

Dave & Carol, Paul, Jim and Mom,

This is the letter I've told you I am writing. The reason I'm writing this letter is because it's a lot easier to put my thoughts down in writing, I can think about what I'm saying and find the best words to express myself. I feel like I have so much catching up to do with my family, and this seems to be the most efficient way.

I feel it's time to communicate to all of you where I see myself going. Especially with the Father Coughlin issue. I drop bits and pieces of things here and there, but I've never really opened up and told you all the whole story. I really haven't opened up to much of anyone for years now, I haven't had the emotional energy to do so, and I haven't had the clarity of thought to express myself. Now that seems to be changing. For the past years, I've giving pat answers to questions that people ask me. It's easier than the truth, which is more detailed and personal. I'd rather just say "I'm a waiter" rather than explain all my reasons for quitting a good paying job etc. etc. ad nauseam. Pat answers are easy. That's been fine for the past years. I haven't wanted to venture out and express myself any further.

But, now I'm at a point where I need to open up. Obviously, my life has undergone change and I need to tell you "where I'm at" and how I got "here." And I start with my family cause I want you all to know where your brother & son is heading. In some way, we are each a part of each other lives and in this way you are a part of mine.

I feel like my life for years now has been the process of going back and letting go. Going back to explore areas of myself that I have left off along the path of my life so far and letting go of all the things that I have accumulated as "me" in order to see and experience those areas that I am going back to. Going back and letting go, that is an excellent metaphor for my life these past years.

I've always held an interest in the arts. When I was in grammar school and junior high, I gravitated to acting and did several plays. I sang in the choir when I was in 6th grade. I played magician and gave magic shows while I was in junior high. I entered speech competitions. In high school, I was "the filmmaker." I went to college to be a filmmaker.

One by one, over the years, I gave these things up. I could look back and give several reasons. I could say "Dad never encouraged the arts, he told me they were useless". But, for whatever reason, I never felt strong enough in myself (or had the opportunity) to follow my intuition and ignore what everyone around me would say. Being involved in the arts when growing up had a certain stigma and being sensitive about myself and my "boyhood" I just eventually, one by one, gave them up. Except for filmmaking. This was acceptable and even moderately cool. And, I was passionate about it. I was surprised that Dad would actually pay for me to go to school to learn filmmaking (I mean, this is what I WANTED to do!). But, even that I gave up when I didn't get accepted into the school. After that, I was the most furthest removed from the arts that I ever been. In fact, after dropping my film school goal and changing to economics, I wouldn't even go see a movie in the theater. It was like I blocked everything out.

Ironically, and logically, after my film school rejection, I was in the most searching mode. I felt restless and wanted to find a place to "fit in". Always on my mind was the concept of contributing somehow. I have always had some form of a "social conscious". When I graduated from Michigan, I wanted to take a year off

and work as a volunteer somewhere in the US. But, of course, Dad wouldn't have it. He had just paid thousands for my education and insisted I find a decent job and fit into the mold. So I did. I kinda found a happy medium with working for the United Way - big enough to pay a salary and benefits and look respectable but also perhaps a way for me to feel like I'm contributing. But, I was still searching for the right "fit."

Starting in this period of my life, I went through so many "identity" phases. I went thru the Catholic phase, the Christian phase, the Gay phase and then started all over again. I remember being so envious of David because he seemed to have the clarity of focus that I desperately wanted. He was married, knew his passion from early on and was actively pursuing his goals. I was so envious of that back then. All I knew is I'd go to bed at night and say to myself, "I'm not going to waste my life, I've got to find my niche." People in my life always remarked "Eric needs to 'find himself'", and that was true. I've definitely been unclear. Sort of like a passionate rebel without a cause. Most people seemed happy with just doing what was expected of them. *I never have been*. My twenties were definitely a time of searching and uncertainty about myself.

After the United Way, I took an even further step away from myself when I took the job with EDS. That was the furthest removed from myself that I had ever been. I never went to the movies, the theater or explored any of the arts. I had a well paying 9-5 job and bought a house. I went to church and I had alot of friends. It seemed I should be perfectly content!

TWO things happened around this time that led to the changes that I am currently going through.

