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STATEMENT OF

CHRISTOPHER J. BOYCE

AT HEARINGS

BEFORE THE

SENATE PERMANENT SUBCOMMITTEE ON INVESTIGATIONS

COMMITTEE ON GOVERNMENTAL AFFAIRS

UNITED STATES SENATE

ON

U. S. GOVERNMENT PERSONNEL SECURITY PROGRAM

APRIL 1985

Mr. Chairman, several weeks ago I spoke to the Minority Counsels of this Subcommittee about my recollections and personal feelings concerning espionage and the government's personnel security programs. All of my adult life I have seen government as a steamroller headed in my direction, a thing to be opposed at all costs. The Minority Counsels surprised me. During those conversations I felt for the first time that persons from authority were speaking to me as one human being to another. As long as I can remember I have tried to tear down that which I could not accept instead of trying to build something better. It is my hope here today that I am performing a constructive act by relating my memories. I have come here in good faith to assist this Subcommittee if I can, but perhaps I need to say these things even more than you need to hear them.

In early 1975 at the age of twenty-one, I took my first stumbling steps towards the KGB. I was a totally naive amateur. I lacked even the most rudimentary skills this Subcommittee would associate with espionage. But even today I am still astounded at how easy the thing was to begin and, given the security system, how near impossible it was to prevent. Regardless of expensive and elaborate security systems, I suggest that espionage arrests are made mainly when beginners make artless, blundering mistakes. And such a policy that gets results primarily by picking up the pieces after a security breach instead of active individual-directed prevention is an extremely frail method on which to base security. I think that the counter-intelligence elements of government and the personnel security programs of the defense industries are missing the boat, and if you will bear with me I will try to speak my way through to the root of the weakness as I see it.

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On April 28, 1977, at the age of twenty-four, I was convicted on eight counts of violating the espionage statutes and given a sentence of forty years. My boyhood friend and codefendant, Andrew Daulton Lee, was convicted in a separate trial on twelve counts of espionage and sentenced to life imprisonment.

In mid-1979 I was finally sent to Lompoc Prison where I was put in the incorrigible unit with the hardcore convicts. One day I was reading a book on my bunk and one of the gangs entered the cell next to me en masse and stabbed my neighbor to death. I remember watching his blood puddle out on the floor. And not long after that, they did the same thing in exactly the same way to the man in the cell behind me. I heard it all, the screams, the death gurgle. I was the son and nephew of former FBI agents. I did not expect to live long at Lompoc and I decided that being shot off the prison fence was a better death than the knives. But I wasn't shot; I got away one night in January 1980. For eighteen months I remained a fugitive, despite a manhunt by the U.S. Marshals Service and the FBI. While the government followed leads as far away as Costa Rica, South Africa and Australia, I spent my days in Idaho and Washington State. It is a frightening life believing that every law officer in the country would be proud to put a bullet in you. I was desperate; I thought returning to prison meant my death. To live on the run, I began holding up federally insured banks. I learned about that from all the idle talk in prison. It was terribly wrong, but I never intended to harm anyone, and I didn't. All during this time, I did not hide my true identity and past from dozens of new friends in the Northwest -they were fully aware of what had gone on between the Russians and myself and they knew I was a fugitive.

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Finally, I was turned in by a friend wanting to collect the reward, and I was arrested on August 20, 1981 in Port Angeles, Washington. I pled guilty to everything and now have sixty-eight years instead of forty. The government now keeps me locked in an isolation cell in Marion, Illinois, where I have a lot of time to think about all this in peace.

I have been told that the facts underlying the original charges against myself and Daulton are generally known by the members of the Subcommittee. I don't think I need to recount a long narrative of what we did. Suffice it to say that from March 1975 through December 1976, I removed and photographed a sizeable number of classified documents from the highly secret "black vault" of TRW, a CIA contractor in Redondo Beach, California and sent them on with Daulton to the KGB in Mexico City. I was able to obtain those documents through my position as a specially cleared TRW employee, working in the black vault, located in building M4. On more than a dozen occasions I removed documents from TRW and photographed them. On approximately six occasions, probably more, I personally photographed documents while within the vault itself. Daulton, in turn, delivered and sold the documents to KGB agents working out of the embassy in Mexico City. The documents pertained in part to the existence and operation of then highly secret intelligence satellites.

