

Sworn Affidavit

STATE OF NEW YORK)
)
COUNTY OF WAYNE)

s.s.: [REDACTED]

I [REDACTED], being duly and sworn deposes and says:

1. I am affiant and make this affidavit voluntarily and freely regarding Ronald DeFeo Jr.
2. I am 36 years of age, I reside at [REDACTED]
3. I became acquainted with Ronald DeFeo Jr some time in 1989.
4. Ronald DeFeo Jr told me that he was married to Geraldine Romondoe DeFeo and had a daughter, named is Stephanie who was born in August of 1974.
5. Ronald DeFeo Jr stated that he was married to Geraldine and was living with her at the time of the murders.

I, [REDACTED], am writing this letter at the request of Ric Osuna, who is the author of The Night the DeFeos Died. He is also the web master of www.AmityvilleMurders.com.

When I found Ric Osuna's website some time in 2001, I felt compelled to get in touch with him to tell him about my friendship with Ronald DeFeo Jr (who I will refer to as "Ronnie") that spanned from 1989 to about 1993/94. The following is my memory of what went on during this friendship.

Some time in either 1989 or 1990, I came across a book written by Gerard Sullivan, who wrote High Hopes. I had been somewhat fascinated with the actual murder case since I read the book written by Jay Anson, who wrote The Amityville Horror. When I read High Hopes, I decided to get in touch with Ronnie and see if he would answer some questions I had.

I wrote a letter to him, with questions, such as "why did this happen?" I never really ever expected an answer, and I was surprised when I received a letter back from him soon afterwards. It was a short letter, asking how old I was (over 18?) and was pretty general in nature. He didn't really answer the questions I asked, except to say that it didn't go down the way everyone thought.

Soon after establishing our correspondence, Ronnie asked me for my phone number, which I gave to him. In the first phone call, he stated he was married, and had a daughter. I expressed surprise, as there was never any mention of this in High Hopes. He said that he knew that, but he was, indeed married. He told me that he got married way back in 1973 (or 1974, I don't recall for sure). He told me his wife's name - Geraldine - as well as his daughter's. He had expressed fatherly pride for Stephanie; that she was a good girl who looked a lot like his sister Dawn. I asked if she ever came to visit him and he said, yes, he had seen her a few times and he was in still touch with her.

It wasn't long after that that he was complaining about wanting to divorce Geraldine, and she was giving him a "hard time" about it. He made statements about having had several "marriages" with her (renewal vows?) and that complicated things a bit. He said that they had gotten married in three separate states, New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania.

Later, Ronnie sent me some papers for safekeeping a few months after we first started our correspondence. I remember at least two affidavits, one from his wife, and the other from "Richard Romondoe". His wife's statement stated when and where they were married, and the events of the night of November 13, 1974 as she remembered it.

The version of the murders that Ronnie told me about involved the fictional brother-in-law "Richard Romondoe", which claimed that Dawn and "one other" actually committed the murders of his parents and siblings while he and "Richard" were in the basement. They heard the noise and came running upstairs. "Richard's" affidavit mentioned hearing Dawn upstairs in her room screaming "I want to go home! I'm tired and want to go to bed" and hearing the front door slam shut. Ronnie claimed he went to his sister's room, and was so angry about what happened that he blew her head off. What happened afterwards, the cleaning up of the evidence, the lies to the police and so forth, were the actions of a "scared, young punk", as he put it. He claimed he didn't know what he was doing, so he trusted his lawyer, allowed the insanity defense to go through, and so forth.

I met Ronnie only once – in March of 1990, I believe – while he was at Sullivan, in Fallsburg, New York. It was around St. Patrick's Day – to one of the prison "festivals". It wasn't the most pleasant of visits, mostly due to my discomfiture of being in a prison, and the noise level of the gym area once the stereo started playing. It was hard to have any conversation.

He was talking about getting married to me. While I was fond of him, there was never a possibility that I would actually marry him. It just wasn't what I wanted in life. I felt bad for him, but knew it just wasn't really a possibility.

