

To: The Hon Clarence A. Brimmer  
From: Jessica D. Virgilio  
Date: January 4, 2009

Re: Ned Solon

To whom it may concern,

I, Jessica D. Virgilio, am writing this letter, on behalf of Nathaniel E. Solon (Ned).

I (to reiterate) have known Ned my entire life. He and my father have been best friends for many many years. That said, he has obviously been a very big part of my life. Even throughout his time in Florence he always kept contact with my family and me through letters, cards, or phone calls. Now that his freedom, morals and personal lifestyle is again in question, I find myself compelled to write again on his behalf. Ned is by far one of the better men in this world. A very caring person with great morals and full of intelligence. There may have been some decisions that he has made in his life that I do not agree with, but to me that is part of life. Everyone makes mistakes. If you don't learn from them then they continue to happen. However if you do, that makes them an experience. We have all had many experiences in our lives, but they make us who we are. I strongly believe that Ned has made his mistakes ( for the most part) learning experience. And seeing as I can not choose his life for him, I sit back and watch. He always welcomes my opinion on the things going on, even if he doesn't like what I have to say. I was raised to speak my mind and stand up for the things that I believe in. I was (later, once it was realized that I was going to speak my mind) taught tact. Ned, along with my parents, always admired the fact that I was so willing to stand up for the mentioned things, and helped me to use that in my life to help further my education, and myself as a person. Having so much influence in my life, Ned and I have always been very close. He has always been one of the people that I can turn to when I needed help. It never mattered as to the situation he would tell me what he thought and how he would handle it. From there I was left to make my own decision. Even if it were a decision that he did not agree with he never gave me the whole "I told you so", when things fell through the cracks. He was always there to help pick me up from the ashes.

Now as for the rest of my family, we all know that I cannot speak for them and their feelings on Ned, although I do know what they are, it is not my place. I can however observe what is going on around me. Even now it hurts me to see those around me sad. We all know that inside there are parts of childhood that never die, and I guess that is my part. Not having my uncle here to see us grow up and start our own families, tears my family apart. My father and mother are both void of their best friend, and yes he is a best friend to them both. It tears me apart inside to see my parents suffer that emotional void, especially when it is all so very un-necessary. So close, like a brother, to both of my parents, it's as if our family has been ripped apart. A missing peace to what has always been such a complete puzzle. Our Sunday Game Days no longer occur, my niece has never

gotten the chance to see the man who has always had such a big part in the development of my brother and I. With all the time he has been detained he has missed to very much. There are no words I can use to describe what this all is doing to my parents, and seeing as I am intelligent enough to know when I'm in over my head, I won't try. However I can tell you that there are a great deal of people that love Ned just as much as they do. He has many friends and many dreams not only for his life but for those whose lives he is involved in. He has always been there every step of the way when I have worked for my goals, even if it wasn't in person. He helped me plan a lot of my goals growing up. Aside from being my father and mother's best friend he was one of mine. Like an uncle and at times a second father to me. He always went out of his way to make sure that I was happy and content with everything in my life that he could. Always has it been my dream to have my uncle Ned at my wedding, standing there next to my father with tear filled eyes, as they watch their little girl give herself and her heart to someone that she loves more than anything. With recent happenings that dream is shattered. I have never looked up to many people throughout my life, and the select few that I have, I did so because they accomplished great feats. Even if not right in front of my eyes they still made such an impact on my life. Ned is one of those people. He has always taken what he has gotten in stride and made the best of it that he could. A valuable lesson that he and my parents taught me as a child. However he never told me that cards would be ripped from my hand. Even at twenty two, I feel like a small child. I think back to the times that my uncle Ned was there and I smile, my heart is lifted and I feel like a seven year old little girl all over again. Yet at the same time I stop and think of the future. As I walk down the aisle, when I have children, etc. And it pains me to know that he may not be there to witness any of it. My Uncle Ned is a wonderful and very loving man whom I love very much. To think that my brother and I's children may not have the experience of his love, as we did when we were children, breaks my heart. There are few men that I trust whole heartedly in this world and he is definitely one of the three. Aside from my father and my companion, Ned is the only other man that I would trust with my life. Now I pose a question to you. Could a man that I feel so comfortable leaving not only my life but the lives of my children in his care, be capable of the charges that have been brought against him? Absolutely not. I stand behind my uncle's plea of innocence one hundred percent. I know that he did not do what he is being accused of.

I am sitting here at a loss for words to help me to explain the amazing man that Ned is, so that tells me it is time to end this letter. I guess in conclusion, I Love and miss my uncle very much. I pray that someday he will be able to see me walk down the aisle and get the opportunity to see, love and care about my children the way he always did for me. Some of my happiest childhood memories I share with him,. And the sad ones, are because, in part, he is not there.

Thank you for your time.  
Sincerely,

**Jessica D. Virgilio**