


Bill Resor



September 23, 2018

The Honorable Joseph B. Bluemel  
Third Judicial District  
225 9th Street  
PO Box 2077  
Evanston, WY 82931

Dear Judge Bluemel:

A lot has happened to me over the last few years, and I hope it is helpful to you to hear about it in my own words. A year and a half ago in May, investigators from Cheyenne came to my house and asked to see my computer. At first, I had no idea why they were there. When they said they were looking for pornography, it suddenly became clear. I immediately gave them my computer and told them the password and asked what else I could do to cooperate. My all-encompassing concern was how to keep this all private from my family so as not to hurt them.

After they left, it was clear to me that I was in very serious trouble, and I was shocked at the reality of what I had done. But I still was unable reach out to my family or even privately to an attorney. I had kept my serious problems, my depression and anxiety, locked in a separate box in my head. I thought I could continue to contain my problems and continue to lead a "normal" life. The only one I did reach out to was Investigator Leazenby. He was now inside the box that held all my troubles, so I could talk to him. I did not consider talking to my wife, or a doctor, or an attorney. In my mind, it simply was not a possibility. I had segregated and contained my problems for so long that it had become an unchangeable part of me.

For the past nine months, I have been in very intensive therapy, being treated by both a psychiatrist in Salt Lake City and a psychologist in Colorado who specializes in sex offender treatment. Through this treatment, I have gained significant insight into what led me to commit my crime and other harmful actions that I never would have thought myself capable of.

Let me go back a few years and try to explain how I got to where I was that May. My career and my whole life has been dedicated to operating, improving, and protecting the cattle ranch started by my grandfather in 1929. Although it has involved much hard and complicated work, I have enjoyed it greatly--especially the hands on work--and it has been very rewarding. I loved working with land and water and cattle, and with other people that also enjoyed such work. At the same time, I have been able to give back to the community through volunteer work, such as being a Board Member for Teton Science School, a member of the Teton County Planning Commission and Library Board, and a commissioner on the Wyoming Water Development

Commission. And I have been able to raise my family in a lovely valley, with many great friends. I have been very fortunate.

Over the last forty years, I have resolved most of our ranch boundary issues through land purchases, sales, and exchanges. And, through the generosity of our whole extended family, we have been able to permanently protect about 3000 acres of ranch land with conservation easements, roughly 40% of our two ranches. Twenty years ago, I hired an excellent ranch manager, and, working with him, we have been able to continually improve the condition of the ranch and to operate profitably. However, the underlying ownership issues remained our existential problem.

As with any extended family, there were always problems and arguments and different points of view, but the family stuck together when it mattered. Due to the pure chance of how many children were in each of three ownership families, one of my younger cousins, [REDACTED], ended up owning one third of most of the ranch, while all fourteen other cousins in our generation each own about one twenty-first. [REDACTED] with his wife [REDACTED] but still had an interest in and love of the ranch. However, he also was frustrated over resolving the issues that naturally arise when there is an unequal interest in valuable land. [REDACTED] was a good friend, and we worked together well. [REDACTED] wife did not share his interest in or love of the ranch, which is completely understandable since she and [REDACTED] had many other interests and commitments.

Tragically, [REDACTED] took his own life in August 2014. His widow, of necessity and correctly, had to focus on doing what was best for her [REDACTED] children. This meant that it was nearly impossible to move forward on the complex internal family transactions that were necessary to divide ranch ownership interests in a way that would work for everybody. Until this time, I had always felt that I was good at solving problems, often on my own or reaching out to professionals, such as attorneys, engineers, contractors, and public servants. Usually, I had support and help from other family members. On many issues, I often worked for years to build a consensus within the family or to create an opportunity with adjoining landowners or county, state, or federal agencies. But this was different, and the hurdles to resolving the family/business problems seemed insurmountable and caused me tremendous stress.

Although I was good at reaching out to solve business issues, I have never been one to reach out for help with personal difficulties. I have always been stoic and solved problems on my own, or at least that is what I thought. I now realize that, after [REDACTED]'s death, I sunk deeper and deeper into depression caused by my anxiety and frustration over my failing to resolve our family ownership issues and seeing my life's work jeopardized. For the first time in my life, I found myself paralyzed with anxiety and unable to address these problems, which I believed fell solely to me to solve. I would wake up in the middle of the night seized by these feelings. More and more, I needed a way to be distract myself or completely escape from those dark feelings. I did not reach out to anyone for help.

