

Healing From An Accused Life

~ The Start ~

By: The Accused

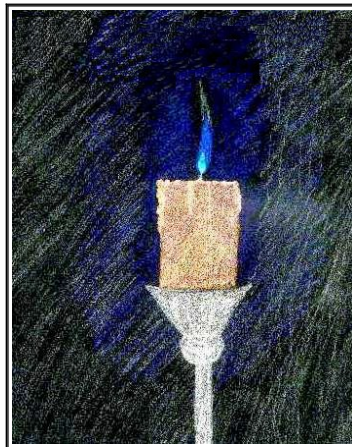
July 2024

~ Preface ~

The following is based on true events.

~ ~ ~ ~

*All real names are removed for privacy purposes
with only nicknames used in their place.*





***For the memory of my 8 year old daughter Flower.
Your joy and laughter have been a blessing throughout my life.
I've never forgotten you and, I never will.***

~~~~~

***This is my testimony.  
My personal healing journey.***



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### **ITS GOTTA START SOMEWHERE**

So here I sit with a hot coffee in hand. My circular wooden cafe table all steadfast and waiting. Such a monumental endeavor pushing me to write on the depths of my soul. Whence, releasing a spirit long run through the riggers of shame, guilt and suffering these past several years. And still I feel like any attempt to start is nothing but, a mere cliché. Yet yearning to find that healed peace from a troubled past. And so this is my testimony to what I couldn't share until now. My only real justice. Because after all, “there's no testimony without a test.” Michael Yon.

*Growing up my mother used to say, “Nothing ventured. Nothing gained.” And as an adult, I believe I've definitely lived that out.*

So in retrospect, my cargo of complex heavy thoughts and feelings have since compiled upon their journey. And due to my being in the primary care part of my legally required sex offender treatment, I couldn't write of the truth back then. For doing so would've distracted my thinking and feelings away from successfully completing it. Thus I had to hide it and then, act and play the role of a guilty convicted Minnesota State Felon for a sex crime I never committed. But, was framed and coerced into pleading guilty too. And where's the justice? Even my family-paid-for defense attorney said my case was unwinnable. So my choices were to legally fight it, lose and get locked up for 30+ prison years or, accept a deal and plead guilty and get seven years probation, fines, community service plus, ten years minimal MN BCA Offender Registration and a mandatory sex offender treatment program. And all this for being convicted of sending two sexual text messages to my ex-15 year old stepdaughter that I never sent. Yet in reality, she sent them from my cell phone to hers and cleared the evidence from my phone after the fact without my knowledge. And this I found out later on during my legal process after one day reviewing my discovery files. However, my defense attorney wouldn't believe or listen to me. So here I'm stuck with my ex-stepdaughter's successful lies.

My mother calls my legal frame up the “perfect storm.” And my father labels my being in forced treatment as “a six year running academy award.” So these weighted years of mental and emotional anguish have taken their toll on my immediate family and especially, on my daughter “Flower.” Even my younger sister proclaims, “this is the unquenchable and inescapable dumpster fire.”

And now with a desired respect to find and share healing, I will collect my best to honor their broken hearts and mine by writing of these legal horrors which afflicted and changed us.

*And now may my fingers not fearfully tremble as I chronicle these labors out.*

### **FINISHING PRIMARY CARE TREATMENT**

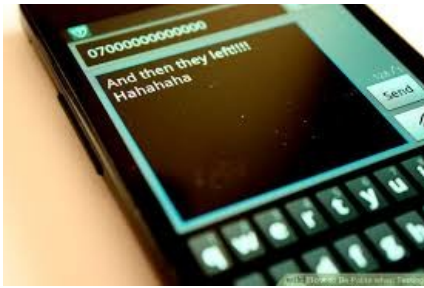
In Early November 2022 at a small therapy clinic in northern Duluth, MN, I finished the primary care part of a sex offender treatment program. And on its last day, I presented my Goodbye Letter to the weekly group I was in and was glad when I left. However, writing it the night before wasn't easy. Because I had to talk about what I learned and continue portraying myself as a guilty convicted sex offender throughout it. Then after, the group clapped and cheered saying I did a good job and congratulated me for “graduating” to the final part of treatment.

So while driving home I felt dismayed thinking, “I can't believe I just finished this. Its friggin done! No more charting or assignment homework to do and turn in!” Then hours after visiting my family and sharing the news, I decided to write everything down. All staunchly vowing for answers and closure. For this has been a long horrific ordeal and, no well formed phrases can describe nor, do any justice. I even recall watching my family suffer and argue with sobbing screams at each other during my legal beginnings. Plus my 8 year old daughter, Flower, was emotionally and mentally torn by what happened to me - to us, too. For back then, nightly tears serenaded her to sleep as she cried over missing me, her Dad when, she was taken from me. Now at age 16 going adult, she's not herself anymore. Whence, becoming a past 8 year old who mentally blocks and stuffs painful loss and memories away. So as a result, my being legally framed and coerced into pleading guilty wasn't fair to her, my family or, our closest friends and relatives. To include, myself.

*So while being faced with surmounting accusations, lies, crushing fears and endless questions...*

*Where am I supposed to begin?*

***This truly is the perfect storm.***



## **A TEXTING TUESDAY REMEMBERED**



## THE INTRODUCTION

Its popularly said, “*all’s fair in love and war.*” But with being wrongly accused of sex crimes, no one on the outside can truly understand just how unfair it is. Unless of course, it happens to them. And honestly for those close to me, they’d have to be me to fully grasp what its like to be accused and forced into pleading guilty in order to save his own daughter from losing him. And had I legally fought, lost and my accusers won then, my 8 year old would’ve grown up without me until my 35+ year prison sentence finished. Because this is what my accusers wanted for me.

Now throughout all this, I find it overwhelmingly degrading to have to lie and plead guilty to something I didn’t do. Yet, I did so for Flower. For she deserves to have a Dad in her life and to grow up knowing as well.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

***~ Being wrongly accused is like being set on fire and not allowed to put the flames out. ~***



The following pages tells of a day when two sexual text messages were sent to my stepdaughter Honeydew’s cell phone from mine. And it all happened during an Early August 2015 Tuesday. So to illustrate, I’ve included paid receipts on the left with a description of what happened on the right to corroborate them. Plus, I added discovery images taken from Honeydew’s cell phone to point out what was said and when. *\*Please note, my cell phone that was taken by the Duluth, MN Police during their raid of my home and my arrest in Late August 2015, had no images recorded from it by them at the time nor, did it ever after the fact either.* And equally important, these following pages also explains who wrongly accused me from the beginning too.

Again this writing is my testimony and, it stands against the injustices produced by those who greatly hurt me, my daughter, my family and our closest friends and relatives.

### THE PREQUEL

At the end of an Early August 2015 Tuesday, I thought and felt it went well and I never expected any problems from it. Nor was I aware of the vast upheaval that would ensue in the days and even, years, afterwards. Basically on this day, I believed everything was good with my 2<sup>nd</sup> wife Cookie and her 15 year old daughter, Honeydew. After all, we had a beautiful warm sunny day that we planned to go out to eat, go to the “Guys & Dolls” theater play and, Dairy Queen for ice-cream when done. No harsh words were spoken among us. So why would there be any foul play? And when we got home, everyone was happily content and went to bed.

However, I must point out a brunt reality. And that is Honeydew and Cookie had-it-out for me. Thus they proceeded with conspiratorial statements behind my back to wrongly accuse me of sex crimes I never committed – ie to stating I molested Honeydew and sexually texted her too. Yet at the end of a two year legal battle in Early Summer 2017, I chose to accept a deal and plead guilty to sexting (ie sexual texting) Honeydew to protect my daughter Flower from the legal system. But sadly with our local Duluth, MN Child Protective Services, my efforts were made useless. Plus at the time, I knew very little of what my choice to plead would do.

*But think about it...*

*How far would someone go to protect dark family secrets and keep them hidden?*

~ NOTE: ~

The following images are placed with an intent to protect everyone’s privacy.

~~~~~

Again, they also will show what took place and when to include,
pointing out Honeydew’s claimed sexting messages.

MY PURCHASE PAID RECEIPTS HISTORY

Amity Coffee – Duluth, MN – Receipts (2x)

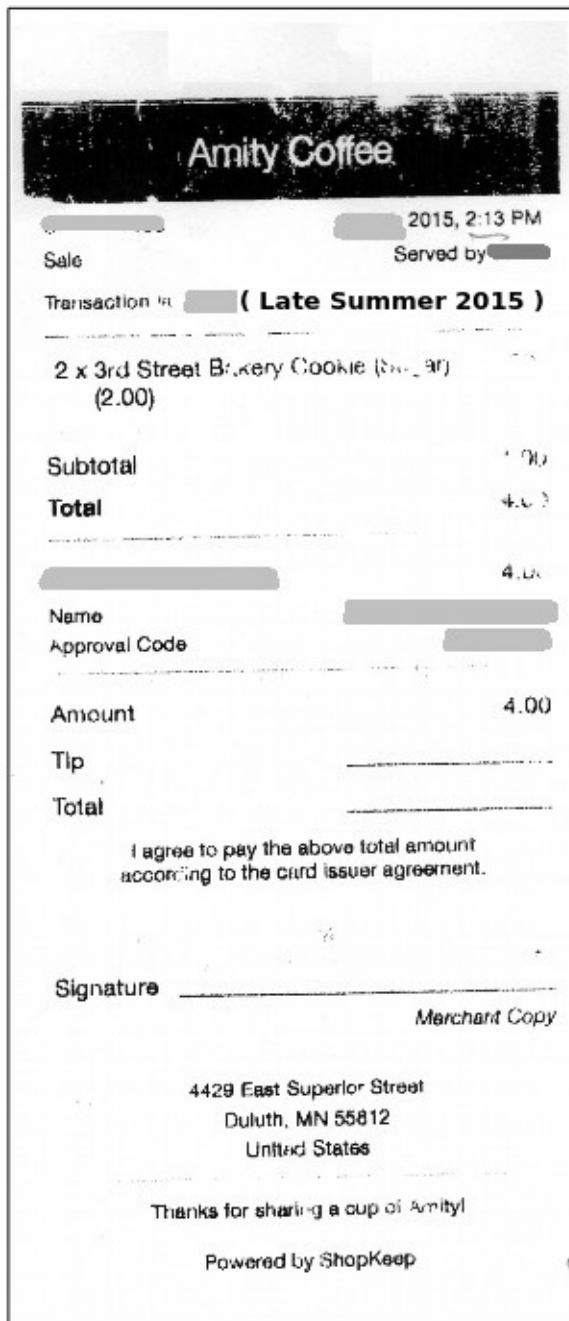
Amity Coffee	
Order # [REDACTED]	2015, 1:49 PM
Sale [REDACTED]	Served by [REDACTED]
Transaction # [REDACTED] (Late Summer 2015)	
1 x Hot Chocolate (12 oz., Here)	2.00
Whipped Cream	0.00
1 x Brewed Coffee (16 oz., Here, Papa New Guinea (dark))	2.50
2 x Amity Breakfast Burrito (Wheat) (6.75)	13.50
Subtotal	18.00
Total	18.00
[REDACTED]	18.00
Name	[REDACTED]
Approval Code	[REDACTED]
Amount	18.00
Tip	2.00
Total	20.00
I agree to pay the above total amount according to the card issuer agreement.	
Signature	_____
	Customer ID: [REDACTED]
4429 East Superior Street Duluth, MN 55812 United States	
Thanks for sharing a cup of Amity!	
Powered by ShopKeep	

1st Coffee Receipt

At 1:30pm on an Early August 2015 Tuesday, Honeydew and I drove to the local cafe, Amity Coffee, after I got home from work. And, we stayed there until her Mom, Cookie, called me when she was done with her day.

