

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

MERRIMACK, SS.

SUPERIOR COURT

State of New Hampshire

V.

Owen Labrie

NO. 217-2014-CR-617

DEFENDANT'S SENTENCING MEMORANDUM

1. The defendant, Owen Labrie, respectfully submits this sentencing memorandum to inform the Court of his background, to discuss the results of an evaluation he engaged in voluntarily, and to assist the Court in determining an appropriate sentence in this case. He requests that the Court give strong consideration to his lack of criminal record, his academic and personal achievements, and his youth. The appropriate sentence is a term of probation, with conditions that will ensure that he continues with counseling, engages in community service, and has no contact with the complainant and her family.

Owen Labrie's Background

2. Owen Labrie was born on October 11, 1995, in New Hampshire. He was raised, primarily by his mother,

Owen with his parents



on a farm in Vermont. He is an only child and his parents divorced when he was very young. His mother, Denise Holland, is a public school teacher in Vermont, and his father, Cannon Labrie, is a landscaper and freelance editor. Though his family struggled financially throughout his upbringing, Owen was supported and loved by his parents.



3. Early in Owen's education, it was clear to his teachers that he was exceptionally bright. He was performing far ahead of his grade level, and after kindergarten, he was admitted to the second grade at Crossroads Academy in Lyme, New Hampshire. Owen was given a partial

scholarship, and consistently excelled in school. Owen was admitted to Kimball Union Academy for high school, also with a partial scholarship, and attended for two years. Owen applied to other schools, and was admitted to St. Paul's



School with a full scholarship and a condition that he attend for three years.

4. Owen loved St. Paul's School. He excelled academically in all areas, and graduated *summa cum laude*. Several of his teachers became mentors to Owen. He was selected to be a prefect for the library in his junior year, and a prefect for his residence hall in his senior year. Owen was active in extracurricular activities, volunteer projects, and sports, including soccer, where he became captain of the team. Owen made friends, dated girls, and had other typical high school experiences. He was honored with a Rector's Award at graduation for his contributions to the St. Paul's community.



5. Owen immersed himself in the religious aspects of St. Paul's School. He was a prefect for the chapel. "Chapel prefects are students who have been identified as having a desire to help lead worship within the community," according to the Reverend Michael Spencer.¹ Owen's goal for college was to study theology and divinity in college, and he was admitted to Harvard College with a full

Owen visiting Harvard after his admission

¹ See "Chapel Prefects Provide Student Leadership Opportunity," available at <http://www.sps.edu/podium/default.aspx?t=204&nid=727138&bl=back&rc=0>.

scholarship and the opportunity also to take courses at the Harvard Divinity School.

6. Owen's life trajectory changed drastically after he was accused of rape by surprise and without consent. His admission to Harvard was effectively withdrawn. His parents hired an attorney, which made their tight financial situation even more precarious. He had never been in trouble before. The school that was his home for three years, and to which he had been fully committed, renounced him without so much as a phone call. He received a letter that his Rector's Award had been rescinded, and he was informed that his name would not be included in the list of graduates displayed at the school.

7. Owen voluntarily entered counseling, first with Dr. Pano Rodis, and upon Dr. Rodis's death, with Dr. Edmund Piper. Dr. Piper has submitted a letter for the Court's consideration, which is appended as Exhibit 1. He devoted his time to build a



chapel on his father's property. He sought out opportunities to help neighbors

Owen preparing the lumber for the chapel

construct buildings so that he could learn from their experience. He designed the building, cleared the land of trees and brush, and constructed the joints by hand so that it would have a timeless appearance. He has continued to work on the chapel while awaiting sentencing.

Evaluation

8. Owen voluntarily participated in a psychosexual risk evaluation in August 2014, when his charges included the aggravated felony sexual assault counts. The evaluation is submitted with the pre-sentence report prepared by the Department of Corrections. The psychologist reviewed all available documents, including the police reports. He interviewed Owen, and administered psychological tests designed to measure sexual opinion and behavior, cognitive distortions, sexual addiction, victim empathy and remorse, sociopathic tendencies, and risk of re-offense. The testing showed that Owen was at a low risk to reoffend. The evaluator had three recommendations.

9. First, he indicated that Owen should participate in psychotherapy that was not "traditional 'Sex Offender Counseling' . . . with a group of individuals who have molested children or been involved in forcible rapes." The second recommendation was that Owen not be required to register as a sex offender, as he "committed a crime but is not a typical

sexual offender that the public needs to be aware of." The third conclusion by this expert in sexual misconduct was that St. Paul's School should end the senior salute tradition, or at least inform parents of it "so the parents can educate and warn their children."

Character Letters

10. There has been an outpouring of support for Owen by so many persons who know him well through years of interaction. There are too many letters to address each one within this memorandum, but they highlight Owen's warm and generous nature, his intellectual curiosity and talents, and his empathy and humility.

11. A friend of Owen's from St. Paul's School, Alexandra Taylor, wrote that

It is an enormous task to believe fully in someone, regardless of what they may be accused of. Yet, in the face of absolute disaster, remaining a loyal friend to Owen has never been a question for me. I have never, in all the years I have known him, regretted our friendship for a single moment. Owen Labrie is the kindest, most brilliant, and most authentic friend I have today. Through the past 16 months, that has not changed.

Ayodeji Ogunnaike, a Harvard Ph.D. student, served as a teaching fellow at St. Paul's School during Owen's first year there. They lived in the same dorm, and kept in touch after Mr. Ogunnaike began his doctoral program. Mr. Ogunnaike noted that

[Owen's] peers and teachers, such as myself, were instantly drawn to him not so much because he is charismatic, which he certainly is, but rather because it became instantly clear that he cares deeply. He cares about his studies, about his peers, and most importantly about making himself into the best person he possibly can. In my opinion, this is why he became so interested in religion, and most of our conversations since 2011 have always tended in that direction.

John Meehan, a St. Paul's School graduate and friend of Owen's, wrote about him,

[Owen] carries every positive quality that I want to try to carry with me in life. The blend of strength and compassion that this nineteen year old boy has shown throughout this process is honestly the most amazing thing I have ever seen. . . His character is one of a kind, and his heart is as pleasant as you can find.

12. These letters, and many others which are equally compelling, are submitted with this memorandum as Exhibit 2.

Sentencing

13. The defendant agrees with Deputy County Attorney Catherine Ruffle's public stance on the appropriate approach in this case. As she told The Today Show shortly after the verdict,

I think the most important component in this sentence is going to be rehabilitation. The judge has to consider factors of punishment, deterrence and rehabilitation. I think there will be some portion of each of those components, but I think given Owen's age in this case, that rehabilitation - so that he can move forward in life and move beyond this and not continue to commit crimes of this nature - will be the most important component.²

² Available at <http://www.today.com/news/st-pauls-school-rape-trial-prosecutor-case-highlights-need-dialogue-t41466>.

The proposed sentence is that he be placed on probation for a period to be determined by the Court, with conditions that include continued counseling, a requirement of a certain number of hours each month being devoted to community service, and that he have no contact with the complainant, her family, and the campus of St. Paul's School.

14. This sentence will meet the traditional goals of sentencing. His rehabilitation will continue with his maturation aided by the counseling from a therapist who is well aware of the entire situation. His crucible over the past eighteen months has provided powerful deterrence to Owen's ever treating a woman with selfishness or disrespect, and it has given a clarion warning to other young men who have witnessed his fall from grace.

15. Owen's punishment to date has been enormous. He has lost his dream of attending Harvard College and its Divinity School. The full scholarship which would have permitted him to do so is unlikely to be offered by anyone else, putting his career prospects in dire jeopardy. His name will forever be associated with the allegations that led to the media frenzy that accompanied the trial, and which are preserved for eternity by the internet. He can never return to the campus that provided

him with so much joy and personal growth, or to his schoolmates who now view him as a pariah.