FIRST, I met Joanna while working at the United Way. Joanna was just getting over with a divorce. She was also starting to sing again (she was in a band and had sang prior to being "married with children.") At that time, Paul was producing his TV show in Tucson. That's how I became aware of Public Access TV. So, one day I was watching TV and saw a program that a local guy had made - a music video program. That's how I first discovered the Public Access was available here too. I got the bug to do something visual. So Joanna and I talked and agreed that she would record a song (her first in years) and I would produce a music video (my first in years too).

To make a long story short, we did a music video together. I'm kinda laughing thinking about that video, cause I'm a bit embarrassed that 65 people crammed into my house to see it. But, it was a first attempt back into film and it was "where I was at" . That was the start of me thinking about art and theater again. The bug came back and it started to grow quickly.

Continuing to make a long story short. Joanna and I both mutually rediscovered our talents and "grew" together over the next several years. I think by the time we did our third video we both felt alot more refined.

Producing these video (and all that goes along with it) helped me grow in my confidence. I started to see myself as someone who could "get things done", since things seemed to move and work out. Others seemed to be willing to work together with me and the quality of our art grew progressively. By the time I had finished the third one (over three years after the first) I came to a point where I could see myself doing this full time, somehow. I was (and still am) idealistic in my vision of what can be done artistically, and saw this

as, on some level, as my way to contribute. All the theater stuff came back again.

But, I knew I needed money. At that point I was working at EDS and hating it. I hated the box of corporate life. The widget factory. Priorities are skewed in the corporate world - things like desk size and name plates define power and roles. Yuck. There, I feel better now. I've vented a bit of my disgust.

I was looking for an out to the corporate life. For years I was looking for an out but didn't have any clarity about myself so I stayed put. But, this video thing sparked something in me that I was willing to venture out a bit with. Since I was working in PC's, and specializing in graphics and publishing I saw some entrepreneurial opportunities and began going over in my mind ways I might make money on my own using the knowledge and resources I had at my fingertips there at EDS. I came up with a plan ... I would start a business to gain independence. Then, if successful I could use the money to fund my artistic growth and development. I could produce "on the side" to see where it leads. At that point, that seemed like a logical and possible path to get to where I wanted to be.

After doing alot of talking, reading and writing I decided that I could pull off an independent publishing business. I would be at an advantage in this because 1) I had access to high level publishing technology at work that I could use to my hearts content and 2) this was an area I knew much about. I could take what I'd learned at EDS and applying to a business.

I put a years worth of work into the business. I mean, I put alot of work into starting that publishing business. I have to say that I learned alot from doing so. Though I eventually stopped right before I invested into my first "product" I read enough, talked enough, went to seminars etc. to get a good feel for independent production and distribution. At the time I quit it, I thought it may have been wasted time. But now, looking back, it was definitely not wasted. But, I'm getting ahead of myself.

All of this seemed, initially, to be working out. But then the SECOND thing happened to cause my change.

Through a series of uncomfortable events in my relationships with other people (both Dad and my friends), I decided to go to therapy. It all came to a head when my best friend at the time just laid into me one night at the bar. He let me know how he felt - he was angry. Afterwards, I knew that alot of what he was saying was right. I decided at some point that I needed help to clarify myself. I was afraid of being an manic workaholic and not able to relate on an intimate level. I was getting really strung out at that time - I was on overload. Starting a business, working full time, doing Zapala productions and maintaining some form of friendships. My friends were telling me I was missing the point - throwing the baby out with the bath water, couldn't see the forest for the trees etc. - you get the picture.

I began to see that I was unable to be an "artist" contributing a "vision" if I wasn't clear about myself. I mean to say, I could express clarity in some areas of myself, but there were alot of other areas I couldn't touch.

That was about 4 1/2 years ago when I started counseling.

What I though would be resolved in three sessions has ended up taking 4 1/2 years to muddle through. I just opened up a whole pandora's box within myself. I had spent so much time working on things outside of

myself - I was ignoring what I was feeling. I remember my first session my counselor said "you've told me more in one session than most people tell me in a year". I was very high strung at that time. I would come in and talk non stop for an hour then leave. He would just nod and occasionally add a comment or something. Initially I talked about my fears (I was fearful of turning into a workaholic.) When I started counseling, I wasn't really seeking answers to my sexuality. At that point I didn't necessarily have any conscious conflicts about it- just lack of clarity. I did have a conflict within myself about relationships. I figured I had a problem holding an intimate relationship and this concerned me. I began to talk and explore this issue in counseling.

