

Lisa Montgomery

I can hardly bear to think about my life. My mind is confused and I have a hard time dealing with lots of information. I don't know how to take care of myself and my body. The doctors here at the prison have ordered heavy doses of medication to help me. Otherwise my mental illness is out of control and I don't know what is real, and what is not.

I know that they want to kill me, though. I know what I did - killed a young pregnant woman and took her baby. I know now how bad a thing it was to do, but my mind was crazy, so crazy, when I did it. I still cry when I think of it, what I did. If my mind was right, if my life had been different, I never, ever would have killed Bobbie Jo.

Even though it's so awful, I need you to know something about me - that I am not the monster you might imagine. I was born with brain damage because my mom was alcoholic and couldn't stop drinking, even when she was carrying me inside her. For all my young life we lived in squalor, often without water, moving more than 17 times, from one horrible place to the next. My mother Judy was violent and forgot about us - or got so mad that she beat me and my siblings with belts, cords and hangers. Sometimes she put duct tape over my mouth when she didn't want me to talk. That's when I learned not to cry, because if I did, I couldn't breathe. My mother even killed our dog in front of us, to punish us. She smashed his head with a shovel. It was so awful and only made me even sicker.

I won't tell much more, except for the very worst of it - which was the rapes by my mother's husband (she had 6 husbands) - again and again; and by his friends, or by the men my mom brought in who gave her money. I tried to tell my police officer cousin what was happening, crying and shaking, but he didn't do anything. Nobody did anything, even though they knew something was wrong. I was alone. I became sicker and have what they call Complex Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder because of all the trauma. I am terrified to be in a room with men.

There's so much more I could tell you that would break your heart, but I won't. I'm sorry for what I did, but I don't deserve to die. What do you think? Please try to understand. I guess I need love...and mercy. I don't want to die.

Pat Ferrone