

# Homicide: The Game

Presents

# Painseeker

**"That Day"**  
by Lance Wagner

Raychel was murdered on the night of August 17, 2000. For the first few months I referred to it only as, "That day." But that was only when I had to talk about it.

During those months, I made every effort to avoid the subject entirely. My friends tried to get me to talk about it, but I shut them out. I know that many people say we all need to talk about our feelings and express our grief, but at the time I wasn't able to. It wasn't until the end of the year that I began to address these feelings about her. That was one of the reasons I created the *Painseeker* web site.

When I created this site, my intention was to focus on the gifts she gave to us in her work as a poet. Additionally, I wanted others who knew her to supplement that material with their own memories of experiences with Raychel. That was it. I never intended to write about her murder, fearing that the site would degenerate into a morass of innuendo and half truths about Raychel's unsolved murder. That would be a disservice to Raychel's memory.

However, completely avoiding the subject of her murder seems to do an equal disservice to Raychel's memory. While I understand that I am walking a fine line of hypocrisy in divulging this information, I feel that it is important to cover the basic events leading up to her murder, and even some of the more graphic details. To ignore her death is to ignore her life and the significant impact she has had on so many others.

I must admit that I still have a great deal of difficulty dealing with the pain surrounded by that day. However, the root of this pain is not what you may be thinking. I expect that you may be imagining the horror I experienced when I discovered the mutilated body of my wife. Perhaps you see me clutching her body to me in grief with tears streaming down my face. But this pain which has remained with

me stems from the fact that I never had that opportunity. I had not even seen her on that day. Raychel and I had been estranged for some time before her murder.

So I was not the one who found her or the one who reported her death to the police. I was not even officially notified of her death by the police. In fact, I did not get to see her until her funeral. Worse, the last words spoken between us were in anger. If anyone learns anything from my scribblings, please learn from this. So many people make the mistake of taking time for granted. We think that we have all the time in the world to right our wrongs and we become selfish and demanding by this oversight. We tread on those we love for short-sighted gains. But time doesn't forgive or grant "do overs." If you love someone, remember you love them – always. Then, tell them you love them, and live your life knowing that.

During our estrangement Raychel had been living with Kyle McAllister, a musician who had convinced Raychel that her poetry could be turned into music. While I might have agreed with this in principle, nothing could have been worse than for her to collaborate with McAllister. He is a competent musician; however, his domineering and violent personality make him impossible for others to deal with. McAllister is a divisive person, and he used his skills to alienate Raychel from all of her friends to help serve his goal.

In the six months prior to her death, Raychel and McAllister had been working on an album at a small independent recording label called Terror Trax. Since coming under McAllister's spell Raychel had kept only brief contact with me. Therefore I do not know how their album was progressing. I have heard things about it, but I will defer comment unless I receive articles from others involved in the process. As I said, I will not treat innuendos as facts here.

These are the facts of the day of Raychel's murder as I currently understand them. I would like to point out that I do not know all of the details of Raychel's homicide investigation. I expect that the police are keeping their investigation quiet so as to protect the integrity of their evidence and testimony of those people who have been questioned. But I have been able to confirm this sequence of events through exchanges with the police and their own questions to me during the course of the investigation.

For the majority of the day, Raychel had been working on the album at Terror Trax with McAllister and others. A violent argument occurred at the studio in the late afternoon between several people – this has been confirmed by those who were there at the time, and the police. The planned evening session was scrapped as a result and the individuals went their separate ways at approximately 7:00 p.m.

As a matter of note, I would like to admit my own whereabouts into the record at this time. I was at home, alone, writing from 6:00 p.m. until well past midnight – as is my custom. As I was alone, no one is able to verify this statement. I understand that an admission of this kind exposes me to a certain amount of scrutiny as a suspect in Raychel's murder investigation. I freely admit that I was contacted by the police early in the investigation. As her husband and a person with no verifiable alibi, I would make a prime suspect. However, my dealings with the police lead me to believe that I have been ruled out as a suspect. For what reason I do not know.

Returning to the events leading to Raychel's murder, police were called to Kyle McAllister's apartment by Kyle at 12:30 a.m. on August 18, approximately one to one and a half hours after her estimated time of death. Police state that Raychel had been involved in an extensive and violent struggle. Her death came as a result of extensive blood loss, having been stabbed 23 times. While the inside of the room was a wreck, there were no signs of forced entry to the apartment door or windows. Another note of significance was that the police believe that the attacker attempted to either hide or move Raychel, but aborted the project, choosing instead to leave her in the apartment.

There is one other fact that I believe: Had Raychel and I never spoken those final harsh words to one another, she would still be alive. But I do not blame myself for her death. As I stated in my 10 question responses, I blame Kyle McAllister for her death. Even if he did not commit the crime, he was the one who put her in harm's way. He was the one who took her from me and others who loved her. And he wasted her talents on his trivial pursuits. Now she is dead, and he is responsible.

While I cannot prove that McAllister himself murdered her in a fit of rage, I can personally attest to the fact that he does have a violent temperament (We had several run-ins in the past). Should you feel that my testimony is biased, know this: Neighbors

in several other apartments heard the sounds of the struggle, but did not report the matter to the police. Upon questioning by police, many neighbors said that the sounds were not unlike those heard during numerous other occurrences in the recent past. Though no charges have ever been filed against McAllister from those previous events, officers I have spoken to admit that they have come to that door several times with complaints about disturbances.

Raychel's death devastated me. For months afterward I was despondent and uncommunicative. It was like losing a limb. But there is no reassuring phantom pain to relieve the agony of a broken heart. I was not experienced in real love until I met her. That being said, I do not have the emotional experience in partings or endings of relationships. I had never lost someone or something I loved before. I didn't know how to deal with it. Sometimes I still question whether I am dealing with it or just using it.

In tribute to her love, I built this web site to make her live again, and to share her talents with a world which never had the opportunity to discover her as I had. Maybe Raychel would think it's pathetic, this dwelling on the past and a person loved and lost. But maybe again, she would have understood this expression of love from me to her. I like to think that wherever she is she can see these words, or maybe somehow feel them. Then perhaps our last argument those many months ago could be purged by a simple series of expressions shared by so many. Words I never had the opportunity to say.

Raychel, I'm sorry. I love you. I miss you.