I had a late lunch with coffee and Honeydew quietly drank a Hot Chocolate as, she played on her cell phone while, seated across from me at our table.

Then after eating, I reviewed posted tech job requests online for the week on my Tablet. Thus at the time, I believed Honeydew was surfing her social media sites – like Twitter (now “X”), SnapChat and Facebook (ie “Meta”).



A photograph of a receipt from Amity Coffee. The receipt is dated 2015, 2:13 PM. It lists a transaction for two 3rd Street Bakery Cookies for \$2.00. The subtotal and total are both \$4.00. There is a signature line and a merchant copy section. The address is 4429 East Superior Street, Duluth, MN 55812, United States. The receipt is powered by ShopKeep.

Amity Coffee

2015, 2:13 PM

Sale Served by

Transaction in (Late Summer 2015)

2 x 3rd Street Bakery Cookie (2.00)

Subtotal 4.00

Total 4.00

Name

Approval Code

Amount 4.00

Tip

Total

I agree to pay the above total amount according to the card issuer agreement.

Signature

Merchant Copy

4429 East Superior Street
Duluth, MN 55812
United States

Thanks for sharing a cup of Amity!

Powered by ShopKeep

2nd Coffee Receipt

At 2:13pm I got two big Thunder Cookies. One for Honeydew and then myself. She quietly ate hers and continued sipping her hot chocolate while playing on her cell phone. Again, Honeydew barely spoke to me. And when I attempted to talk with her, she answered in short sentences and didn't say much after. As such, it seemed the only time Honeydew would say anything is when I spoke to her first.

Then at 3:15pm, Cookie called me and we planned our evening family outing. We discussed browsing the Dewitt Seitz Marketplace, to having dinner at Famous Dave's Restaurant nearby and after, going to the Duluth Playhouse "Guys & Dolls" play and, maybe Dairy Queen for ice cream afterwards. All-in-all, I was looking forward to a fun evening out with my family.

Finally at 3:45pm, Honeydew and I left for home so we could join Cookie on a drive to the marketplace.

SIDE NOTE: *In the past, Cookie privately told me she didn't like Honeydew being on her cell phone or tablet all the time. Adding Honeydew barely socially interacted with others at school, church or even at family gatherings etc.*

Moreover Honeydew while, living in my home, spent most of the time in her bedroom playing on her Android phone or tablet. Plus, she hardly ever watched TV like she used to when she and her mom lived in their old apartment complex before her mom and I got married in Mid-Summer 2014. Then right after, they moved in with me.

Dewitt Seitz Marketplace – Duluth, MN – Receipts (2x)



Dewitt Seitz Marketplace -- 1st Receipt

Cookie, Honeydew and myself arrived at the marketplace at 4:10pm.

At 4:33pm (16:33), I purchased a Red Table Matt for my living room coffee table at The Blue Heron Trading Company. Meanwhile, Cookie and Honeydew continued to browse the store as I paid the cashier.

Shortly after at 4:35pm, I walked over to the main floor Public Men's Room. And I was in there for 20 minutes until exiting at 4:55pm.

So when I exited, I noticed Cookie and Honeydew were seated side-by-side on a wooden bench to my left in the main floor hallway. *Then Cookie stands up, with Honeydew following and, walks over to me and hands me my cell phone stating I dropped it near the cash register in The Blue Heron Trading Company. So I grabbed it, thanked her and we continued walking around and went to the second floor.

SIDE NOTE: *The wooden bench they sat on was just under the Taste of Saigon Restaurant's window on the market's main floor hallway.*

The First Set Of Honeydew's Claimed Sexting Messages

Below is the first set of sexting messages Honeydew claimed to the Duluth Police that she received on her cell phone from me while at the Dewitt Seitz Marketplace on that Early August 2015 Tuesday. They start at 4:39pm and end at 4:53pm. Additionally, these texts in the following images are not a typical conversation I would have with someone. *Plus, these also took place while I was still in the Market's Public Men's Room and my cell phone wasn't with me at the time. Again, Cookie and Honeydew had my cell phone as noted above with The Blue Heron Trading Company receipt. *Importantly also, is that my cell phone had no password protection on it either. Thus, it wasn't locked when they had it in their possession.

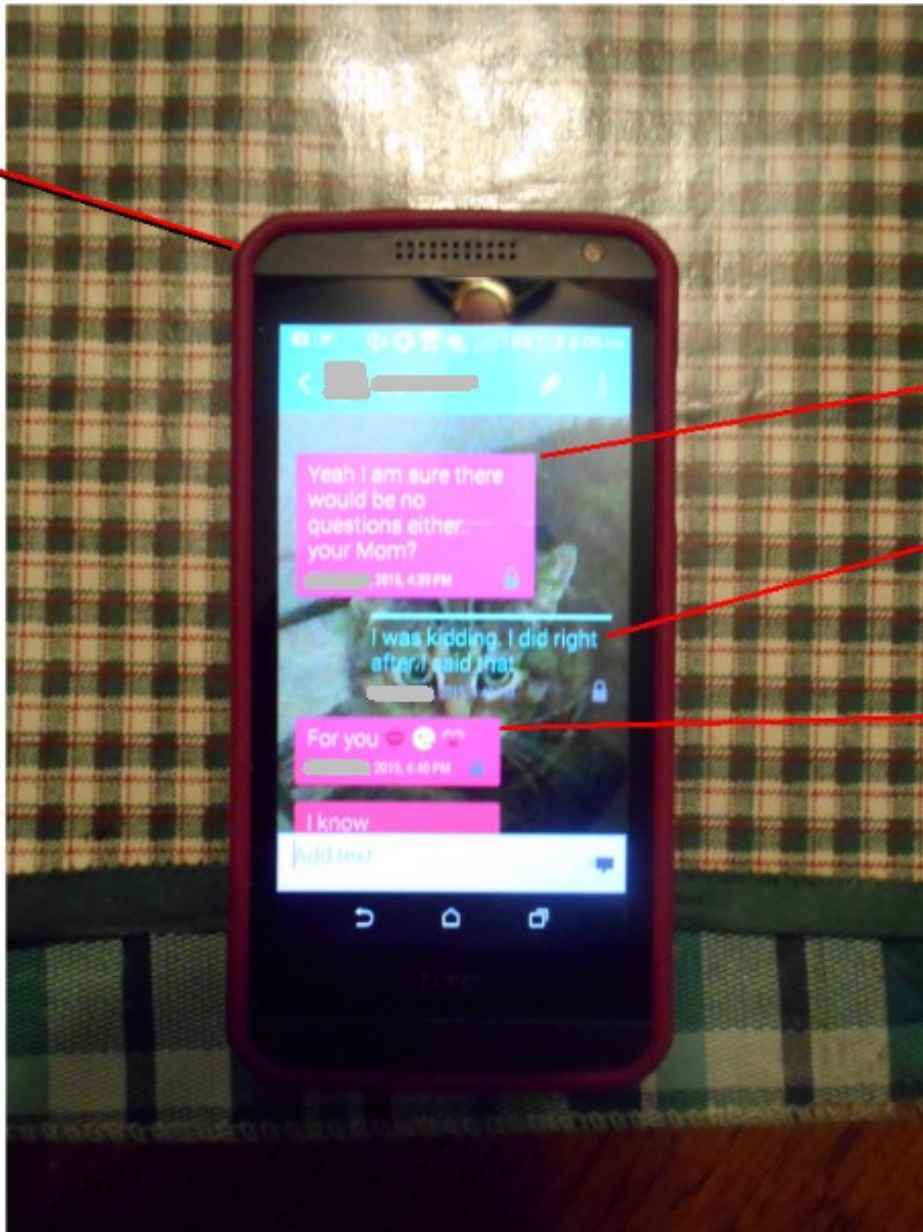
Pink Case

****NOTE****

THIS HTC CELL PHONE BELONGS TO THE ALLEGED VICTIM, MY PRIMARY ACCUSOR, HONEYDEW.

THE CELL PHONE CASE IN THE IMAGE APPEARS RED, HOWEVER, THE ACTUAL COLOR IS PINK.

ALSO THIS IMAGE WAS PHOTOGRAPHED BY AN INVESTIGATING DULUTH, MN POLICE OFFICER WHILE AT HONEYDEW'S HOME IN LATE-SUMMER 2015.



Received/Sent Texts while at the Dewitt Seitz Marketplace.

According to the Police Investigator:

**Pink = Received Text
Blue = Sent Text**

**(Late Summer) @ 4:39pm
(2015) CDT**

**(Late Summer) @ 4:40pm
(2015) CDT**

**(Late Summer) @ 4:40pm
(2015) CDT**

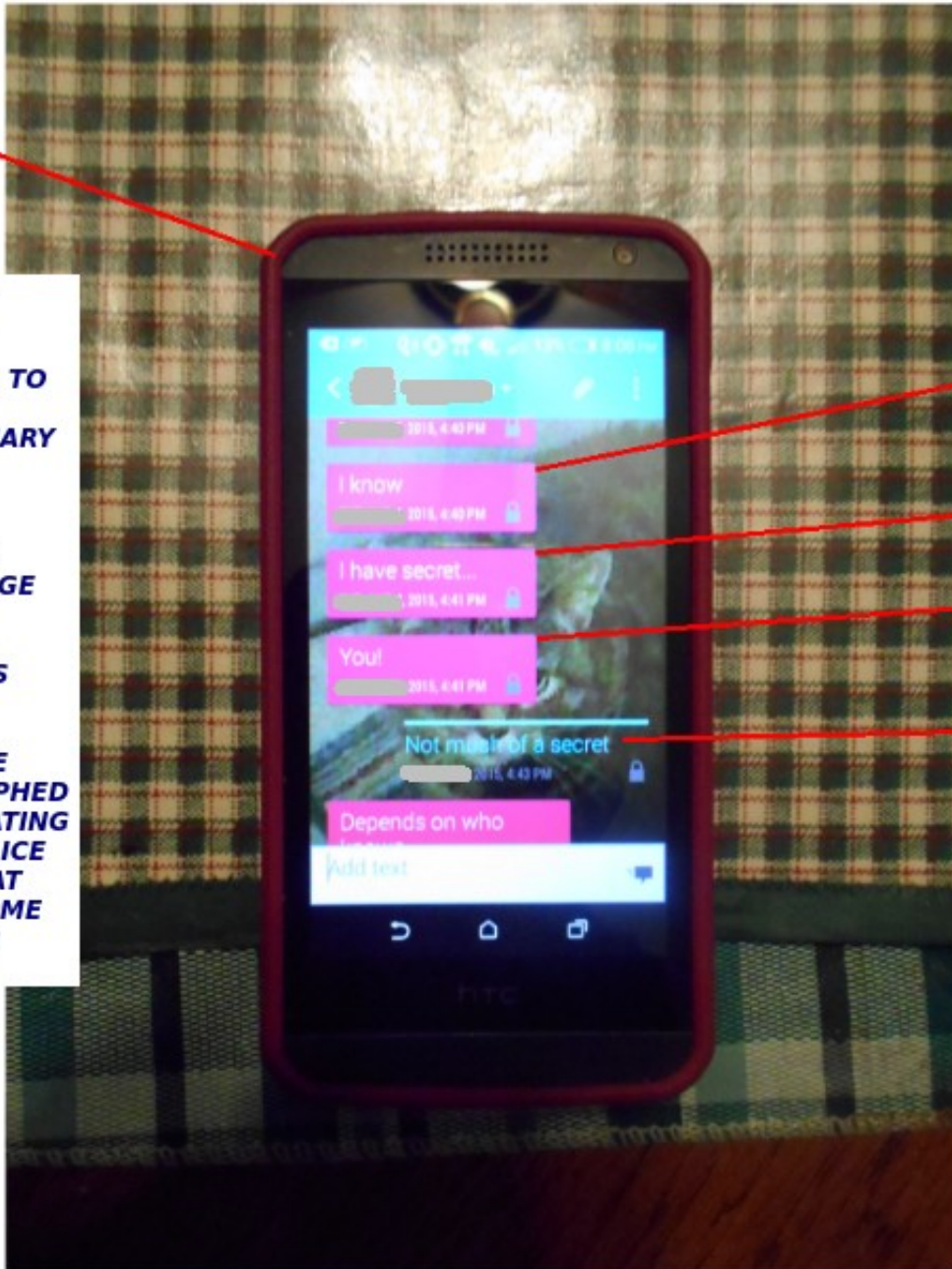
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According to the Police Investigator:

