Witness: Sharon Rocha

Date: 2005-03-16

Proceedings held March 16, 2005

Called by: Victim impact statement (sentencing; not a called witness)

Phase: Sentencing

Examinations: Victim impact statement (no examination)

Day 1 of 1 for this witness

Court: San Mateo County Superior Court, Redwood City (People v. Scott Peterson)

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D. HARRIS: The last family member is Sharon Rocha.

JUDGE: Mrs. Rocha.

ROCHA: There's unbelievable sadness in my heart for the loss of what was and what should have been. On December 24th, 2002 the Scott Peterson I had known for more than eight years ceased to exit. The Scott I knew was the one Laci loved. He was the center of her world, and I entrusted him with her. Scott, you made a conscious decision to murder Laci and Conner. You planned and executed their murders. Yes, you did. You decided to throw Laci and Conner away, dispose of them as though they were just a piece of garbage. You thought after a few weeks we would stop looking for Laci and we would just forget about her as though she never existed. Your arrogance led you to believe you were more intelligent than everyone else, that you would be able to manipulate the entire situation so you would never be suspected of any wrongdoing. This was easy for you to believe because you killed Laci long before you murdered her. You were wrong. Dead wrong. You aren't intelligent at all. You're stupid. You're stupid to believe you could get away with murder. You're stupid to believe murder was your only way out of marriage. You're stupid to believe that we would forget about Laci. You equated a small town with a small mind, and you were wrong.

On December 14, 2002 you told Laci you had to meet a business associate in San Francisco and would have to spend the night there. You told her you wouldn't be able to attend the Christmas party with her that evening. On December 15th, 2002 we had dinner with you and Laci at your home. I didn't know at that time that you didn't go to San Francisco, instead you attended a Christmas party with your lover and spent the night with her. You attended the Christmas party with your girlfriend while your unsuspecting seven-and-a-half month pregnant wife went to her Christmas party alone. It makes me ill knowing that, at the very time we were having dinner with you and Laci that evening, you had already set your plan in motion to murder her. There was no way for me to know December 15th, 2002 would be the last time I would ever see Laci alive. But you knew it. You're selfish, heartless, spoiled, self-centered, and you are a coward; but above all, you are an evil murderer. You murdered my beautiful Laci and her precious baby, Conner, my grandson. You murdered your own baby. You're a baby killer. Not even Satan will claim to have a part in your making. You're man-made. You're a product of the environment that you grew up in. You could have chosen to change your path and distance yourself from evil, but you didn't. You Scott, have proved that evil can lurk anywhere. You don't even have to look evil to be evil. You wanted to eliminate Laci from your life. The logical solution would have been divorce. However, typical of your selfish, cowardly way, you chose what you thought would be the easiest way out for you: You murdered her. Why? Why did you murder Laci, Scott?

That's an answer we'll never get, isn't it. The fact you no longer wanted Laci did not give you the right to murder her. She was not a possession to rid yourself of. How dare you murder her? She was my daughter. My baby. I always wanted her and I always will. I trusted you and you betrayed me. You betrayed Laci. You betrayed everybody. Laci loved you with all her heart, unconditionally. You lied to her over and over again when she was most vulnerable. You selfishly cheated on her and then you murdered her. You hide behind a facade and pretend to be someone you're not. I know you're nothing but an empty, hollow shell. You have no love, no feelings, no compassion, no heart, and you have no soul. You have no remorse for murdering your wife and your baby. Laci was only five feet tall. She didn't stand a chance physically against you, Scott. It was easy for you to overpower her and murder her. How did that make you feel? Were you proud of yourself? Did you feel a sense of accomplishment? Did you feel relief that they were gone?