16. And Owen's most hurtful punishment is yet to come: lifetime registration as a sex offender. Owen will be precluded from numerous careers in which he will never be considered for employment - because he is a registered sex offender. There will be hundreds of places where he cannot reside because as a registered sex offender, he cannot be within a specified proximity to a church, playground, school or park. When he does relocate his residence, his introduction to the town will include the police department where he has to inform them of his status as a registered sex offender. This scarlet letter will even accompany him in retirement, where there will still be restrictions on where he can live, or what he can do with his grandchildren.

17. His punishment will continue in even more personal ways. He is certain to have a romantic relationship that suggests the possibility of marriage, and the day will come when he has to inform her that he is a registered sex offender. Owen may have children who wonder why their father, who was such an accomplished soccer player, doesn't volunteer to coach their teams in a community league. They too eventually will learn the reason why their father could not do so.

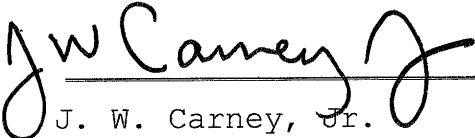
18. The harsh truth is that Owen will be penalized every single day hereafter for what he did one night as an eighteen year old high school student. This should be enough punishment for the misdemeanors that are at the core of this sentencing.

18. Anything more would be cruel.

Respectfully submitted,

OWEN LABRIE
By His Attorneys,

CARNEY & ASSOCIATES



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Dated: October 27, 2015

CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

I hereby certify that a true copy of the above document was served upon the attorney of record for each other party by email on or before the above date.



J. W. Carney, Jr.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

MERRIMACK, SS.

SUPERIOR COURT

State of New Hampshire

V.

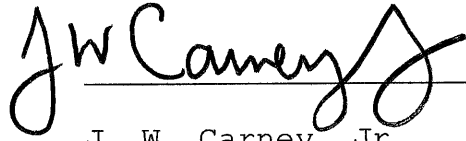
Owen Labrie

NO. 217-2014-CR-617

AFFIDAVIT SUPPORTING DEFENDANT'S SENTENCING MEMORANDUM

I, J. W. Carney, Jr., state that the facts contained in the attached motion are true to the best of my information and belief.

Signed under the penalties of perjury.



J. W. Carney, Jr.

October 27, 2015

EXHIBIT 1

Dr. Edmund P. Piper, Psy.D.
Licensed Clinical Psychologist
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15 Central St.
Woodstock, VT. 05091

10/06/2015

Judge Larry Smukler
New Hampshire Superior Court

Re: Owen Labrie 10/11/95

Dear Judge Smukler,

Owen has given me a release to offer my impression of his character and prospects for the record in the interest of informing his pending disposition. I am a Licensed Clinical Psychologist and have been meeting with Owen professionally on a regular basis over the last thirteen months. He had started working some months earlier with my late colleague Dr. Pano Rodis. I agreed shortly before Pano's passing to his request that I continue seeing Owen through these extremely challenging times, the loss of our dear Pano himself notwithstanding.

In the course of my three decades in this field I have seen more than a few individuals and families weather, or succumb, to overwhelming circumstances similar to Owen's. For all its tragedy the work sometimes affords a powerful perspective on the character, metal, and resilience of those who survive. To that end that I offer mine for your consideration here.

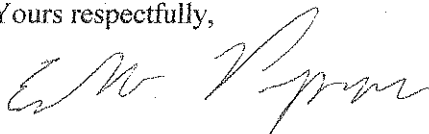
Owen is a remarkable young man. He is as polite and respectfully deferential as any 19-year-old I have worked with. He has a remarkable way with adults; mature beyond his years intellectually and responsibility-wise, while more naïve, or perhaps on the outside wanting in, with peers. As you may know he does not come from economic privilege but rather one of the poorer small towns in central VT. His mother, a HS teacher, was resourceful in finding him opportunities commensurate with his potential which led to his fortunate, and I think deserving, candidacy for St Paul's, and ultimately Harvard's prospective subscription. His status as team captain, intellectual, and popular figure at St Paul's; by my figuring, derives more from idealism, team building and enthusiasm (rousting his peers to shovel off the pond for weekend ice hockey) than privilege or "big man on campus" status. Beneath his confident enthusiasm he is more interpersonally tentative.

Not reporting to Harvard and his future last fall, was as devastating a fall from fortune as I ever want to witness. It took a huge toll but did not stop him from assaying his resources and decamping to NJ where he researched expungements—talk about irony—for a legal employment and sold cheap print advertising as a means of support. A detail that may have escaped the public record, but impressed me deeply, was that for a couple of months during this dark and impoverished period Owen was applying his modest wages to pay his dad's rent. That this same young man could solicit the considerable resources necessary to provide the legal expertise necessary for his defense, though in a different economic league, was no less impressive.

We talked about what the future might hold earlier this week and. Owen told me that after the events of the last year the prospect of an undergraduate education at Harvard would be anticlimactic and no longer the brass ring it once represented. He has his sights still set on great things, come what may, but it is evident that he has learned and experienced too much over the last 18 months to go back. He stoically endures, expectantly awaiting fateful closure. I cannot but admire his fortitude.

If you have any questions about Mr. Labrie's participation in our work or the basis for my confidence in him here, please do not hesitate to contact me.

Yours respectfully,



Edmund Piper Psy.D.

Cc: Client file

EXHIBIT 2

Judge Larry Smukler
New Hampshire Superior Court

Dear Judge Smukler:

My name is Alexandra MacDonald Taylor. Everyone calls me Mac. I am 18 years old, live in Aspen, Colorado, and currently attend St. Paul's School (SPS), where I am finishing my sixth form year. If I could describe myself in very few words, I would say I am defiant, loyal and in constant pursuit of moral consistency. Perhaps I shall grow to become a lawyer.

I cannot remember the first time I met Owen Labrie. I do, however, remember first reading his name. It was above a poem he wrote in the literary school magazine, the *Horae*. An aspiring poet myself, the beauty of his words struck me. For a long time, I had been searching the school for someone as in love with words, verse, and lyrical thought as I, with no success. Then, suddenly, there was Owen on the page, in fine print. After realizing who this boy was off paper (I quickly learned—an almost awe-worthy junior boy, when I was a freshman girl), I began to see him everywhere. Every Sunday night we spent together at our adored Tea and Chocolate Society, where a few of us would gather weekly to drink tea, eat chocolate and laugh in good company. I constantly smile at the memory of Owen sitting happily on a huge sofa, laughing so infectiously that I had no choice but to join in his merriment. Those nights remain to be my sweetest memories at SPS. Then, in the spring of my sophomore year, Owen and I were selected to attend an exchange trip to Paris, France. The two weeks we all spent there remain to be two of the happiest weeks I have spent anywhere with anyone, ever. It was on this trip, specifically during one afternoon on the green grass of Place des Vosges, I learned that the boy whose writing I adored, was the most charismatic, kind, and motivational figure I had met in my high school career.

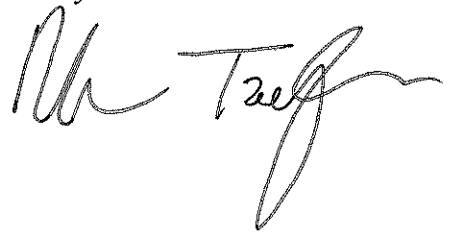
That day, Owen hit all the right chords with me naturally. It was not simply what we talked about—our pasts and our futures and the meaning of real happiness—it was that as this boy talked, I realized that the resilience of his spirit was astounding. As he told me about his shattered family and tough monetary situation, I saw that the person in front of me had already faced more challenge than any of my other SPS friends, and yet remained to be the most hopeful, charitable, intellectually curious teenager I had thus encountered. I sat, that day in the park, absolutely astonished at the stalwart soul before me. Never have I been so truly impressed with another person's genuine sincerity and character in the face of what many would call an incredibly difficult upbringing. Upon our return to school, our relationship as writers grew. In the weeks following, Owen took the time out of his amazingly busy, hectic sixth form spring to share his own writing with me, and to help me with my poetry. He did not have to do so, I did not ask him to, yet he did. As a young writer just beginning her initial ascent into the poetic world, I cannot find the words to express my heartfelt appreciation for his actions that spring. I can only say that two months later, when he graduated, I was absolutely certain that I wanted to know

this boy for the rest of my life. Now (October, 2015), I have known Owen for almost four years and I can say unfalteringly that it has been a blessing to call this young man one of my closest and dearest friends.