I did try to find some balance through healthy, constructive interests that were separate from work and could be shared with family and friends. Unfortunately, there were times when these healthy distractions were not sufficient to keep my mind off my overwhelming feelings of despair. I started to have a difficult time sleeping. I turned to the internet as a distraction. At first, I would research my normal interests, such as the history of Wyoming and of the Roman Empire. Eventually, however, I discovered different—and darker—areas of the internet. This included Internet chat rooms. By going on the Internet, I could pretend to be someone that I was not. I could pretend to control my world and be any kind of person I wanted to be. I knew I was doing this as an escape, and I foolishly thought that this escape worked, since it temporarily relieved my despair. This was an escape that I could instantly jump in or out of. I not only controlled everything within it, but also it was my choice when to enter or exit my separate world and separate identity. As my depression deepened, distractions that had been sufficient were no longer sufficient. I've never had any addiction to alcohol or drugs, but I now understand why people keep increasing the dosage. Going online and just being a different person was not enough. I needed to go online and be completely different within a whole separate set of rules that were my rules and had nothing to do with reality or right and wrong. This ended up with me viewing child pornography and discussing it in a chat room with other men.

Looking back, I see my actions as reckless, irrational, and very unhealthy, both physically and mentally. Beyond that, my actions deeply hurt my wife and daughters and friends. I also realize that posting and discussing photographs of girls and women was not only unhealthy for me, but was very wrong and very harmful, as it contributed to a mindset that normalizes such behavior. This leads directly to further abuse, and to injury to more innocent girls or women. The reasons I ended up engaging in this behavior in no way make it less hurtful, less harmful, or less wrong. I am fully responsible for all the harm I caused. If there were any way to turn back the clock, I would do it. I have hurt everyone I know, and others. I have hurt my wife and daughters, who would have gladly helped me if I had only reached out.

Since my arrest last November, my life has changed in almost every way. I'm extremely fortunate to have a loving and supportive wife and daughters. Without them I do not know how I would have made it through this. I am fortunate to have many great friends who have been supportive in many ways. Through one very good friend, I met Dr. [REDACTED], my psychiatrist [REDACTED]. With her help, I have been able to understand, at least partially, how I got where I was and what I needed to do to change and rebalance my life. She also helped me understand the terrible harm caused by pornography. I have met with Dr. [REDACTED] over forty times in the past year, each time was a two-hour visit or longer. My wife or daughters have joined me for some of these appointments. They have also spoken with Dr. [REDACTED] without me. There is no way I will be able to heal myself without their support and without healing my relationships with them.

Dr. [REDACTED] has helped me understand and live with my depression. Stopping my harmful online behavior was easy. I stopped it after my computer was taken, before seeking any help. Admitting that I needed help, dealing with my depression and anxiety, and healing the hurt I

have caused is much harder and far from complete. But I believe with the help of my family and friends and Dr. [REDACTED] I am headed in the right direction. I feel better today, both mentally and physically than I have felt in the last four years.

At the suggestion of my attorneys, I have also seen and been evaluated by Dr. [REDACTED] and his associate Dr. [REDACTED], both psychologists specializing in evaluation and treatment of sex offenders. I continue to talk to Dr. [REDACTED] usually for a one-hour call each week. He has been a steadying force and helped guide me with specific, practical ways to change my behavior, improve my emotional communication, and deal with depression.

I have completely changed how I address the issues that were the root cause of my anxiety, frustration, and depression. I have removed myself completely from the decision-making processes of our extended family regarding ranch matters. My executive position has been taken over by our very competent attorney. My nephew Turner Resor has replaced me as a manager of the entities that own or operate the ranch. I am still active as a resource for our ranch manager, our attorney, Turner, and other family members. The most gratifying change is that I have been able to enlarge my role as a mentor for Turner. Turner is a very smart, dedicated young man, and he loves our ranch as much as I do. It is a joy working with him. I give him as much guidance as I can, but then stay out of his way so that it is his accomplishments. This includes everything from irrigation improvements to new fences, to rebuilding a levee, to changing an irrigation ditch into a trout stream, to planning for a new conservation easement. Most importantly, it includes mentoring him on how to work with our ranch manager and our other talented employees and consultants and contractors, and how to handle all the issues that arise with neighbors. Working with Turner on projects we are both excited about, especially this summer, has been not only a great joy, but also a major part of healing myself and getting my life back in balance.

At the hearing on October 3, I expect to plead guilty to possession of child pornography. This is a very serious plea for a very serious crime. The circumstances that led me to commit this crime in no way lessen the harm and hurt it has done to others. I am completely and solely responsible for it all. With the support of my family and friends, I am ready to move forward and try to make amends after your decision on sentencing.

Thank you for reading this letter, and I am sorry that you had to deal with this situation that is completely my fault.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Bill Resor", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

Bill Resor