Date: Wed, 28 Jan 2009 14:22:30 -0500

Subject: something you should know...

From: Ron@lancasterpost.com

To: "Fry, Kevin" <fryk@police.co.lancaster.pa.us>

I must make a statement regarding the severe and debilitating effects that my encounter with Franklin & Marshall in June has had on my life and my family. While the physical pain I received at their hands was significant, it pales in comparison to the psychological damages that I am still dealing with at this time. I honestly do not see the end of my suffering at this point.

Never in my wildest dreams would I ever thought in someone in uniform would jump me from behind and throw me on the ground and rough me up. I didn't resist and frankly took 10 - 15 minutes afterwards to be able to even realized what had happened to me. My pleas to speak to an attorney were mocked and ignored. I honestly don't know what I will do if I am ever in a similar situation.

While I grew up in Lancaster city in a modest row home, I had at least three friends that lived on the North School Lane in which I was attacked. As I was waiting for my partner Chris Hart Nibbrig while leaning up against my car, I could see Dr. Kellner's house three doors past John Fry's house. He son Hans and I would walk to Dr. Porter's house on the South side of the lane where we would visit with our friend Mike. Across the street was Dr. Mathews where I went to high school parties held by his daughter Cindy. The point? The idyllic childhood and high school memories that the neighborhood held for me, now causes great fear and anxiety.

Additionally, that multiple people in uniform would beat me up for no reason, is a line that has shattered my feelings of security as I go about. That a newspaper publisher can be attacked on a public street by private police force because he dared to write something the president of the college didn't like is not the America I was raise to love and respect. This has greatly shattered my confidence and has eroded my security that I felt as a free American.

I have never in my life had to deal with psychological issues other than the run of the mill minor depression from the daily ups and downs of life. Immediately following the incident, my apprehension and anxiety increased dramatically at the sight of an officer in uniform. For a month following the incident, I literally jumped when I would happen upon a uniform officer.

The week of the incident, I was home in my upstairs office. A friend stopped by to drop something off and I ignored his knocks on our door because I didn't want to talk to anyone. He entered our home and dropped off something on our kitchen counter and left immediately. As I watched him leave, I had a sudden panic attack and immediately went and loaded my 12 gauge shot gun to sit by my desk along with my loaded .38 special. The shot gun was by my desk for a month. This is the only way I could feel secure in my own home. The .38 is still by my desk as I type this note.

On the Sunday following the incident I was with my wife and five children at our nearby Pizza Hut. I police car drove by on the road and I had a panic attack causing me to interrupt and shorten our time because of the intense fear and concerned.

I could go on and on. I often deal with police and you can rarely go out without encountering someone in uniform. My father, the Marine, raised me to "face my fears". I have dealt with this problem in this way. The day after the incident, I spent an hour in Buchanan Park,

taking pictures of people.

This park has also been tainted as a result of this incident and had many,many happy idyllic memories as well. I have memories of sliding on the rocks along Race Ave. as a child in the late 60's. My first love and I kissed near the Rose Garden. I spent hundreds and hundreds of hours competing in sports while a student at nearby Reynolds Junior High School in the mid to late '70's. I can't go to this area without great anxiety.

When I see an officer in uniform, I force myself to have a conversation. As most LEO's are nice guys, this practice is good therapy as it helps me to overcome these thoughts of anxiety and fear of someone in uniform.

My sleep, on a regular basis, is interrupted with a nightmare of F&M security finishing the job at Baker Field (I spent hundreds of hours playing fast pitch softball in the late 70's and early 80's on F&M's property.) In my dream, they take me off the street somewhere and throw me in their car where they taunt and torture me. I normally wake up before they kill me.

Of course I have a bill from going to the chiropractor and my doctor, but the above is the real pain and anguish that I have experienced as a result of men who have taken an oath to uphold the constitution and instead have crossed the line they never should have crossed.
I have difficulty doing anything as a result of the debilitating post traumatic stress and ensuing depression that accompanies it.

I haven't review this for grammar and understanding but thought you should have some idea of what I am going through. While I have not made my tears, fears and anxieties a secret, I would appreciate your not spreading to others just how extensive my problems are at this time.