

1987

The State of Utah v. Ronnie Lee Gardner : Unknown

Utah Supreme Court

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Case 21027
Category No 1

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♀ SUPPLEMENT TO THE ARGUMENT

198721027

A lot of people have thought I should die. I offer them my kindest respects and add that I never thought that about Mike Burdell, but I did it and believe I did. I had been shot and was holding the wrong gun, I don't remember but I have learned there are people who don't lie. I believe the witnesses who have testified against me.

I don't have a desk in my cell. I am having a friend outside type this. I hope that the many who want me to die don't now feel I should not have a friend. I have learned to love, but today I have no desk, and until a great federal magistrate approved, I could not get the books which could help me. And I am victim of a torture ring, though holding my own. I forgive you, and love you, even though you may be complicit in keeping me from a desk.

Like me, you and your ancestors have participated for lifetimes in dirty genocidal wars. You have tried, like me, tried to kill the enemy but in it you have failed. I have surely failed. Mike's friends all say he lives on. Lives on in his soul, continuing his work. In the press and in memory. In the Trust fund which will carry on his unselfish life's work, of which I have been chosen Trustee. All honor to his name.

I have the honor of being the scapegoat this lifetime --- the Pierre and Andrews---to be the nigger. Not like Mark Hoffman, who saved the State money and will be out to spend time with his children again. The only difference between him and me, us and you, is that I have none of the spoils. I am not complaining.

Please understand. I did not have a father. Someone planted a seed, but left and I had no shoulder for my head to see, on which to rest and from which to seek comfort. No one took me skiing. No one attended a school pageant for me. No Father to protect me. Only the man denying me, and telling me of his hate. Cursing me when I stole as a baby of food and clothing. Believe me, I am not complaining. I have called to God and He has assured me of His great purpose. The State can do me no harm. My Father is God. I have thrown down my arms to make Christ laugh.

Now I snivel. Only once, and kindly granted and well deserved.

If you want to make a criminal, beloved judges --- brothers and sisters--- give that person my life, if you must, but always include in the world God who is Supreme and just one other friend with the freedom to put glamor on my eyes and let me hear the words again, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Let me be of service by taking you inside the prison which is the most perverted seed and model of any free world society on this planet.

Thus you have made the world.

I am your child of this time.

Father, Mother,

FILED
MAR 1 0 1987

Clerk, Supreme Court, Utah

March 4, 1987. Ash Wednesday

Copy:

A. J. ...