Entering therapy did a lot of good for me. Not because therapists are God, have all the answers or the Freud is all knowing. Hardly. Therapy has simply forced me to stop doing all the "things" I do to avoid my real self and wade through my own feelings and history in order to make sense of where I've been and who I am. It's really not terribly dramatic or anything, its a little common sense and alot of self honesty and feelings.

At first, I started counseling and continued on the path I had etched out for myself. But, shortly after beginning, it became clear to me that I had alot of soul searching to do. I became unclear about myself and started having crying spells. Incidents, music and other things would set me off and I would cry. I had no idea why I was crying. I came to a point where I realized I was not in a personal position to start a business. Starting a business is like getting married, it's a full time commitment. So, right before I committed thousands of dollars to it, I stopped. That's basically when I started feeling change.

Now, what has happened inside me for the last four years would take along time to go through. So now I have to figure out how I can paraphrase it in an understandable and succinct manner. I haven't really talked to many people about all of this stuff. This letter is part of me getting it all off of my chest. I think I'll keep it fairly simple and leave the details for a later letter. Hell, you guys can only take so much, and I don't have it in me to tell all the details.

When I stopped working on my business, and my videos etc., it was a certain type of death for me, at that time. I remember coming home after work one day, sitting on the couch and thinking, "now what". My best friends were pissed off at me, and I had nothing to do to pass the time. Well, I got depressed pretty quick. And, the crying spells continued. In fact, I have never considered myself a depressive person at all. I prided myself that I wasn't a depressive person, basically happy go lucky. Well, look out, I was depressed.

This was, though at that time unconsciously, the start of my process of letting go and going back. I realized, at some point, that I had a hell of alot of feelings coming from somewhere. As time went on, my head was spinning because all of this "shit" started to pour out of me. By "shit" I mean not only crying, but I would go for drives alone and cry, and moan and groan and scream words (I didn't understand) and grieve. And, I had no idea what I was grieving about.

As I continued on being depressed, I withdrew from my friends. I became pretty much of a hermit, keeping to myself, moody and not wanting to talk to anyone (this has continued to some extent for years now).

At first in my mind, I focused alot of my feelings on Dad. And, I think at that point most of them were related to my past relationship with him. All of these feelings were coming up and I didn't have a hell of alot of clarity. So, I tried to sort through them. I finally got some courage to send Dad a letter and really

tell him what I thought. That letter had a lot of anger. I don't regret it at all, all I regret is that I didn't go through all of this sooner. Haphazard and scattered, that was my emotional state at that point. To someone removed from my feelings, I was venturing through uncharted territory and learning the "rules" as I went along.

Time continued on and I continued letting go and going back. I started to meditate on a regular basis.

I'm going to spare a lot of details here.

I had never thought about Father Coughlin, or my time in the choir. It wasn't until later on (was it two years ago?) that Joe Beckman called Mom and started the whole Father Coughlin thing. His timing was pretty incredible, or maybe it was just time for me to remember some things. Anyways, initially, he told me a bit about his story, and told me that some other people had thought I may have been sexually abused by Coughlin. Of course, I didn't think so. I thought about it and remember some instances, and I told this to my counselor and Joanna. My counselor's words were "Eric, you've been sexually abused I think you should think about this some more." Myself, I was confused about it. For the longest (and I mean longest) time I just couldn't understand if I was or wasn't. Was I abused or wasn't I. Am I making something up about myself here? Is it sexual abuse for a priest to take of my clothes and soap me up in the shower and stare at my penis and rub me all over? The memories I had at that time were *incomplete*, at best.

At one point, I joined a 12 step program for people who had been sexually abused. I came to understand a few things, one of them that this type of confusion is common. As time went on, I came to feel that there was more inside me that would come out and clarify things. I knew I couldn't force myself to remember and understood that I had to get to some point past my grief and anger to remember.

At this time, my feelings were emerging on a regular basis and I had basically made this my #1 priority in life. I came across a book titled "Beyond Therapy, Beyond Science". In it, the author talks about what she labelled "Deep Process Work" or "Living Process". In short, she described exactly what I was experiencing, the reintegration (in a very "outward" manner) of cut off emotions and parts of the self. She described the process, and gave me some insight into how my process might develop. Again, she stated that her experience with this type of grief and anger was that first, the individual had to integrate the feelings back into himself before memories could be connected to them. It is too much to process at once, so the self lets them out bit by bit. Again, exactly what I felt I was going through. It was relieving to read that others were going through this also.