Truly believing in people can often be a challenge. One must consider the strength of their moral character, the validity of their actions and choice of words, and their overall inclination towards honesty. For these reasons, true loyalty is not come by easily. It is an enormous task to believe fully in someone, regardless of what they may be accused of. Yet, in the face of absolute disaster, remaining a loyal friend to Owen has never been a question for me. I have never, in all the years I have known him, regretted our friendship for a single moment. Owen Labrie is the kindest, most brilliant, and most authentic friend I have today. Through the past 16 months, that has not changed. Even in his darkest moments, he never failed to ask about my day, lend advice on my petty problems and ask if I was happy or not. He never stopped caring for me, even when my problems were, so very obviously, of lesser importance. It is because of this I say with total confidence that Owen is unselfish. He is honest, he is loyal and he is the bravest person I have the pleasure of knowing. If I could choose to spend an afternoon with anyone, I would choose to spend it with him. He is perhaps one of the only people whom I feel totally accepted and completely comfortable with. He makes me happy as no one else can.

I am honored to call Owen one of my best friends, because, simply put, it has been an honor to be his friend. I love him with all my heart.

Sincerely,
Mac Taylor

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Mac Taylor', with a stylized, flowing script.

Judge Larry Smukler
New Hampshire Superior Court

Dear Judge Smukler:

My name is Ayodeji Ogunnaike, and I am currently a graduate student at Harvard University pursuing a PhD in religion. I am 27 years of age, and I also serve as what is called the senior tutor – or the head resident assistant – in one of the Harvard undergraduate dormitories. As a result I have lived on campus here in Cambridge, MA for the past three years.

I have known Owen Labrie for over four years, and first came to know him when I served as a teaching fellow at St. Paul's School during the 2011-2012 academic year. Although Owen was not my direct advisee, I lived in Nash House with him, and because of our many shared interests – including soccer, religion, and French among others – and because he shared a room with one of my advisees, we got to know each other very well over the course of that year. After that one year at St. Paul's, I left to begin my graduate program at Harvard, but I have come back to visit St. Paul's many times, and have kept in close touch with Owen. Over the past 12 months, I have also spoken to Owen more regularly and at great length, and I believe that I have come to know him even better as a result. Although I would not have hoped for this to happen under such circumstances, I do consider it a true privilege to have gotten to know such an extraordinary young man even better.

Owen joined St. Paul's School at the same time that I did, and so I was able to observe the way the entire school formed its opinions on him. By the time I left St. Paul's, I knew that Owen would be selected as a Prefect his senior year, and it was no surprise to me that he initially won the Rector's Medal upon graduation. His peers and teachers, such as myself, were instantly drawn to him not so much because he is charismatic, which he certainly is, but rather because it became instantly clear that he cares deeply. He cares about his studies, about his peers, and most importantly about making himself into the best person he possible can. In my opinion, this is why he became so interested in religion, and most of our conversations since 2011 have always tended in that direction.

While at St. Paul's, Owen became involved in woodworking, and since then in my discussions with him, he has often used the metaphor of viewing himself as a piece of wood that needs to be slowly and carefully worked into the more perfect shape it was meant to assume. I have also seen him take this approach quite seriously, reflecting intensely on his interactions with others, and as a result, you will hardly ever hear him

speaking a bad word about anyone. Instead he chooses to understand how he can best treat each person. Even over the past year when he felt abandoned by many people he respects deeply, I was taken aback at how he refused to speak disparagingly about them even when those closest to him did not hesitate to do so. Even though I have always held Owen in high esteem, it was quite remarkable to see a 19 year old exhibit such maturity that exceeded that of many of the adults around him.

In my various roles at St. Paul's and here at Harvard as a teacher, RA, coach, and everything in between, I have worked with countless students of about the same age as Owen, and I can state without reservation that his strength of character certainly makes him unique by any standard. Because intelligence is always valued perhaps too highly at institutions like St. Paul's and Harvard, I always make it a point to teach a lesson on how intelligence is in reality a double-edged sword that can be used to positive or negative effect, and how I personally value a person's integrity and character much more than intelligence. Although there is no doubt about Owen's keen intellect, the reason I have taken such a particular interest in him as opposed to the throngs of stunningly brilliant young minds I have met is precisely because he is one of the very few I have had the pleasure to know who pairs the two so wonderfully.

Personally I consider myself truly fortunate to have met such an exceptional young man, and although I am not certain what his future holds, I have no doubt that he is one of those people who has the ability to have a remarkable and positive effect on those around him. Young people like him are a huge part of the reason why I have chosen to be an educator; in part because it is a pleasure to help and watch them grow, but also because – if you are lucky – every so often you find students like Owen Labrie who can also teach you a great deal about how to be in this world as well.

I hope you will consider the highest esteem in which I hold Owen throughout these legal proceedings, and if there is any other way in which I may be of service to you or to the Court, please do not hesitate to contact me.

Sincerely,



Ayodeji Ogunnaike

Senior Resident Tutor, Pforzheimer House

Doctoral Candidate in Religion and African Studies, Harvard University

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The Honorable Judge Larry Smukler
New Hampshire Superior Court

Dear Judge Smukler:

My name is John Meehan Jr. and I am a recent graduate of Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut. I am twenty-three years old, and reside in Moorestown, New Jersey (about twenty-five minutes from Philadelphia). Along with being an alumnus of Wesleyan University, I am a proud member of the Form of 2011 at St. Paul's School. I called Concord and St. Paul's my home for two years, as I spent valuable time growing and maturing on the grounds of SPS.

I am writing today in regards to a dear friend, and brother figure, Owen Labrie. I have had the pleasure of getting to know Owen over the last year and a half or so. The community of St. Paul's is one rooted in kindness and selflessness. In fact, our school prayer perfectly reflects that mantra as it states, "Grant, O Lord, that in all the joys of life we may never forget to be kind. Help us to be unselfish in friendship, thoughtful of those less happy than ourselves, and eager to bear the burdens of others." When news of Owen's situation had come across my computer screen one summer day in 2014, I felt compelled to let Owen know that he was in my thoughts.

Owen and I never crossed paths at St. Paul's, as he was a new 4th former the year following my graduation, but I had heard countless stories and praise about him from students who still attended SPS after my graduation. Owen and I connected on numerous spectrums. For starters, Owen and I both were products of divorced parents, and we both spent our days growing up mostly with our mothers. I think this connection of growing up in a house with just us and our mothers really brought Owen and I together. Today Owen and I are the siblings we both never had, and I couldn't be more proud to call him my brother. My mother and I became close to Owen and his mother Denise last August, and it eventually led Owen to live at our house in Moorestown. From the first time I met Owen I knew he was a special soul. Out of all the people I have known that graduated from SPS, Owen undoubtedly holds the most love and respect for our alma mater. The most positive and inspiring trait I see in Owen is his unwavering loyalty. His loyalty is demonstrated through his continuous admiration for the school that gave him so much opportunity. As you learned during the trial, Owen is not the typical affluent student that people often associate with those who attend St. Paul's. With that in mind, out of the hundreds of St. Paul's students and alums I have met, Owen displays the greatest gratitude for the opportunities offered to him by the school. In fact, Owen's love and appreciation for St. Paul's is so strong that he wanted to return to Concord one day and become the Rector of the school. Owen told me about special bonds he had with teachers, administration, and classmates. Over the last year when Owen has been unable to be in contact with teachers or classmates I have received countless Facebook messages, texts, emails, etc... from people (some whom I knew, and some whom I did not know) just wanting to see how Owen was doing. The extensive network and love and support for Owen are no mistake, as it speaks volume to Owen's character and the respect and love people have for him.