Your selfish act of murdering Laci has caused unbearable pain and heartache. You took a beautiful life and her precious baby away from us. There's a huge hole in my heart that will never heal. I grieve every single day for Laci and Conner. I miss Laci so much. I miss having a daughter. Our friendship, our talks and our laughter. I miss making plans with her and our shopping excursions, our lunches together. I miss teasing her, hearing her giggle, watching her mature. I miss telling, miss her telling me about the plants she purchased for her yard and a new recipe she's going to try tonight. I miss hearing her talk about her baby and her plans for the future. I miss her asking me for advice or for my opinion. I miss being my daughter's mother. I'll never have the opportunity to see her become a mother. I'll never meet my grandson. I'm left only to wonder what color would his hair and his eyes be. Would he look like Laci? Would he have her long, dark eyelashes? Would he have her dimples? Would he have her upbeat personality? Would he have her laugh? What would his interests be? What kind of person would he be? Would he like school? Would he like sports? What costume would Laci have him wear for his first Halloween? Would he cry when he has his picture taken with Santa? What would be in his Easter basket?

I'll never have the opportunity to know because his father murdered him. I wasn't there to protect Laci, to protect her from you, her husband, the man she loved and thought loved her, the last person she should need to be protected from. Laci didn't know the Scott that sits in this courtroom. She would never put her life or the life of her baby in jeopardy by living with a murderer. She loved you but she didn't need you, Scott. She would have survived a divorce. I find solace in the irony that you sentenced yourself to death when you murdered Laci. You were afforded something that Laci was not: An opportunity to plead your case and an attempt to avoid a death sentence. You were given a trial, an attorney, a judge and a jury. Laci wasn't that fortunate. You took it upon yourself to be her attorney, her judge and her jury, and you took it upon yourself to be her executioner. Tell me, Scott, before you murdered Laci did you ask her if she wanted to die? Did you ask her if she wanted to live?

No, you didn't. I could ask you do you want to die? Do you want to live? But I'm not going to because I don't care what you want. I only care that you get what you deserve, and that's death. But what you didn't count on was Laci's spirit and the love for her family and her friends and her baby were more powerful than your evilness. Laci tried her best to protect her baby. She kept him inside her body right up until the very end. It's truly a miracle and I thank God that both of them were found and they'll be together again for eternity. We had to bury Laci without her arms to hold her baby and without her head to see and hear and smell and kiss her sweat little baby, Conner. There was a time I couldn't bear to look at a picture of Laci because each time I did I envisioned her this way. You have no idea what that, the thought of that does to my soul. I finally convinced myself to see her body as she was and not as she is. Now what I see when I look at her picture is her beautiful smile and her contagious giggle, her happy heart, her love of life and her great expectations of becoming a mother, her generous soul, her knowing how much

I love her and knowing how much she loves me. I'm haunted every single day with visions of you murdering Laci. Did she know you were killing her? Did she look at you? Did you look at her? Did you look her in the eye, Scott, while you were killing her?

Was she alive when you put her in the Bay? Struggling to free herself from the weights you put on her? I know she was terrified, and I wasn't there to save her life. Nothing will ever undo your evil. Now it's time for you to take responsibility for murdering Laci and Conner, your son, your own flesh and blood. You deserve to be put to death as soon as possible. I want to know, Scott, what were you thinking as you were killing Laci? What do you think Laci was thinking, that you, her beloved husband, was killing her and her son? I'll tell you what I think they were thinking, and I hope these words haunt you forever: Laci was thinking, Scott, why are you killing me? What are you doing? You know how much I love you, you told me you love me too. I trusted you, I believed in you. You promised to take care of me and protect me. You are my lover, my partner, and you're my best friend. I want to be your wife and the mother of your baby. You told me you wanted that too. Scott, I want to live, I don't want to die. I don't want, I don't understand why you're killing us. Please stop. Please stop. I don't want to die. I don't want to die.

DENNIS ROCHA: You're going to die, Scott.

SHARON ROCHA: You want to know what your son was thinking while your murdered him? He said, Daddy, why are you killing mommy and me? I haven't met you yet but I love you. If you let us live long enough for me, for you to meet me, I know you'll love me too. Daddy, please, please don't kill us. I want to live. Mommy has enough love for both of us. I promise I won't take her away from you. Daddy, why are you killing us? Please, please stop. I don't want to die. We don't want to die. And now, Scott Peterson, I'm saying this to you: You deserve to burn in hell for all eternity.

DENNIS ROCHA: You'll burn in hell.

D. HARRIS: That's all.