

When I close my eyes, I can still picture her smile. As my wife Lyn opened the door wide, she would have been beaming.

She was always pleased to help a stranger in need. Except that one morning in June 1973, Lyn's kindness cost her life.

My 26-year-old wife and I had been married for two years and had recently welcomed our first child – 11-week-old Shane.

I felt so lucky. Lyn was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen and she had a sparkling personality to match. She really loved to dance and had many admirers – but she'd chosen to spend her life with me.

That morning I went to work as normal, kissing Lyn goodbye and promising to call her later. It was something I did every day – and when she didn't answer that afternoon I assumed she was out with the baby.

But arriving home later, I saw the door to our flat was ajar. My instincts screamed that something was wrong – but nothing could have prepared me for the horror that was to come. As I stepped into the hallway, I saw Lyn's legs sticking out from the doorway of Shane's bedroom. My darling wife was lying there lifeless, surrounded by a pool of her blood. She'd been stabbed.

As our baby boy lay quietly in his cot beside her, I reached instinctively to feel her pulse.

Nothing. Lyn was gone.

What kind of monster could have taken her life so violently?

In a daze, I quickly grabbed Shane from his cot and called my dad Syd. 'Something terrible has happened,' I managed to choke out. 'Call the police.'

When they arrived, I was taken straight to the police station for questioning.

I was the prime suspect.

'I'd never hurt my wife,' I sobbed. Luckily, as I'd spent the day at my sales job, I was able to prove I was innocent. The real killer was out there and he needed to be caught.

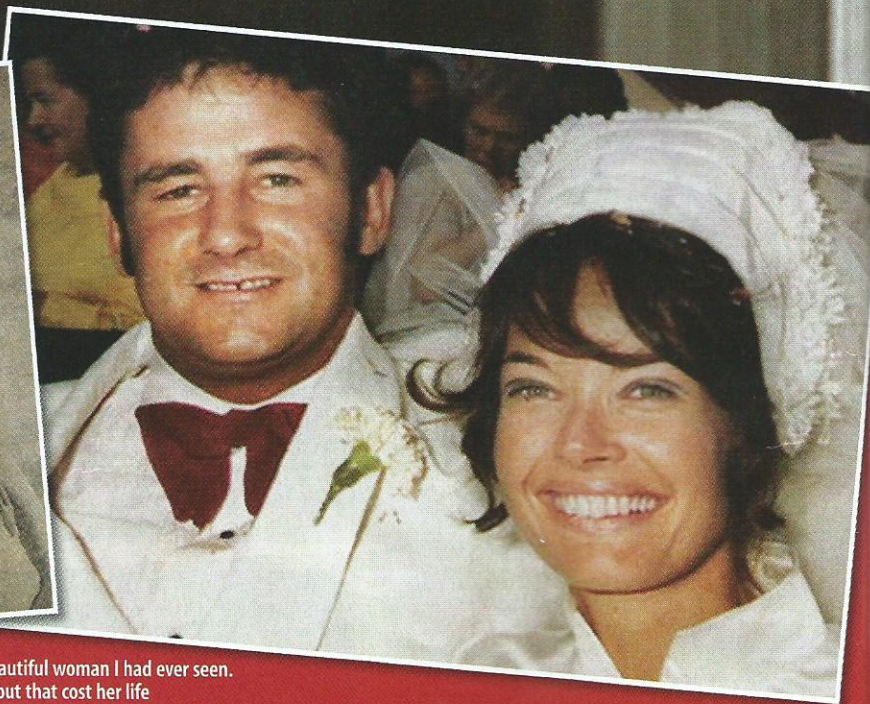
Further investigations

revealed that Lyn had been stabbed more than 20 times with one of our own kitchen knives. As they tried to piece together the puzzle, officers thought it must have been a sex attack gone wrong.

'We think the killer may have watched you leave that morning and seized his opportunity,' they told me, explaining a smashed mug found by the front door suggested he may have tricked

Devastated by the death of his young wife, Paul has never stopped hoping for a breakthrough **Paul White, 68, Sutherland, NSW**

The KILLER at the door



My darling wife Lyn was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. She always wanted to help others – but that cost her life

his way in by asking for a drink of water. Then, as Lyn obliged, he'd forced his way in, grabbing a knife and threatening her.

A pile of neatly folded clothes in our bedroom made officers think Lyn had been so terrified she'd obeyed his commands to undress. But before the man had a chance to assault her, he'd been disturbed – probably by a laundry delivery girl who'd knocked at the door.

Desperately, Lyn had tried to flee. But as her back was turned the knifeman had struck her. She'd never made it out alive.

My heart broke as I imagined her fear in those last agonising moments. If only I'd been there, perhaps I could have saved her.

Witnesses told officers that they'd seen a man with bushy ginger hair and a beard leaving the building that day. 'You have to find him,' I begged.