As an employee of TRW, I not only received Confidential, Secret, Top Secret, and Special Projects clearances, but I also was supposedly restricted by the prescribed physical security measures for classified documents. Obviously, neither the government's clearance procedures nor the company's security procedures worked very well. In fact, the company's security procedures were a great help to me in compromising a CIA project to the Russians. There are some obvious reasons why.

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Let me begin with the question of clearances. In 1975, when I sent Daulton off with the first classified documents to the Soviets, neither of us was a professional spy, to say the least. We knew as much about espionage as we did about hieroglyphics. On my part, I was not even a professional or longstanding member of the intelligence community. After dropping out of college, I went to work at TRW in July 1974. My only prior interest in the intelligence community had been one of suspicion and distrust. At twenty-one, in an era of Vietnam, assassinations, Chile, and Richard Nixon's resignation, I had a strong distaste for government. I considered the CIA as, if anything, the enemy. When I came to TRW I had no idea that my work would, in any way, involve the CIA.

I got the job through what one might call the "ole boy network." My father, a former FBI agent who then worked in security at another large defense contractor, was a friend of Mr. Regis Carr, also a former FBI agent, and then manager of TRW security for Top Secret contracts. It was Mr. Carr who hired me.

I started at TRW as a general clerk making approximately \$140 per week. I was immediately given what is known as a "Confidential" clearance. Almost immediately my supervisors submitted my name for receipt of a Secret, then a Top Secret clearance, then access to two Special Projects, and, finally, access to NSA codes. By December all those clearances had been approved and I was assigned to the "black vault," which I subsequently learned to be one of the most secret and classified areas of work at TRW. It was only then that I learned that I would be working on a Special Project involving the CIA.

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I was assigned, with my immediate supervisor, to monitor and process secret communications traffic between the CIA, TRW, and other CIA contacts around the world. My work included daily contact with the intelligence satellite program.

In looking back, I remember being surprised that I was given such relatively free access so very quickly to these supposedly highly guarded materials. I used to sit for hours and stare into the satellite guts. It was all science fiction to me. I doubt that I would have gotten a job in the project so quickly except for my father's friendship with Mr. Carr. Unfortunately, if you just accept someone because his father is a friend, it negates the entire security system.

I believe that on the day that I was hired, and prior to applying for or receiving any security clearances, the decision to place me in the vault had already been made. On that day, Mr. Carr introduced me to the Director of Security (Special Project) in building M4 as "the man you will be working for". Later I learned that this was the Rhyolite Project. Mr. Carr told me that I would be temporarily doing relatively routine and boring documentation work for the first few months until my clearances came through for my permanent assignment.

I've been told that in other espionage cases, there were some obvious "red flags" of potential security violators which went unnoticed in background investigations and by co-workers: heavy financial indebtedness, sudden affluence, alcoholism, disgruntlement.

What was my red flag? Using those indicators, probably none. I was the oldest son in a well-respected, stable, upper middle class, Catholic family. My father had a fine reputation in professional positions of trust.

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I had performed moderately well in school. While my background investigations were underway, I heard that friends of my parents had been contacted as references. Speaking as adults, they told the investigators that I was the courteous, bright, responsible son of a good family, exactly as they were expected to say. This was the extent of the investigation, as best as I can tell.

What the investigators never sought was the Chris Boyce who moved in circles beyond the realm of parents, teachers, and other adult authority figures. To my knowledge, they never interviewed a single friend, a single peer, during the entire background investigations.

Had they done so, the investigators would have interviewed a room full of disillusioned longhairs, counter-culture falconers, druggie surfers, several wounded paranoid vets, pot-smoking and anti-establishment types, beaded malcontents generally, many of whom were in trouble. In 1974 I believe that the majority of young people of my generation could not be considered politically reliable by CIA standards. I am sure you remember. Had the investigators asked any of those friends what I thought of the U.S. Government, and in particular the CIA, I would have never gotten the job. Had they asked, they would have learned that I had first begun smoking pot at sixteen and that I had experimented with a variety of other drugs along with everyone else I knew in my age group. Had they asked, they would have learned that one of my closest friends and later partner in espionage was Daulton Lee, whose record on drug charges and probation violations was, by age twenty-two, quite extraordinary. Had Mr. Carr even bothered to query his own sons, my high school classmates, they could have easily told him far more than the government's entire background investigation did.

