

Hi, my name is Nancy Crow. I'm a homemaker, wife, and mother of three boys I would kill for. I'm 47 years young. I've known the Darlings since they moved in next door when their only daughter Becky was 8; she's 21 now! It's no surprise that my oldest son, Jack, and Becky are getting married. They were inseparable from the day they met.

Faith's death is a real tragedy. One of the worst kind. The fact that someone beat her to death just next door. You know I could have been next. It all just makes my stomach turn inside out. I'm just so lucky they didn't come to my house afterward.

The police asked me if I had seen her that day, and the answer was yes. I went to her house to talk about the wedding. I was upset because Becky asked me not to handle the flower arrangements or the dinner for the wedding, and I had been looking forward to helping so much. Faith and I worked it out pretty quickly after I got there, and we got to work. Faith was making bridesmaid's gifts, these beautiful pillows with the most clever sayings, and I helped her sew, cut, and iron on the vinyl letters.

She received a call from her friend Siena. I could hear how drunk she sounded from the other side of the room; I could practically smell the vodka through the phone. She told Faith to get dressed for a night out, and she would be there in 15 minutes. Faith argued, but Siena said she was on her way and hung up. That was when I decided I was going to head home. Faith and I made plans for another night and got out before the loony bin showed up. If I had to guess, it was some time after 8 pm, but I never looked at the clock.

Becky called off the wedding the day after her mother was killed. I know this is crushing my son, and even though Becky and I were not best friends, I can't stand seeing my son in such turmoil.



Suspect: Nancy Crow, Neighbor  
Ht 5'2 - Age 47