Over the years I knew him, the topic of conversation mostly centered on "his case". He ranted and raved about all the people who cheated him, including his wife and friends. He boasted about all the lawsuits he filed over every little thing. He boasted he sued friends and family – anyone who he thought hurt him. I remember him saying he had filed a lawsuit over his thinning hair!! The prison wasn't giving him Rogaine – so he wanted to sue to get it! He said, "I'll get 10 million dollars out of that one!"

He often talked about his father and Dawn, usually not in good terms. He might have mentioned his mother a couple of times, but never the kids. He ranted about the rest of the family, his grandparents, aunts, uncles, and so forth who he felt had thrown him to the wolves. He said they were the worst – they got all the money, so they let him rot in prison. He ranted about his lawyers, the prosecution, the courts, Suffolk County, and so on.

He often said what he wanted to do if/when he ever got out of prison. He wanted to go after the people who did him wrong. He was very, very bitter about many of the people who were involved in the case, and those who had since tried to help, but failed him. I tried to tell him that doing something like that would do him no good. He would only wind up back where he started from, or worse. There was just no getting through to him. One could not tell him to "just get on with his life". He did not want to hear that.

During the period of our friendship, Ronnie asked me to help him purchase clothing. I would buy sweatpants at a Champion Outlet store. I would order Chukka boots from a sporting catalogue. He also liked treats like Snickers bite sized candy and shampoo from GNC. He would send some money to help cover expenses, but unfortunately, it was never enough. I'm afraid I went through a lot of money during my friendship with Ronnie. I never asked for more money from him because I honestly didn't know he had any more. However, a few times he sent me money that he said he got from his grandmother or friends - several hundred dollars at a time for "safekeeping". I would put it in my savings account for a while (earned a little interest) and then when he needed it back, I sent it back on a bank check. This speaks a lot of his trust in me (and perhaps of my naiveté').

He once had me send a birthday card to his maternal grandmother, Angela Brigante. I just bought a card, put in a short note and sent it to her. He had given me her address. He was very surprised that I got a sweet letter back from her thanking me for the birthday card. He never expected that at all, saying, "that's never happened before!"

In March of 1993, I had to move back in with my parents, which ended the phone calls. I gave Ronnie a post office box address to continue our correspondence in the meantime. (My mother knew of my friendship with Ronnie, but did not approve at all.) When I moved into my new apartment later that year, our phone calls continued for a while. I had started to get a lot of nuisance calls - hang ups, etc. For this reason, I changed my number to an unlisted number, and told Ronnie I decided not to give him the new number. I never suspected him or anything like that, but I had decided more or less to withdraw from him little by little. Our conversations became cumbersome to me - just tiring to listen to. He just basically said the same things time and time again. The only new thing going on at that time was his illness, which started to really cause problems. I felt bad for him, but I had problems of my own at that time, and didn't need the expense of his collect calls and requests for clothing and candy.

The friendship was not all give and no take. He did give me a lot of encouragement to improve myself. He was a big cheerleader when I decided to go back to school to become a secretary. He

encouraged me to develop a sense of independence from my parents, and to improve my diet. He could be a good friend when he wanted to be.

Little by little the letters had trickled down to nothing. I believe it was 1994 when I received a final Christmas card from him, in it he wanted to wish me and my family a Merry Christmas and hoped all was well with me. That was the last contact I've had with him.

A few years later, I threw away the papers he had sent to me. I had kept a lot of his letters, which got thrown away at the same time. I didn't figure I'd ever have any contact with Ronnie again, or that these papers would have come in handy later. I see now that keeping them would have helped Ric Osuna's case immeasurably.

To sum it up, throughout our friendship, he maintained the fact that he had a wife/ex-wife who was named Geraldine. They were married and living together at the time of the murders. He also had a daughter named Stephanie who was born in August of 1974.

WHEREFORE, the above is true and correct to the best of this affiants personal knowledge.

[Redacted signature area]

Sworn to before me
this 23rd Day of May 2002

[Redacted notary name]

[Redacted notary title]

NOTARY PUBLIC, County of Wayne
State of New York No. ~~C49-29961~~
My Commission Expires 3/14/2006