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From what I can tell, the government's background investigation uncovered no substantial evidence that the CIA and Chris Boyce lived in separate Americas. They found no past arrest record, no reason to distrust me. I suggest that, in an area of supposedly such grave national security considerations, that alone is not enough. The government's background investigation also uncovered no reason to trust me. I was twenty-one years old. I had attended three different colleges and had no idea what I would do with myself. I had no substantial work history except school jobs. I laid concrete, I was a waiter, I had a paper route, I was a pizza cook, a janitor, a liquor store delivery boy, I harvested barley one summer - certainly nothing akin to the responsibility of handling highly classified spy satellite communications. TRW was my first fulltime permanent job. In short, I had never been tested. In my view, that should have generated some caution, especially given the tenor of the times in the early seventies - the broad questioning of authority and open political dissent within my own generation. Yet, from what I can tell, TRW and the CIA never hesitated in placing me, untested and untried, in their most sensitive area of employment.

I might add that the only thing I was asked to do to get these clearances was to fill out a few forms. Although, at the time, my little sister was polygraphed before she went to work at a 7-Eleven, I was never polygraphed. I had trouble speaking with the Minority Counsels about polygraphs. Should the government be in the business of making windows into men's minds? Perhaps when a person has a security clearance, it is proper that he give up a part of himself for everybody else. I don't presume to know.

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To continue - I was never given a subject interview. A year later, after I had already started sending TRW/CIA documents to the KGB, I was given access to yet another Special Project after merely signing a few more forms. No additional background investigation was done to my knowledge.

On the question of physical security at TRW's black vault, I can answer it simply and quickly: there was none. In my view, and I believe in the eyes of my fellow workers there, security was a joke, certainly nothing to be taken seriously.

Take, for example, our project security manager, whom we regularly referred to as our "token hippie." On lunch breaks, when not drinking with us or others at the local bars, he would often be skateboarding around the neighborhood. Sometimes he returned the worse for wear, with bruises and torn pants. On one occasion, he told me he wanted the security atmosphere in M4 to be as unintrusive as that on a college campus.

I can recall one incident where he did take an especially active role in security. The M4 coffee fund for employees was found consistently short. The old night janitor was suspected of theft. One evening the project security manager phoned me in the vault and told me that I was to come upstairs after work to help him "catch a thief." We then drilled a hole in an office wall so that he could watch the coffee fund without being seen. For the rest of the evening the project security manager sat in the dark peering through the hole, eventually catching the janitor pinching a few quarters. When the "surveillance" began, I went back down to the vault and made myself a drink, wondering at the lunacy of it all. The system could catch a janitor stealing coffee money, but it was incapable of hindering me in any way from passing the entire project to Daulton and on to the KGB.

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I suppose most people view security regulations as something that should be held in awe by employees. That was clearly not the case at TRW. A number of employees made phony security badges as pranks. My immediate supervisor once made a security badge with a monkey's face on it and, to everyone's amusement, used it to come in and out of the building.

The security identification badges themselves were not strictly accounted for. There were boxes of old badges that employees had previously used that were not destroyed for months at a time. These could have been used for improper entry. Prior to coming to the black vault, I worked in badges for awhile. There was no accountability over the materials used in manufacturing identification. I could have made a badge and I.D. for anyone, giving them access to a number of classified areas. On one occasion, in late 1974, before being sent to the Rhyolite Project, a Special Project Manager arrived at Badge and I.D. accompanied by an outside consultant. I refused to make badges and identification for the consultant because he was not accompanied by the proper clearance paperwork. The Special Project Manager swore revenge and she later got it by having me temporarily transferred out of security.