My friends from Wesleyan came down to visit one weekend, and the group of eight had the chance to meet Owen. Over the next week they each separately came up to me and expressed how great of a person they thought Owen was. This is a prime example of the effect Owen has on people. Through meeting and interacting with someone for even a short period of time he has the ability to shed positive light on their lives. Owen is truly a special person, who makes the people around him better people simply through coming in contact with him.

When someone thinks of who their role model is, I'd say more often than not that person will come up with an answer like their mom, dad, older sibling, sports figure, boss, or an older acquaintance. My role model is Owen Labrie. Owen is four years younger than me, but carries every positive quality that I want and try to carry with me in life. The blend of strength and compassion that this nineteen year old boy has shown throughout this process is honestly the most amazing thing I have ever seen. Owen's commitment to his Mama (as he calls her) is the truest demonstration of love I have come across. Owen is a bright, brave, and genuine young boy who I have learned more from over the last year than anyone I have come in contact with over the previous twenty-two years. His character is one of a kind, and his heart is as pleasant as you can find. I hope this letter has granted you the opportunity to learn more about splendid person Owen truly is.

Regards,



John Meehan

October 12, 2015

Judge Larry Smukler

New Hampshire Superior Court

Dear Judge Smukler:

I am writing on behalf of my son, Owen Labrie. I am thankful for the opportunity to express qualities and attributes of the son that I have loved and raised for twenty years. The youth described in the courtroom bears little resemblance to the Owen I know and love, and I hope I can contribute background and vital information that will allow the court to exercise mercy and understanding at this phase of the process. I would like to share background on Owen's growing up years and reflections on his character that reveal the genuine person that he is and sheds light on the ethics and values with which he was raised that I believe have not been addressed to date in this case.

Owen's father and I divorced with he was a toddler and I have had full physical, legal and financial responsibility for him following what was a somewhat contentious divorce. Owen had scheduled visitation with his father a couple days each week, but was raised primarily by me as a single mother. Child support over the years was often sporadic, in arrears, and in the last 3-4 years of Owen's childhood, non-existent. I have done my best to support Owen on my teacher's salary. I am not from a wealthy family and have not had additional resources to draw upon over the years. I have not remarried or maintained a significant relationship during these years, but have been committed to working and raising my son. Hard work and sacrifice have been woven into the fabric of our daily lives along with the faith that with this hard work, integrity, and sacrifice, we could achieve our goals.

Owen attended Montessori Pre-K to Kindergarten where his academic aptitude became obvious. By the time Owen had completed Kindergarten he had already passed beyond the 2nd grade Montessori curriculum and the teachers continually had to order more advanced resources to keep up with him. He would have had to enter the 4th grade at our local elementary school out of Kindergarten to place in his academic grid and since that was not possible, the search for a private school that could continue to challenge him academically began. We chose Crossroads Academy in Lyme, NH where Owen was tested and it was decided that Owen would begin in their second grade class out of Kindergarten. At the Montessori School and Crossroads Academy, Owen received partial scholarships, which left us both working hard in different ways to keep him enrolled there. Owen loved school so much and knew that in order to stay with some scholarship funds he would have to demonstrate his commitment to the character ethics of the

school and maintain a high level of academic achievement. This was not a problem for Owen. He was the child that never had to be told to do his homework. He would spend hours at his desk each evening. He often would have to be told it was time to stop studying and go to bed, despite his protests to the contrary. As a middle school student he would rewrite an essay four or five times until he felt he had done his best. The financial sacrifices we both had to make to keep him in private school were obvious around our home with a very modest lifestyle and a strict budget, but with the goal of staying in a good school in mind, Owen understood the value of hard work, discipline, and earning something as important as the education that meant the world to him. And despite being younger than the other students in his classes, Owen was always among the top achievers. Another partial scholarship was given to him to attend Kimball Union Academy for grades 9-10, and again, despite being the young student in his class, he was ending grade 10 with some of the most advanced classes at KUA, at the top of his class, and he was still looking more depth of study and an academic challenge. It was at that point that Owen applied to St. Paul's School and was offered a full scholarship to attend if he would be willing to reclaim one of the years "lost" early on and enroll there for 3 years.

Owen and I have always worked well as a team to help him achieve his goals and have mutually agreed upon some values that characterize our lives together. Guiding principles in our household included kindness, honesty, and faith. Owen and I have always communicated openly and honestly, even with the hard topics a parent and child have to process. Owen's sense of fairness, justice and honesty has been a part of his character from his earliest years as he was raised to believe in the truth and to "do the right thing." At one point in middle school Owen observed one of his best friends cheating on a test. He was torn between his loyalty to his good friend and knowing that his friend had violated one of the most important academic ethics. He came home upset, and we spent hours discussing his conflicting feelings, options, and in the end, he decided that he needed to have a private talk with both his friend, to explain how upset he was with what he had done, and his teacher to tell her what he had observed. Doing the right thing was uncomfortable for Owen, at that young age, but he had the strength and character to follow through in a manner that he felt told the truth to both his friend and his teacher. This sense of integrity and strength of character has been an integral part of the person Owen is throughout his life.

Owen is a kind soul. Out of our home I run a non-profit Labrador Retriever Rescue that saves puppies and young dogs from high-kill shelters in the South. Owen has been instrumental in helping me care for the steady stream of foster dogs that come to our home. He cradles the frightened newcomers in his arms, has gently helped me care for sick dogs that have required surgery or have suffered from malnutrition. He holds them and comforts them and has even fallen asleep on the floor next to the crate of a frightened, insecure pup so that it won't be alone.

Owen's hard work and dedication brought him much success outside of the academic world also. He played classical violin and was part of a chamber orchestra for many years. His love for soccer made him work even harder on the field, brought him success on several championship teams, eventually culminating in his role of Captain of the SPS Soccer team his senior year—an honor bestowed by his coaches and teammates because of his skill, but more importantly, his character and leadership capabilities. Owen worked extraordinarily hard and has become a well-rounded person. His love for poetry, philosophy, his faith, and his independent studies with Reverend Spencer at SPS showed him in his senior year that he wanted to pursue an eventual life of scholarship and service by attending Divinity School—a rare calling, I think, for a young person of his age. Owen strives for a simple, clean life-style. He is drug and alcohol-free. He does not engage in risky behaviors. He loves the outdoors!

At many times in his life Owen has loved working with children—as a counselor and coach at a soccer camp for a couple of years and locally at a summer day camp for underprivileged children. The children love him and he has been able to work both on their athletic skills and help them enjoy their outdoor activities. It would be a tragedy if he would not be able to continue this type of work in the future. He has a natural kindness and warm sense of humor that children respond to positively.

It is not easy to describe how difficult these eighteen months have been for Owen and our family. Owen was completely devastated following his initial voluntary chats with Det. Curtin and Det. DeAngelis. Owen shook and sobbed for 7-8 hours after that interview, expressed suicidal ideation to more than one person and was on 24-hour suicide watch for 4 days following that interrogation. He expressed to more than one person that these detectives said they were going to take away "everything he had worked his whole life for," and that he "just wanted to die." I sought counseling help for Owen to deal with this situation. His first counselor passed away from cancer a few months into their sessions, and he has been working consistently with his colleague ever since.

In the days, weeks, and months following this interrogation, the surprise indictment, and the arrest that followed, Owen was fired from his job, we were relentlessly hounded by the media, had to suffer inaccurate stories reported nationwide as well as on the front page of our local, small-town newspaper. The embarrassment and humiliation has been extreme, but rather than choose to join the media circus, we have chosen to live quietly. The terms of Owen's bond left him isolated from any support network connected to SPS, his best friends, their families, and feeling betrayed by adults (SPS administrators) that he loved and trusted at school. The isolation and loneliness of these months has sometimes been almost unbearable for a young person of this age. In addition, Owen's admission to Harvard that he had worked his whole life to achieve was suspended, and for a while he seemed to deeply lose hope. The kind, gentle, intelligent young man that was looking forward to a full scholarship to Harvard in the fall of 2014 saw

so many years of dedication and hard work dissolve before him and he experienced a crisis of faith, trust, and belief that the truth would always prevail. Yet somehow, he persists and tries not to lose all hope.

