

March 10, 1985

Mr. Capps,

My name is Stacy Pigott and I am a freshman here at UC Santa Barbara. I just finished reading the article in the Los Angeles Times about your Religious Studies 155 class and was so moved by what you have done that I had to write to you. I have to admit that the article made me cry because I realized that I know so little about the war that killed my father Capt. Charles W. Pigott in May 1969. I wish now that I had taken the class because it may have helped to ease some of the pain and frustration that I feel everytime I think about my father and feel robbed about the time I never got to spend with him.

I have friends who are taking the class now, who are enthralled by it. I think that it is wonderful what you are doing for them and also what you are doing for the veterans who attend your class. I am sure that this is as emotionally draining for you as it is for them. I know the feelings that were flowing through those who visited the memorial in Washington D.C. for I too have been there. Each time I see the memorial or visit my father's grave in Arlington I just ~~was~~ sit down and cry.

Thank you for what you have done.

Stacy Pigott