

October 2, 2018

My name is Dennis Ketterer.

I am a former weeknight meteorologist for Channel 7 (WJLA) in Washington, D.C., and won an EMMY in 1995.

I want to preface this by saying, I am neither proud of nor guiltless in the actions about to be mentioned in this letter. I hope my family, friends, and church members can forgive me.

I first met Julie Swetnick in 1993 at a Washington, D.C. bar near Wisconsin Circle. I was at a going-away party for channel 7 anchor Dale Solly. I left the party to go to the bar to buy a soda. I haven't drunk alcohol since my 18th birthday.

As I sat alone at the end of the bar, Julie approached me. She was alone, quite beautiful, well-dressed and no drink in hand. Consequently, my initial thought was that she might be a high end call girl because at the time I weighed 350lbs so what would someone like her want with me?

But, there was no conversation about exchanging sex for money so I decided to talk with her a few minutes. I had never been hit on in a bar before.

I didn't leave with her that night, although we talked about getting together. Over the next couple of weeks we met at what I believed and still believe was Julie's place. From the beginning Julie knew I was married and that I was having marital issues.

As we shared conversations, my lasting impression of Julie was that she was smart, fun and funny. But she was also an opportunist. I felt she only had interest in my 350lb self because I was on television and well known.

Although we were not emotionally involved there was physical contact. We never had sex despite the fact she was very sexually aggressive with me. I'm not implying I didn't like her advances, I just wasn't ready to make the jump. It came to a head so we talked about sex.

During a conversation about our sexual preferences, things got derailed when Julie told me that she liked to have sex with more than one guy at a time. In fact sometimes with several at one time. She wanted to know if that would be ok in our relationship.

I asked her if this was just a fantasy of hers. She responded that she first tried sex with multiple guys while in high school and still liked it from time-to-time. She brought it up because she wanted to know if I would be interested in that.

A.I.D.S. was a huge issue at the time. And I had children. Due to her having a directly stated penchant for group sex, I decided not to see her anymore. It put my head back on straight. That was the last conversation we had.

Julie never said anything about being sexually assaulted, raped, gang-raped or having sex against her will. She never mentioned Brett Kavanaugh in any capacity.

In 1996 I decided to run again for Congress in Maryland's 8th district as a Democrat. I thought Julie could help my primary campaign in some way because of her personality, great smile

and good looks. Also, in the course of our past conversations, she told me that she too was a Democrat.

Because I had lost Julie's number I called her father to get it. When I talked to him about possibly bringing her on to help with my campaign, he told me that she had psychological and other problems at the time. When I asked he would not go into detail and said that I wouldn't want her to work on my campaign. His response was rather abrupt. He hung up on me.

That was the end of my Julie saga...or so I thought.

On Wednesday, September 26th, I heard that Mr. Kavanaugh had a third accuser. When Julie's name was mentioned as the accuser, and due to the type of accusation, I was deeply troubled and felt a moral dilemma. Do I reach out and tell the truth of what I knew and risk family relationships, or remain silent.

The whole Kavanaugh confirmation process over the last few days brought out very deep issues within me. I know what it's like to be sexually assaulted and not be believed. I was 9 years old when it happened at the hands of my grandfather's best friend.

I also know what it's like to be accused of something significant that I didn't do and not be believed. Because of this and eternal considerations, the pressure on me built throughout the afternoon and early evening.

That evening was very difficult for me as I had to explain to my wife of three years what had happened 25 years ago, before we met and long before we were married. I explained my situation and she said she knew that if I didn't do the right thing, I couldn't live with myself.

Because of my less than perfect past, and having repented of this, I felt the need for spiritual guidance. I reached out to a church leader. We talked for a while. I explained that I felt horribly about this more-than-indiscretion. I knew if I came forward that in addition to me, it would affect my children, my grandchildren, my ex-wife, my wife, Julie, the Kavanaughs.


Finally, after much thought and frankly tears of remorse, I decided to be forth-coming with what I knew first-hand. I had to take the advice I'd always given my children. That is; Doing the right thing is almost never the easy thing, but it's always the right thing.

My heart felt very heavy because of the possible familial risks. But I knew I had to do the right thing. At my request, he put me in touch with another church leader we knew, who then reached out to Senator Hatch's Salt Lake office in my behalf.

As I watched part of the afternoon confirmation hearing the next day, and saw Mrs. Kavanaugh looking so sad I felt that she needed to know that in this instance, her husband was being mischaracterized.

My heart still feels heavy, for me as well as Julie and the Kavanaughs. That said, based on my direct experience with Julie, I do not believe her allegations against Mr. Kavanaugh.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Dennis Ketterer". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned below the word "Sincerely,".

Dennis Ketterer