Owen is bright, kind, honest, and has a lot to offer the world. Given that his name is now forever imprinted on the internet, I fear his future will never be the same. He has been punished beyond a degree that anyone else could possibly understand, but I see it in the fear and sadness in once-bright and joyful eyes. It frightens me that some insist that Owen be punished as an adult for mistakes he made as a high school kid. No one seems to have taken the time to realize that Owen never actually got to learn what it means to be an adult outside of high school. All of this hit him the week following his high school graduation. Owen was never able to live in the world as an adult and learn the meaning of what it is to be an adult. He went from being a successful high school student to an 18 year old boy that was under extreme scrutiny by law enforcement and a ruthless media. Almost immediately an unrecognizable image of Owen was presented to the public that was inconsistent with the real person I know him to be.

We are deeply in debt because of this event. Owen spent many months in New Jersey working to try and help with the family finances. He has done everything he can to try and help me but we live now at the end of any personal financial resources.

Since returning to Vermont in June, Owen has been focused and working on a very personally important service project. He has researched and designed a small post and beam chapel that he plans to construct on a far corner of his father's land. He is working with hand tools and carving every beam and rafter himself. His offering to God in lieu of being able to move forward with college and Divinity School at this time receives daily attention. He has cleared the land. Many of the beams and rafters have been completed. The wood for walls is delivered. Owen's hope is to build a path to this chapel in the woods and make it a sacred place where people can come to pray, to meditate, or just to spend some time reflecting. If he makes it to Divinity School he also has talked about making it a simple place where people come for retreat.

This is characteristic of Owen—trying to make an offering of sorts, still trying to create something good and of positive to benefit others, in a time of such great personal uncertainty. He continues to read, study, and keep up with scholarship.

I realize this is what you would expect a mother to say about her only child, but Owen has been punished severely already and hurt far beyond what anyone might ever know. He is a good, clean, sensitive, thoughtful, and honest person. He was forced into adulthood at warp speed following the accusations that he encountered, but is now in many ways, more mature and thoughtful than many men become until much older in age. He is no danger to society. His losses have been so great, and so heartbreaking. I am asking you, please, to give him a chance to proceed on with his life and become the productive, spiritual, decent,

hard-working man of service that I know he is destined to be without the stigma of registration or incarceration. My son will not disappoint your judgments in his favor. He will work just as hard as he always has to show you that he is indeed deserving of your mercy, compassion, and understanding as you contemplate his sentencing.

With thankfulness for this opportunity to write and share my beloved son as I know him,

Denise Holland

Denise Holland

113 Potash Hill Rd.
Tunbridge, VT 05077
ph. 802-889-3572
deniseholland01@gmail.com

12 October 2015

Judge Larry Smukler
New Hampshire Superior Court

Dear Judge Smukler:

I am Owen Labrie's father, and I am writing to ask for leniency in the sentencing of my son.

I know Owen better than anyone, and I have stood by him during this ordeal and watched how he has handled it and himself. I would like to take this opportunity shed some light on his essential character and describe his courage and grace in the face of what has been an enormously trying experience.

What has happened to my son in the past year and a half? He has completely lost his innocence. Gone is the boy who was a bright star in high school, the boy who told me on multiple occasions while he was at St. Paul's, "Dad, I'm the luckiest kid in the world," knowing in his bones that—with a full scholarship, opportunities to travel and compete in sports and to work with tremendous teachers in a nurturing environment of adults who truly cared about his intellect and his opinions—he was indeed quite fortunate.

Given what he has been through, it would have been easy for anyone in Owen's shoes to become embittered, cynical, hateful, or vengeful. It is a testament to Owen's character that he has become none of these things. In their place he has instead done the difficult personal work of reflecting on what he did and on how any of these negative attitudes would affect him and others, how poisonous each would be if given any rein at all. He has reflected upon whether negative feelings and acrimony would be justified given the circumstances of everyone involved. Yes, he has had moments of anger and despair, but he has struggled to keep an even keel and to feel compassion for those who have not been kind to him. He has actively resisted the easy route of bitterness and negativity. He has been successful in transmuting suffering into understanding.

It has been quite remarkable for me to witness this personal development up close. I have seen how a grown-up's breadth of awareness and depth of insight have supplanted the enthusiasms and inherent recklessness of youth. The extent of his maturity and reflection have also been evident in the way he has led his parents by his example through those same thickets of anger and despair. Owen has learned to embody grace. He has learned how to take the long view. He knows his youth is gone and that it is irrecoverable. He is wiser, and sadder, but also a better person.

It would do no good to incarcerate Owen, as he has already suffered enough. All Owen has ever wanted to do is study and continue with his education. Please let him do that posthaste so that he can move on with becoming a productive member of society and redeem at least part of what he has been given. He has paid a significant price already. In

addition to losing his innocence and the chance to make the transition from youth to adulthood on his own terms, he is the object of national and international scorn, as any Internet search will show. He has been denied his dream—in all likelihood—of pursuing a major in religious studies at Harvard (as well as the full scholarship awarded to him). And most likely, with the misdemeanor convictions as his scarlet letters, he will not be able to enroll anywhere, given the current climate on college campuses with regard to sexual assault.

Thank you for your consideration of my thoughts regarding justice for my son.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Cannon M. Labrie". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned below the typed name.

Cannon M. Labrie

October 12, 2015

Judge Larry Smukler, New Hampshire Superior Court

Dear Judge Smukler:

I am a fifty-one year-old father of a daughter (seventeen), a son (fifteen), and a daughter (twelve). I have spent my career in secondary education, the last twenty years teaching at The Mountain School of Vershire, Vermont.

I met Owen Labrie in 2006 when my family and I purchased the farm next door to Owen's father's house. Over the last nine years we have come to admire and love this fine young man.

Owen and his father are excellent neighbors offering support to us as we hope to help them. They have graciously and responsibly cared for our home and livestock during times when my family traveled out of town. In each instance, we enjoyed the confidence of knowing that these precious assets would receive the quality of care equal to what we, ourselves, would provide.

Owen is a regular guest at our dinner table and for three summers Owen joined my family on our vacation to the coast. He is kind, gentle, and surpassingly intelligent. He is also an outstanding athlete and sportsman. It would be hard to imagine a finer role model for our children. Whenever we have the possibility to arrange time for our kids to be with Owen, we make it a priority.

Owen is an excellent companion—for me, for my wife, or for any of our children. Rare is the adolescent who possesses the range of skills, maturity, and grace to successfully engage such a range of ages. Owen is that rare gift.

Since they were toddlers, my children have attended a summer camp run by volunteers in our community. In the years that Owen was available to serve at the camp, he was the star of the staff. Late in the afternoons when other staff members were flagging, Owen was cheerfully engaging campers in soccer, crafts, or games. He's the young man whose energy, generosity, and heart made the camp successful.

This past summer, Owen threw himself into an ambitious project to construct a chapel using traditional timberframe joinery. I've been very impressed by how this young man who has spent his life refining skills as a scholar-athlete has taken to more practical arts of digging foundations and chiseling timbers. I've gladly leant him my tools and I take pleasure in the regular progress checks I get when I stop by his house several times a week.

In sum, Owen Laurie represents the young man I hope my son will become and that my daughters will marry.



Pat Barnes
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Vershire, Vermont 05079

802.685.3445

pat.barnes@mountainschool.org

October 13, 2015
Judge Larry Smukler
New Hampshire Superior Court

Dear Judge Smukler,

I am writing to you today to tell you a little bit about my relationship with Owen Labrie, and to express my sincere belief in his strong moral character.

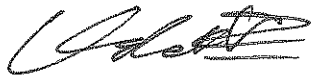
Owen is a very close friend of mine. We met on my first day at St. Paul's School, in September 2012. I was entering St. Paul's as a new 10th grader, and Owen was one year ahead of me, having already been at the school for a year. Coming into a new school, I was, as you can imagine, terrified. From the first day that we met, Owen took me under his wing. I sincerely believe that were it not for the true friend I found in Owen Labrie, I would not have graduated from the school this past June.

