

# 26/9/83

The beginning of the last week of Sept. How far we have come (and it seems 11 weeks is too long to go!) Holly was married last night. Thousands of miles away. How I wished I could have been there! She was on our minds all day. Often in our prayers. Again I find myself cursing long distances and slow mail. Today Jeff and Holly Scheid will be flying to Cancun. I hope they are as richly blessed in their wedding as Deb and I have been in ours. Long distance love to them.

A fast week and weekend. On the job front things are static right now. I'm waiting to hear from Ministry of T&A, get some addresses & letters off to various & sundry people. But for the meantime it's, play the waiting game. My hotel survey return was abysmal, so I'll end up calling most of the people anyway. To my knowledge I've only received one completed form. Back to square one on that project. The most important going on was with Liz's rape hearing. Wednesday, it was postponed when Kelly didn't show, defaulted on his bail and was subsequently arrested (about 10 minutes later when he showed up). The hearing was rescheduled for Friday.

The hearing on Friday was a mixed bag. Dr Baynes testified that Elizabeth had come in and told her that she had been raped. An examination showed internal indications of forcible intercourse, prolonged intercourse or perhaps use of contraceptive foams, douches or devices. Then Liz walked through her long and painful story. It was made even longer by the magistrate having to copy down the testimony himself, long hand. It was a very uncomfortable experience. The cross exam was a joke. The defense lawyer was a jerk and kept insinuating that Liz was lying, making it up and damaging poor Kelly's reputation (as what, I don't know). He even asked that she apologize to him and the court for bringing such a suit to court. Dumb. The magistrate, I felt, was on Liz's side and tried to caution her and keep her from saying anything incriminating. The really amazing thing was that Kelly's defense is that he and Liz drove to the beach. Liz went for a swim at midnight, with no light, at Argyle Beach which has killed people when it was broad daylight and nothing else happened. Oh he does admit having sex with Liz on numerous other previous occasions but not that night. Gads, I can't believe that guy. I had reservations about Liz's story before, but given Kelly's defense, I can't help but believe Liz. The magistrate did too. It goes to a full trial on October 4th. I'll be there.

What followed was a fast weekend. It rained endlessly on Saturday but Deb and I ran into town anyway. We spent the rest of the day doing inside things. Baking, writing and Deb working on a banner for father Renniston Howell's ordination next Sunday. Saturday night we went to mass and stayed after to see the "Witness" again which we had seen way back in April. Sunday I spent washing and grubbing around the garden. Planted broccoli, sweet basil, chives and rosemary along with some cantaloupe. We'll see. Deb spent her day working on the banner and we spent a quiet evening in Bible study (which we really need to do more often). So it's back to work and wondering what will lie in the future.



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Revision #2

Created 6 November 2023 01:42:49 by Admin

Updated 6 January 2026 13:31:13 by Admin