

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Friday, October 30, 2026

Statement from Christa Pike as dictated to her legal team.

One month ago on September 30, I walked into the execution chamber at Riverbend men's prison prepared to die. I had made my peace. I had told the people who loved me, supported me and stood by me through the years I was grateful for them. I had also told the people in the room and who were there to witness my execution that I was leaving them in loving kindness.

Several days later I woke up alone in a hospital confused and in pain. There hasn't been a moment since that night when I haven't been in pain. My body hurts. My arms hurt. My hands hurt. My throat hurts. I still struggle to speak. And the pain isn't just physical. There is pain in my mind and in my soul.

I had not contemplated life beyond that night, and I'm deeply hurt by the incompetence that has put so many people in this terrible position. I continue to think about my victim's family and the terrible pain and loss they have endured.

I am recovering, and I know that I am getting stronger. But healing is not the same as being okay.

Since that night, I have been largely isolated in the prison's medical ward, away from other people and the human connections that mean so much to me. That isolation brings its own kind of pain. I spent 28 years in solitary confinement and much of what I am experiencing today is a repeat of that condition.

I am searching for meaning in what happened to me. One thing that has given me strength is the extraordinary love and support I have received from people around the world. I am overwhelmed by the kindness and prayers of people I have known for years and complete strangers who have never met me. To know that so many people care about me, that they see me as a human being whose life matters, is something I cannot fully put into words. It is humbling, and it has touched me more deeply than I can explain.

I also want to thank the first responders, doctors, nurses and everyone at the hospital who cared for me. They treated me with compassion, dignity and respect. I will never forget their kindness. I also want to thank my attorneys and everyone who has fought for me, stood beside me and refused to give up on me.

I don't know why I survived that night. I don't know what comes next. Some days, finding hope is harder than others. For now, I am trying to heal, one day at a time. And I am holding on to the love and kindness of so many people who have reminded me that I am not alone.