

# **Attachment 1**

October 28, 2005

Honorable Judge Marsha Pechman  
United States District Court  
700 Stewart Street  
Seattle, WA 98101

Dear Judge Pechman,

My name is Margot Vogel; I am 57 years of age and the mother of two daughters, ages 24 and 15 years respectively. I am also a psychologist, practicing in private praxis in Gothenburg, Sweden. I met Michael Cassini and his family as neighbors when my family and I moved to Vista Pacifica, a development in Rancho Palos Verdes, California. Between the years of 1986 to 1997, before I returned to my home country Sweden, I gained intimate insights into the Leavitt family's life and consequently Michael's childhood environment. It is my opinion that Michael is a victim of his upbringing, yet I know he has the character and capability to overcome the flaws of his past.

At the time my family and I moved to Vista Pacifica only 26 of 52 single family homes were occupied and as the first residents, we had the opportunity to get to know each other, form a homeowners association, and some of developed friendships. It is sad to say that throughout my residency at Vista Pacifica the Leavitt family was shunned by most of the other residents. In fact, I was 'warned' of the Leavitts by neighbors, particularly of Jan's lack of boundaries, and the boys' neediness; I wanted to get to know them first hand.

The Leavitt's home was hardly fit to live in; new purchases usually in their original packaging, not unpacked moving cartons, piles of dirty and clean laundry and endless stacks of papers, magazines, and news clips covered every single space in a home of approximately 4600 square feet. Michael and his brother felt embarrassed by the state of their home and even though they claimed that they had some friends, they rarely invited them over to their house. Even meals at the Leavitt house were unorganized and mostly consisted of take-out or ready-to-heat meals; nothing was cooked from scratch. The family did not eat together. Michael usually ate his meals at the computer, while his mother was occupied with the phone or television and his father was not at home. There were not even social or family occasions at the Leavitt household. Neither of the boys was to my knowledge ever treated to a birthday party by his parents and gifts from their parents usually consisted of a card signed by both parents. Furthermore, I began to understand how isolated the Leavitt family was from the rest of our community base on the condition of the Leavitt house and the relationship between Jan, Henry, and their children.

I experienced Jan as a very unhappy, yet kindhearted woman, who struggled with the reality of a loveless marriage and a great deal of personal problems, among them epileptic seizures. She was the kind of woman who knew no boundaries; she spent her days mostly shopping, talking on the telephone, or visiting wherever she was not simply turned away. She was what you might call a hoarder. She was pre-occupied with 'things' rather than caring for her family.

On the other hand, and in contrast to his petite wife, Michael's father, Henry Leavitt, was a tall rather large man who could be charming on social occasions, but was domineering and treated his family with great disrespect. As a matter of fact, I cannot recall him addressing his wife or sons directly, other than to make demands, criticize and reprimand them. Henry, was quite manipulative and unpredictable

in his relations with the boys; I can recall rare occasions when the Leavitt family joined my family outings followed by dinners at restaurants, when Michael's father randomly decided that one or the other of the boys was allowed to order from the "grown-up" menu, whereas the other had to order from the "children's" menu. There was no pattern or logic to Henry's decisions. Michael's mother was a weak woman who never managed to stand-up to her husband to protect the boys from his manipulative treatment of them. I have personally overheard him yelling at his wife that "these bastards should never have been born" and he often told Michael, who was a B average student, that he was as stupid as his mother and his brother. From the dynamics of such parents, the boys David and Michael appeared hungry for contact and attention.

Michael and his brother did not seem to have a lot in common. Michael's mother appeared to embrace David more so than Michael, who did not receive any positive support from his father either. However, in contrast to his brother, David, Michael conducted himself always correctly and became more and more part of my family's day to day life. Michael began to feel a part of our family; he responded well to the rules in our house and went home only to sleep. Despite our connection, it was obvious that Michael very badly craved his father's acceptance and sometimes emulated his father's demeanor, but he always responded well and willingly when corrected.