Aside from badges, there was almost no supervision over access to the building and the vault. Although my comings and goings at building M4 were logged by the security guards, there was nothing to stop me from entering at any time during the day or night. On occasion I returned to the vault late at night without being questioned or even raising suspicion. There was simply no questioning on after-hours access as long as one mentioned any plausible excuse in passing, such as, "I forgot my tennis racket." And once inside there was no monitoring of my afterhour activities in the vault. None of the

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security guards who would log my entrance or inspect the premises had authorized access to the black vault. During some of these after-hour visits, I photographed and removed documents. For awhile I used to come to work at 4 a.m. to process the teletype traffic from Langley and then shut back down and lock up at 5:30 a.m. in order to hunt jackrabbits with my Harris Hawk at sunrise. I would then return to work around 7:30 a.m. and reopen the vault. No one ever questioned this. I could come and go whenever I wanted. I remember laughing about this with a girl I knew who was a bank teller. She used to tell me that Security Pacific would never allow their employees to open and enter their vaults at will, unsupervised, at any time.

Controls on access beyond the black vault area were hardly much better. As part of my courier duties I made deliveries to the CIA facility. Although I had no clearance or authorization to do so, on occasion I wandered into their code room. Once I recall talking to a female employee inside the vault there. On a clipboard hanging on the wall beside her was a list of all the code words for every station on their circuit. Because I was naturally curious about everything that went on there, I began to note all the "handles." She caught me reading it, paused to flip the board over, and just smiled. I do recall that one employee did ask me to leave because I was unauthorized.

Within the TRW vault, management had effectively "compartmentalized" security away. By making the vault such a highly secret area those of us inside had been given, in effect, total autonomy. We worked under our own set of rules, or more accurately, lack of rules. We brought in an uncleared company locksmith and altered the numbers on the vault tumblers by half clicks to prevent unauthorized access by our superiors. We did not want them

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trespassing on our private preserve. We regularly partied and boozed it up during working hours within the vault. Bacardi 151 was usually stored behind the crypto machines. Under security regulations we were required to destroy the code cards for the machines daily in a destruction blender. We chose instead to throw the code cards towards, but not necessarily in, canvas bags in the corner. We used the code destruction blender for making banana daiquiris and mai-tais. Although only about eight people had authorized clearances to the vault, often many non-cleared members of our "club", so to speak, would be in the vault for libations. On occasion the Project Security Manager would join us for a drink on the house.

Part of our informal duties included frequent runs to the liquor store with "orders" from various employees throughout the building. We used the satchel for classified material as a cover to bring in their peppermint schnapps, rum, Harvey Wallbanger mix, what have you, along with our stout malt, back into M4. In doing so I sometimes used the satchel to take classified documents out. To return the documents, I used packages, potted plants, and camera cases. Packages and briefcases were never searched by the guards.

On one occasion I needed to return a rather large ream of documents that I had taken out earlier in the satchel on a Rhyolite beer run. I went to a floral shop and bought two large clay pots about two feet tall. I put the ream of documents in one after wrapping them in plastic, covered it with dirt and then stuck bushy plants in both pots. I brought one of the plants into the building myself and asked the security guard to carry the plant holding the documents back into the building. He obliged.

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A more severe security breach regularly entered our vault over the encrypted teletype link from Langley. Routinely we would receive from the CIA communications operators misdirected TWXs on other contractors' projects. We were not cleared for these projects and there was no accountability for the misdirected TWXs we received other than a lackadaisical request to "destroy" typed from the Langley communications operators.

To briefly return to badges and identification - the camera and film used to photograph employees for their picture identification were stored in one of the black vault safes on a shelf directly beneath the NSA crypto codes. It always struck me as both odd, but still typical at TRW, that objects such as these would be stored together.

I remember only two government inspections in the vault during the entire time I was there. It amazed me that even though we were using all this highly secret equipment that belonged to the government, the government wasn't even around to oversee it. As for TRW's own security, Mr. Carr, the Security Director, could not take two steps towards the vault without our knowing about it - the security guards always warned us in plenty of time concerning his movements. As a result, as far as I could tell, Mr. Carr was completely unaware of the security breaches in the vault. He gave his orders from inside a bureaucratic cloud.

I distinctly remember one of the two government inspections. The code cards for the crypto machines came in checkbook-style binders sealed in clear plastic envelopes. The envelopes were to be unsealed and the binders removed only at the beginning of the month they were to be used. We were given books of these codes sometimes five months in advance of their date use, despite obvious security risks. I was amazed that NSA would let half a year's worth of their codes sit anywhere out of their possession.

