

Judge Nadeau,

After the astonishing guilty verdict handed down by the jury in the Chad Evans murder trial last week I felt compelled to write on behalf of Chad.

I first met Chad approximately 15yrs ago when I was a regular customer at the McDonald's restaurant he worked at. One afternoon after watching him for several months I was eating my lunch in the dining room and Chad came out into the dining room and started running around tidying up the place. When he approached my table he smiled at me and said, "How is your lunch today?" I was a little surprised because this was back in the mid 80's when it seemed McDonald's only cared about moving the lines and it was long before the customer satisfaction boom adopted by all restaurants in the 90's. I finally replied, "Well actually my french fries are cold." He said, "Sorry to hear that." And before I knew it he brought me a fresh new order and an apple pie for my trouble. As my meal ended I introduced myself to Chad and said, "I've got a couple of questions for you. I've been watching you run around this place for months moving ten times faster and working harder than these other guys that look about your age. Why don't you mope around like them?" He replied, "I like to put a smile on people's faces. Having fun is contagious. Besides, they don't mope around because they want to they just haven't realized their potential yet." This answer put a smile on my face. With that I said, "You seem pretty talented and mature why are you working here?" His next answer surprised me even more. He said, "I'm only 15 and I work here because I like the challenge." At that time I worked for a promotional company and I was pretty impressed with this young man so I gave him a couple of tickets to a globetrotters game coming to town. You would have thought it was \$100,000! And you know the best part of it; He thanked me and stated he was going to take his little sister because she loved the Globetrotters. Another shock, when I was growing up and in my teen years I couldn't get far enough away from my siblings. A couple of weeks after that I ran into Chad again. He described the game in detail and must have thanked me 30 times.

Apparently I came towards the end of his scheduled shift because his father came in to pick him up. Chad escorted his father over to meet me. I could immediately see that Chad was a chip off the "old block". I would come to know Chad as one of the kindest, most gracious, hardest working men you will ever meet and Chad can best be described as a mirror of him.

In the coming months I talked to Chad more frequently. I found him to be a normal teenager with some normal teenage hobbies he enjoyed, hanging out with friends, playing sports, working out, going to movies, etc. I also found he had some hobbies that I thought were special especially considering he had no strong religious belief or activity in church. For example his favorite thing to do was spend time with his family. He did not like to be joined into any activity that he couldn't include his brother. On most Fridays while other teens his age were out "partying" he preferred to take his little sister roller-skating or he and his brother liked to go to nursing homes and visit the elderly. On Sundays he liked to drive to Vermont and visit his grandparents on his father's side and then drive across town and take his other widowed grandmother out on a "dinner date."

As time went on I became friends with the entire Evans family. I find them all to be great people. I think you would be hard pressed to find a more giving family. Another example of Chad's generous nature that sticks out in my head is one time several years ago he and I had plans to go to Boston and catch a Bruins game. We met in the early afternoon and drove to his work to have lunch and get his paycheck. After he cashed his check we drove to a local grocery store and proceeded to purchase about \$250 worth of groceries from the grocery store. We then drove to Toy Works. Once there he carefully followed a checklist of items and proceeded to load up four shopping carts overflowing with toys. I had no idea what we were doing because I knew Chad had already finished his Christmas shopping the week before. When we arrived at WKNE our local radio station I figured it out. He was donating about two paychecks worth of food and toys to the less fortunate families. It wasn't only around Christmas that he did stuff like this.

I have seen him on several other occasions drop a car load of groceries off at the local food pantry. On one occasion I asked him if his name was Donald Trump and he told me "no but it is good to do for others." He then told me a quote that he lives by and it was a very valuable lesson for me then and it is today, "much is expected from whom much has been given."

I have seen Chad do so much for people over the years of our friendship and I can honestly say that he always did it because he wanted to. He didn't do nice things for personal gain, owed favors, or ability to gloat. He actually prefers to remain anonymous if he can. I have seen Chad as a father to his sons on many occasions and I am going to tell you with God as my witness you will never find a more loving, caring, attentive father. When Chad would come down to visit his family for the weekend I would usually pop over to see everyone. I would see Chad sit on the floor for hours, wrestling, coloring, doing puzzles and giving horse rides to the two boys. He wouldn't even go out with his friends that he didn't see that often until he had his boys tucked into bed and sleeping. Unfortunately because of the distance and work schedule I didn't get to see Chad and his children as much as I would have liked. As a matter of fact I only got the chance to meet Kassidy on one occasion. It was at a summer ending pool party in late August or early September. She was a beautiful, shy little girl. The entire time she was clinging to Chad. She swam with him in the pool, jumped off the side of the pool into his arms and ate her lunch while sitting on Chad's lap. I saw them kissing and hugging just as he always had with his two boys. I even saw her running-screaming, into his arms as mommy was chasing her with a clean diaper. As day turned into night I saw Kassidy nap in Chad's arms for hours. There isn't a person alive that could convince me that he doesn't have love in his heart for that little girl. I sat in that courtroom wondering who some of these people were describing on the stand. It certainly wasn't Chad Evans. I could sit here all day trying and I would not be able to give you a description of all the things that make Chad great. I know personally I have learned a lot from him. I have learned it is ok to laugh at yourself.

I have learned what commitment means. I learned that having fun is contagious. Most importantly I learned how good "giving" as opposed to "taking" makes you feel.

When the verdict was read I literally got sick. For the past year I have prayed that this ordeal would come to an end for this great family. So I sat through the trial and listened to what was quite obvious to me, reasonable doubt, my confidence grew stronger and stronger day by day. The last time I spoke to Chad prior to the verdict being read we talked about his coming home. He tearfully told me how hard the last year had been on him. He told me how the only thing he wanted was to hold his boys, visit Cassidy and get on with his life with Amanda. We cried that night long and hard.

I sit here now Angry. Angry that a little girl is dead. Angry that one of the best human beings I have ever met is paying for it. Angry that the jury couldn't find reasonable doubt, angry that this drags on. I wonder about a lot of things. Was this too emotionally charged for Chad to get a fair trial because it was a baby? Should the trial have been moved because of the constant media coverage of the past year in the seacoast area? Did stopping and starting affect the jury? We heard them say no but who really knows what was going through their heads. Did it run to close to Christmas? etc. etc. The questions are endless. In all of our minds.

When I sat out to write to you it was with the thought in mind to show you the Chad Evans that I know. I'm quite certain that you don't know him and I can promise you that you didn't meet him in the courtroom. I urge you Judge to spend 15 minutes with him if you haven't already. I believe you will find a very kind, giving person who truly cares about other people. You won't regret it.

Respectfully,

Thomas Miner

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