

Victim Impact Statement

On June 3, 1999 our daughter, Stephanie, got off work and was asked by her friend, Summer to drive her to another friends house, Bobby. Stephanie did Summer that favor and sat outside in her truck as Summer made her way inside Bobby's house. Shortly, Summer was made to lure Stephanie inside the house. Stephanie declined; however, with continual persistence Stephanie relented and entered Bobby's house. This was the beginning of the end for Stephanie. Her nightmare was about to begin.

The next day, June 4, my husband, Steve, and I would have to begin our nightmare and as much as we would like to pinch ourselves and wake up from it we have had to endure a living "HELL" for the last fifteen years.

Stephanie was lured into a house, beaten about the head with a butt of a gun, made to do unspeakable things, she was kidnapped and then taken to a secluded spot and was shot. After the first shot hit her and didn't kill her the gun jammed. The gun was fixed and Stephanie was shot a second time. Racked with pain and still half alive she was coved with dirt and left to die alone and coughing.

Every day we are left with horrific images of what the last hours of Stephanie's life was like. Did she cry out for us to help her? We are left with the knowledge that she needed us and we were not aware of it and therefore unable help her.

We go through the motions of living, we eat, we sleep, Steve goes to work and comes home again. We do what we have to do to make it through the day and we start all over again the next. We exist.

We were left with an empty home full of memories and the deafening silence of the lack of life within it's walls. We have moved, but in our new home Stephanie also has a bedroom which is filled with her treasures and belongings.

We had hopes and dreams for Stephanie. We were not able to see Stephanie continue her education. She had just graduated from high school and was excited about going to college. She told us she wanted to go into law enforcement.

We dreamed about and now have been denied the opportunity to witness Stephanie meeting the love of her life and the ability to help her plan a wedding and Steve to walk her down the aisle.

Steve and I will never know the joy of grandchildren. Stephanie was an only child. We will never feel the pride of seeing her become a mother herself.

I can't even begin to explain to people, unless they have experienced a similar experience, what an unnatural progression of family it is to have to bury a child. It is suppose to be the other way around. The death of a child is the worse loss there is in our opinion. Stephanie's life was stripped away from her with two fatal gunshots. All of the things that she endured that night was done with not so much as a second thought, in our opinion.

Clayton Lockett not only murdered Stephanie but is also responsible for the part of us that died along with her.

Stephanie will no longer bound through the back door so full of enthusiasm and anxious to share her day with us or talk to us about her friends, work, or her plans for the future.

There is no more Stephanie.

There are no more dreams. There is no more future.

What is left is a grave.

What is left is emptiness. What is left is a void that can't be filled.

What is left is Clayton Lockett, who for the last fifteen years, has been allowed to live.

Clayton Lockett, is the man who murdered Stephanie. She did not know this man and not until she walked in Bobby's house on June 3, 1999 had she ever laid eyes on him. He was a complete stranger to her.

What is left to do?

We feel that the only thing left to do is to let Clayton Lockett serve out the sentence of death that a jury sentenced him to.

Anything less is a travesty of justice. He had his days in court. He has filed and been turned down on any appeals that he has made.

Clayton Lockett made choices on June 3, 1999.

Actions have consequences.

It is time that he face the full consequences of murdering our daughter Stephanie. She deserves that.

A jury decided Clayton Lockett's fate and we believe it is time for justice to finally be carried out.