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At the time of the inspection, I had been unsealing some of these "future" codes, removing them, and photographing them. I would reseal the plastic with the heat from an iron or with glue and then replace them in the vault. They were all packaged in an official established manner. The inspector came across one code binder that I had replaced upside down and face down, and then resealed. Once tampered with, the plastic envelopes never looked quite the same, despite my botched efforts at resealing them. He noticed it, looked puzzled, but instead complained about some other relatively insignificant missing item - one that no one could remember. He had looked closely at the displaced code card binder, but chose to pass over the broken seal.

Document control itself was poorly supervised. It was one of my tasks to take TWXs and other messages to our reproduction center. From there, I would distribute copies to various authorized recipients in TRW. On numerous occasions I would see different employees later reviewing these classified documents even though they were not cleared for access to them. At times employees would ask me for additional copies of these classified documents given them since they couldn't find or had lost their assigned copies.

My experiences at TRW have caused me to come to certain conclusions about personnel security. I know that a number of changes have been made in the way the government conducts background investigations that supposedly alert the investigators to potential security risks. I have been told that there is now greater emphasis on peers in background investigations. This was a basic reform if it has stuck. Friends of my parents could simply not give a true insight into what made Christopher Boyce tick. As I said before, if this had been done, I believe that I would never have gotten the job in the first place.

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Secondly, I should have been interviewed in great detail regarding my lifestyle and attitudes. I was never questioned about these points which seem to me to be important indicators for future security breaches. Had I been interviewed in this manner, I also believe that I would have never been assigned to that sensitive position.

Thirdly, I know that if I had been polygraphed solely on attitudes toward the government and the CIA or even marijuana use, I probably never would have been considered for the job, but then neither would most of the friends I grew up with.

There are also a number of changes in security procedures that would have deterred my brazen acts and also greatly increased my chances of getting caught. Although these suggestions might not stop the professional spy, they would clearly have affected amateurs like myself.

First, supervision over Special Projects such as the one I was involved with must be strengthened, especially supervision over the security sections of the Special Projects. There was little, if any, outside influence over our day-to-day activities. We were project security and we viewed security as a joke because we could easily circumvent it by our insulation from the usual management controls. What little security we saw was ineffective and incompetent. If we had been strictly supervised, perhaps I would have thought twice before acting as I did. Instead I decided that the intelligence community was a great bumbling, bluffing deception.

Second, a policy of inspecting every parcel, briefcase and package going into and out of buildings such as M4 should be implemented. Although this in and of itself would not have prevented me from concealing material on my person, it would have increased my awareness of security as well as my chances of getting caught.

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Third, metal detectors should be installed in buildings such as M4 where there are highly secret projects. Such devices might have prevented me from bringing the camera that Daulton gave me repeatedly in and out of the project area.

Fourth, if there had been encoding devices on the classified documents that could be monitored at building exits, I would have never attempted to take the actual documents out. I am aware of similar devices on library books and items of merchandise that sound alarms if one attempts to remove them.

Fifth, a policy on limited polygraph examinations at the time of termination of employment on the question of unauthorized disclosure should be implemented. This policy should be explained to the applicant for employment at the time of hiring. He should be reminded of this policy throughout employment. If I had known this, I would never have considered an act of espionage. Contrary to assurances to me by the KGB officer in Mexico City that they had ways to beat the polygraph, I knew I could not pass a polygraph and greatly feared it. That same fear heightened my resolve never to accept direct employment with the CIA although on two separate occasions it was offered. This policy, distasteful as it is, should be considered one of the best deterrents to those toying with the thought of espionage.

Sixth, for the same reasons, I think that limited use of the polygraph at the time of an employee's update investigation would heighten the fear of being caught sooner in a case such as mine, but fear alone cannot achieve security.

Seventh, the number and scope of onsite investigations by the government should be increased. Both of the two inspections I recall at TRW appeared to be pro-forma, just requiring us to show the inspector that we had

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certain items on their checklists. Never once were we questioned on knowledge of or compliance with security procedures. Never once, as I recall, were questions asked concerning our very cluttered workplace. Never once were we questioned on destruction of old ciphers or other classified materials.