As if Michael's home life could be any less stable, in 1990 his father initiated a manipulative and vicious divorce, after which point he was granted sole custody of both sons. During that period, Henry Leavitt suddenly began to spend more time with his sons and he bought many material objects for Michael and David to, as Michael perceived it, sway him and his brother to liking him more than their mother. Bill Vogel, who was my husband at the time, and I witnessed on Jan's behalf during the divorce proceedings, because we perceived her as the less toxic parent, but we did so unsuccessfully. Evidence that Michael's father used in court included: pictures of the house, claims of mental instability, seizures while driving (therefore unable to safely drive kids) and lack of employment to support a family. Their mother was hurt and upset. Jan claimed she had financially taken care of all of her own needs and the needs of her sons, throughout her marriage, with money she had inherited after her parents. Jan worried about her husband's motivation for his seeking custody of the boys and suspected that he wanted to get his hands on the boys' trust funds, which had been set up for them by her late mother.

Following his parents' separation, Michael and his brother moved with their father to a rented apartment at Ridgecrest in Rancho Palos Verdes. The brothers lived mostly by themselves; their father provided them with money for food, but was hardly ever at home. In the summer of 1991 Michael's father moved to Woodland Hills, where he lived with his new partner (Ellen) and Ellen's young daughter. Michael saw his father approximately every two to three weeks that summer; David and Michael were only welcomed to Ellen's house a few times. Eventually David moved back with his mother in Palos Verdes due to the abuse by his father, thus Michael remained, alone.

Michael's life began to spiral with periods of moving, abandonment, foster care, hospitalization, and social isolation; as well as feeling rejected, unwanted, unloved, angry, anxious, frustrated, confused, and not having a sense of belonging during his childhood and adolescence. It is during this pivotal stage in Michael's life that I believe he developed a need to prove himself, if so in unfortunate ways, because he was neither allowed to develop self esteem nor dignity.

At one point in late 1991 or early 1992 Michael's mother called and told me that she had received a call from a homeless shelter, informing her that Michael's father had left Michael there more than a week ago. She picked-up Michael from the shelter and he began to live with her again. By that time,

the Leavitt's marital home had been sold and Michael's mother had purchased a new home in Palos Verdes. Even this house was littered, messy and dirty. Other than in the rooms set aside as the boys' bedrooms, the house was practically uninhabitable. Floor to ceiling, high rows of moving boxes obstructed access to the living and dining quarters. Jan resided in the breakfast room off the kitchen, which included a bed and a TV-set. The floor was littered with empty pizza boxes, newspapers and magazines. The puppy Jan bought lacked proper training and never got housebroken; he soiled all over the house and was eventually confined to live in one of the bathrooms. At this time my good will towards Michael's mother had cooled-off, but I kept my feelings to myself, so that my family and I could continue to be a positive presence in Michael's life.

Also, when Michael was approximately 14 years of age, in 1993 or 1994, Michael became an inpatient in a mental institution for two to three months because of his depression and an attempted suicide. To my knowledge, Michael's mother attended family therapy sessions there regularly. Michael's father attended sessions only at the end of Michael's hospitalization, and in Michael's view, mainly to figure out where to place Michael after his release from the hospital. Michael chose to stay with neither his mother nor father and opted for a foster home. Michael lived with foster parent, Randy, for approximately six months. After Randy had been accused of molesting one of the other foster kids, Henry removed Michael from the foster home, but took him directly to a runaway shelter. At this time, around the second half 1995, I had moved to my home country Sweden with my daughters, so the following is hearsay related to me by my ex-husband Bill Vogel: "Jan once again, picked up Michael from a shelter where Henry had abandoned him. Because Michael did not want to come home with his mother, she called me to ask if he could stay with me for a while." Michael stayed with Bill Vogel for approximately three months before he returned to his mother.

