

Dear members of the board,

November 20th, 1995

I'd like to take this time to express my gratitude on behalf of my family for being granted the opportunity to speak with you regarding the parole of my brother William E. Cosden Jr. I understand that even though I am a victim of Bill's, you cannot make a ruling concerning his parole on this alone since he is not serving time for the crimes that he committed on myself and my sister. I do understand however, that by addressing this committee today I can potentially give you a more enlightened understanding of the type of person my brother is and why we do not recommend him for parole at this time.

I was born August 8th, 1965 in St. Mary's County Maryland. At this time Bill was 19 years old and had just started serving as a Marine in Vietnam. Bill was committed to Perkins State Mental Hospital in October of 1967 for treatment and rehabilitation after the murder of Helen Pilkerton. Subsequently, he was discharged May 1, 1971. At this time I was 6 years old and a kindergartner here in Olympia. This was the first time I met my brother Bill. For the next six years I was subjected to weekly sexual and physical abuse at his hands. He was never like a "brother" to me, more like a dark stranger. This "new" brother was a man who forced himself on me sexually coming into my bedroom, the bath tub, anywhere he could find me alone. I have never loved this man in any way. The only feelings I had for him as a child was those of fear. When Bill married and had a child I thought the abuse would stop since he would no longer be living in my home, but it only intensified. He would still come to the house and still come to my room. He would also tell me that if I didn't go with him in the truck or to his house I would never be able to see my niece **101B**. He was always threatening this. He said that if I told mom or dad they wouldn't get to see their only grandchild and they would hate me for this. Common statements were, "they will never believe you Susan, I'll say you did it". It may sound strange now, but as a young child I believed it. I felt that I must of done something to provoke him. As I grew older I tried to just stay away from him by going into another room ect, but that never worked. When he did find me, he would lay his 225 pound, 6' 3"

body on me and cover my mouth so no one would hear me scream out. No one ever questioned why Susie the first grader had hickies on her neck at school. My mother would cry and try to cover them up with make-up and turtlenecks, but I knew they were always underneath. It was a horrible childhood for me being stalked by my own brother.

I was so thankful when Bill was arrested in 1975 for the rape. The funny thing is no one seemed to wonder why I wasn't the least bit upset when he went to prison. I didn't cry for him at all. I did feel for Rita and 101B but I was getting older and I knew that the things he did to me could not be shared by my niece [REDACTED]. I finally told my parents my sophomore year in high school as to why I refused to visit or even speak about my brother Bill. My parents were devastated that all this abuse took place right under their noses and they told me they were unaware. I always found that hard to believe, even to this day. I now believe that they too were afraid of this man who happened to be their son. They ignored his aggressive outbursts towards his family and colleagues and chose to turn their head. I sought counseling in 1981 for the abuse Bill had inflicted on me with the help of my parents. I was told at the time that I would have to confront my abuser....my brother in prison. I spoke with him on the phone while he was at Walla Walla and posed the question, "why?", "Why would you do this to your sister?" His only response to me at that time was that he didn't know why he had these urges. He said that he needed 4-5 ejaculations a day and I just happened to be there. He never denied the behavior which went on for 5 years. He never apologized. All he could tell me was that it's a power thing and maybe I could speak to his counselors about my problems. In his own arrogance, he choose to ignore his behavior and call it my problems! To this day he doesn't feel that he has a problem. Upon reviewing his records, you will notice that Vietnam did not create this monster, he has been this way his entire life. He told me January of 1994 that he needed to "play the game" that the prison has in order to get out. He needed to say that he had a problem. I still wonder if he considers what he did to his sisters "his problem".

My father told me that day that I would never have to see Bill again. The next time I did see him in person I was 18 at my dad's funeral in 1983. I was a freshman in college at the time and what I consider a quite confident person. I vowed to myself that I would try my best to keep this man in prison in order to protect him from other young children. I learned in 1986 that a possible parole for Bill was in the making and the parole address would be my mother's home in Olympia. I was shocked that he may actually be out and living in my home again. This time I was not a little girl anymore I was grown up and still in danger to his abuse. I was scared. I went to the Thurston County Sheriff's office and made a deposition of my life with Bill Cosden. I can only be thankful that someone listened to me back in 86----he wasn't paroled. In 1990 my sister Karen shared with me the torrid accounts of her life with Bill. It took three years, but she too went to the police and made a deposition.

I have felt relatively confident in the system since 1986. I felt safe being married to a Police officer. Well, things change, not always for the better. I now am a single mother with three small children ages 7, 5 and 3 and I don't feel safe anymore. Bill has stated to others that my big mouth is the reason he's still in prison. These statements terrify me and that is one of the reasons that I am here today. The other reason is that I don't want him paroled anywhere near my family, mother or any of his victims. I wanted the opportunity to express to you and make public record Bill's history of aggression and molestation. I want to tell you that in my opinion he is not rehabilitated now, and possibly never will be. To my understanding he hasn't been treated for the sexual abuse of children and I feel this needs to be explored. I do not feel that he is ready for parole at this time. He is a danger to society. He is a danger to anyone in authority or anyone who has the misfortune to cross his path.

I need you to be aware that he does not have the support of family if he gets out. We don't want him out. We don't want him back in our lives and I know that he would have nowhere else to go if he were released.

I thank the board for this opportunity to speak to you regarding my fears and hope you take into account what I have shared with you today when you render your decision.

Sincerely,

Susan M. Keller

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