He taught me what a wonderful privilege it is to live and learn at St. Paul's. He showed me unconditional kindness and support, and, as I was struggling to adjust to life at boarding school, he became one of my closest and most trusted friends. Many of my favorite memories at St. Paul's are of times spent with Owen, when he would take me on walks around the grounds, take the time to help me with my work, or even simply sit and listen to me talk about how I was doing. Owen remains to this day a role model for me, not only in how he passionately immerses himself in work and academics, but also in his interactions with those around him; Owen reaches out to make a connection with everyone, and he is completely selfless in his desire to be truly kind. At school, Owen was widely respected as a leader on campus, primarily for his ability listen to others and help them with anything they might be struggling with. I was one of many students, particularly younger ones, who would often come to see him when needing advice or guidance. He made a point of being constantly willing to drop everything to help someone in need. He often told me that all of the most valuable things one could take away from St. Paul's were embodied in the School Prayer, which reads:

Grant, O Lord, that in all the joys of life, we may never forget to be kind. Help us to be unselfish in friendship, thoughtful of those less happy than ourselves, and eager to bear the burdens of others, through Jesus Christ our Savior. Amen.

I had a difficult adjustment when I came to St. Paul's. I was intimidated by my smart and outgoing classmates, and I struggled to fit in. Owen encouraged me to be true to myself, and to be kind to everyone I meet. He gave me books to read, and urged me to pursue my growing passions. In this way, he helped me to grow from a shy new student into the person that I am today: in my senior year, I was elected student body president by my classmates, and I will attend Yale University next year (I am currently taking a "gap year"). He instilled in me a passion for reading and nature, and gave me an understanding of the value of kindness. I am tremendously grateful for the positive impact that Owen has had on my life through his friendship and love.

During this difficult past year, I have watched Owen grow and mature into the person that he is today. What has impressed me the most has been how Owen has constantly reaffirmed his commitment to do good in the world; for this reason, he sees a life as a minister as his calling. I fervently believe that Owen has the potential to be a healing and inspiring presence in the lives of many people, as he has been for me. In his sentencing, I would ask that you consider Owen's kindness and potential to do good in this world.

Sincerely,
Charles Lee 
215.495.4176 (cell)

October 12, 2015

Judge Larry Smukler
New Hampshire Superior Court

Dear Judge Smukler:

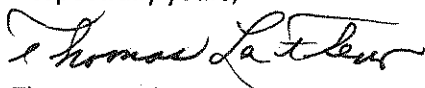
My name is Thomas LaFleur. I reside with my wife in our home in Enfield, NH. I am eighty years old. I am employed as a teacher of classical languages, Greek and Latin, at Lebanon, NH, High School.

I am writing today on behalf of Owen Labrie. I have known Owen for almost nine years. He was one of my Latin students at Crossroads Academy in Lyme, NH, during his sixth and seventh grade years. Even at the age of eleven it was evident that Owen had decided that it wasn't enough to be a student; he dedicated himself to becoming a scholar. A scholar he became and a scholar he remains, eager to move on to the challenges of university academic life. At Crossroads Owen was tall enough to stand higher than any of his classmates, but he literally towered over them when it came to intellectual curiosity, industry, and the unflinching pursuit of excellence.

When I moved on to teach in high school in 2008, one of my laments was that I was prematurely depriving myself of continuing contact with Owen who was beginning his final year at Crossroads. However, teaching at Lebanon included the happy advantage of having Owen's mother as a faculty colleague and whenever Owen was on leave from Kimball Union Academy and, later, St. Paul's, he came with his mother to LHS, spent most of the day in her classroom, but also visited with me for "catch up" time. He was always as interested in what was going on in my life as I was in his. But what impressed me most in these precious visits was the level of devotion that Owen had for his mother. As a maturing teenager, he could have elected to stay at home on these occasions or ask to be taken to a video arcade, but it would have been unthinkable for them to be separated when school breaks made joyful reunions possible. My impression has always been that Owen's and his mother's devotion to each other is intense, unwavering and unshakable.

At a point last spring I received an email from Owen. I had previously offered to help in any way I could and so I imagined that he was writing to tell me what he might need from me. He asked for nothing. Instead, a good portion of his note was devoted to thanking me for providing him with the model of a "gentleman." A young man is literally fighting for his life and his preoccupation is with thanking people for what they have done for him. This is how I will always remember Owen.

Respectfully yours,



Thomas LaFleur

265 Choate Road
Enfield, NH 03748
(603) 632-5998



12 October 2015

Judge Larry Smukler
New Hampshire Superior Court

Dear Judge Smukler:

I am an Episcopal priest with five children. I have served parishes in Cleveland Ohio, Phoenix Arizona, and New Canaan Connecticut. I have been deeply involved in Episcopal education, having overseen a 500-student day school in Phoenix for five years and having been a Chaplain at the Kent School for six and half years. Kent is an Episcopal boarding school with 500 students, much like St. Paul's. At Kent I was a pastor, teacher, coach, and I oversaw the life of the Chapel. My family and I lived in a boy's dorm.

Owen was a classmate of one of my son's at St. Paul's. They were co-captains of the varsity soccer team. I first got to know Owen standing on the sideline of the soccer games talking with his father. In addition, I learned much about Owen from my son, who was wowed by Owen's quiet but powerful intellectual curiosity. My son told me often of Owen's interest in becoming a priest and his interest in reading of serious theology books. I have spoken to Owen and most recently the other night.

All children are unique, but Owen is singular in all the children I have known through the years of being with and working with kids. I have known a few very bright kids, but never have I met a young person with such a depth of theological and spiritual curiosity and such a capacity to understand things beyond his age. His interest is not just that of piety or devotion as we might commonly think of them, though there is a deep devotion in him. Owen's cavernous curiosity is that of both a theologian, one who studies and seeks to understand the being of God, and a mystic, one who pursues communion with God in a way that transcends words and our categories of experience.

Owen's spiritual and intellectual pursuit does not come from the world in which he was raised. He has pursued knowledge of God on his own and not for a grade and not to impress anyone, but in response to an interior desire, a desire for the Divine that the Church has believed, since the time of Augustine, can only come from God. To my mind Owen is something like a spiritual pioneer, for there is no one he knows his own age to accompany him on this journey into the life of the Spirit. The spiritual greats of the Church, the "Doctors of the Church" as they are known in the Roman Catholic Church, have all shared this sense of leaving the common pack behind in pursuit of that which draws them forward where there are markers for the way forward. Many of these great doctors of the Church sought guidance on their

journey from those who were older and more experienced, and Owen has done the same. When I spoke with Owen the other night he had just gotten off the phone with a retired professor from the Harvard Divinity School. It is my guess that each of these people, myself included, would say that their time with Owen was a humbling blessing to them.

The other night Owen described the devastation in his life with incredible equanimity for someone who had experienced such a complete wipeout, such a total humiliation and for one whose future could be profoundly grim. As he spoke, I thought of John of the Cross, one of the two greatest teachers about the spiritual life in the Church. (The other being Teresa of Avila.) St. John had also experienced a total wipeout, a profound public humiliation in his life, a deep interior desire for God.

With some hesitation, I suggested that perhaps Owen think of reading *The Dark Night of the Soul* by John of the Cross. This is a book that is considered very advanced in literature of the Spirit. I tried for many years to read it, but could not finish it until my forties. I told Owen that John had written a poem by the same name and then written a commentary about the poem. In the poem and the book John describes how the dark night (a term he invented) is the final purgative movement of spiritual life wherein one loses everything, including the experience of God and esteem in the community. Then, with nothing in one's own personhood to hold onto, one comes to realize complete dependence on God. This profound purification is the precursor to another movement known as the unitive way, in which God feels profoundly present.

I quoted a line to Owen from the fifth stanza of the poem, about 'a darkness more delightful than the dawn.' I told Owen I could not quite get the words right, but that what the poetry was conveying was that just before the dawn, the return of God and some normalcy, there is a deep appreciation for the pain of the darkness because in its humiliation is the dawning of God which brings with it such a consolation, that it makes all the pain seem worth it.