Michael and I lost contact with each other for a few years, until he reunited with my two daughters and me again some time in the year 2000. Since then we have stayed in close contact and seen each other on several occasions. When visiting, Michael easily resumed his role as one of the family. Michael's current situation came as a shock to me, but I am confident that he is committed to pay his dues and equally confident in his wish to live life thereafter with integrity.

I do not know what will unfold in Michael's future, however, it has always been my wish for him to feel loved and a sense of self worth insomuch that he utilizes his potential to move-away from the negative influences of his past. Through communication with Michael in the months shortly before his incarceration and even thereafter, it has become apparent to me that he has found such a place in the company of a young woman, Molly, and her family. Moreover, I pledge my support for Michael Cassini, especially as he has this opportunity to build his life in love and uprightness. Also, it is my plea for your open-hearted consideration and leniency in Michael's sentencing, thank you.

Regards,

Margot Vogel

October 31, 2005

1048 Laguna Avenue  
Los Angeles, CA 90026

Honorable Judge Marsha Pechman  
United States District Court  
700 Stewart Street  
Seattle, WA 98101

Dear Judge Pechman:

I am writing with regard to Michael Cassini. I have known Michael since, I believe, 1986, the year my parents moved into a neighborhood called Vista Pacifica in Rancho Palos Verdes, California.

The neighborhood was overrun by boys, most of whom were unpleasant to me in the manner that young boys are to even younger girls. Michael, then known to me as Jeffrey Leavitt, was one of two boys that were true friends- kind and loyal. We often carpooled in the mornings. My mother, not his, always drove. His house was uninhabitable. Between his severely dysfunctional parents, in particular his father who was intimidating in a frightening way, and the mess of unpacked moving boxes and general messy disarray it was no surprise that he spent countless hours at my parents' house. He and my mother developed a close relationship and was a close friend to me.

This sense of him as a brother grew when, after a number of years of not being in contact, Jeff resurfaced as Michael. He told me he had to change his name for the reason that his brother made him a victim of identity theft. I hold his brother in low esteem. Due to personal experience and snippets of information that trickled down to me over the years, I was not surprised. The period between when his family and my family moved away from Vista Pacifica (I am unsure of the dates.) and when we met again in London in Spring 2002 was almost devoid of communication. Between our families moving away and a period between 1996 and 2003 during which I was moving frequently and not living in the United States periodically, this lost contact did not seem strange.

Upon meeting him again in London, I was very happy. He was the same Jeff I remembered as a child, but an adult. We had a lovely evening on the town and promised to keep in touch. We did. Since then, he has come to visit me in Los Angeles; in Gothenburg, Sweden; and bought me a ticket to visit him in Seattle. His kindness, generosity, well-mannered social demeanor, and passion for his hobbies made me feel again like he was a brother to me. I welcomed him back into my life with all my heart.

In the summer of 2004, I missed my mother terribly and did not have the funds to visit her in Sweden. Michael happened to call when I was at my worst point of missing my family in Sweden and without hesitation offered to buy me a plane ticket. He did not ask

anything in return. Again, he showed himself to be a true friend: loyal, generous, compassionate, and good-willed.

I am surprised to hear about the current charges against Michael. Whatever he may or may not have done, I firmly believe he should have a most lenient sentence. He is a good person. Considering the familial environment in which he was raised, it was a major feat to grow up such a good man.

Please don't hesitate to contact with if you would like me to provide any additional information.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Saskia Vogel". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name being more prominent and larger than the last name.

Saskia Vogel

Monica Pastorok  
4 Oakland Street  
Lexington, MA 02420

October 23, 2005

VIA: FAX NO. (206) 388-0780

The Law Offices of John Henry Browne  
821 Second Avenue, Suite 2100  
Seattle, WA 98104

Re: Michael Cassini (a.k.a. Jeffrey Leavitt)

Dear Mr. Browne:

I am writing to you on behalf of my nephew, Jeffrey Leavitt, who is also known as Michael Cassini. I have always called him Jeff and will refer to him by that name in this letter.

