

Since you're reading this now, you know I'm gone and some terrible things will be said about me. Some true, some not. This is not a suicide note or a diary. This is my idea about the way things are and why they are.

I want to apologize to all of you. I know the way things will end will hurt many and I'm terribly sorry. Once I knew the way things were going to end up, I thought I better try to explain the way things were in my mind.

I would like to request three final things. ①... I prefer that this letter be read only by GARY, JEANN, REBECCA, and Judy. ②... I wish to be cremated. I don't want my ashes kept in some urn. No church service, no memorial service, and no burial. If you wish, you may dispose of my ashes in the trash. I would like to have them dumped in the mountains though. Maybe up at Jefferson lake, that is such a pretty spot.

My third request will come later.  
Please look for the number ③...

Its so hard for me to write this, to put my feelings down on paper. I think I know why that is and I'll get into that in a bit. I know that awful things will be said about me, and I hope this doesn't cause any pain or hurt to any of you. I'm so sorry about this because I love all of you so much. I will try to see or talk to each of you before things come to an end.

I'm sure all of you have noticed over the years that I had problems. On my 21st birthday, I remember thinking about suicide seriously for the very first time. Through my teenage years I remember thinking if I could just get my life straightened out by the time I was 21, I might have a normal life. That was not to be.

Some time in my mid to late  
twenties, I began to lose touch with  
reality. I would forget things that I  
had done or wonder if some of my  
other memories had actually happened.

Things got bad in the early  
1990s while I was living in Sacramento.  
There were times my mind would go  
completely blank. I wouldn't know where I  
was or what I was doing. Sometimes this  
would only last one minute, sometimes ten  
minutes. This was when thoughts and  
urges began entering my mind. These were  
easier to control at first but now seem  
to run my life, going in and out of my  
mind at will. I have no idea what life is  
about. I have no idea why I'm alive. I  
have no idea what's real and what's not  
real.

I've lately began to wonder why "he" (your father) chose me to be the "one". Do any of you know? Did he ever tell anyone or did I do something wrong as a baby? Don't get me wrong, I'm thankful that none of you had to go through what I did! Since we're on this subject... This is difficult!!!

Some people will say that I may have had a terrible childhood. Well, they couldn't be more wrong! Actually, I had no childhood at all. It was stolen from me. Taken before it began. Replaced by constant fear and occasional terror. Why would any parent mentally and physically abuse a child. You may not know it, but I believe the mental was the worst. Not knowing where "he" was or when he would be coming after me. That was the worst. Constant fear of not knowing. School was nice, I was



safe at school. For part of the day I could almost relax. For six or seven hours, I was out of "his" reach. I'm not sure I can put into words the way it was when "he" was around.

Fear was constant growing up. I got away from the dinner table as fast as I could. I would take a few bites, say I was full and leave. Fear over rode hunger because I could not stand to be in the same room as him.

Often we (kids) would all watch T.V. in the evening. If he came in and sat down, I would wait a few minutes, go to the bathroom, turn the water on or something, then go to my bedroom.

Where ever we lived, which ever house we had, I always had a certain spot to go to. It would be in one of the corners, some place where I couldn't be seen if he were

walking down the hall. I spent a lot of time sitting and standing in the corners of my bedrooms.

The worst, the nightmare more terrible than all others was when the two of us were home alone. When that would happen, when he came home or everyone else left, I would quickly go find my unseen corner and stay there until someone else got home.

I was always afraid to close the bedroom door, as he would know I was in there. I know all of you love him so I won't go into any details of what happened. If I remained quiet, no noise, no music, not a sound I was usually safe. But not always. Once in a while he would call me. As soon as I heard my name, fear would turn into panic and sheer terror!

Sometimes it was nothing, he would just want to know where I was, but the terror

was still there. Maybe a third to a half  
the time that he called me, he would come  
right for me as soon as he saw me.  
Terror was then replaced by something  
I don't think I can put into words. When  
I would see "him" coming after me I  
froze, unable to move. I would shake from  
head to toe my stomach in knots and my  
heart pounding, preparing for his temper to  
be unleashed on me. I would often wet  
myself.

This was my childhood, my life. Except  
for fishing with Gary a few times in North  
Carolina, I have no pleasant memories of  
growing up. None. "He" didn't take those from  
me, he didn't allow me to have any.

I wanted everyone to know the true facts about what happened at the Harley dealer and why. I'm not sure what will happen, but if I have my way it may just hit the fan.

On Dec. 24, 2002, I bought the new bike, a 2003 H.D. WideGlide. I also purchased a set of aftermarket performance exhaust system, a better carburetor and several other acces. to be installed before I took delivery. When I picked up the bike, no carb had been installed and a defective set of pipes were on the bike. I called and called and all I got was a major run-around. About Feb or March I started calling them and yelled, screamed, and cursed. That was my mistake. I should not have done that but it may have been only 3 or 4 calls. The accessories that they cheated me out of amounted to about \$1200. to \$1400. dollars, I don't remember exactly. I guess because of the phone calls, the H.D. dealer decided to press charges.



against me and I was arrested the other day. The papers are in my glove box. My bond was \$500.<sup>00</sup> and someone can get that money back from the jail or court. If things go as planned, I will try to make someone at the H.D. stop pay!

Today may have been one of the saddest days of my life. I realized that I may never talk to any of you again, and probably never see any of you again. I want all of you to know how much I enjoyed having dinner with you for the holidays, Christmas and Thanksgiving. And even the times I didn't accept it made me feel good that you thought enough about me to ask me to spend holiday dinner with you.

I have never owned much and don't own much now. I would like my belongings to go to James, if he wants them. My TV, stereo equipment, couch, bed, ect. If Gary wants my telescope, he may have it. I also told James that he may have my few remaining guns. My fishing poles are in the Jeep. Maybe Eric would like those. He and I sure had fun fishing up at Jefferson lake.

There is one thing I would like Judy to have, if it survived packing. On top of my microwave there was a glass butter dish. It belonged to aunt Lela. I don't know how long she had it, but I got it from her about 20 years ago. It's old and fragile. It's round with a glass base. I hope it didn't get broken.

Things are getting pretty close to the end now. I figure about a week is all I have left. I'll try to call everybody one last time. I may try to visit everyone, but I'm not sure if I could keep the tears back. I know that sounds strange coming from me. So it may be just a phone call.

I miss all of you so much already. It's a terribly hurtful, empty, tearful pain inside me knowing I will never see any of you again.

Please forgive me for the terrible things you have heard or are about to hear. Suicide is sometimes an embarrassment to family members, so for this I truly apologize for any hurt I may cause all of you. To me suicide is finally a release from an empty and painful life that has never had any meaning for me. I'm tired of living; and for the last 15 years or so I'm tired of living in pain. Constant pain.



So to my sisters, Judy, JoAnn, and  
Rebecca, to my brother Gary, please know that my  
last thoughts will be off you! My last few  
breaths, my last few heartbeats will be  
yours. Of my love for each of you.

My last moment will be painless!

#3

I wish for all of you to get along with  
each other. No more arguing over petty things.  
And they are petty items if you think about it.  
Please get along. Life is so short.

Please hug each other for me....

I love all of you so much....

Duane

cc

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I'm staying in the Mallory Motel  
in room 10 if anyone wants my last  
few personal items.

I meant to call everyone today, (26th)  
but I couldn't handle it. I called Judy  
first but ~~it was~~ it was too emotional.

From: DUANE MORRISON  
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