

To: The Hon. Clarence Brimmer

From: Kellie Virgilio

Date: January 13, 2009

Your Honor:

Re: Nathaniel Solon

I am writing to you to tell you about the man you know as Nathaniel Ethan "Ned" Solon. Here out referred to as Ned.

I met Ned more than 20 years ago. He was a friend of my husbands. Now in all honesty I have to say I really didn't care for him at that time. He was in his early 20,s and still young and dumb. Granted I was only 17 and had no idea who was young and dumb. But over the years Ned has become MY friend. My best friend. He has made a lot of poor choices and has taken the consequences of those choices.

Over the many years Ned has lived with my husband and I along with our 2 children. He would show up on the front porch recently estranged from whatever female he had hooked up with. He would have everything he owned in a medium sized box and ask if he could rent the couch. This box was what was left every time. Always the same things and just a few clothes. Family items he had kept over the years mainly. He would stay anywhere from a couple weeks to a few months. In that time he would never eat our food, drink our milk or even use our bathroom supplies. He always stated that they were for the kids and he couldn't do that. We would even have to make him eat holiday dinners with us.

He would spend numerous hours playing with my children. Either play video games or board games. I would walk in from work and find the three of them camped out on the end of the bed with controllers in hand, laughing and giggling because someone wasn't any good or just crashed their plane. I realized over time that he had a great bond with my children. He is the one "uncle" that they really care about and treasure his opinion. And believe me, he always has an opinion.

So many things are affected by Ned being gone. We have come to rely on him for so much that it seems we are lost. My children who are now 22 and 24 years old, still have moments that they really need to get an opinion from the one other elder they trust and confide in. You have to understand the relationship between my children and Ned. Throughout the years of them growing up Ned lived with us for more of them then not. He was always around. The one person I could always trust with a key to my house and being alone with my children at any given time. There were days after school when I could not be home and Ned was. He would make sure they had what they needed and reminded them of things they were to do

The last time Ned was incarcerated my husband was lost. He felt an empty spot. This time Ned has already been gone years bouncing around the county jails, and my husband again is lost. We were not able to visit much last time do to financial problems. This time I hope for all our sakes he isn't to far away. We are in a better spot Money wise and can

travel some. I have learned that the bond between my husband and Ned is so strong; that I believe my husband actually has separation anxiety. Silly I know but Ned is my husband's one and only BEST FRIEND.

We realize that there have been mistakes made. And that good judgment may not always be used. But that is all part of life. You must make mistakes and learn from them to become a better person.

We stand behind Ned now and believe in him. We have our own personal opinions of what has happened and won't bore you with our thoughts. We believe in his innocence.

I could continue to ramble on and on. But there is no reason to do that. All I can say is that Ned is our best friend. Our family. We believe in his innocence and believe this is a horrible injustice. There may have been choices that were made over the years that were not the best. But mistakes happen. He has always admitted his errors and paid for his wrong doings. That is one of the things we love the most about him, HIS BOLD TRUTH.

I thank you for your time and allowing me to write you this letter. It has not been easy for me to write. How do you explain to someone else what your relationship is? I can only say that due to these events, there is a very big hole in my family.

Again thank you.

Kellie J Virgilio