

# **EXHIBIT C**

The Honorable John D. Bates


United States District Court for the District of Columbia

333 Constitution Avenue, NW

Washington D.C. 20001

Your honor, my name is John Moody. I have been friends with Dave for almost 20 years. Our relationship started with Dave as an apprentice working under my foreman position. My immediate reaction was that Dave would never make it and I decided to not make much effort in in training process. After weeks of his employment Dave started to show better enthusiasm and I decided to take the time to get to know him and give him another chance. After a good 6 month period of getting to know him, I decided to invite him to my home for a pool party. He was very respectful and appreciated being part of our small work group of friends. Our relationship grew over the next little bit of time and we grew to become very close. We started fishing together and I put him on to his first striped bass catch ever. He's mentioned it in the past that without my forcing him to keep trying, he might not have grown to love the sport as much. Shortly after I had an argument with my girlfriend at the time and put my hand through a wall only to find a stud behind the drywall. During the healing process I was prescribed pain medicine which quickly grew toward my life long addiction. I quickly started to use any means I could to feed my addiction stealing from everyone I knew to keep from getting deathly sick. Dave didn't seem worried that I would take advantage of him because of his Nieve nature, he kept coming around trying to talk me into change no matter how much I didn't want to hear it. I was arrested several times for possession as well as check fraud. After I did my time I moved in with a woman I had met while at the jail and took on responsibilities of raising her son. I was clean and life was going well. One day while her son was out with friends, there was an accident and unfortunately her/our son lost his life. When this happened, I lost all control and quickly fell back into the grip of addiction. Dave had tried bringing me into his home and watched over me for 3 days while I was withdrawing but on day three, I came up with an excuse to leave and Dave had no choice but to let me leave. After several years of off and on drug use Dave and I reconnected. I told him I had been clean and he believed me. I started helping him with odd jobs here and there until one day I had pulled over on a back road to use and I started to overdose. Thankfully someone drove by and called the police and they were able to help keep me alive. The police asked where I could go and I asked them to bring me to Dave, he was the only person I had left that might help and it was my only option. When the police brought me to Daves shop he was outside closing up for the night and he saw us pull in. I could see in his face that he was furious and that there was no hiding the trouble I was in. The police asked him if it was ok to drop me with him and without hesitation he said yes. Dave took me inside and told me this was my last chance. He told me I was going to die and how badly he didn't want to live through that. I tried to get into a clinic or rehab but there wasn't any beds for me. Dave decided to go to the york police station and talk to the police that had dropped me off and begged for their help. With the help of the york police Dave was able to get me in to the methadone clinic. For months after that day Dave would wake up every morning and get me to the clinic, he would keep me busy so I wasn't able to go backwards and gave me a job. Dave was so afraid he was going to lose me that he held on to my paychecks and would only spoon feed me enough money to keep myself fed and to buy cigarettes. Over the next few months I had enough money to buy a motorcycle, then a truck. I was able to progress in my program without any sort of screw ups. The man baby sat me and coached me to start my own cleaning business and even decided to go 50/50 on a commercial glass business that he really doesn't have time for but he did it to help me keep busy and stay alive and look forward to something. Your honor I can with say 100% for sure that without Dave in my life I wouldn't be alive today. When he asked me to write this I knew I had to do something to try to save him like he did for me. I know a letter from an ex drug addict may not be a credible source but I wouldn't be an ex unless Dave was in my life. I am not the only one he has tried to save. I want my friend back. He hasn't been the same since his arrest. He has hold me so many times he wishes he had never went and I

believe him. He is one of the best people I know and I'm really lucky to have him in my life. I gave him another chance, this letter is to ask you to please do the same. John

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "J Marsh". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

12-5-23