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Blue = Sent Text**

(Late Summer) @ 4:40pm CDT

(Late Summer) @ 4:41pm CDT

(Late Summer) @ 4:41pm CDT

(Late Summer) @ 4:43pm CDT

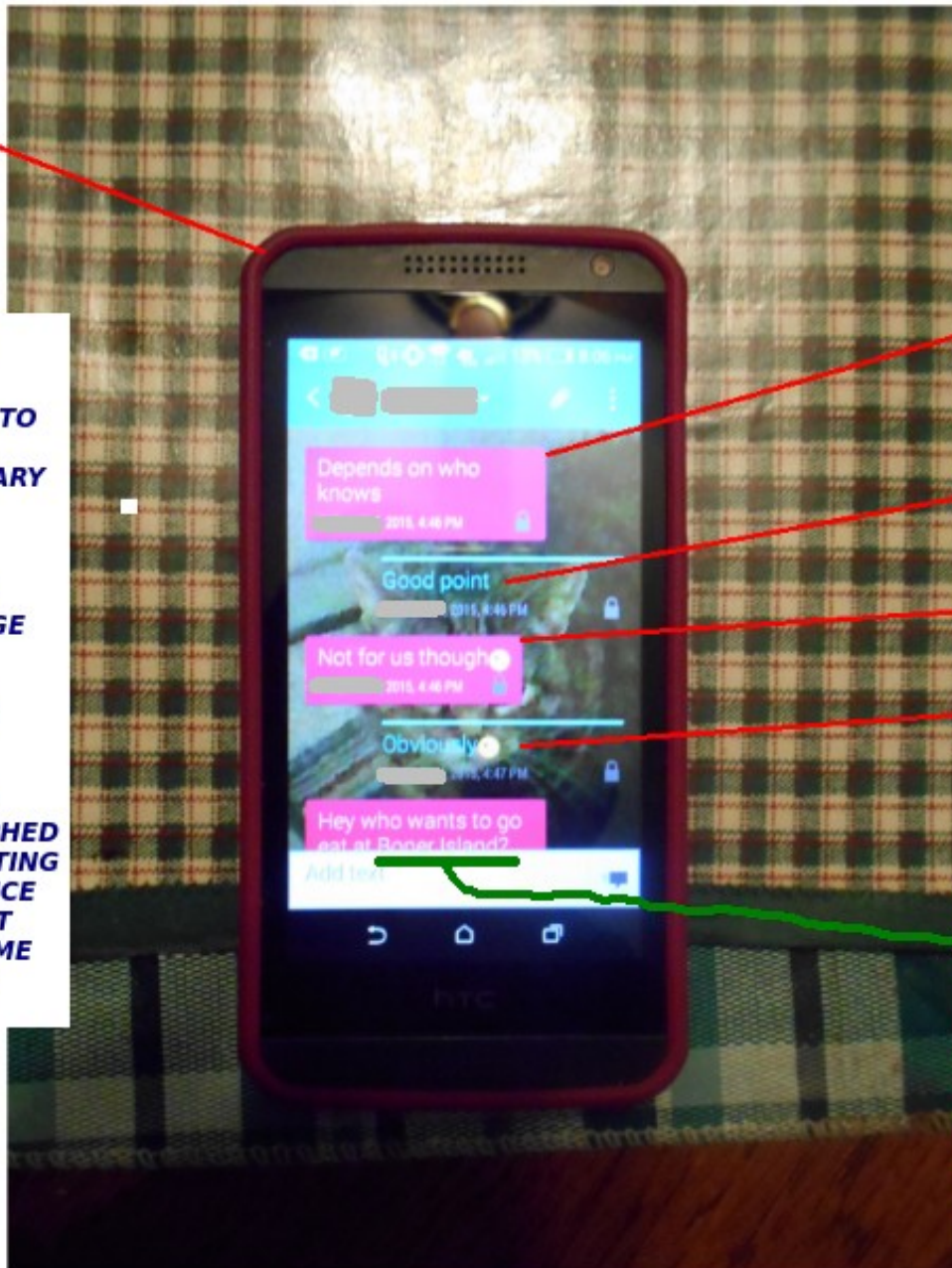
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Received/Sent Texts while at the Dewitt Seitz Marketplace.

According to the Police Investigator:

Pink = Received Text
Blue = Sent Text

(Late Summer) @ 4:46pm
(2015) CDT

(Late Summer) @ 4:46pm
(2015) CDT

(Late Summer) @ 4:46pm
(2015) CDT

(Late Summer) @ 4:47pm
(2015) CDT

****NOTE****

References an island named after a male's genitalia. A popular TV show called "Lost" refers to this island in their Season 3 series.

My accuser Honeydew & her mom, The Cookie, watched this show frequently together.

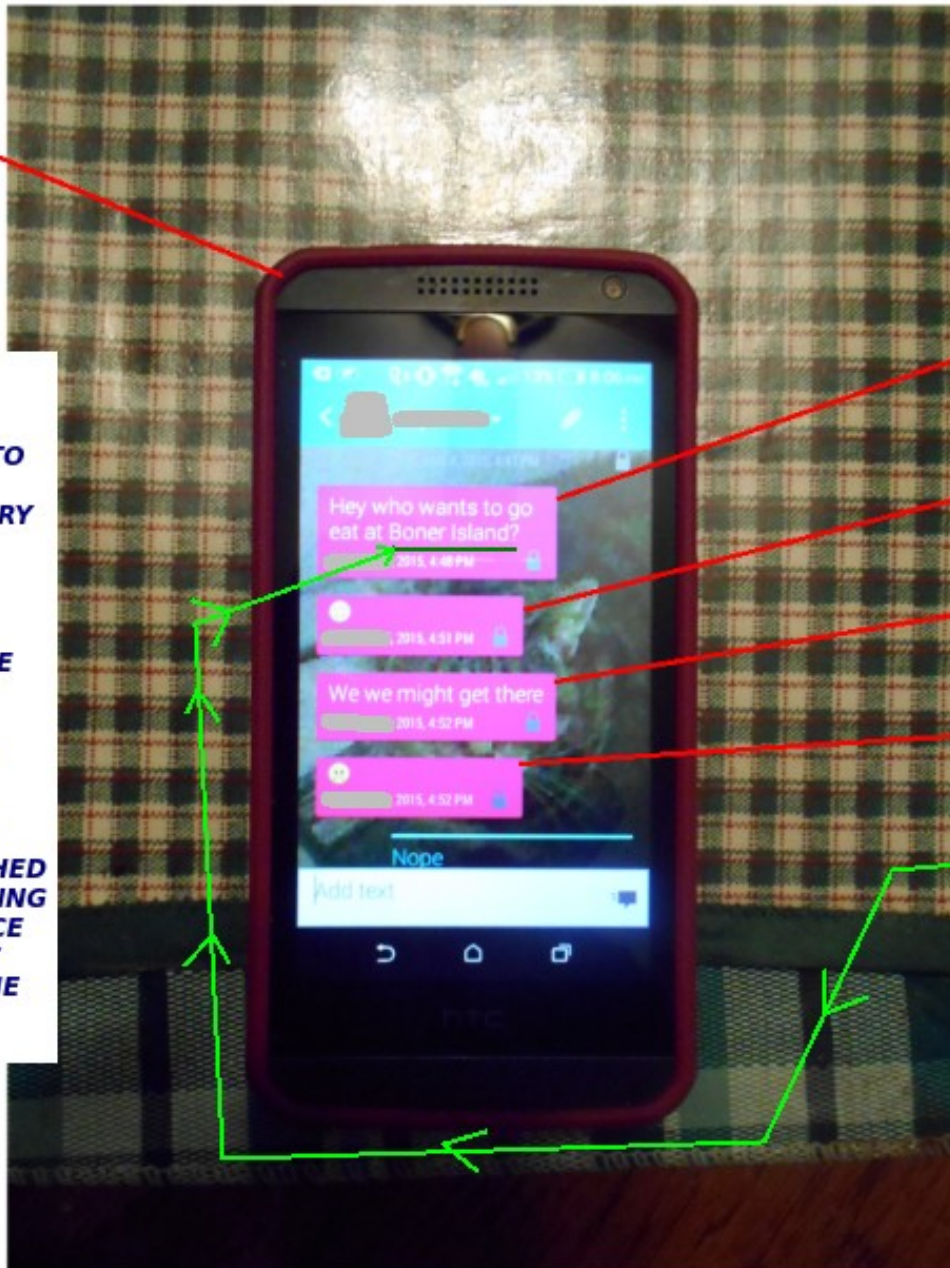
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Received/Sent Texts while at the Dewitt Seitz Marketplace.

According to the Police Investigator:

**Pink = Received Text
Blue = Sent Text**

**(Late Summer) @ 4:48pm
(2015) CDT**

**(Late Summer) @ 4:51pm
(2015) CDT**

**(Late Summer) @ 4:52pm
(2015) CDT**

**(Late Summer) @ 4:52pm
(2015) CDT**

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My accuser Honeydew & her mom, The Cookie, watched this show frequently together.

Received/Sent Texts
while at the Dewitt
Seitz Marketplace.

According to the
Police Investigator:

Pink = Received Text
Blue = Sent Text

Pink Case

Received/Sent Texts
while at the Famous
Dave's Restaurant.

(Late Summer)@6:32pm
(2015) CDT

****NOTE****

**THIS HTC CELL
PHONE BELONGS TO
THE ALLEGED
VICTIM, MY PRIMARY
ACCUSOR,
HONEYDEW.**

**THE CELL PHONE
CASE IN THE IMAGE
APPEARS RED,
HOWEVER, THE
ACTUAL COLOR IS
PINK.**

**ALSO THIS IMAGE
WAS PHOTOGRAPHED
BY AN INVESTIGATING
DULUTH, MN POLICE
OFFICER WHILE AT
HONEYDEW'S HOME
IN LATE-SUMMER
2015.**

(Late Summer)@ 4:52pm
(2015) CDT

(Late Summer) @ 4:52pm
(2015) CDT

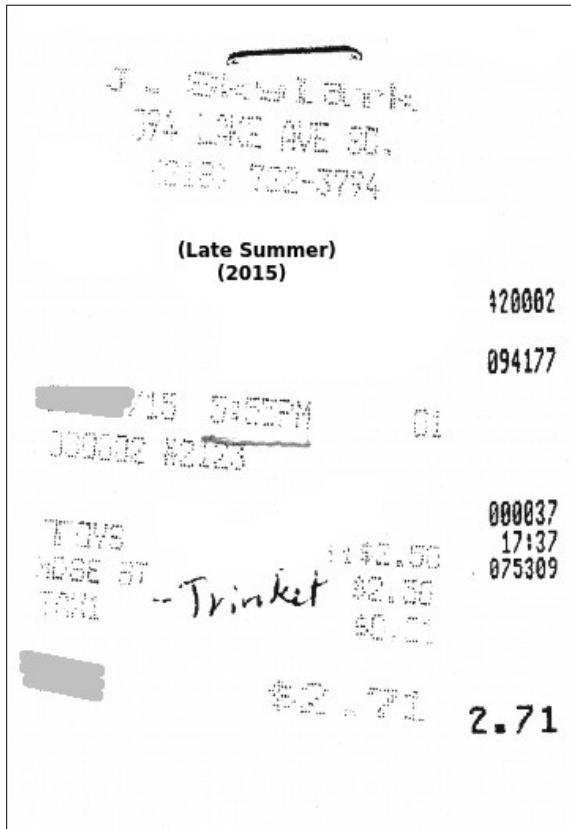
(Late Summer)@ 4:53pm
(2015) CDT

****NOTE****

**References a female's
genitalia.**

**A close relation to this
slang phrase comes from
a rock song by Warrant
called "Cherry Pie."**

**Some of Honeydew's TV
programs she viewed
regularly used language
similar to this too.**



Dewitt Seitz Marketplace -- 2nd Receipt

After I finished in the main floor Public Men's Room at 4:55pm on that Early August 2015 Tuesday plus, got my cell phone back from Cookie, we all went up to the second floor to check out the shops Two & Company and J. Skylark toy store etc there.

