


Thursday, April 14, 2005

The day started as usual. I was on my way into work and Ray was headed to a Prison Board meeting. I don't remember what time it was, but after the meeting, he called in and I happened to answer the phone. He said he was at the house and was going to "play hooky". He said he needed to get away from the office for a while. I sensed he was excited about being away from the office, a happy excitement. I don't remember if he mentioned where he was going. He did say he would be home by the time I got home from work. He indeed was home when I got home from work. He was sitting on the patio, reading. He was anxious to tell me about his day. I asked him if he wanted to go for a walk with me since it was a nice day. He said he would, but only if it was a short walk because he did a lot of walking during the day. He said he would tell me about his day while we were walking. However, as I was changing out of my work clothes, he told me about his day. He said he drove over to Raystown, bought a sandwich (where I don't know) and a paper and sat and read and had lunch. He said he then drove to Altoona and walked around the mall. Then he came home. We walked down the Lamb Street hill, past the Gamble Mill and up the alley by Cerro. As we were walking along there, I brought up the idea of an "adventure". I said something to the effect that he seemed to have enjoyed himself today and asked if he had considered a shorter adventure. He said he would think about it. As we got to the front of the Bush House, starting to cross High Street to walk through Talleyrand Park, we saw Vicki  This was the first time we saw her that evening. We exchanged hellos and continued on our walk. We walked over by the waterfall and took some time to look at the big trees by the walk bridge. We weren't talking about anything special at that point. We headed back toward the train station, holding hands. Holding hands was not unusual for us. As we approached the front of the train station to head up Halfmoon Hill, we again saw Vicki. This time she approached us and said something about us being a better match. Her comment made me feel uncomfortable and I sort of smiled and brushed her off. I figured this made Ray feel uncomfortable, since I was uncomfortable. When we got home, he said he was going into the office to see what came through while he was out. For him to go into the office after not being there during the day was not unusual. I don't remember what I did—I believe I may have gone to the grocery store. He was gone several hours. When he got home, we went into the bedroom and sat on the bed and talked and shared a glass of rum on the rocks. This was also not unusual. At some point he said he was thinking about taking Friday off, too. He said he would decide in the morning. I said that was great, he needed to get away. We talked a bit more, he was sitting up and I curled up in his arms. We went to bed shortly after that. Nothing unusual happened.

Friday, April 15, 2005

Again, the day started as usual. I woke Ray at the usual time, 7:00am. I gave him his orange juice and walked out of the bedroom. When I came back in, we gave each other their good morning kiss. He said he was not going into work that day. I said "good for you". He said he wanted to lie back down until 7:30am. At 7:30 I looked in and he

appeared to be sleeping. So I left him sleep. When I left at about 7:45am, I kissed him on the cheek and left him sleep. I wrote a note asking that if he was not going to be home around noon to let me know so I could make time to let Honey out. He called the office around 11:30am and I happened to answer the phone. He seemed surprised that I answered the phone. He said he was on 192 and wouldn't make it home to let Honey out and asked if I could. I said yes. He said "I love you" and I said "I love you, too". At noon when I stopped home to let Honey out, I thought I would find a note saying where he planned to go and what time he would return, but I didn't. I let Honey out, drove to Pleasant Gap and paid the homeowner's insurance and went to have my photo taken for my driver's license. I went back to work and worked until 5. When I arrived home at 5, I expected Ray to be there. He wasn't. So, I went to the gym and thought he may be home by 6. He wasn't. I then thought maybe he would be home by 7. He wasn't. I tried calling him on his cell phone but it went directly to voice mail. I kept calling and leaving messages. Sometime after 8pm I called my brother Tom and told him that I was getting worried. He said maybe Ray just needed to be alone for a while. I started to really get worried and finally decided around 11pm to contact the police.

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