Eighth, I recommend some system of anonymous complaints concerning security breaches that would be directed to the government and not the company. If I had seen posters on some sort of hotline system operating within the company, it would have given me pause to consider what I was doing. It would not only have deterred espionage, but everything else.

All of this brings me to another point I would like to raise. I am convinced from my own experiences that what I say now is by far the most useful contribution I can make to this Subcommittee's study of personnel security. While I think these security regulations you review are important to maintain the integrity of the government, I believe they are next to worthless if each of the four million Americans with security clearances do not have a grasp of how espionage would affect them personally.

No matter what security procedures are devised, if a man built it, another man can circumvent it and usually in the most simple way. At best, physical security can only make things tougher. The increase of espionage that you are experiencing will not be a passing phase unless popular myths about espionage are debunked for the fraud they are.

I think, even in these responsible times, that if not carefully monitored, the intelligence community of any Western nation can be, potentially, a threat to an open society. But there is nothing "potential" about the KGB. That state apparatus not only threatens every open society, but it crushes open societies. That is the distinction I could not see at a rebellious twenty-one. It is a distinction which Americans must see.

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The security organizations of both sides spy and engage in clandestine tactics. And in Mr. Gorbachev's new age of Camelot at the Kremlin, it will perhaps be easier for naive Americans to rationalize away the distinction between the restrained secrecy that defends them and the stealthy menace that seeks to deceive them. By your own estimates there are at least 500 KGB agents in the United States. And, Senators, I respectfully suggest that the overwhelming majority of the four million Americans with security clearances are extremely naive in their conceptions of espionage. That is the root of your problem.

When I was at TRW, I and several hundred other relatively fresh employees were given a group talk on the perils of espionage. A clean-cut, all-American type addressed us from the podium. Here I sat with the KGB monkey already on my back, surrounded by all these young people who were being fed totally inaccurate and inappropriate descriptions of espionage. They were given the impression that espionage was some exotic, glamorous escapade. Handsome Slav spies would seduce young American secretaries on their vacations in Brussels and bend them into secret agents for the KGB. That type of approach to preventing espionage was and is disastrous. That was just what all those bored, young secretaries around me were dying to hear.

It was surreal. A government spokesman, automatically accepted by everyone as competent, stood there entertaining all those naive, impressionable youngsters around me with tales of secret adventure, intrigue, huge payoffs, exotic weaponry, seduction, poisons, hair-raising risks, deadly gadgetry. It was a whole potpourri of James Bond lunacy, when in fact almost everything he said was totally foreign to what was actually happening to me.

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Where was the despair? Where were the sweaty palms and shakey hands? This man said nothing about having to wake up in the morning with gut-gripping fear before steeling yourself once again for the ordeal of going back into that vault. How could these very ordinary young people not think that here was a panacea that could lift them out of the monotony of their everyday lives, even if it was only in their fantasies?

None of them knew, as I did, that there was no excitement, there was no thrill. There was only depression and a hopeless enslavement to an inhuman, uncaring foreign bureaucracy. I hadn't made myself count for something. I had made my freedom count for nothing.

As we sit here a half dozen, perhaps a dozen, perhaps more Americans are operatives of the KGB. Perhaps some of them have been in place for years. I tell you that none of them are happy men or women.

And I would suspect that there are hundreds of other Americans out of the four million with security clearances who have given serious thought to espionage. Those are the people that you must seek out and reach with the truth. It is infinitely better for you to make the extra effort to ensure that your personnel understand beyond a shadow of a doubt how espionage wounds a man than for more and more of them to find out for themselves. No American who has gone to the KGB has not come to regret it.

For whatever reason a person begins his involvement, a week after the folly begins, the original intent and purpose becomes lost in the ignominy of the ongoing nightmare. Be it to give your life meaning or to make a political statement. Be it to seek adventure or to pay your delinquent alimony. Be it for whatever reason, see a lawyer or a psychiatrist or a priest or even a reporter, but don't see a KGB agent. That is a solution to nothing.

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I only wish, Senators, that before more Americans take that irreversible step, they could know what I now know, feel what I now feel, and sense my loss.

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