At 5:55pm, I purchased a toy trinket for my daughter Flower at J. Skylark.

Then at 6pm, we returned to Cookie's car and drove to Famous Dave's for dinner nearby.

SIDE NOTE: My daughter Flower wasn't with us on this day. She was with my Mom at the time. And, I remember calling my Mom to ask if she could continue watching Flower while I was still browsing around J. Skylark. My Mom said yes and I felt grateful for that. Meanwhile, I also remembered my forgetting to ask her sooner about the outing I was on too.

Famous Dave’s Restaurant – Duluth, MN – Receipt

Customer Copy
Famous Dave’s-Duluth

(Late Summer)
(2015)

Current Batch [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] 2015 7:18:10 PM
Check [REDACTED] Table [REDACTED]

Cardholder acknowledges receipt of goods and/or services in the amount of the TOTAL shown hereon and agrees to perform the obligations set forth in the Cardholder agreement with the Issuer

Approval [REDACTED]

BASE	\$14.37
TIP	<u>2.00</u>
TOTAL	<u>16.37</u>

Customer Copy

My Dinner Receipt

At 6:10pm on that Early August 2015 Tuesday, we arrived at Famous Dave’s in the Duluth Canal Park area.

Then upon entering, we sat in our booth, looked at menus and placed our orders and I, at 6:20pm, walked to the Public Men’s Room in the Adventure Zone Indoor Theme Park next door. There I remained for 15 minutes and returned to the booth at 6:35pm where Cookie and Honeydew were still seated opposite one other with the booth’s wall on their sides.

***Yet as I approached the booth at 6:35pm, I witnessed Honeydew holding my cell phone in her hands and looking at it. And at that moment she looks up and notices me and quickly places my cell phone back on the booth’s table away from her then, acts like nothing happened. Her last claimed text was at 6:32pm!**

As such, I was surprised to see her holding it. But then, I realized I accidentally left it on the table before going to the Men’s Room at 6:20pm. So at the time I didn’t believe any wrong doing was taking place and, I let it be at that despite my mistake of leaving my cell phone there in the first place.

So at 6:40pm our dinner arrives, we ate and finished by 7:10pm. At 7:18pm I pay for my dinner and Cookie pays for hers and Honeydew’s. Then at 7:20pm, we left for the Duluth Playhouse “Guys & Dolls” play.

The Second Set Of Honeydew’s Claimed Sexting Messages

Below is the second set of sexting messages Honeydew claimed to the Duluth Police that she received on her phone from mine while at Famous Dave’s on an Early August 2015 Tuesday. Again, this isn’t a typical conversation I’d engage in. Once more, I point out that these texts took place while I was in the Public Men’s Room and I didn’t have my cell phone with me at the time either. And, my cell phone was still not password protected. ***PLUS, I didn’t have any of these texts on my phone what-so-ever after I got it back from Honeydew’s holding it. Nor, did I ever see or hear of these texts until my home was raided and I was arrested by the Duluth Police in Late August 2015. So in Late August, is when I finally learned of them.** Additionally, the police didn’t have these images on record from my cell after their raid of my home and my arrest either. For if they did, my first legal discovery from them would’ve shown it. As such this means Honeydew erased the messages she sent from my cell phone to hers before giving it back to me at both locations listed earlier. But, left them on her cell phone to legally frame me with later on. Her Mom was also with her during these times too.

Pink Case

Received/Sent Texts
Below:

According to the
Police Investigator:

Pink = Received Text
Blue = Sent Text

(@ Dewitt Seitz Marketplace)
(Late Summer) @ 4:52pm
(2015) CDT

(@ Dewitt Seitz Marketplace)
(Late Summer) @ 4:52pm
(2015) CDT

(@ Dewitt Seitz Marketplace)
(Late Summer) @ 4:53pm
(2015) CDT

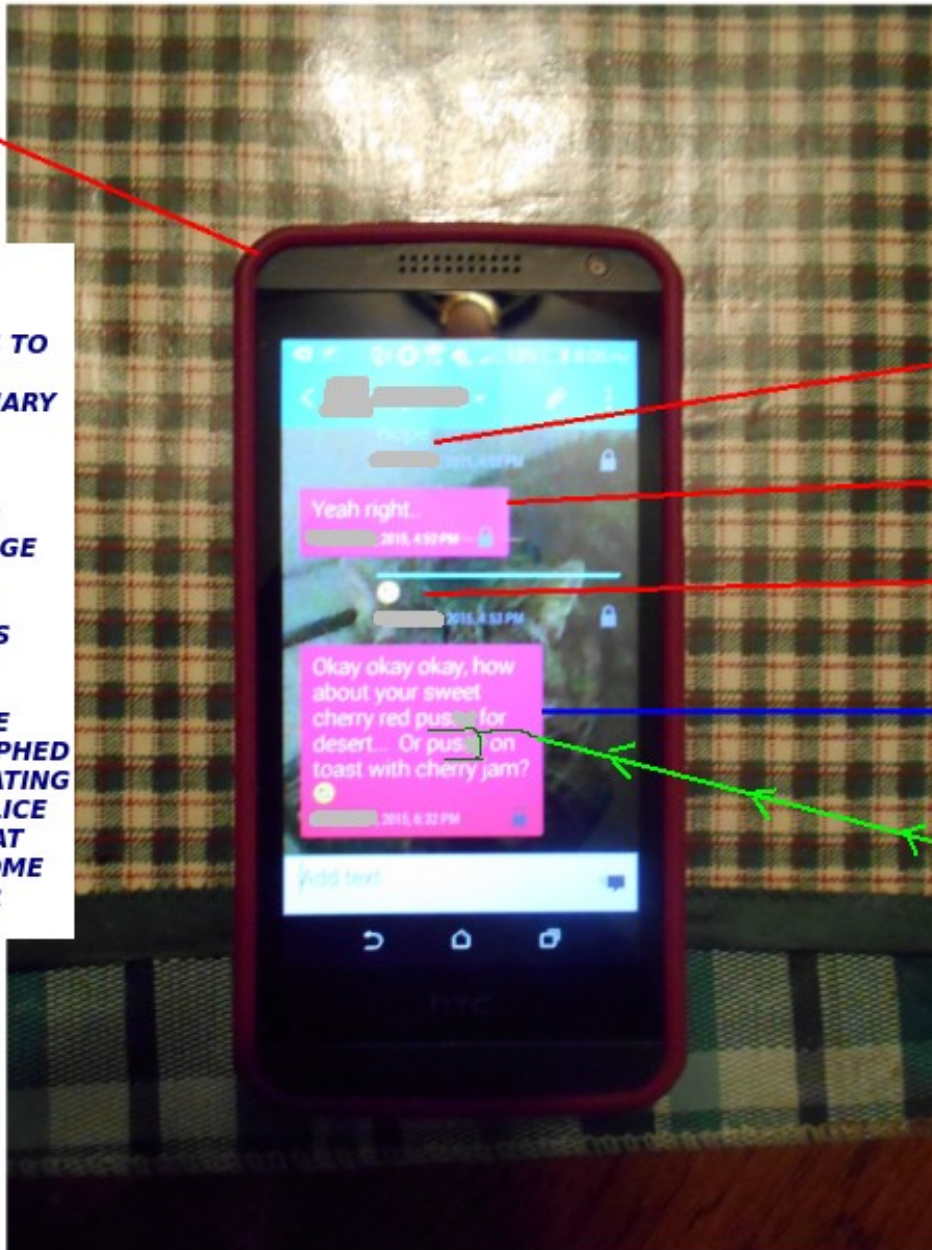
(Famous Dave's Restaurant)
(Late Summer) @ 6:32pm
(2015) CDT

****NOTE****

References a female's
genitalia.

A close relation to this
slang phrase comes from
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called "Cherry Pie."

Some of Honeydew's TV
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DULUTH, MN POLICE
OFFICER WHILE AT
HONEYDEW'S HOME
IN LATE-SUMMER
2015.

DQ Grill & Chill Restaurant – Duluth, MN – Receipt

(Late Summer) (2015)	
(218) 722-0799	
DAIRY QUEEN 14769	
307 CANAL PARK DR #3	
DULUTH, MN 55802	
2015	21:57:36
CREDIT CARD	
SALE	
CARD #	
INVOICE	
SEQ #:	
Batch #:	
Approval Code:	
Entry Method:	Swiped
Mode:	Online
SALE AMOUNT	\$4.19
CUSTOMER COPY	

My DQ Receipt After The “Guys & Dolls” Play

At 9:20pm on that Early August 2015 Tuesday, The Duluth Playhouse “Guys & Dolls” play finished with a big standing ovation. So afterwards Cookie, Honeydew and myself left for the local DQ in Canal Park to get ice-cream.

Then at 9:45pm just after getting through slow traffic, we arrive right before their 10pm closing. So we got our ice-cream treats, quickly enjoyed them and then, drove home afterwards.

NOTE: *I have no receipt for the “Guys and Dolls” play. For Cookie ordered our tickets at the Duluth Playhouse’s website and I paid her in cash for the cost of my ticket a few days earlier.*

A COLD HEARTED REALITY

To conclude this Early August 2015 Tuesday evening, I remember we all had a nice time on what seemed like a fun family outing. Back then, I didn't suspect any wrong doing by Honeydew or Cookie. After all, what loving father and husband would think a close family member would try to hurt and frame him? It was unthinkable! And as I recall, this day felt like the best time we've ever shared together. However, I had no idea that it was a big lie they created to hide their real agenda of getting me charged and arrested under false sexual claims this same year.

So this became a perfect storm they threw at me. All-the-while, successfully pulling the wool over my eyes. I trusted them! We were supposed to be a family! But simply put, Honeydew and Cookie screwed me over, wrecked my home and messed my life up for years to come. And, I've never seen any real justice since. Other than knowing that one day they'll answer to God for their harsh choices and for the lies and damage they've caused. Because the truth is always the truth no-matter-what is said and done of it.

Finally what the Duluth Police and their St Louis County Prosecutors eventually charged me with, to my pleading guilty to and, being convicted of was for sending two sexual text messages to my ex-15 year old stepdaughter. Thus the County Judge, labeled my Minnesota State Conviction as an, “Electronic Solicitation Of Child.”

And all this for two sexting messages I never sent! *(These words censored out below.)*

- 1.) “Hey who wants to go eat at B0ner Island?”
- 2.) “Okay okay okay, how about your sweet cherry red p#\$\$y for desert... Or p#\$\$y on toast with cherry jam?”

This is absolutely despicable! I wish I never met or knew about Cookie, Honeydew, their family, friends and their cultish “*River Church*.” For what they've done and put me and everyone I love through with their lies has negatively effected us over a long period of time.

And...

Where's the justice for a nightly sobbing 8 year old who's longing for her Daddy after being wrongly taken from him? All-the-while, getting no bed time stories and Dad's promised hugs good night.