I did not know if Owen had any idea of what I was talking about, but I could hear him listening attentively and respectfully. When I was done speaking I said, "I do not know if any of this would be of interest or helpful to you." He said politely yes it was of interest to him, and he had read the poem and the book. He then quoted the part of the poem that I was talking about back to me and said yes he understood what John was saying and that it was helpful to him.

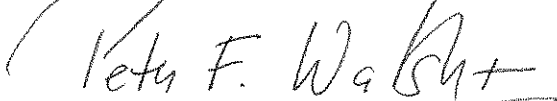
It was late when we hung up. I went upstairs and got into bed. My wife said, "So?" I said, "I have no words to describe what just transpired."

I believe someday Owen will write the books that people like me will read and wonder at. He has a gift and he is in full pursuit of it. I hope this gift is able to come to life for it will be a blessing to him and to many, many people. The Church teaches that these divine gifts are not just for the receiver but for those who feed off it,

I believe Owen has suffered enough of the dark night. He is humbled to the core, grateful for that which the rest of us take for granted. I hope in his sentencing he does not get crippled and his gift does not get crushed. It would be a profound loss not only for him, but for those whom God will feed through him in the years to come. Please let him move on. He will not waste the gift.

Thank you.

Respectfully submitted,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Peter F. Walsh". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long horizontal stroke at the end.

The Reverend Peter F. Walsh
Rector
St. Mark's Episcopal Church
111 Oenoke Ridge
New Canaan, CT 06840
Cell - 203 - 803-8692
pwalsh@stmarksnewcanaan.org

Judge Larry Smukler
New Hampshire Superior Court
October 16, 2015

Dear Judge Smukler:

My daughter, Isabella Turchetta, graduated from St. Paul's School in 2015, and was friends with both Owen Labrie as well as other SPS students who were involved in this case. I have four children, I am 48 years old, I am employed as a Vice President in Risk Management at Morgan Stanley Wealth Management and I am licensed to practice law by the State of New York.

Isabella and Owen were very good friends and they dated briefly during their senior year at St. Paul's. I never met Owen while he was a student at St. Paul's, but I knew who he was because Isabella spoke so highly of him. She thought he was the smartest kid at the school and she asked him for help with the work for a physics class they had together. She told me that she would not have survived the class without his help. Both Isabella and Owen applied to Harvard. Owen was accepted and Isabella was put on the wait list. She was not at all jealous because "he deserved it."

Isabella was in Montana when she heard that Owen had been arrested, and she called me sobbing. "It's not fair!" she wailed, and she begged me to try to help him. Shortly thereafter, I called Denise Holland's house and I spoke to both Owen and his mother. They both expressed gratitude for my offer of support, and it was obvious that they had quickly become ostracized from the St. Paul's community.

I invited Owen to come stay with my family because I wanted him to meet Nancy Geary and Gordon Walker, dear friends of mine who are experienced criminal attorneys and who were willing to advise him pro bono. Owen was exceedingly appreciative, humble, isolated and scared. This was the first of several times Owen visited our family. Isabella was off at college but my three sons greatly enjoyed his company and we all enjoyed his time with us.

Owen Labrie was an excellent student who was accepted by every college to which he applied, and his ambition was to study theology and become a minister like the teacher he had come to see as a father figure, St. Paul's Reverend Spencer. Owen loved St. Paul's School so much that in giving out senior accolades, the Class of 2015 voted Owen the "most likely to return to SPS to teach." Despite the way that the school has forsaken him, I have heard nothing from him but gratitude for all that the school meant to him.

Incarcerating Owen Labrie and requiring him to register as a Sex Offender would serve no benefit to society. Owen is a kind, bright, thoughtful, purposeful, serious and humble young man who has a great deal of potential to have a positive impact on the world. If ever there were a young man who deserved leniency, it is Owen Labrie.

Please feel free to contact me if I can be of any help. Thank you for your consideration.

Sincerely,



Jennifer Turchetta
Jennifer.turchetta@morganstanley.com
(914) 225-4647

Honorable Larry Smukler
Merrimack County Superior Court
163 North Main Street
Concord, NH 03301

Dear Judge Smukler:

My name is Michele Finizio and I am writing you in support of Owen Labrie. I met Owen approximately 15 months ago. My son is slightly older than Owen and graduated from St. Paul's School in 2011. Despite their age difference, John and Owen had some mutual friends from St. Paul's. My son heard about what was happening with Owen and had been in touch with classmates who told him what an incredible young man Owen was. My son called me and insisted that we do something to help Owen.

I first spoke to Owen and his mother Denise last July, and since have built a beautiful friendship with them both. I first met Owen in New York last summer, and was completely taken with how kind, respectful and intelligent he was. Owen is just a unique person, and the minute you meet him you find yourself wanting to know more about him.

In August of last year Owen came to live with my family in New Jersey for the year. Part of the decision regarding Owen coming to live with us was the fact that his mother had insufficient financial means to take care of him. Denise had given every penny she had to his defense, and had no money to even feed Owen. Owen worked in my law office and at my friend's marketing firm. With the money Owen earned through both jobs he set-up a bank account, and mailed his mother a debit card. Every penny Owen made was deposited into this account for his mother to assist in paying utility and mortgage bills so they did not lose their home. Admittedly, he was only making a couple hundred dollars a week, but for him it meant the world. It meant he could help his mother when she needed it most. This went on for eight months until Owen's mom was able to return to work and

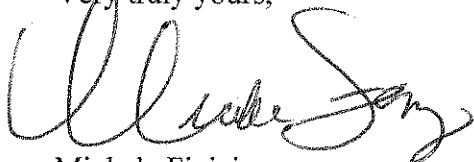
get back on her feet.

We live in a small town in Moorestown, New Jersey, and my office is on the town's Main Street. Owen quickly got to know people in town, and he became an important member of our community. Everyone thought Owen was on a gap year from college, as we never shared the circumstances regarding why Owen wasn't in school. Every morning we would go to Starbucks, and Owen became familiar with a group of older retired men who sit in the coffee shop each day. These men adored Owen. When I returned home following the trial I ran into this group of men at Starbucks. They had seen Owen on TV, and instead of passing judgment they simply wanted to know how they could help Owen. This speaks to the positive impact Owen has on people he meets for even just a short period of time.

Your Honor, I really want you to know things about Owen that you weren't able to see at the trial. I have learned so much from Owen. I have learned that even in the face of complete tragedy there is a way to get through it, which involves love, forgiveness and understanding. Owen has incredible faith, and I often thought maybe that just stemmed from his youth; that he lacked the experience in life to really understand what was actually happening to him. However, over time I realized that it was not a passing attribute but rather the one thing that lies at the core of who Owen is.

Throughout all of this there truly is a silver lining. I now have Owen as a part of my family. Thank you for taking the time to consider my thoughts on Owen.

Very truly yours,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Michele Finizio". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large initial "M" and "F".

Michele Finizio

Judge Larry Smukler
New Hampshire Superior Court

Dear Judge Smukler,

My name is Winslow Laverack and I am a sophomore currently studying at Duke University. I am 20 years old and I live in New Canaan, Connecticut. Before enrolling at Duke, I attended two boarding schools, Choate Rosemary Hall for my freshman and sophomore year, and St. Paul's School for my junior and senior year. If I had to describe myself, I would say that I am loyal, determined, and have an undying need for happiness and laughter in my life. My friends and family are the most important things to me in the world and I would do anything for them.

I really struggled in my first two years of high school. I attended a boarding school in Wallingford, CT and while I propelled academically, I did not feel like I had created any loyal or true friendships. I transferred to St. Paul's after my sophomore year hoping to change that. Being a new junior was no easy feat. I constantly questioned my decision to start new at St. Paul's and I thought I would never like the school – everyone already had their friend groups, I had no idea where I fit in, and most people, especially boys, just seemed indifferent to me. For this reason, I do not think I will ever forget the first boy who actually reached out to me and seemed like he wanted to be my friend. Even though at the time I just thought Owen Labrie was being kind and caring to a girl who seemed lost and confused, I definitely did not think that he would ever be one of the few people I care about the most when I look back at my time at St. Paul's.

