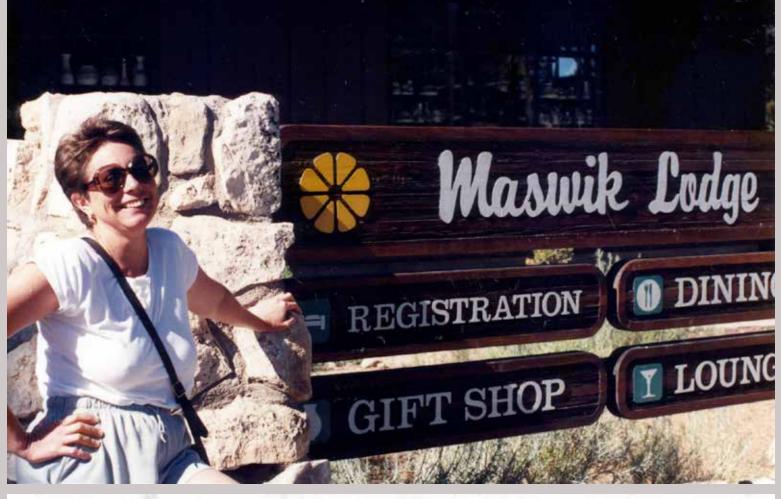
Sedona I cry

as of leaving

a very old

friend these
red socks pare
been and will
be with me
forever. I ful
a pain in my
heart like a
tearing away
in my soul as
I look back





for my last flempse of these powerful beauties Carth sculptures. I shall return must Cath - my bester was violent - and painful erupting from my centur - I thrust with a force equal to none you

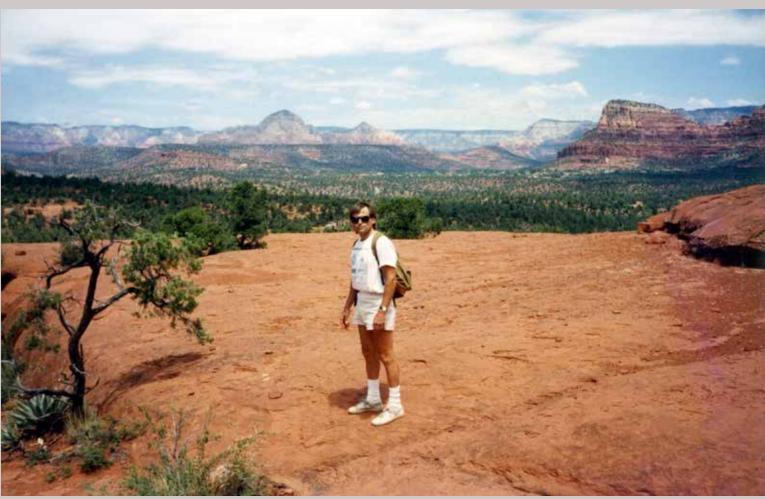
Scarthqualee Volcanoes, Oclans Noar, AVALANHO Then

A The industrial revolution - advisor her advisely the factories and the cities The malreup of

Man in his
landscaping
Changes her
national
Jace to one
man decems
beautyling

Pay attention
Im dying
Pay attention
Im dying
In dying
Itamie





I have the abundance
of all I need within me.
In endless xupply of
fore laughter winderstands
drive and the vision
to see and realist a
rech future.

The Gad which is within me is The Diving good which is all That I read The light of trates Ecosthin leeped ternal on.

God w Thinme is my supply and Jam full with

62



Jack about moneyor The lack of Johny Dwell only Halk of positive things and the alundance of love in my life Turn it over to His God within The aludance is there

I want for

The history of my learn years is gone and my furlinge is full

64

Lod is within that is the secret of life

Keip my mind of the world their buttern this you do within the your the sound the secret of the secr

Hod is within me There good purer a good purer





Before My Name by Alison Granucci (2021)

The abyss —

these are two words to start a poem I mean, why not start there

I mean, why not start with the hole that the bullet —

But no, let's not start there let's start before the bullet when the air was still pure

Before the spinning twirling pointed cylinder of lead exploded on its trajectory to my — but no, let's not start there

there was a time when I was a child and played with childish things

Let's start with the gun.
Look into *that* black hole
let it draw the bullet back
let its mouth inhale the thing whole

there was a time when I was

Before the gun let's start with the door who opened the door there was a knock on the door

But before the door let's start with my name or, wait, was it his name let's start with "What's your —

there was when I was

before my name.

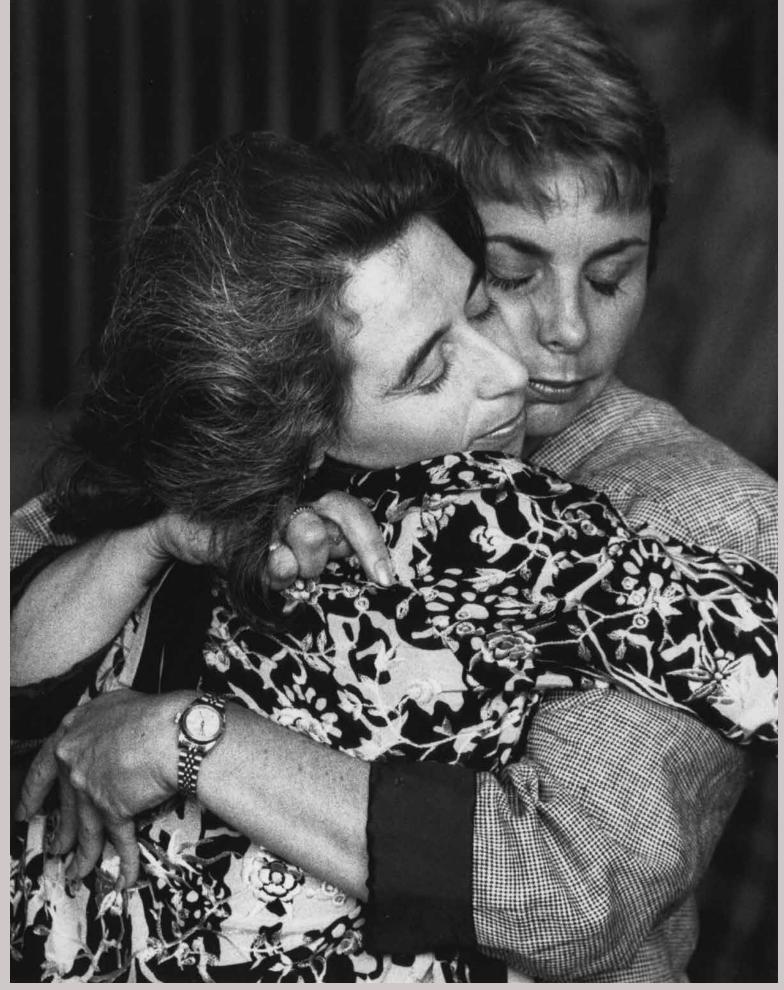
Poems & Thoughts

A BOND CREATED FROM VIOLENCE,

HAS BECOME A BOND SUSTAINED BY LOVE.

IT IS LIKE NO OTHER.







WHEN YOU STUMBLE MAKE IT PART OF THE DANCE.

jan peterson.