

Valerie Campbell Moniz

I was three years old when my father was brutally killed by the monster Gregory Powell. My mother, Adah, lost her husband, my grandmother, Chrissie, lost a son, and my sister, Lori, and I grew up without our father. On March 13 of this year it will be 47 years since I have been without my father. There has not been one day that has passed that I have not thought about and dreamed about my dad. Growing up without him has been devastating, but what torments me is the manner in which my father died.

It is a two-hour car ride from Hollywood to Bakersfield. I would like the members of this board to imagine being kidnapped and driving that route with the muzzle of a gun pressed up against your ribs for that entire two hours. You can only imagine the mental anguish that would have been going through your mind during this time. At the conclusion of this two-hour horror ride, you are then forced out of the car and then coldly, calmly and willfully shot in the face just above the upper lip and below the nose. As my father lay helpless on the ground several more shots were then fired into him. This was a premeditated and despicable act. Premeditated in that Powell had two hours to think about what he was going to do. He willfully shot my father with a cold and callous heart - he had no regard for human life. His act was even more despicable because he showed no compassion or mercy. To this day he has shown no regret for murdering my dad.

My father was a warm and compassionate man. I would like to share a little something about him so you know of the life that was so easily taken by Powell. My dad grew up in North Dakota and moved to Los Angeles when he was about thirteen years old. After high school my father enlisted in the Marine Corps. He was in the Korean War and left the Marines as a staff sergeant. My father was awarded the Marine Corps Good Conduct Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Korean Service Medal with four bronze stars, and the United Nations Korean Service Medal.

In 1958 he joined the Los Angeles Police Department. I was born while he was a policeman and just three years old when he was killed. I grew up without a father because of the act of a sociopath.

Gregory Powell has been sentenced to death two times - two times, and yet I am still forced to live and re-live this nightmare every time his parole hearing comes about. Gregory Powell must spend the rest of his life in prison. To release him dishonors the memory of my father, law enforcement and the Los Angeles Police Department. To release him only sends the message to criminals that the taking of a human life, especially that of a law enforcement officer, is acceptable.