I have known Jeff since he was seven years old, when I married his uncle, Stephen Cohen. At that time, Jeff and his brother, David, were living together with their parents, Janice Cohen and Henry Leavitt. Some of what I know about his early years, I have learned through Jeff's mother, Jan, or my husband, Stephen. I am very concerned about Jeff's upcoming sentencing. I think there is a good deal in his background that can help explain why such a bright, young man might have allegedly engaged in fraudulent activities.

Jeff's mother was diagnosed as epileptic at age 13. Doctors have prescribed various medications for her, some of which have made it difficult for her to function properly at times, partly, I believe, because she was overmedicated. She also was advised to continue using her medications during her pregnancy, which may have affected Jeff's bone structure.

I found Jeff's father, Henry Leavitt, to be a very cold man with a volatile personality. When we stayed at Jeff's home when he was young, I was troubled by the screaming Henry did at both boys for the smallest offense. It is not surprising that Jan, Jeff, and David, were afraid of Henry and Henry's temper. Henry was a distant father both in his lack of warmth with his family and in the fact that he traveled constantly and was not home often. Jan told me that Henry frequently spanked the boys when he was at home, sometimes with his belt.

Jan also told me that when Jeff was in seventh grade he was diagnosed with bipolar disorder. She said that Henry would not permit Jeff to take any medications to treat the disorder.

When Henry announced that he wanted a divorce from Jan, he began spending time with Jeff and David. For the first time in their lives, their father seemed interested in them. Henry wooed the boys and convinced Jeff to live with him instead of his mother. Henry unfortunately persuaded the court that Jeff's mother was an unfit parent, which was not true, and that it was in Jeff's best interest for him to live with his father. The court thus gave Henry Leavitt primary physical custody of Jeff.

Henry's fighting for custody of Jeff made no sense to me at the time. Henry had been an absent father and had never shown much affection for or interest in his sons. What seemed clear was that Henry was more interested in making sure that he never had to pay child support to his wife than he was interested in having Jeff live with him. This observation was quickly reinforced when Henry called my husband, Stephen, to ask if we would be willing to have Jeff live with us. We told him that he never should have taken custody of Jeff if he was not willing to take care of him. Jan had been heartbroken when Henry convinced the court that it was in Jeff's best interest for him to live with his father. She wanted physical custody of both of her sons. As parents of two young children, we were shocked and angry with Henry. We therefore told him that we wanted Jan to have custody of Jeff. Henry did not want his ex-wife to have custody, however, because he then would have had to pay her child support. We rarely heard from him after that.

Jeff's mother later learned from Jeff that his father continued to travel frequently during the short period of time that he lived with him and often left Jeff alone to take care of himself, with little food in the house or money to buy provisions. Henry then placed Jeff in an institution that was a psychiatric hospital, Cold Water Canyon Hospital, partly in response to Henry's inability and lack of desire to provide a home for Jeff. We did not learn about Jeff's placement in this institution for some time. His mother also had no idea where Jeff was. Once she found him, she and David visited him regularly. Henry rarely did so. According to Jan, Jeff may have attempted suicide while residing at Cold Water Canyon Hospital, which is perhaps not surprising for a young adolescent whose father not only abandoned him but also institutionalized him in a psychiatric hospital. Added to this is the fact that Jeff also was suffering from bipolar disorder, which went untreated.

Jeff was angry with both of his parents and chose to go into a foster home after leaving Cold Water Canyon rather than live with either of them. Jeff later was placed in a half-way house run by the state. I cannot imagine what effect this had on him during adolescence, one of the most vulnerable times of his life. At each of these places he was surrounded by people with serious emotional and drug problems. It took Jan a considerable amount of time to convince Jeff to return home, but he did when he was about fifteen.

It is hard to comprehend the psychological impact of abandonment and institutionalization on any child, particularly during the vulnerable period of adolescence. For any adolescent, these circumstances would be traumatic. For Jeff, however, who also suffered from bipolar disorder, it was overwhelming.

