

A Letter to My Father's Killer  
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It has been six years since the last time I saw my father. When I said, "I love you" just one last time, I never guessed it would be for the last time. Because of you, I never got to say "goodbye"

Was it really worth it, Mr. Ring? Was it worth the few months of spending stolen money? The money was replaceable. The other things you stole were not.

I was 21 years old when you killed my father. At a time when I should have been making plans for Christmas, I was instead talking with the F.B.I., making funeral arrangements, and seeming "unusually controlled" in front of the media. When I should have a parent to turn to for guidance, I now have no one.

My first son was 6 months old when his grandpa was killed. My father often talked about how he was looking forward to seeing his grandson walk and being able to spoil him. He didn't get to. My son is 6 years old now. All he has to remember his grandpa are pictures and second-hand memories.

There are two other children I have had since. My father wasn't there to greet them after their births. He wasn't there to help out as he had been with my first child. He hasn't been there to celebrate birthdays or holidays. Because of you.

I talked to his messenger at the funeral. He told me that the last things my father had been talking about were how beautiful the day was. He was in good spirits and was planning on doing a little Christmas shopping the next weekend. You took all that away.

Before I knew who you and your accomplices were, I had forgiven you. I forgave you because I didn't think you were worth the energy it would take to keep that bitterness and hatred. My only problem was I tried to bottle up the anger as well. I bottled it up when they showed the \$100,000 house you lived in and the nice truck you owned before you had stolen the money. Did you know that my father had been working for only \$6.00 an hour?

I even held my anger in as I watched your court trial. As you took the stand yourself and tried to get yourself out of the charges by lying, I watched your eyes. In your eyes I saw every lie that you told. When I had the chance to see the trial in person, you even tried to smile your smug smile at me. Is it all a game to you?

In an interview you even had the guts to say, "I didn't kill your father, Leesa." It was by that time I already knew you had killed my father. You blamed your accomplices. You blamed the F.B.I. You even blamed people who did not exist.

You have even tried to blame my father for his own murder. Your relatives have written to conspiracy theory groups claiming that my father was involved in the hold-up. There was one little thing they, and you, do not know. A few months before, a messenger he had previously worked with was arrested for stealing a handful of money. My father expressed his feelings on how silly he thought it was for someone to try to steal that money. He felt the same way about that money that a courier would feel about the documents they were delivering. Important papers, yes. But not worth stealing.

The only mistake he made was opening the van door to smoke. That was against company policy. You knew he did it, and that's when you took your chance. You are not only the one who pulled the trigger, but also the one who was quoted as saying to your accomplices, "Aren't you going to congratulate me on my shot?"

Here we are six years later. Now, was your greed really worth it? Was it worth it for your wife to lose the home you had lived in? Was it worth it for your parents to have a son on death row? Is it worth it to lose so much of your life?

You could have been somebody. You had the intelligence. You had the abilities to have been able to do many good things. But you wanted to risk it all for greed.

If my father had died of a heart attack or in a car accident I could have accepted it. But the simple truth is, you STOLE my father's life.

For six years I have felt an emptiness and not known how to fill it. Even if you spend your whole life sitting on death row waiting for your time to come, you still have more of a chance than you gave my father. I don't want anyone else to live the anguish I have for the last six years, because of you. I may forgive you, but I never want you to have the freedom to ruin lives again.