

innocent
on
deathrow

D. Raby

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Save
Charles D. Raby

An innocent
man on
Texas deathrow



An
man
Texas

Charles

Hello,my name is
Charles Douglas Raby.

I was sentenced to death for the murder of a friend's grandmother, a crime I did not commit. I was arrested on October 18, 1992 and in June 1994 sent off to Texas death row, the murder capital of the western world.

After my arrest I falsely confessed due to the investigation detective telling me that he could have my then fiancée locked up and her baby placed in child protective service. Both were held at the police station and not taken home as they should have been.

During the trial there was a fundamental lack of competent defense. Most importantly, at the time the Houston crime lab worker had described results of testing on fingernail scrapings of the victim as 'inconclusive'. Testing actually showed it wasn't my DNA under the woman's fingers, which meant that the lab worker's trial testimony was false. No physical evidence linked me to the crime.

Claims by my current attorneys of a coerced confession, concerns about inconsistencies and later allegations of withheld evidence, didn't lead to the new trial they fought for.

I was born in Houston TX on March 22, 1970. I was raised by my mother for the most part, not knowing my dad until I was 17 years old. He left when I was two years of age. My stepfather treated me violently and locked me up most of the time. When my mother left him I discovered street life. I had no structure in my life and went from one child protection agency to another from which I constantly ran away back home to my mother. I have done many things in my life I feel ashamed of.

Pretty illiterate I came to death row.

I hated school, I was mildly dyslectic, had ADHD and was therefore seen as retarded, so I chose to stay out of school and ended up on the streets. These days I like to read anything that will teach me something. I deal with circumstances in here also by drawing, painting and by writing with the people who have written to me over the years. To them I say, Thank you! Yakoke! I am a member of the Choctaw tribe and am part native American.

Being on death row in solitary confinement has caused me to take a deep look inside myself and at my past actions, and what I see I mostly don't like. But I did grow and learn, I still am, so I am not that out-of-control teenager anymore. Living here has shown me also a few things about the 'justice system'. And among other things, I have

learned that money talks. There are no rich people here on TX Death Row. At least, I don't know any. I've met a lot of men who have been executed after one big mistake, often made at a young age.

Whether you are a supporter of capital punishment or against it, I ask you to read the website with an open mind. All my legal files are on it with my honest explanations. I have done my best to present all facts to you.

I am asking for help from the public and the media to raise awareness of my situation to local authorities in Texas and worldwide. I am at my wits end! There are days I just want to give up and tell them to set me an execution date and come and kill me. And yet, I keep on fighting to prove my innocence. I really don't know how much more I have left in me.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

Charles Douglas Raby

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Art by
Charles D. Raby