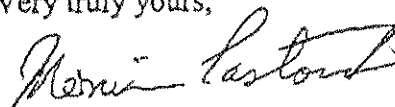
Jeff was always a loner as a child. He was small in stature and had difficulty making friends among his peers. After he returned to his mother and began high school in Palos Verdes, he became friends with a young boy from a very wealthy family. His friend's father owned his own plane and Jeff became obsessed with becoming a pilot. He put much of his time and money into taking flying lessons in Los Angeles. Jeff attended college for a short time in Oregon and then began working at Microsoft. I am not clear about the sequence of college classes he took and jobs he held in his late teens. We began seeing Jeff more regularly when he worked as a consultant and frequently came to Boston to visit us during the last four years.

Jeff certainly was compelled to become independent and succeed financially. I am certain that the effect of his father's emotional absence and later abandonment and institutionalizing must have affected Jeff profoundly. I am sure that the tumultuous, disturbing adolescence he experienced contributed enormously to his seeking never to have to rely on anyone but himself again. He also had few resources guiding him toward right and wrong at a time in life when such judgments are most important.

Jeff is a very intelligent young man with a great deal of promise. Clearly, he needs counseling therapy to help him sort out all of the events of his childhood and adolescence. If he is indeed bipolar, then this depression may also contribute to his lack of self-esteem and his failure to make good choices. I am extremely concerned that a period of incarceration will only worsen any personality and emotional difficulties he has already. I think Jeff would greatly benefit from a program that included a psychological evaluation, therapy, and college training. His father failed him in an enormous way that has taken a great toll on Jeff psychologically. I hope the court will take all of this into consideration when deciding what sentence to apply.

Please do not hesitate to contact me at (781) 956-3776 with any questions you may have.

Very truly yours,



Monica Pastorok

Stephen A. Cohen, M.D., MBA  
4 Oakland Street  
Lexington, MA 02420

October 24, 2005

VIA: FAX NO. (206) 388-0780

The Law Offices of John Henry Browne  
821 Second Avenue, Suite 2100  
Seattle, WA 98104

Re: Michael Cassini (a.k.a. Jeffrey Leavitt)

Dear Mr. Browne:

I am writing to you on behalf of my nephew, Jeffrey Leavitt, who is also known as Michael Cassini. I have always called him Jeff and will refer to him by that name in this letter.

I have known Jeff since he was born to my sister Janice Cohen and her former husband Henry Leavitt. At first I was glad for my sister when she married Mr. Leavitt, and I attempted to befriend him. I soon came to learn, however, that he was a cold, mean-spirited, self-absorbed person. When we first met Mr. Leavitt worked as a grants management specialist for the U.S. DHEW. This job required his overseeing biomedical research grants made to scientists and physicians. I took note of the fact that he seemed to delight in penalizing and adding considerable "hassle" factor to certain grant recipients' lives, not out of concern for their science, which he was unable to assess himself, but because they were affiliated with certain high profile, well regarded institutions. He seemed envious and even angry that the scientists were successful.

My sister Janice, Jeff's mother, was diagnosed with epilepsy at age 13. She was placed on a variety of anticonvulsant medications over the years, many of which had substantial side effects such as making her drowsy. Her neurologist recommended her continuing those medications during her pregnancies with both Jeff and his older brother David, which I think was the correct advice. Whether those medications may have had some intrauterine effects on the two boys one can only speculate. What they did do was to make my sister sluggish at times and, I believe, unsure of herself. Only later in life were my sister's medications switched to those that she's taking now, which seem to have fewer untoward effects.