It wasn't fair! So I cried a lot while missing her too.

THAT WEDNESDAY AFTER

MY TYPICAL HOME, WORK AND LIFE SEGWAY

The next day after our family Tuesday outing, life returned normal. Cookie worked day shifts as a hospital cafe cashier and did her college accounting school work at home afterwards. Meanwhile, Honeydew would sit and play on her electronic toys (ie chatting, games, social media sites and surfing the web) in her bedroom and, she didn't talk much to anybody unless spoken to first and had to answer. She was a typical 15 year old with a mind and attitude of her own. So between Cookie, myself and Honeydew we barely spoke to each other because of our busy lives. Thus, small talk was our regular occurrence. Basically at home, we were hardly a family after Cookie and I got married in the Summer of 2014. But as for my daughter Flower, she spent most of her time with her grandparents (ie my parents) or, with her Mom, Latte, my first ex-wife. Yet when Cookie, Honeydew, Flower and myself visited our families or went to church, we acted like the perfect happy family. So as I look back, it seems we got good at masking how we really were at home when around others. Though sometimes at home we argued too. However much of the time I wasn't there because of my being away on assigned tech job orders. Yet, Cookie often reported to me that she and Honeydew “got into it” (ie arguing) quite a bit while I was gone. Adding Honeydew was continually disobedient with not doing chores or, her homework. Plus Cookie stated she couldn't control Honeydew's smarting-off outbursts either. I myself opted to say nothing and just listened to Cookie. However, whenever I approached Cookie to talk about my important issues, she would coldly reply about being too busy and then ignore me afterwards. As such, I brushed it off thinking, “Okay” and thought nothing more about it while feeling I had no say either. This is pretty much how my home life was with them.

A LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL?

So Thursday of this week came and went. My work kept me busy. Home life was the same as usual. Yet, off-and-on throughout this day I remember wishing things at home were happier and Cookie, Honeydew and myself got along better like Flower and I did. I even recalled myself wishing we could be a closer family too. To then feeling hopeful that things would improve because we had such a good Tuesday outing this week as well.

Then on that Thursday early evening, Cookie and I talked about going to the Saturday 2015 Wood City Music Festival in Cloquet, MN to hear the live Christian bands and to see the various food and art vendors there. To even adding we could bring both Flower and Honeydew with us as another family fun event. So I agreed and felt excited about the idea. Thinking, “Wow! Perhaps there's a light at the end of the tunnel for us and things are improving.”

OH, HERE WE GO AGAIN!

Late Friday morning came. I got up and ready for work and after that, just before leaving, I went downstairs to Honeydew's bedroom and knocked on the door to remind her of a cleaning chore her Mom asked me to tell her to do. Then right after she snaps, “F#ck You! I'll do it when I'm damn good and ready! Now get the hell away from me!” In surprised shock I said, “Okay! Fine!” And quickly left for work thinking, “What the hell was that all about? I was just doing what her Mom asked me to do the night before.” Meanwhile driving to work I muttered, “I'm glad Flower wasn't there to see that.” So for the rest of the day, I just concentrated on my job and decided to talk privately with Cookie about this when I got home.

Now after I got home, I spoke with Cookie about this morning’s ordeal and she shook her head angrily saying, “Honeydew is impossible to deal with!” Then she continued about feeling helpless in trying to control her negative attitudes and behaviors. And after, she abruptly ends our conversation stating she’d go and check with Honeydew on this. However, I believed her efforts to do so would be useless when considering how defiant Honeydew keeps acting.

So later that evening Honeydew approached us in our living room, while our TV was on and, engaged in small talk with us. It seemed like things improved and we were looking forward to the Saturday fun outing. Meanwhile, Flower was still with her grandparents and I’d have to pick her up in the morning before driving to the festival. Thus, Cookie and I decided on taking separate cars - ie Honeydew with her and Flower with me.

***But, the plan didn’t happen.
And instead, something else took it’s place...***



A FESTIVAL SATURDAY CRASH

Saturday morning arrived and Honeydew and I were awake a few hours after sunrise. I walked towards the bathroom to get cleaned up while Cookie slept in and Honeydew was in the living room watching TV and playing on her cell phone. And just before continuing I stopped and said, “Good morning!” and she replies, “Morning” back and I walked on. I felt energetic thinking, “Cool! We have another fun event that we’ll enjoy.” Then after, I left to pick up Flower at my parents and I drove us to the Cloquet Music Festival.

So while getting there I remember Flower was all smiles, talkative and gleeful as she watched the passing cars out her back seat window. She seemed to be counting them. Perhaps even believing we were flying like an airplane down the highway. It was a tender moment. I felt alive and proud to have her with me on such a beautiful sunny late morning.

Then at noon, we arrived at the festival parking lot. It was just starting and no music was playing. So Flower and I walked in to look for Cookie and Honeydew. We checked everywhere from the music area to the vendor tents and couldn’t find them. I began getting concerned that maybe Cookie and Honeydew got lost and weren’t able to find the festival. After all, they were not as familiar with Cloquet like I was. I even kept checking my cell phone and didn’t see any calls or texts from them either. So Flower and I walked back to my car to wait for them. And during the long wait, I got increasingly worried because Cookie and Honeydew still didn’t show up, call or text me about their coming. Then I called Cookie and Honeydew several times and texted them to find out what was happening and all I got was their voicemail with no replies. So by this point I felt panicky and afraid that the worst had happened to them. Thinking, “Where the heck are they?!?! They’re not here! We planned this all out! Did they get hurt or killed in a car accident or, something even worse?!?!” I was fearful and my mind raced as my voice cracked and stuttered during my attempts at contacting them. Meanwhile, Flower was in the back seat crying, “Daddy whats going on?!?! Whats wrong? Why do you look so scared?!?! Please talk to me! I’m afraid!” I was frightened beyond rational thought and crying by this point. I didn’t know what to say or do.

~ ~ ~ ~

***And to this day, I still remember Flower’s 8 year old face and what she said.
Its a haunting reminder of how much she was hurt by all of this.***

~ ~ ~ ~

Now after I finally relaxed a bit, I called Cookie’s Mom, Babs, home number and Babs answered saying Cookie and Honeydew were staying at her place. Adding that they moved out of my home because Honeydew told Cookie I was sexually molesting her when Cookie wasn’t around. Then Babs calmly continued stating this was safer and she put Cookie on the phone to talk with me. Yet in utter disturbed shock and I kept thinking, “What the f#cking hell?!?! She’s lying!” And all this while still being parked in the festival lot with Flower in my car.

Cookie then picks up the phone while, sobbing, and saying she didn’t know what to make of Honeydew’s sexual claim against me. Yet, she pointed out that this was best until everything could be figured out. Then I agreed with her and emphatically denied the accusation stating Honeydew is lying and that this would soon clear up like it did before. However by the time we finished the call, not much more was said between us and we hung up with barely a goodbye.

So while still being parked in the festival lot, I called my Mom to tell her what just happened. And at this time, I was extremely overwhelmed with frightened disbelief. Reasoning, “I never did anything sexual with Honeydew at all! Why me? She’s lying! I don’t deserve this evil! What the hell even possessed Honeydew to do this to me?!?!” Meanwhile behind me Flower was still crying in the back seat. I was heartbroken and seeing Flower like this crushed me even more.

Then upon finishing with Mom, I collected my feelings and told Flower everything was going to be okay and, I was bringing her to her grandparents. So all-in-all, I did everything I could to appear calm and in control. Despite the fact this entire ride back felt like an eternity in hell. I was emotionally wrecked and speechless with no answers. Plus I never told Flower what happened nor, what was said either. It was all too fresh and raw for me.

So after I brought Flower to her grandparents and privately spoke with Mom, I returned to an empty home. Thus by this time, I was incredibly miserable and alone while I sitting on my bed crying, “Why!?!?” And so, I just stayed there for a time. Because nothing else could comfort or console me.

Now towards that early Saturday evening, I called Cookie to see how things were going and she said nothing changed and they were still dealing with everything. To adding they weren’t coming back either. To which I agreed and stated this was best too. Then Cookie somberly declared she was very sorry this all happened and pointed out she didn’t know what else to do either. So after that, we talked about her coming to get their things and I offered to pack it up and store them in my garage. Cookie agreed. And during the following packing week, I had no scheduled jobs. So I worked several hours daily to get it done. Thus by that Thursday, I finished storing everything and called Cookie and left her a voicemail to inform her it was ready. Then on the following Friday evening, she called back saying she had a moving van and she and Babs would be coming at Sunday noon to pick their stuff up.

So on Sunday noon, they arrived at my garage for their boxed items and etc. Meanwhile my Dad, my brother-in-law Mike and myself helped Cookie and Babs load their van. And during a moment’s break, Cookie privately approaches me to give me a sudden brief hug and again, stated she was sorry for everything. I felt very put off by this. And as I returned to help load with the others, I didn’t know what to make of Cookie. For her hug and words were out of place and awkwardly disturbing. Then towards the end of loading, my Dad and Mike assisted Cookie and Babs in bringing some of their things into Babs home where Cookie and Honeydew moved to.

Then once the moving was done on that Sunday, my home life mellowed over the following the week. Yet, my mind and emotions were still a wreck from everything that happened. As such, finding comfortable peace was difficult to say-the-least. And even though my immediate family did their best to help me, the answers as to why I was being accused of sexually molesting Honeydew just weren't there. Plus, I wasn't allowed to attend the church I used to go to with Cookie and Honeydew because they still went there. And to be honest, I didn't want to either. I felt too ashamed, judged and angry to even show my face there. Thinking, “What the heck can I say or do anyways? They all probably hate my guts by now because of this!” As such, everything in my life was turned upside down.

****IMPORTANTLY NOTED HERE: Is that during Honeydew's sexual molestation accusations against me on that Festival Saturday when, I first learned of them, there was no mention of any sexual text messages by Cookie, Babs or, from anyone else at the time too. And in fact, I didn't find out about these messages until my home was raided, my work computer devices were taken and I was charged and arrested for Honeydew's false sexual claims by the local Duluth, MN Police in Late August 2015.***

So after my late August 2015 arrest, I spent two and a half days in the St Louis County Jail until my court arraignment and a \$50,000 bond release was paid for by my parents.

And so this was just the beginning of the two years of legal hell that followed.



THE BIG ARREST WEEK

Now as I think back to this week when my legal mess began, it feels like a blur. Memories are fuzzy, blocked and emotional during my attempts to recall them. Much has happened since August 2015. So its tough to explain it all. I mean really? Who wants to relive their painful past? But then I think if I’m ever going to find healing then, I have to face this strait on regardless. So here I’m left with the big questions. How do I begin and, am I mentally and emotionally strong enough to face it? But like I said at the beginning of this, “Its gotta start somewhere.” Or else, it will continue to eat me up inside until I deal with it or, it takes me down. So here goes...

A LATE SUNDAY AFTERNOON POLICE REPORTING

Towards the end of August 2015 for me, Hell finally froze over. Yet on a late Sunday afternoon before this week began, I had no idea I was about to be proverbially thrown into a blazing “dumpster fire.” For at this point, I was still getting over the fact that Cookie and Honeydew moved out and left me for Cookie’s Mom’s home to live in. Plus, Cookie and her Mom just picked up all their things from my garage a week ago. But little did I know on this late Sunday afternoon, that Cookie called the Duluth Police to report me for sexually molesting her 15 year old daughter Honeydew. And according to the first police report, she and Honeydew were interviewed by the same male officer separately but, in close hearing proximity to each other at Babs home. Plus, this same officer also took photos of Honeydew’s cell phone with the sexual text messages which she claimed to have received from me on the written “Tuesday” outing earlier. So by this time, the proverbial fire fix was lit. Meanwhile, I’m at home obviously relaxing with a movie to mentally escape and feel normal. Again, I note here that no mention of sexual text messages were stated in the first initial phoned police report by Cookie. As such, this came from Honeydew during their first official police visit at Babs home not long after.

