

Dear Matt,

2-8-12

Hey! How's it going with you and Colleen? I got your card for Christmas, thank you. In it you promised to write the first of the year, no word yet. I didn't get all my writing done in Jan, but this month I am getting each and every one required on time. The card you sent got torn up in the normal inspection process, they have been a bit zealous of late!

Today was going to be a bad day. Now it is a good one. My buddy Smed was set to be executed ~~was~~ today. He got a stay due to some psychiatric issues he is trying to present to the court. He does have some real issues. He had 19 inches of psych records before he came to prison. He tried to commit suicide with a .270. It only missed his face up.

Some of the issue couldn't be developed because it was against MDOC policy to let prisoners take certain tests. The judge wasn't impressed. It is a fight every step of the way. He had to fight MDOC to get a weapon to fight the larger system.

Now he can do so because of the judge. He will get a battery of psych tests and an MRI. Hopefully he can get enough evidence to present to the judge and the judge grant some relief.

My buddy Smed and Stu were considered my kids. They killed Stu in 2002. Both were older than me but I was the more serious of the three and therefore the adult. And by extension their dad. We were a highly dysfunctional family and our crazy lives brought us all back together in the row. I was a deadbeat dad to them, they nicknamed me "Stanky Daddy." Any time I gave them canteen it was considered long overdue child support payments.

His name is Edwin Hart Tucker but I called him Smed after a contraction I gave him Smelly od He a real life papper.

You know of the essays I write after each execution I never finished 'em. It just pissed me off too much. I'm glad that I don't have to write one anymore.

My legal predicament: well on the 17th the U.S. Supreme Court will had a conference and vote to accept or deny my case. I only need five justices to agree to accept but a majority to get relief. Their decision will be made public on the 21st.

If they deny then the A.G. petitions the U.S. Supreme Court to set an execution date 30 days later.

If they accept then we wait to see what they want to do.

This is a repeat of 'em. The court was supposed to give a ruling on Jan. 17th. But at that date they had not collected all of the info that they wanted. My attorney, Keir, says it is unusual that they ask the lower court for the records.

Waiting on the court to issue the ruling was nerve-wracking. I was at a visit with my friend Wayne so I could not call my attorney to hear the business. While there my mum came in. She would be the one to tell me what was up. I did not want her to be the one to bring bad news. But it was sorta good news so that was all right.

But the problem was that for weeks before that date I had worked very hard to crush any hope. I worked to prepare myself for the worst. I had been getting bad news all these years, why should I expect otherwise? And then the court doesn't really do anything and that sorta pissed me off. The struggle was going to be even worse now that hope was allowed to spring up. I wasn't fully committed to dying. I hadn't accepted it wholeheartedly. But I was trying. And hope could not be a part of that. Now it is

Against the wait and see.

Before I could finish this letter things have been happening and I had to stop writing.

a stay. The judge gave him until the 20th. ~~the day~~
The A.G. appealed that decision and won that put
the execution back on. Now he is scheduled to die at
6 tonight.

That has to have thrown everything into an
uproar. Thinking they had a little time to work with,
the attorneys would not have been formulating counter
arguments or other strategies. Especially not a
clemency application. All of their attention would have
been on the punch tests on the floor which the judge
ordered. Now they are in panic mode trying to kick
start the appeal again.

And that "doesn't even take into account the
turmoil I smelt must be ordering. Turmoil that I
am intimately familiar with, just not as jarring as it
must be for him right now. Damn! Death looked
certain this weekend. And then life was - locked -
certain. The panic of some testing would further
lessen the gripping fear and panic. He could let his
guard down. And then he's suddenly hit in the face
with death only hours away. It's incredibly difficult to
prepare yourself for this. Even with months to work
with. Hope troubles you and then good news lets
it take a bit. It's like being in a car and seeing
to a cliff's edge. Your brakes don't work but your
toying so hard to jump them, to get them to take hold,
they suddenly do. Right at the cliff's edge. Aagh! And
the whole cliff collapses. You can't prepare for that.
You just ride it out, come what may.

I just wanna fuckin' scream! This case pisses
me off so damn much. I hate everything about it.
Everything it represents. My buddy was died in a
few hours and all I can do is watch that cliff
collapse to make it worse, my own cliff ain't too
damn stable.

Usually I have a coherent methodical approach
to my letters. Now all I am doing is just rambling.
I wanna just throw it to the floor, screw writing,
but to take this distraction leaves my mind blank to
think about smet. I wrote in an essay that
Death is universal. But when it comes at the

hands of another human being there is this
inherent depravity involved and its even worse when
you know them.

I'm likely follow him next month, if the court
denies the appeal the state will ask for March 2nd
as the day of execution.

I never finished this earlier today I just
could not focus and now Smed is dead they pronounced
him at 6:21. Hard to write when it feels like I'm
getting punched in the gut.

This letter started with good news and now
its about a miserable practice that just twists
my insides like... I don't know. Usually I can
think of a simile ~~or~~ or metaphor, I'm blank.

I have to close. I would like your help if
you are willing. I am still trying to fight. But I
don't have a lot of confidence in the appeal process.
I am working on a clemency application. I will
handwrite a letter ^{to} the Gov. I will ask him to
commute my sentence from death to life without
parole. With that letter I will include any letters
of recommendations I can collect. I also have a
petition that I am adding. If you are willing to
do one or both I'd love you to pitch in.

The petition is in Change.org search for save
Matt. The letters should be sent to my mom
she will collect and collate them all. Mary Lynn
Pickett is her name - marylpickett@yahoo.com.
I can't have too many signatures so everyone is
welcome.

So, I'm out of gas. I just wish for once in my
life I could write those letters and there be something
positive, some good news, anything to report. All this
damn misery is debilitating.

No matter what, thank you. Please take care. Be
good

Matt