

April 9, 1984

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Goode,

I'm sorry I couldn't see you on your way back through Gainesville, but I'm leaving the state for several weeks on Wednesday.

You both have been constantly in my thoughts since we met last Wed. When we spoke Thursday, I was so overcome with my emotions that I could hardly tell you all I meant to say. So I thought I would write you a little more about what happened the last night. It is hard for me to know how to describe it. When we saw Arthur behind the glass, our visit went about as usual. But we did persuade him to finally believe that we & his lawyers cared about him, not as a cause but as a person.

A bit after midnight Susan & Father Joe & I were allowed to go to Arthur's side of the glass. We embraced him & sat close together. The officers were at the far end of the room & left us alone. Arthur wanted us to scratch his back, & Susan & I did that. Then we joined hands & prayed. Suddenly

Arthur said, "Maybe I ought to make confession now." We said there was no hurry, & since we had only an hour left with him, perhaps he could confess later in the night. "I think I better do it now." Something had moved him to confess, & it was urgent for him. Susan & I realized something important was happening & we got up at once & went to the far end of the room. When Father Joe called us back, Arthur seemed a bit calmer & easier in his mind. Susan & I rubbed his back & stroked his hair. When it was time to go, I embraced him, & told him he was safe, & kissed his forehead. He was very quiet, & seemed peaceful. We walked down the room slowly, embracing him several more times. Susan & I left with a feeling that in the last hour we had seen a new side of Arthur.

That feeling was borne out by his statement Thursday morning. He was speaking absolutely from the heart & with complete sincerity when he apologized to you &

said he had remorse for the victims. I don't know exactly what happened that last night, but something did. I think that because of his sickness, Arthur was driven most of his life, & was not able to make choices the way most of us can. But in the last night, the sickness seemed to clear away enough to let him choose. And when he could, he chose well & rightly.

Since Thursday morning, my feelings have been a tumult of anger & sorrow & emptiness. I can only imagine what you must be feeling. I miss Arthur. I've been telling everyone who'll listen about what a terrible injustice was done.

But when I think of Arthur, I feel more peaceful. I really believe that he is fine now. We are left behind with our misery, but he is finally free. When I remember the last night, I have a sense almost of victory. There was something which the state couldn't kill, & that part of Arthur is free & safe forever.

I'll close here, hoping that your trip is safe & that you can rest when you return. Please let me know if there's anyway I can ever help. Work (392-0255) is the best place to reach me, & please call if you need anything or just want to talk. I am glad I had the chance to meet you, even under such terrible circumstances.

Love,  
Margaret