CPS MONDAY

Then on a late Monday afternoon the next day, two St Louis County female CPS agents and two male Duluth Police Officers arrive knocking on my house’s front door to tell me I’m, “under investigation for sexual allegations regarding a minor child.” And after that, the lead CPS agent abruptly informs me that I’m not allowed to see or contact my daughter Flower for two days during their inquiry as she hands me a small green information pamphlet. Meanwhile right behind them, were the two male officers looking away and grinning contently. It was all very surreal to see.

So right after they left, I called my Mom to tell her what just happened. Then she angrily responds that they visited her too and she was pissed-off about it. And as we spoke, I flat out denied the sexual allegations and added I had no idea why Honeydew and Cookie would sink this low. I was shocked, confused and caught off guard. All-the-while, fearing thoughts raced worries on what could happen next in my head. It was like I was being ganged up on by evil forces hell bent on consuming me in their blazing “dumpster fire,” just so they could ritually dance upon my ashes when done.

As such, this was a tough phone call between my Mom and I. And during the time when Mom was visited by the authorities, my Dad wasn't home and my daughter Flower was outside somewhere over there playing with her neighborhood friends too. Thus, neither of them had any idea what just happened. And as I think about it, and knowing my protective Dad, had he been there when it did, he would have been furious and colorfully verbal and could have made the situation worse. Thus, my Mom kept her cool and didn't share this with him until some time later that day. So after the call, I just sat on my living room couch believing myself to be totally screwed under trembling fears. And it took me quite a while to relax from all this too.

So on the Tuesday after, I went to work in the morning and distracted myself with it to stay sane. However, I can't count the number of times I wanted to run away and hide and start over as someone else – with a new identity. It was like death froze over me. But again, this was only the beginning.

RAMMIT'S POLICE RAID WEDNESDAY

~ BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! ~

Wednesday came at me like a war's “shock and awe” military bombing. For on the night before, I was up late watching the DVD “Con Air” starring Nicholas Cage. It was a good escape. However, the movie in of its self is unintentionally apropos when compared to this day. Especially, in the way it seems to foreshadow what was about to happen on this Wednesday as I review it.

For at 1:30pm on Wednesday, I was suddenly awakened from a deep sleep in my bedroom by four loud bangs at my front door. So I jump out of bed and ran down the hallway to see what was going on. And just as I got to my living room, there were a bunch of armed Duluth Police Officers swarming in with one yelling, “This is a raid!” And then another sees me and orders me to lay on the floor with my hands behind my head. And in surprise, I noticed one was a short female and I quickly ran back to my bedroom to put pants and a t-shirt on for I just realized I was only in my underwear at the time. And right as I did the ordering officer yells, “You're not listening to me!” Then seconds later I returned clothed and said I had to go to the bathroom and he shouts, “No! Get on the floor with your hands behind your head!” And so I did. Then just as they handcuff me and propped me to a seated position on my hardwood floor, I ended up urinating in my pants. Meanwhile, one of the other male officers brought in a chair from my kitchen for me to sit on in the living room. So from this point on, this male officer read me my rights and then the short female approaches and begins talking to me with bullheaded questions. To include, bragging about how I was just read my rights and she proceeded on. I was overwhelmingly filled with fear, confusion and beyond rational thought by this point– ie being under extreme emotional duress. All the while, her interrogation and cussing at me went on for 30 minutes before she passed me to another male officer to talk with me in my kitchen. In the meantime, I was still handcuffed and sitting in wet “pee-pants” and not allowed to use the bathroom. Meanwhile other officers were rifling through my stuff and taking it for their investigation. Then the female officer enters my kitchen and pridefully brags about how she could hold on to my computer equipment for up to three years if she wanted to. And ultimately, she did too. Because in the Early Summer of 2018, the Duluth Police Evidence Department contacted me to come and get my stuff because it was taking up space in their facility. Again, this was my Wednesday From Hell. One that's tough to forget.

So during the short female officer’s 30 minute questioning and cussing at me yelling, “Quit bull\$hitting me! I know more than you f#cking think I do,” when I responded. She then informs me she’s been spying on me since January 2012 and, has been watching my Internet communications too. Then right after she accuses me of downloading child porn on my work computers on a regular basis. To stating specific search terms and file-sharing software and even asking me about them too. Meanwhile, I had no clue what the hell she she was talking about because I never saw or heard of them before. Nor, did I ever look for it either. This was absolutely insane! And again, I was totally caught of guard, jittery and I kept talking and denying her claims. And as such from the start, I inadvertently declined my right to remain silent as well. However now as I think about it, she basically verbally coerced me into doing that. To which she purposefully violated my rights upon doing this. Yet this was then, and I was in complete emotional duress and had no stable frame of mind to respond from. Thus, she of course was more than happy to oblige her vicious verbal jabs.

****Yet interestingly enough, this female lead officer never mentioned anything about Honeydew’s sexual allegations against me in her questioning. For it was only all about downloading child porn and not, sexual molestation or sexting message claims.***

Also On A Side Note during my two year legal process with my discovery files, I later learned this short lead female officer interviewed both Cookie and Honeydew a few or so days after the first initial police visit was done by a male officer. Thus during her interview of them, she too did the same process as he did. Yet from the audio files I had of them, this female officer sounded like she was leading both Honeydew and Cookie to answer in how she wanted them too – ie to “leading and coercing the witness.” As such, it seemed the proverbial fix against me was in.

Even more so, my younger sister later stated to me that this female officer was a Duluth Police Liaison at her high school when she was a student there years ago. To adding this officer hated guys and was a “total b1tch to them” too. Plus my sister pointed out that, “she’s a cop with an ax to grind and has to prove it no matter what.” So basically, I felt screwed despite it all. And, I also later learned this short female officer was the lead investigator of the raiding party at my home as well.

So after my forced one hour of questioning concluded, the police decided to remove my handcuffs and let me to use the bathroom and change clothes. Yet during my seated use of the bathroom, two male officers were also in there and watching me. I felt horribly humiliated thinking, “they are sick freaks who get off on this sh1t!” So at one point while in there I said, “Hey, you can at least turn your heads.” and they did. Meanwhile, one stood in my bathtub as the other was standing and blocking the bathroom door. Then 20 minutes later, a male officer drives me handcuffed from my home to the local St Louis County Jail.

GETTING TAKEN TO COUNTY LOCK-UP

Upon arriving at the jail, I was placed in a small locked room and told I had to do a urology test before being placed in their Inmate Holding Room. So after 15 minutes, I performed the test, passed and was moved into “Holding” with a small group of other new inmates. And with my shattered nerves, I was thankful they were all tame, quiet and watching TV. In the meantime, we were all waiting to be individually checked in and processed. And as for me I’ve never used illegal drugs nor, have I ever wanted to. Yet, I imagine some of these guys were there because of it and other crimes etc too.

My wait in the locked Holding Room took a while until the staff could finally get to processing me. Then when they did they had me sign paperwork, take a shower, put on an orange jumpsuit with white flip-flops and then, had me turn in my personal clothes to which, they washed and gave back to me when I left on Bond two and a half days later after my Friday court arraignment that week. So after my clothes turn in, the jail staff had me watch a short training video on what to expect at the jail and then placed me in their Inmate Observation Area. In there, inmates are observed for a time until they get moved to the jail's General Population. Usually, this is done after their first court hearing has taken place.

For me, jail was an uncharted strange land. Thus on the first day, I felt stoned numb and I feared being around others and getting jumped and beat up by them too. Plus, I was afraid of them finding out why I was in there. Yet thankfully, none of this ever happened. So during my stay, I read available books and jotted down notes on scratch paper to pass the time. And, I requested a local visiting chaplain for spiritual help and prayer too. Then when he came on my 2nd day, I discovered he was a joke that didn't have much to offer and he didn't seem to care to listen to me either. Instead, it just felt like he was talking down to me. So consequently, he left me feeling more empty and hurt than anything else.

As such on my first day, I got one free 8 minute phone call. So I called my Mom and told her where I was at. She kept her cool but, at the same time I could also tell she was hurt by what happened to me. Then moments later, I heard her sobbing concerns and it was tough for me not to do the same in front of everyone else while standing at the Jail Commissary Phone. And so this was how it was each time I spoke with her. She even had to pay for my ability to call her from the jail too. Meanwhile, she and my Dad waited for my court arraignment before finding out what they needed to do and pay to bail me out. Once decided, it was a \$50,000 Bond paid via Cassandra Bail Bonds. So throughout my horrible week, this was the nicest local company I worked with and they treated me with respect too. Plus their lady rep I met at the jail before leaving, was a kindhearted soul with a shared breath of fresh air. And while conversing with her, I recall a moment when I felt like out-right crying but, didn't. For during that last jail day, my painful emotions were so tightened that they cried out for comfort.

GETTING OUT OF JAIL FRIDAY

Now after I got out of jail, my parents picked me up and had me stay with them in their spare bedroom for the weekend so I could recover from what happened. Because the idea of going back home and sleeping there right after getting out of jail was very horrifying with all my fresh memories. Although, I did check the place out with my Dad on the Saturday after. Then when I got there, I found my cat was still at home and hiding during the days I was incarcerated. Thankfully, my Dad would go and check up on her and give her food, water and etc. To stating she was very shook up too.

So when I finally got to see my home, I discovered the police messed everything up. Papers and my clothes were tossed everywhere. Printed photos I had were strewn and or, taken away. And I even had old undeveloped 35mm film rolls that they took too. Plus, all my work computers and even their power battery backups were taken. Everything was ran-sacked and thoughtlessly rifled through. Seeing it was very overwhelming. Then with all the clean up and reorganizing of my home, it all took a better part of a week to complete. And in the meantime, my parents and I worked on getting a defense attorney from the law firm **“Andrew, Bransky, & Poole, P.A”** here in Duluth. They even found him on the Internet while I was still in jail. Although today after the fact, I must say I for sure have my differences with him. However, this will be covered later on.

THE REALIZATION OF RECONSTRUCTION WEEK

Now during the week of home cleanup, my Mom gave me her old laptop after she purchased a new one. I felt grateful for it because I needed it for work. Plus, I had to reinstall and re-setup all my computer apps just so I could do my tech job. So basically, I was starting over. And, I lost a lot of work and assigned tech contracts because of being incarcerated too. Meanwhile in jail, I wasn't allowed to call and cancel assigned job orders. Plus, I didn't have their contact numbers to do so either. Whence, I hated the fact I felt like I was being seen as a no-call-no-show worker. It was humiliating!

A BRIEF SUMMATION OF MY DEFENSE AND COURT HEARINGS

Then on Wednesday of this week, my Mom and I met with my defense attorney to go over my legal case and to look at all the evidence in my discovery packet. And so, this legal process took about two years with several court hearings and back and forth between my attorney and the St Louis County Prosecutors Office. And more so at each court hearing, Cookie's Mom, Babs and her sister-in-law Karen would be present with them too. However, Cookie herself never came to these hearings. And also, never once was Honeydew there either. Nor, did I ever have to face Honeydew in court via video conferencing etc too. And so, the only time I saw Cookie was at my Early June 2017 Sentence Hearing when she read her victim statement and then, the lead female county prosecutor read Honeydew's. Again, this was the biggest legal mess I ever dealt with. And it even made my first divorce process with Latte, Flower's Mom, look like a walk-in-the-park by comparison.