It was then that I decided there was nothing I can do to force anything, I simply have to continue along my path and let everything come out. Time would tell and I would understand. So that is what I have been doing for years now, letting go and going back.

As far as Father Coughlin, I feel time would bring clarity. What I can say at this point is that I have clearly been sexually abused by Father Coughlin. Let me write this again for myself - I have been sexually abused by Father Coughlin and a big part of myself has been in a continual state of trauma over it. I am in the slow process of purging out the feelings and, as the rage and grief come out more, bit by bit memories do come back. Really, though, memories are not that important at this point, getting past the grief and rage are.

There is just no way I can tell you when or where ALL of the clarity will come, but it will. Just like me, you just have to trust the process (The repressed memory concept that you've read about in the newspaper has merit to it.) Just about all of you have mentioned and encouraged legal action. That's fine and good when the time comes, but not now. Since none of you are experiencing what I'm going through, it may be hard to figure why I wouldn't press a lawsuit now. The reason is I am not ready. You're just going to have to trust me on this. I am not ready to do so. I'll know when I'm ready, because my story will be clear, and my memories will have significantly returned. Furthermore, my rage will likely drive me along the way. And, I've talked to enough lawyers to know that I am fine w.r.t. the statute of limitations. Furthermore, two ex-chior boys are now in the process of suing the Dicoese. I will be anxious to find out the fate of that lawsuit. So, the Father Coughlin issue is just going to have to take time. It may be tomorrow or it may be next year when I feel the time is right. But, I know that my day will come.

Several things need to be said here. As far as my story goes, there is much more to tell, details and understandings along the way. Maybe I'll write a book, but writing these letters is a good start. But, two things I want to add here for now;

First, for about two years now I have been in an on and off relationship with Joel. All of you have met him except for Jim. Right now, we're "on". This in itself is a major step for me - to be able to be in any sort of intimate, trusting relationship. My relationship with Joel has helped me open up and feel more.

Second, I have gained some self clarity over these years. But let me frame that statement, I have v e r y s l o w l y (get it?), gained self clarity as I have v e r y s l o w l y, continued along in my process. A big piece of myself, or the puzzle of myself, has been gained in the past few years and I need to share that with you guys. I knew I wanted to work in entertainment. And, I will. But, in addition to the production that I have done in the past, I also plan on singing.

Now, have you guys ever heard me sing? I'm laughing now as I write this. Or, have any of you ever heard me say, "gee one day I'm going to be a singer?" Only when I was real young would I have said anything like that. Singing has never been in the forefront of my conscious mind. Working with musicians and Joanna and the like, I never thought, "Gee, one day I'm going to do that." Until a couple of years ago. So let me just tell you this story.

Early on in my "process" I was working with Joanna and some others in recording a song I had written. I had written the lyrics, and someone else had written and arranged the music, Joanna was singing it. The problem was that the lyrics were so personal that Joanna & I thought I should somehow be recorded on the song. So we decided that night to try me talking a verse, almost a rap, as a bridge. Well, let me just say I sounded awful! After we were done that night, I was talking to a friend who happened to be a doctor. I told him I sounded awful, I've always sounded awful on tape and that sometimes at work when I'm finished giving a training class my voice hurt. He said that I should go down the Henry Ford speech clinic and be checked out to see if anything was wrong with my voice. I thought about it and decided to go, since my insurance would cover it.

Well, that was the "beginning" of this singing thing. Remember, I had no conscious desire to sing. My therapist gave me a complete run down. Turns out I was using my voice completely wrong. I was a 'glottal attacker" my range (or something) was split, etc. Basically, they told me that, for whatever reason, I carry alot

of tension in my throat and shoulders. Through repeated session, they gave me exercise's for vocal focus and relaxation.

Ironically, this self realization came at the same time I was realizing the depth of my feelings, and how I carry them all in the tension in my shoulders and throat. I made the connection - my feelings and my physical self. I physically have been carry my pain. Ever notice my hunched back? My walk?

But also, ironically, this came at a time in my therapy that we were really poring over my dreams. I got to tell you, I have one hell of an active dream life. In fact, I wake up in the morning exhausted I've been to so many places. Anyways, I have mini series dreams, repeated dreams with a consistent theme. I kept having repeated dreams about Amy Grant. I also had (and still have) repeated dreams of going to New York City.

Some of my Amy Grant dreams ...

