

Jeanne Treadway

December 24, 2019

To Whom It May Concern:

My name is Jeanne Treadway and I reside in Dixon, New Mexico.

I encountered Eric Francis Coppelino in either 1996 or 1997, first through his work as an investigative reporter, then as an astrologer.

I worked with him from 1997 through 2014, both as a client and a writer. I also worked with many people who knew Eric in a variety of capacities.

Here is my assessment of his character and what I personally observed.

In 1997 I researched whether the Environmental Protection Agency contaminated the Denver metropolitan area by insisting on the use of gasoline additives they believed cut pollution.

Denver is in a high desert basin and frequently endures temperature inversions that act as a cap over the warm air generated by people, automobiles, and industry in the winter. Temperature inversions capture enormous amounts of pollution and create a dense unhealthy smog. I performed this research solely on the internet and repeatedly found citations and articles written by an investigative reporter named Eric Francis.

My health crashed in 1997 and I needed counseling to get me through the shame of losing my job, my house, my car, and my friends, while suffering intense physical pain, migraines, and a plethora of illnesses. I could only work with this counselor online or on the telephone because of my health.

While searching the internet I discovered a nascent website: Planet Waves. I liked it. The articles were well-written and interesting. The astrology columns were the best I'd read, ever. I read it consistently. The man who ran it was Eric Coppelino and he offered consulting services. I called him up and he became an exceptional counselor to me for almost two years until I could no longer pay for counseling.

As part of my healing process, he urged me to write my story. I did. He published it. People liked it and I wrote many articles for Planet Waves. Eric also published my photography, essays, research articles, and poetry.

In 2003, Eric needed surgery and help running Planet Waves while he was recuperating. I was guest editor for three months and had a grand time coordinating his myriad contributors, volunteers, and employees. I selected the theme of the monthly issue, asked specific folks for contributions, and got all the pieces to the IT man on time.

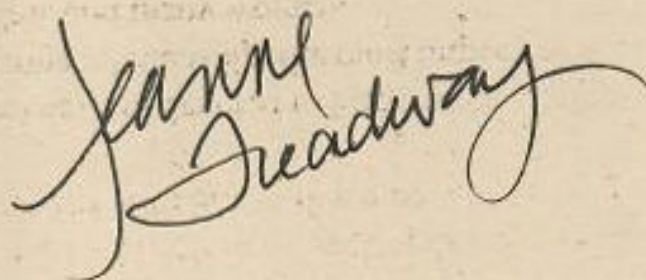
I continued contributing to Planet Waves until 2015. I discontinued my participation in the magazine because Eric had made such a success of the business that he hired editors and allowed them to morph Planet Waves into the highly elaborate online publication that it is. I was writing and publishing my own books by that time and didn't have the motivation to work with the new team. We had both evolved, yet I kept in contact with Eric to this time.

After 22 years of friendship, I am still devoted to Eric Francis Coppolino. He gave me several gifts during our long relationship, the most important of which is his wholehearted mentoring of me and many women.

The 1990s were a particularly difficult time for men and women as we were in the throes of another segment of feminism, and we womenfolk were particularly angry. Eric proved to be a tremendously gifted mentor to women at a time when many women couldn't and wouldn't trust a man to help her heal from a lifetime of generalized and localized abuse by men and our male-oriented society.

At the time I met Eric, I was devastated by the impact of my illness on my life. I had lost everything that defined success. Eric helped create a place safe enough that I could explore skills, beliefs, and attitudes which would allow me entry into society from a different angle. What we found and he taught me to nurture was my creativity. Working diligently together I helped him strengthen his enormously vital magazine and he helped me blossom into a genuinely creative artist and a far happier human being.

Jeanne Treadway
PO Box 187
Dixon, NM 87527-0187

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Jeanne Treadway". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with long, sweeping lines.