So to quickly sum up, these legalities became the biggest “sh1thole” everyone in my immediate family had to deal with. Including, for Latte with the separate Family Court hearings we had in regards to our daughter Flower. For our local St Louis County Child Protective Services ultimately wanted to take Flower away and, put her into foster care where none of us would ever see her again until she was 18 years old. And all because of my supportive family, Honeydew's false sexual claims against me and also, due to the unprovable Internet child porn downloading claims by the Duluth Police Lead Investigator and her (US Federalized) Task Force – ie made from the St Louis County Sheriffs Department, Duluth, MN and Superior, WI Police and the local US Marshals office.

In the end due to a lack of evidence most of this didn't legally stick except, for the two sexual text messages that I chose to plead guilty to in order to protect Flower. For back then I believed if I just played along with my legal case then, CPS would leave Flower and my family alone. But sadly, that didn't happen. However at the end of Family Court in Early March 2018, they agreed to have Flower stay with my family and then, allowed me to have supervised visits with her. However, this local County Family Court system also took away all my parental rights to her too.

Tough Side Note: I wasn't allowed to see or have contact with Flower during the whole allegations legal process through to Family Court in Early March 2018 – ie Late Aug. 2015 to Early Mar. 2018. So that's 2.5+ years and of Flower and myself being apart. Ie, no shared holiday cards, gifts, supervised visits or even monitored phone calls! So our forced separation brought us indescribable long suffering. And all due to lies and police bulls#it! Plus, the cops never found any child porn on my computers either. Because it never existed in the first place!

“Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely.”
19th Century Politician And British Lord John Emerich Edward Dalberg ‘Acton’

BONDED FREEDOM

The path from the start of my Legal Process in Late August 2015 to Early June 2017 was a very bumpy ride to say the least. Because from the point I left the Jail when my parents picked me up, I had no idea of the heavy emotional and mental baggage that awaited me. This was even for my parents and other immediate family too. For at the time while driving away with them, I was overly tired, shocked, numb and I didn't know what to think. Back then, I was just glad to be out of jail. However, I didn't feel comfortable or safe staying at my home. So my parents, as stated before, had me stay with them for that weekend. And to this day years later, I'm still grateful for that. For on the first night out of jail, I slept hard and into the next day. I don't even remember if I dreamed while sleeping. Though some how, I gather I was being spiritually protected from it. Yet I do recall nights later on during my legalities, when I had nightmares about the trauma I experienced.

More so during that first weekend, Flower was staying with her mom Latte and not at my parents. So thankfully she never knew about what happened to me. For it would've been too emotional on us both. And back then, I was denied the right of seeing or having her in my life – even at our home too.

DIGGING DEEP

“To dig deep here,” when my Mom and I first met the defense attorney on Wednesday after my getting out of jail from ***“Andrew, Bransky, & Poole, P.A.”*** here in Duluth, the visit was like a disgusting crime show. For on this day I received my first large discovery packet from the St Louis County Prosecutors Office. So we briefly talked about my case, what was expected and planned for the first of many scheduled court hearings there after. However on this day, I had no idea of the nasty contents that awaited me in that packet. Plus, it was only the first of four separate discovery packets I got from the prosecutors too.

So on this Wednesday, I recall a great overwhelming dread and fear about the contents of what that packet said about me. So my Mom was the first person to look it over and she and I talked about it afterwards in her home. And to this day, I still feel locked-up and not wanting to write about it. Because in that packet, was everything. Stemming from Honeydew's sexual molestation and sexting claims to the prosecutor's accusations of me downloading child porn to my computers and sharing it online. Whence, I wanted to puke after I heard and read it all. Its was all detailed, extremely gross and unbearable! Even my angry-concerned Mom abruptly asked, “Did you do any of this sh#t?!?” I responded, “No! Absolutely not. I don't know what to make of it. This is so f#*ked up! What the hell is that sh#t?!? I'm not that kind of person. This is insane! They're all crazy f#*king liars!” I was too shocked to form a rational thought, let alone a stable reply. So a short time after our discussion, I felt terrible for how I spoke to her. Then after more time passed that evening, she too stated her understanding of how I felt as well. It was very stressful. Even my Dad got disturbed, shocked and majorly pissed at my accusers. He wanted revenge. But never sought it and opted to just let it be and stay on-the-sidelines while being supportive. Though surprisingly at this time, Cooke and Honeydew were staying at Babs house, just five doors down the street on the same side from my parent's. However in my frayed state of mind, I didn't comprehend this reality. And come to think of it, I felt like I was on the outside looking in. All-the-while, still trying to piece everything together and make sense of it all. For historically, Cookie and I grew up as kids together on this street too. So, we obviously go way back.

\$50,000!

Now since leaving the St Louis County Jail on \$50,000 Bond, paid to Cassandra Bail Bonds by my parents and, after my first defense attorney meeting, I found my freedom came at a high cost. And yet, it also felt more like an enslavement than anything else too. In fact, everything about this legal mess felt that way. Because I had to report to Cassandra via phone every time I had to leave my Minnesota home for an out of state or, long distance tech job order. But at least the their staff were nice to talk with despite my reporting requirement and, it was better than sitting in jail waiting for my legal process to finish as well. Yet all-in-all, this was a continual two year court hearing upon court hearing nightmare. Many times it felt like it would never end and that, my innocence wouldn't clear me either. Especially, when up against those who vengefully wanted to me go to prison for 35+ years!

During my first year, it got real tough for me. I feared being seen by anyone I knew out in public. To include, those I knew at The River Church that I used to attend with Cookie and Honeydew. Thinking they might want to jump, harm and or, even kill me. Plus, Cookie's younger brother Brutus hated me ever since I began dating her in Early Fall 2012. Then when Cookie and I got married in Mid-Summer 2014, Brutus and his wife, Karin, never attended our wedding. But instead, gave us a briefly signed congrats card with a \$10 restaurant gift certificate. Back then, Cookie and I weren't happy about them and their cheap gift. But life went on.

Additionally, I remember many times when Brutus and Karin would give me the stink-eye at Babs home family gatherings and would ignore me. And I even recall at Babs 2014 Thanksgiving Dinner when Brutus was pushy, confrontational and arguing about me being a “*horrible task master*.” As such, he completely caught me off guard and I quickly left to walk home alone right after. Thinking he's a violent a\$\$hole jerk. However while there, I feared him wanting to start pounding on me by how he was acting. Eventually that evening, Cookie and Honeydew drove home too. Though Cookie and I never talked about the incident. Thus, I gather Brutus learned about my marriage troubles via Babs telling him behind my back – ie because of Cookie telling Babs etc too.

And so from Late August 2015 and on, this became Honeydew's well supported storm of lies. And with my family-paid-for feckless prosecutor-a\$\$-kissing defense attorney, legally fighting this bull\$h#t would be an expensive and impossible task to do. Not to mention, I was also being targeted by our local Child Protective Services with regards to my daughter Flower as well. For they saw me as being too dangerous to be around her. However at that time, I believed my defense attorney was on my side and would fight for me. But looking back now, I find he was just full of deceptive half truths.

Then in Late September 2015, CPS notified my Mom to tell me that I couldn't see or contact Flower until my legal process finished. This meant I wasn't allowed to see or give her any cards, letters, photos or gifts of any kind. Otherwise they would take and place Flower in foster care where my family, her Mom (Latte) and, I would never see her again until she's 18. Additionally, CPS was preparing their case against me and my family and they planned to hold off prosecuting it until my current legal case finished too. Because they also wanted me in prison with no rights to my daughter either. Plus they were working with Honeydew and her Mom, Cookie and their family against me as well. And with the other local agencies involved, like First Witness and PAVSA (“*Program for Aid to Victims of Sexual Assault*”) etc, Honeydew and her “gang” had everything they wanted. Whence armoring their defaming lies upon me and getting Cookie financial help too.

Then in Late-November 2015, a cousin from my Mom’s side reported to me that she saw Honeydew’s Facebook page where Honeydew publicly stated, “I can get what I want!,” with regards to her case against me. Plus my cousin showed me sexually explicit clothed photos Honeydew then, at age 15, liked and shared with her Facebook friends too. As such, this was all shown to me while we visited at my parents’ home. It was all very disturbing and it pissed me off that Honeydew was getting away with this and her lies against me.

Meanwhile, the long term effects on my daughter not being able to see me were devastating for her. My sister even told me Flower had many nights when she cried herself to sleep at my parent’s home because of missing me. And my Mom pointed out during CPS meetings with Flower and Latte, that they were harshly pressuring and interrogatory towards them. To include, scaring Flower into believing she’d never see me again and added I was a bad father for her too. Whence, CPS did everything they could to paint me as the perfect monster. But as for Latte my first ex-wife, she didn’t say much to me when I saw her visiting with my parents at various times while Flower wasn’t there. However, she did show signs of being scared and protective of Flower too. At least, this is how I understood her then. And yes, Latte continued to have a close relationship with my parents after we divorced in 2013 too. I was never for this. Yet, I respected my parents choice to keep it with her. And later on during our Family Court process after my Early June 2017 Sentencing finished, I learned from my Dad that he and my Mom kept this closeness so Latte wouldn’t take Flower away from them. Plus, I add here that the only time I was allowed to see my daughter after the fact was while I visited my parents home when Family Court finally gave their okay and policies regarding it. This of course, further psychologically distanced my daughter from me to a mere acquaintance level existence. Whence, Flower became a past 8 year old who now mentally blocks and stuffs those painful memories and losses away.

NOTE (Again): During the time frame before CPS and Family Court ruled I could have supervised visits with my daughter (ie in Early March 2018), I wasn’t allowed to see or contact her in anyway shape or form. So when I visited my parents, Flower couldn’t be there and when she was there I couldn’t be. As such the only emotionally connecting pleasantry we were allowed was to give my parents’ cat a huge hug knowing the other did the same too. And when Flower spent the night at my parents, this cat shared her bed. Then later during my two year legal process, my sister informed me Flower often hugged this cat while crying herself to sleep. So when I heard this, I found it emotionally tough to hear and wanted to cry myself. For I so longed to comfort Flower. As such, this was how it stayed from Late August 2015 to Early March 2018. However still, this is precious time they stole from us that we can’t get back.

Additionally from my past experiences with the St Louis County Child Protective Service, I find their agents all act like pushy car sales people who readily sell manipulative rules, threats and policies to get what they want. And in the end, its only to have power and control over those they victimize and eventually, steal from. Over all, they do all the talking and won’t let anyone interject or ask questions. Unless, they give permission first before hand. Thus, they behave like legalized fear mongering gangster henchman. And, they like to re-assign new CPS agents at least twice a year to keep things interesting as well.

***So my family and I followed and put up with the CPS rules to keep Flower safe with our family.
Yet still, what a nightmare we all went through!***

THE DREGS OF 2015

So as 2015 came to a close and my legal case dragged on, I got more isolative and wanting to hide away from family and the few friends I had. I hated everything and blamed everyone and myself for what happened to me. I felt like everybody I knew and loved turned their backs on me. This eventually lead me to become more withdrawn and deeply depressed. Plus, my legalities constantly loomed over me too. For this reason, I got to a point to where I fell into a hopeless dark emotional pit and was even contemplating life itself!

In fact I recall one Early November lonesome evening with my friend Penny on the phone while at home in 2015 and, she was scared for me. For I just told her about feeling low and lost with everything and was looking at my kitchen knives drawer. Yet I never opened and grabbed one and so, I decided to go sit in my basement office away from there to talk with her. I was in such an awful state of mind and I felt permanently broken, empty and like I'd never see my daughter again. It was an all consuming darkness telling me I'd be a bad father who'd be labeled a life long sex offender and, would be thrown into prison for many years. So Penny said everything she could to help and, eventually I came out of my negative funk towards a more stable mind. Although, fully accepting I wasn't out of the rough heavy woods either.