- I'm going to an Amy Grant concert waiting for her to come on stage be she never appears
- I meet Amy Grant but she won't sing or talk to me, she just writes lyrics on a paper
- I go to an Amy Grant concert and she comes to sing, but as soon as she starts she looks at me and I get filled with embarrassment, so I go hide behind a concrete pillar. She peeks around the corner of the pillar and I start to cry and hide.
- I go to Amy Grants house and we are walking on the grounds and I want to talk to her and I look to her but she talking to someone else.

Related Dreams ...

- I'm about to go on stage after Cher, but just as I'm about to go on stage she sternly looks at me and tells me to stay put, then Oprah Winphrey walks on stage and gives me a green coat and tells me to put it somewhere (the green coat is another repeated theme).
- I'm sitting on a bench and Michael Bolton walks by, I notice that he looks very young for his age.
- I'm on a bus from San Francisco to LA. We drive by a theater and Michael Bolton is on the Marquee. I note that's's were young performers sing.
- I'm sitting at a picnic table with friends when all of the sudden I get and idea for a song, and I stand up and sing this song perfectly (I then wake up an can't remember the fucking song!)

Some of my New York City dreams (I'm always eager to get to NYC) ...

- I'm in a plane on the way to NYC but it stops in St Loius.
- I'm in the Atlantic Ocean swimming to NYC (I must have had this dream ten years ago)

- I'm in a car with friends and were driving to NYC but we end up in the suburbs somewhere.
- I'm with Dave and were at the Atlantic coast looking up the coast to the NYC skyline.
- I'm moving into my new EDS office and I look out the windows and I see NYC, but its in the distance. (this is when I got my new EDS job as a Graphic Designer)
- I'm with Paul and were in NYC looking for a place, but can't find one. We stop on the lawn of a park and sit.
- I'm in NYC talking with an old acquaintance (Grant Show, who's on that program "Melrose Place").

You got to remember, I had no conscious idea to sing, only to produce and direct. But then another series of events happened.

I had been in speech therapy for several months and I had a review appointment with the head therapist. She had seen me initially and then assigned me to another therapist. When she gave me the battery of tests, I had made some improvement. I remember she said, "Eric, your voice is really out today, you have the voice of a singer". Then she said that voice lessons are a great way to retrain a problem voice. I think that was when I thought, "me sing?" I told her I would want to take singing lessons. Later that week or so, I called an acquaintance and got information about voice lessons. Before I could commit to him, I got a call from the head therapist again. She asked me if I wanted to free voice lessons. Of course I did. So, I took part in a study that integrated speech and voice training. That's how the voice lessons started. That's also when I started putting these pieces together thinking, *maybe* I can sing.

So I took the voice lessons for six weeks. Then I continued on for a year afterward with the same instructor. Now, mind you, all this other shit was going on in my life, realizations, letting go and the like. After a year of lessons, I could tell you, to a T, the technique of singing. But my lessons were a frustration for both myself and my instructor. I resigned to the fact that voice lessons weren't going to do me any good. I am meant to sing, I believe, but the blocks were emotional and psychological. Singing involves freedom, and I have definitely not been emotionally and inwardly free. I have been blocking myself. I realized it was useless to try banging my head against the wall and torturing myself. So, I stopped the lessons and stopped talking about singing and just let my process take its walk.

Funny, but the projection of my voice is definitely an indicator of my current emotional state and how far along I am in letting go of all of my trapped feelings. Sound metaphysical or like psycho babble? It is, so deal with it. Initially, my voice has been grovelling in my throat, attacking and tense. Slowly, over the years, my voice has moved up into my head. About 6 months ago I was able to hear my own vibrato - indicating a certain degree of freedom. As of now, all I can say is that I am closer than ever before, but I still am not free enough to sing. When I try, I often get triggered and I either cry or (more likely these days) fall into a rage. I sit at the keyboard to write, and I can feel my rage blocking me. Instead of writing a piece of music, I end up screaming. Yes, this is frustrating. I accept it, though, knowing that the day is coming (its closer now) when I will purge out all of my shit and be free enough to sing. And, I'll be an excellent singer, mind you. I cannot have gone through all

of this shit and not feel. I will never take my voice for granted. But, it's a bit by bit process for me.

I took Amy Grant in my dreams to be the singing part of me that I am removed from, and NYC represented the center of creativity, theatre, in myself etc. that I am travelling back to.