Jeff's father, Henry Leavitt, seemed unable to control his volatile personality. He constantly screamed at both boys for no apparent reason. I believe that Jan, Jeff, and David were afraid of Henry and his temper. Henry struggled for many years with his

government job as a grants management specialist. He seemed frustrated and appeared to take out that frustration not only on the medical groups and facilities that he reviewed but also on his family. This job required some travel, but even when he was home he was distant. He eventually pursued a graduate business degree in Philadelphia while he and the family were living in the Washington, D.C. area, which necessitated even more travel. After obtaining his business degree, he seemed to get involved in an endless revolving door of health care companies. He did not attain success as judged by job satisfaction or financial stability in any of these companies.

When Jan's and my mother died in 1980, Mr. Leavitt left Jan for a time. I did not think that that was a responsible thing to do at the time, but little did I know what was yet to come. Jan continued to take care of both of the boys. When Mr. Leavitt did finally return home, he displayed either lack of interest or a volatile temper towards his wife and his two sons. Hence, Jeff grew up in a hostile environment, which I believe contributed significantly to his later emotional and legal problems.

By the seventh grade Jeff was already feeling the fall-out of this tempestuous family life. He was taken to a psychiatrist who diagnosed him as having bipolar disorder. Unfortunately, Mr. Leavitt did not seem inclined to allow Jeff to have psychotherapy or take any medications to treat the disorder.

Only when Mr. Leavitt decided to divorce Jan, did he began spending time at all with Jeff and David. My suspicions were confirmed when Mr. Leavitt convinced Jeff to live with him instead of his mother. Mr. Leavitt ultimately petitioned the court for custody of his sons and claimed that Jan was an unfit mother. That was entirely not true.

No sooner did Mr. Leavitt obtain custody of his sons than he proceeded and succeeded to try and get rid of them. He placed David in a special residential facility. Mr. Leavitt called me not long after that, and when I asked him why he placed his older son in such a facility, he said that he was demonstrating "tough love." He also asked me, however, if Jeff could live with my family. This reinforced my strong feeling that Mr. Leavitt had only sought custody of his sons so that he would not have to pay child support to his ex-wife. I told him that if he could not and did not want to care for Jeff that I thought Jeff's best interests would be served by living with his mother, who I thought was a competent parent. He confirmed my suspicion of the true reason that he only sought custody of his children for financial reasons when he told me that he did not want to pay Jan any child support. That may have been the last conversation that I had with Mr. Leavitt.

I later learned that Mr. Leavitt continued to travel extensively during the short time that Jeff lived with him. Mr. Leavitt did not provide even the rudiments of parental care by not leaving much in the way of food or money in the house for Jeff's subsistence. Mr. Leavitt ultimately placed Jeff in a psychiatric hospital, Cold Water Canyon, which he did not reveal to Jan or to me. Eventually, Jan discovered Jeff's whereabouts and visited him on a regular basis. Mr. Leavitt did not. At one point, I spoke to a staff member of

the hospital who informed me that Jeff had either attempted suicide or made a suicidal gesture. Clearly, Jeff was crying out for help.

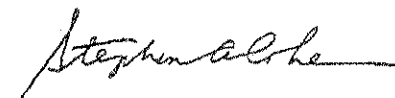
After Cold Water Canyon, Jeff lived in a foster home and then a state-run half-way house. I believe that he was angry with Jan because his father had poisoned his mind against her and with Mr. Leavitt for truly abandoning him. I am a physician, although not a psychiatrist, and can understand the tremendous negative effect that these adolescent experiences had on Jeff. My experience with normal adolescent patients has given me some insight into the particular psychological and emotional vulnerabilities of individuals during this period. I believe, beyond a reasonable doubt, that for Jeff these problems became magnified many times.

Jeff was not a particularly popular individual among his peers, but he did make friends with a boy in high school who came from a rather wealthy family. His friend's father owned an airplane, and Jeff became obsessed with learning to become a pilot himself. He spent nearly all of his spare time and what little money he had in taking flying lessons. Jeff apparently spent some time taking college courses in Oregon, but I do not believe that he obtained a degree. We began having more contact with Jeff over the last several years when he would travel to Boston apparently on some computer consulting job.