When I think about my friendship with Owen, I can only think of happy memories. He worked as a library prefect our fifth form year. He constantly brightened even my dreariest of winter days as I walked into the library and saw him sitting at the front desk. We would talk and joke with each other until enough people shushed us and we had to go back to work. He often showed me his favorite books in the library, taking me to corners and facets of the library that I never even knew existed. These early days of our fifth form year were when I really started to see how brilliant Owen really is. I couldn't help but to be in awe at the way he spoke with such poise and eloquence. While he would never agree with me, I constantly thought that his mind just worked on wavelengths that my own would never truly understand, a quality I always admired. Little did I know that these first interactions would be the beginning of what I consider to be one of my best friendships.

I do not have one profound story that explains my friendship with Owen or that speaks to Owen's personality in its entirety; however I do not think that is a bad thing. Rather, I think that it is the little things that are more important and that really describe his moral character, his loyalty as a friend, and the reason I will forever be part of his support system.

I don't know how I would have gotten through St. Paul's without Owen making each day a little better. When I would sit on the couch of our reading room in between classes, cramming for a test or stressing about college, it was Owen who would jump on my lap and joke with me until I finally laughed and stopped letting the pressure get to me. When I

needed someone to model for my photography class, it was Owen who was in the studio in less than 10 minutes ready to pose and laugh as he attempted to model. When the snow was up to my waist and the temperatures below zero but all I wanted to do was sled, it was Owen who was there, headlamp and all, ready to make the journey to the ski jump. When I was late to practice and was running to the crew docks, it was Owen who would stay behind to jog with me the whole way as we tried to calm our nerves for the upcoming races. When I was having boy troubles or did poorly on an essay and just needed to talk to someone, it was Owen who let me vent until I was no longer sad or down on myself and my abilities. When it was Valentine's Day and I didn't want to be lonely, it was Owen who took me to town to shop for chocolates and candy. When I was bored with doing homework or studying for the SATs and just wanted to explore campus and see new things, it was Owen who showed me the way, exposing me to the schools deeply rooted histories only leaving me wanting to learn more. And when senior spring rolled around, it was Owen who took me on a scavenger hunt around campus. It was Owen who blindfolded me, laughed with me, and spun me in every direction. It was Owen who led me to one of his favorite spots on campus, only to get down on one knee with a rose he had crafted in hand to ask me to prom. When it was prom night, it was Owen who held the umbrella over me as the sky turned stormy to make sure I didn't get wet, it was Owen who danced the night away with me, it was Owen who gave me his jacket when I was cold, and it was Owen who walked me back to my dorm to make sure I arrived before check-in.

Seldom boys I know would do the things that Owen has done for me. Most importantly, he didn't have to do all these things, but he did anyways. He is the type of person who will go out of his way to make others happy and show his loyalty and care.

St. Paul's was everything I was looking for in a boarding school. That school is the place where I can say I established true and life-long friendships. However, while I did love everyone I met there, there are only handful of people that I will forever hold close to my heart. When I went back to St. Paul's alumni weekend this past June, I couldn't wait to be reunited with these people. Arriving on campus, much to my dismay, it was clear that something was missing. I found myself searching the crowd hoping I would see my favorite floppy-haired boy with his contagious smile somewhere in the large mass of people. My high school, the place I consider my home away from home, was simply not the same without Owen there.

These few examples don't even begin to divulge into the charismatic, resilient, intelligent, genuine, honorable, trustworthy Owen Labrie. While I have only known Owen for about 4 years, I know for a fact that I want to know him for the rest of my life. My trust and belief in Owen has never wavered and will never waver, regardless of the circumstance. I think that this speaks volumes to the strength of his moral character and the impression he has left on me. I will always have confidence in him, I will always look up to him, I will always admire his unparalleled brilliance and sincerity, I will always be by his side, and I will always feel lucky to be able to call him a friend. Ever since my first days spending time with Owen, I have known that he is going to do great things one day. I can think of no person more capable and I can only hope that I am fortunate to be a part of them.

Winslow Laverack 9/15/15

Winslow Laverack
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Judge Larry Smukler
New Hampshire Superior Court

Dear Judge Smukler:

My name is Isabella Turchetta. I live in Pound Ridge, NY, and I am 19 years old. I graduated from St. Paul's School in 2014 and am now a sophomore at Duke University.

I have known Owen Labrie since my sophomore year of high school, so for four years. He was one of my best friends at school. We dated for a few months during our senior year.

Owen is one of the most incredible people I have ever known, and this is coming from a girl with whom he had a bad break up (due to no fault on Owen's part). I know of his astonishing accomplishments and I am completely aware that the difficulties he has overcome in his 19 (now 20) years is more than most people have to deal with in their entire lifetime. But in my eyes, that is not what makes Owen so special. For me, it is who he was and is as a person. He not only knew me but he made an effort to understand me in a way that no one else ever has. I am not a person who handles stress well and Owen always understood that about me. He would spend hours on end helping me understand the complicated Physics problem sets that came easily to him. He would spend long nights in the library studying with me instead of hanging out with his friends. When we were filling out the common application (the first step in the college application process), we had to write an essay that would go to every school and that essay is supposed to explain something about who we are. For the life of me, I could not figure out what to say. I asked for help from my parents, my friends, my teachers... no one could help me. But Owen helped me realize that the constant tears, whether for a movie or a friend or something petty, were because I cared about people and put myself in their shoes. Owen made me realize that about myself. He made me see the best version of myself. No one else has ever helped me to appreciate myself the way that he did. Owen is, above all else, a good person.

Not only did Owen help me figure out who I was, but he helped me with just about everything else. He hand wrote my college essay after I'd written a first draft so that I could see it from someone else's eyes. He helped me discover religious aspects of St. Paul's that I had never known about such as a service called Compline as well as the beauty of the Chapel. We explored the campus together. Owen appreciated St. Paul's and all the opportunities that were afforded to us more than anyone else I know of. While the rest of us students always counted down the days to breaks and going home, Owen counted down the days to come back to school. To Owen, St. Paul's was home.

Owen was St. Paul's Golden Boy. I remember when the St. Paul's faculty nominated us for the most elite merit scholarships – me for the Morehead (to UNC) and Owen for the Jefferson (to UVA, which he was awarded but declined in favor of Harvard). We were only friends at this point and yet two teachers approached me after the nominations were announced and laughed, joking with me about what a power couple the two of us were. The faculty of St. Paul's really believed in Owen. I could not even count the number of teachers who talked about him like a son or protege of theirs. The faculty chose him to be a prefect, an older student who helped guide younger students on their new lives at St. Paul's, because they knew he was a great leader. Despite his unparalleled intelligence and his difficult upbringing, his goal was never to make as much money as possible as I have no doubt he easily could have; he always said he wanted to be a shepherd. He developed such profound and influential relationships with the faculty at St. Paul's that his dream was to become a teacher at the school or to lead people in some other capacity. He cares about others more than himself. For senior superlatives, my grade elected him "Most likely to come back and teach." He was easily one of the most liked people in my form (grade) by other students as well

as faculty.

Owen worked hard for everything he achieved. When we were dating, we both applied to Harvard. I did not get in but he did. Normally, I would have been bitter. But Owen was the one person who I knew genuinely deserved to get to go to Harvard. He is brilliant; his mind works in exceptional ways. He is a good person; he never ceased to help me before helping himself. He is talented; he was the captain and star of the varsity soccer team at St. Paul's and had secured a spot on the team at Harvard.

I have no reason to say anything but the truth about Owen. Despite the fact that he was my best friend for years, after we broke up we stopped speaking because I had hurt him. We were not even friends when we graduated, and yet I still believe he is one of the most important people I have had the good fortune to meet in my life thus far. Owen helped me to become my best self and gave me a sense of confidence that I didn't have before and I have no doubt in my mind that he has done and will do the same thing for countless others.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Isabella Turchetta', with a stylized, cursive script.

Isabella Turchetta
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