These later days of my healing process have showed me with that I am intended to sing. Its only now that I have the clarity and assurance that I can venture out and speak this into being. Suffice it to say I can remember earlier in my life knowing I could sing, its just that my voice has been stuck.

So,. I've been letting go and going back, and this is what I have found. This is the big missing piece of me that I have found along the way of my healing path.

I guess a chief point here is that my career is in entertainment. In my mind, my career (of the last years) has never been anything else. It was not the business I was trying to start, that was intended to be a pathway to my career, it's not working as a waiter, that allows me to float my boat as I continue developing my career, and its not whatever jobs I will take and do in the future to keep me going. My career is in entertainment, as a developer/producer and as an entertainer. It's just that for years now, my healing process has taken precedent over the issue of developing ideas and producing stuff.

As of now, I have short term goals that I intend to meet. First and always foremost, *I must continue to heal from the past and resolve several issues within me -primarily (at this point) my sexual abuse*. Second, I need to spend time developing my musical ideas. Also, I need to develop my performance capability. I am taking dance lessons now. Possibly, if the time is right, I'll find an opportunity to get out on the stage here locally. Also, I intend to self produce myself in a music video. This is especially important to me, not because it will be me proving to myself that I can incorporate all of the elements of *me* together as a performer. I need to show I am a performer, and all aspects of my life will come together as such. Overall, the artistic process is to work outward from where I am now, in a way that is not forced but *comfortable and right for me*.

All in all, my career as a producer and a performer is not about one isolated element of myself. Its not about having the right equipment - I could have a shit load of equipment in the basement and go nowhere, it's not only about understanding independent marketing, it's not only about my spiritual life, its not only about where I'm at in my healing process and how clear I am about myself and confident enough to venture out and say "this is who I am" an believe it. It's about all of this. It's about incorporating all the areas of the pie in my life together into my expression of art. A quote that I read recently that sums it up is "Learn about yourself and learn to live life and your art will come naturally (even secondarily)". The way I view it, the way I make love to my lover or drive down the street is somehow reflected in my expression of art. I am a big circle, it is one big whole.

Right now, these days I am doing several things. I am living off the profits of my house for the moment. I am putting together an audio (possibly video) studio in the basement of my old house. I am taking dance lessons. I am continuing to grieve and process through my feelings and memories as they come up. I am slowly putting shape to my musical ideas. I am also spending time learning about new technologies and how I can distribute my independent work through them. [side note: This is where I am concentrating my efforts as far as entertainment these days. In short, after spending time in Hollywood, I am convinced that the future of media is not between Sunset and Hollywood blvd. The future is CD Rom, Fiber Optics, Internet, Video Dialtone (available this summer!) the so called "Information Highway", etc. Media is rapidly becoming decentralized.

This is where my conceptual knowledge of PC's, networks and my time at EDS is really paying off, as well as the time I spent studying independent publishing. The same thing that happened with desktop publishing in the eighties is happening with audio and video in the nineties. The same concepts of independent development and distribution apply, so that time with the business was not wasted after all. My goal is to be in touch and aware of these developments as they come along so I can strike while the iron is hot. I.e. I want to know where server I can "buy time" on so my videos can be downloaded or seen using video dial tone (Independants are already doing this on a trial basis). I want to know how Internet is being used (today, as we speak) to distribute audio and video, etc. I am building a database of sorts, and reading, watching and trying to learn as much as possible in this area. This, I believe, is my correct area of concentration. It will take a time for development and clarity to come through, since high tech communications is a bit patchy these days, but I need time to develop as an artist and continue my healing process. I guess this is on place I ask for all of your help, if you see anything that might help me in this area, pass it on. I do have a fax machine at 810 399 7771. Call before you fax, though, it may not be turned on. (end of side note)]

That's it for now. This letter has been the start of me communicating to you guys where I've been at, where I'm at and where I'm going. I'm grateful for your listening ears ... did you have a choice? Actually, I'm grateful for all of your support. I have heard stories from other survivors about how their families rejected them and refused to believe their stories. What a fucking slap in the face! Usualy, these are families too wrapped up in the "Catholic thing" to be willing to see anything that would challenge their perspectives. Anyways, thanks.

By the way, I have not recorded any vocals. But expect to get some in the future.

Take care,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Eric Zapala". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned in the lower-left quadrant of the page.

P.S. this letter is personal, I expect it will only be read by those who it is addressed to, of course.

P.P.S. the signature is a scanned in image ... the ninties ...