Jeff is clearly a very bright young man with a good heart and a great deal of promise. If he does suffer from bipolar disorder, then he certainly needs psychiatric treatment. Even if he does not suffer from such a psychosis, I believe that he still needs considerable psychiatric therapy to help him sort out the events of his childhood and adolescence. I think that Jeff can become a productive member of society, but that prison incarceration will not help him and society achieve that goal. I do believe that Jeff and society could best benefit from his undergoing psychiatric evaluation, therapy, and college education. His father's terrible temper, volatility, and abandonment scarred Jeff considerably, but I do not think that his psychological problems are irrevocable. I hope the court will consider these facts when deciding what sentence to apply.

Please do not hesitate to contact me at (781) 956-3777 with any questions you may have.

Very truly yours,



Stephen A. Cohen, M.D., MBA

**Jessica J. Riley**

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**From:** Sam Radwine [sradwine@nertamid.com]  
**Sent:** Wednesday, October 19, 2005 11:38 AM  
**To:** Jriley@jhblawyer.com  
**Subject:** Jeffrey Leavitt

To Whom It May Concern:

This is a letter containing information pertaining to the case of Jeffrey Leavitt.

I have served as Cantor and Director of Education of Congregation Ner Tamid of Rancho Palos Verdes, California, since 1986.

Sometime in the early 1990's, Henry and Janice Leavitt, along with their two sons, became members of our synagogue. I had dealings with the family and both boys as they participated in our Religious School program and prepared to become bar mitzvah.

It became know to us that there was much chaos and internal strife in the home. Janice Leavitt shared some details of the acrimony between she and her husband; ultimately the marriage was dissolved in a bitter divorce.

The last time that I spoke and met with Jeffrey was several years later, when he was about 15. Jeffrey was being housed in a youth shelter in Hermosa Beach. At that time, Jeffrey shared with me some of the details of life at home, which included physical violence. I believe that he was being treated for depression at the time, and may have been suicidal, or might have attempted suicide. He had been living with his father and brother, though those relationships were not positive. His relationship with his mother was also not a positive one; he described her as "crazy." Though many adolescents at odds with their parents might use similar words, I must admit that my dealings with Janice Leavitt (now Cohen) caused me to be quite sympathetic with Jeffrey's situation at the time.

I am sorry that I cannot be more specific in remembering Jeffrey and his family. Please feel free to contact me with further questions.

Sincerely,

Cantor Samuel B. Radwine  
Congregation Ner Tamid of South Bay  
5721 Crestridge Rd.  
Rancho Palos Verdes, CA 90275  
310.377.6986

10/19/2005

October 6<sup>th</sup>, 2005

To Whom It May Concern:

I knew Jeff Levitt when he was between fifteen and seventeen years old; he went to high school with my son. During that time I came to know a scared little boy who knew little about social graces, being loved, and quite frankly how to survive in society. Although we never talked directly about his family, I knew that his upbringing was sub par and probably bordered on neglect. If I had to sum up his childhood in a word it would be "unloved".

His parents spent a minimal amount of time with him. He even lived at my house for a while when he was sixteen. During this time I saw Jeff act in a manner that confirmed my suspicions. First he could not even peel a banana to eat it. Second, when he poured himself a bowl of cereal, he ate it dry or with water. When I mentioned that you put milk over the cereal, he seemed surprised. Apparently his parents kept minimal food in the house; and rarely had milk available. It was not due to lack of money, I think it was due to lack of loving.

I wish I could go on about his family situation when he was younger, but to tell you the truth, I don't remember everything he told me. But these two incidents stuck in my head and made me believe he was neglected while he was a child. I have always had a soft spot in my heart for him, probably because I too am a mother and I hate to see any child raised in an unloving home.

Although this is a short recollection of Jeff and his childhood, I hope it gives a peek into his childhood and how he was raised.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Andrea Velez". The signature is fluid and includes a long, sweeping flourish at the end.

Andrea Velez