

Affidavit of David Parham

I, David Parham, declare that the following statements are true and correct, based on my personal observation, knowledge and interactions with PF Lazor:

My family and I live at 19830 Ivey Road, Chelsea, Michigan and have been in the community for six years. I'm employed as a Technical Writer at Chelsea Community Hospital and have been there for over a year. I previously owned and operated my own furniture manufacturing business, Silver Lake Manufacturing, and also worked for the Environmental Protection Agency as a Computer Documentation and Support Specialist prior to the CCH position. I'm active in the Chelsea Free Methodist Church, Boy Scouts, Chelsea Recreation Department, Ann Arbor Desktop Publishing Group, local track clubs, and am presently pursuing a graduate degree in Technical Communication at Eastern Michigan University. I have been married to my wife Linda for ten years and God has blessed us with two fine boys, Zachary (9) and Timothy (7).

I've been a very close friend of PF Lazor since 1960 when we began kindergarten together at New Hudson Elementary. We lived but two miles from each other and consequently I saw PF daily - on the bus, at school, playing ball, climbing trees, and riding bikes throughout the summers of our youth. As far as I know we shared in a mutual first employment: working with some other kids in the area picking up paper along the sides of the road by the local dump. I saw PF regularly after high school graduation in 1972 up until I went to college in Eureka, California in the fall of 1974. Although I've only seen him a few times in the last 10-12 years, I've nevertheless had the opportunity to talk to him over the phone quite often and have kept up with his many success through mutual friends, local newspaper articles and press releases.

PF was always a trusted acquaintance and someone who could be counted on to be true to his word. In the small village he and I hail from, his integrity and character are still legendary.

One heroic incident in particular sticks in my mind from the early summer of 1974 when we were both about twenty years old. PF and I, along with some others, were diving from the high cliffs of a gravel pit into a spring-fed lake some 30-40 feet below. I recall watching several people as they took turns at yelling, then running, and finally floating, for what seemed like eternity, into the cold water. After each jump they'd soon be out of the water and back up the wall to try it again.

After a while I got up the courage to try it. Taking off from the appropriate spot, I launched myself feet first towards the water. Seconds after I broke the surface the next thing I knew I had crashed into the bottom of the lake HARD. Eventually I didn't get far enough out from the side to reach the safe deep water.

All I felt was intense and excruciating pain. I was nearly unconscious and had seriously messed up my back and legs. I can still recall looking back up to the surface and seeing the sunlight streaming through while I withered in agony knowing that somehow I had to get out or else I was a goner.

From the top of the cliff PF noticed my dilemma and acted quickly. He knew from the sediment that came up that I was in trouble and he responded by jumping in and pulling me to shore.

PF was just one of many individuals who stood on the top of the gravel pit wall that day over 15 years ago. Any one of them could have saved me from drowning, yet the fact of the matter is that PF, by instinctive reaction to a friend in need, was the first to realize that I'd had an accident and jumped in to save my life.

During the late 60's many young people strove to turn on, tune in and drop out, this was not only true in our region but a condition of the western world in general. Rock music, drugs and free love were part of the times. It was during the midst of this revolution, yet well before the "me decade" had its tag, that PF found his own inner voice speaking to him to clean up his act and get serious about life. During the last two years of high school PF changed from a somewhat mediocre student, seeking the next good time and a quick buck, to a man on a mission. He became an honor student, wrote and performed songs, played the lead in a local production of Jesus Christ Superstar, published a book of poems and appeared on local television. Our late friend Jeff Farris, an exceptionally bright and gifted writer, put it best when he said, "PF is attempting to make himself into an intellectual, and by golly he's getting there!"

I am thoroughly convinced from my lifetime association with PF that under no circumstance would he depart from his law-abiding nature or jeopardize his long-term interests and goals. I would have gladly served as a character witness in his 1983 trial, or if necessary, will be available for subsequent proceedings. This is written in his behalf in order to endorse his person: because I have never known him to be vicious, malicious or one to get-even with anyone. PF's methodical steps towards self-expression and the realization his full potential are of primary concern to him, and all who have come in contact with him thus far.

I declare under penalty of perjury that the foregoing is true and correct to the best of my knowledge.

Dated: 9/2/87

David Parham

David Parham
19830 Ivey
Chelsea, MI 48118

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David G. Parham
Technical Writer
Data Processing



Chelsea
Community
Hospital

775 South Main Street
Chelsea, Michigan 48118-1399
(313) 475-3977