Now throughout my two year legal mess, I did everything I could to escape being in Duluth and at home for too long of time. I grew to hate it all. Plus my paranoia got nursed by thinking everyone was out to get me or, were spying on me to even, secretly hating me behind my back. So to cope, I'd take every out-of-town tech job request I received or, to just driving off and finding a quiet cafe or restaurant where I could be myself, feel normal and like someone else. I didn't want to see or be seen by anyone I knew. Thus I got good at leaving to hide and, I desperately wanted to a new identity too.

As such I drove to various empty out-of-town parks and or, forested areas with little to no people and while there, I'd dream about staying and never returning home. For at home, there awaited a continual bombardment of feeling horribly judged, hated and ostracized by everyone I knew. Including my parents, my sister and other family and friends at times too. And honestly because of what happened to me, some of my other extended family and friends stopped talking to me as well. So this became my life norm and from it, I suffered much loss and emotional pain for a long time after. I was constantly looking over my shoulder. Many times during this legal mess, I even desired therapeutic counseling. Yet, feared it would be used against me in court. To include, believing my defense attorney would advise against it. And in fact, he did when I brought it up during one of our meetings in his office. It was terrible! So I survived by just winging it and doing what I was told.

However today after everything finished, I know differently. Because I needed help and I had a legal right to seek it despite my attorney's apposition to it. For I felt my life was in constant emotional peril and, I was very mentally hurt too. As such, it was wrong to be denied this mental health right! Additionally, US Federal and Minnesota State HIPAA Laws would've legally protected me. But most of all, I needed a trusted close friend to stand with me throughout all this. However back then, I became disconnected from the world I once knew and believed in.

Whence fearing the unknown and feeling screwed up became my life's constant normal.

THE NEXT CHAPTER... SO NOW WHAT?

SUMMATIONS

In summary throughout my legalities, it all became a please everyone, follow the rules, keep everyone sane and don't fall emotionally apart process. And for me and my immediate family, it got to a point to where no one dared express their high stress level fearing the start of an argument. Yet still, these heated discussions took place when talking about my case's details. Even my Dad would inject his thoughts about the fraud against me when my Mom and I privately spoke at their place. Thus everyone interrupted everyone else at family gatherings and, an edgy chaos reigned on us all.

During this mess, especially in Late 2015 to Early 2016, I battled an onslaught of fears, worries and more emotional ups and downs than I can count. My life was like a high pressured New York Stock Exchange Day to then wondering where I would be at when the closing bell rang. I lived in the unknown. But continuing to drive to out-of-town tech job orders, empty places and cafes etc to escape. Then when it came time to review my discovery packets and prosecutor updates before attorney meetings, I cringed in stomach sick worry because I hated looking at that gross sh#!. Consequently, I also desperately clung to a belief I'd be cleared of all this in the end too.

So from late August 2015 to my Court Plea Hearing in May 2017, I mentally fought to cling to hope like it was a drug called “hopium.” As such, I sought every avenue I could in discussions with my family and few friends on what I could do to legally clear my name. Even my Mom feverishly poured over all my legal documents to try and find holes and mistakes in them, to getting stressed out with eyestrain because of it. Throughout it all, she was my biggest supporter and was with me at every monthly court hearing. Although, sometimes these were rescheduled because of holidays or illness. In short, everyone I knew who still cared about me desperately wanted to see me cleared of all this.

Then on visits with my younger sister at her home and or, at our friend Penny's place, they'd offer me encouragement and sometimes even shared prophetic thoughts on how they saw me being cleared. Even Penny once stated that I got too close to the truth about The River Church I attended. Calling them “*a disgusting sex cult*” that wanted to hide and protect themselves after I left in Early Summer 2015. However while I attended there, I never saw anything like that publicly or privately. Yet, there were times when I observed the lead church staff giving others they knew special personal attention. But at that time, I just figured it was normal church business. So I didn't think much more about it. Then after discussions with my sister and Penny and reviewing my past with the church, I got to a harsh point of accepting and believing what they were saying might actually be true.

Meanwhile back then, I had no idea of the detailed ways Cookie and Honeydew were legally framing me. Nor, did I have a full understanding of how Honeydew set me up with her sexual text messages either. In fact, this truth didn't occur to me until Late January 2017. Plus, I even tried to prove this to my defense attorney by showing him the evidence I found in the discovery packets. However he didn't seem to care to listen and, he stated my efforts would be useless because it wasn't strong enough to show a trial jury. Whence, I felt defeated and f#cked with no other legal options to win with. So, this lead me to pleading guilty to the two sexual text message lies in Late May 2017.

IN THE LIFE OF MEADOWS

In Late October 2015, Penny and I became very close. We started talking a lot after one weekend day of being at a local park outing with my sister, her family plus, Penny with her two boys. Everyone had a great time as we enjoyed the sunny warm weather. It was one of the final warm days of the year. And for me, it felt like I belonged and that I could ignore all the heartache I kept dealing with. Meanwhile we talked about life etc, while the kids played on all the swings and slides that were there. So in pausing, this was a beautiful calming day. No feeling hurt and broken. I could just be normal and escape my bullsh#t like it never happened.

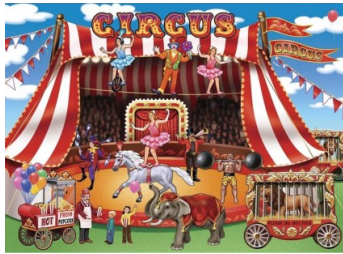
Now as Penny and I got to know each other, our friendship grew stronger and we connected on a lot too. Many times I visited Penny at her far-out-of-town home just north of Duluth and we frequently talked on the phone as well. She, her two boys and her Mom lived in a run down trailer with many feral cats living outside and underneath it. And though it didn't look like a prestigious place, I found her trailer and family to be more welcoming than anything else outside of mine. It was very loving and I felt wonderfully at home there. Plus, I could talk to Penny about anything I thought, felt, cared about and even feared and she as well with me too. So for hours into the night and sometimes to early mornings we talked. We had much in common. For me, it was like I was part of her family. And even her two boys looked up to me – like a positive role model. Perhaps as a father figure. Especially since their Dads were mostly out of the picture at the time too. Penny's oldest son, never knew his Dad and the youngest had limited visitation with his. Yet for me, they gave much kindness and hope. Plus, Penny's Mom had a sarcastic funny humor that always made me laugh and Penny shared this too. It was the perfect friendship. As such, I saw Penny as a saint and her family as a saving grace and sanctuary away from the hell I faced at home.

Then in Late November 2016, Penny's Mom got very ill and eventually died a month after. She had long term lung and health problems caused by heavy cigarette smoking from years earlier. Her death was sudden and difficult for Penny as she helped to take care of her at their home. And quite literally, she died in Penny's arms as she was being carried to bed on one evening.

So after her Mom's passing, Penny and I didn't talk much. And in fact, by this time we had already fallen away because Penny was spending more time taking care of her Mom. And, I still had all my legal mess to deal with too. It would have been too much for both of us combined to deal with. Yet when I learned of her Mom's passing, I too felt sad. She was a neat lady and I admired the strength and wit she shared. As such in the end, I believe Penny did the best she could despite everything she faced.

Then in the Early Spring of 2018, Penny and her two boys moved out of that trailer to a place in Duluth. I helped her pack up and get rid of a few things. And by this time my legal stuff was also done. However during boxing up etc, we didn't converse as deep like before. For our lives had changed and drifted too far away for that. Yet, I was glad to help out of thanks for them with me early on. I felt I owed them because they were there for me when I needed someone the most. And to this day, they all still have a warm special place in my heart to which I will never forget.

We all deserve great heroes in our lives to help us no matter how big or small they are.



COURT OF THE FAMILY CIRCUS

So after I completed the previous chapter, I felt ecstatic thinking I only had one more to go to put a closure on this book. And with that, I was looking forward to getting into the next one on my probation and treatment time and how I survived it. But oops! Then I re-discovered my notes for this current chapter on my desk. And surprise! Its about the family of accusers I find myself being continually disgusted with thinking and writing about. And I ask, “Why can’t I just say they’re too terrible for words and move on?” But Nope! Because they are in fact, an “important piece” in what happened to me that permanently altered my life and Flower’s back in Late August 2015. And so for personal healing and letting go, I plod through this with an effort to succeed.

Yet recalling all that I know about these accusers and then, having to inscribe it to a readable format is an incredibly daunting task. Because each and every part has many sub-layers. Its like I’m peeling a personal onion to expose a vulnerable core. Then with all the associated shame and guilt I went through, I find myself wanting to say, “F#CK IT!” and just walk away. However this would only lead to denying my anger and suffering and thus, becoming further enslaved by the emotional baggage I’d keep carrying. All of which, leading to more unnecessary hurt and brokenness. And why give these accusers such power over me? They don’t deserve it. No one does. So here goes...

HOW I MET COOKIE

Cookie and I grew up in the same quiet Duluth neighborhood just five doors apart on the upper side. So when we first met, she was 3 and I was 5 years old. And at that time, she had a younger one year old brother named Brutus. This I remember took place in the Late Summer before my starting preschool. Then as time progressed, we became close friends and eventually added more similar aged cohorts to our group.

So among our friends, we formed clubs, built outdoor forts and played games like smear, street hockey, soccer and football. Life was simple and we got along well.

Then during the school year, Cookie and I went to the same local elementary. She was a grade lower than me and often times we walked to school together and planned what we wanted to do afterwards. For in our minds, having fun was more important than doing school work. However, our parents often reminded us otherwise when we got home. Asking, “Hey! Ya got any homework today?” As such, scholastic achievements were not some of our strong points. Yet, we made it work and passed.

In my home as a child growing up, life wasn't easy. In fact, I struggled with it. My Dad was an active alcoholic and regular weed smoker. He and my Mom worked hard during the week to provide but, Dad napped a lot after and then, planned his weekends for heavy drinking and getting high. Back then, my Dad was like an irritable sloth. This drove my Mom crazy and often times they got into loud foul arguments with her threatening divorce almost every time. So during the course of these growing up “Crazy Years,” my Mom filed for divorce five times. Yet, she never went fully through with it. Although for me, they both played emotionally non-existent and passive aggressive roles. And back then, I often witnessed my Mom having a forced numbness with ready made excuses about my Dad's drinking and weed use. It was her way of coping. However for me, I felt a continual fear of being stuck with my Dad as I grew up thinking Mom would just up and leave without a trace. Yet thankfully, this never happened and my Dad eventually got clean and sober during my early adult years. So today, both my parents are still married and my younger sister and I have a more improved relationship with them after our past amends were made.

Now during my youth, I found Cookie's home as a peaceful sanctuary. Thus as a young boy, I wanted her place and parents to replace mine. For I never saw or heard them argue, drink or smoke weed. They seemed like normal stable people. Plus, their home was a regular meeting place for us neighborhood kids too. We all felt very accepted there. And so, I learned to hide my painful home life from myself and others. Yet the hidden ugly truth about Cookie and her home, didn't occur me until later in my adult years after my court sentencing, probation time and legally forced sex offender treatment finished. Whence, this is when my rose colored glasses finally broke off with only the raw truth of everything remaining. Realizing this was an overwhelmingly tough reality to accept.



"A child does not question the wrongs of grown-ups, he suffers them."

Tsleil-Waututh Nation Chief Dan George

(A Coastal Salish Band. Vancouver, BC, Canada)

MY SECOND CHILDHOOD HOME

On my first childhood visits with Cookie and Brutus, I grew to feel like their close friend and family member. Similarly, I found their house as a tranquil escape from the crazy drunkenness of mine just five doors down. And while there I could be myself, fit in and laugh my cares away. After all, I was an impressionable 5 going on 6 years only child and, I wanted this to be home instead. Because I hated my parents arguing all the time and I felt unloved when they did. Coincidentally, my sister wasn't born until I was 8 years old too.

Now Cookie and Brutus didn't have lavishly rich parents. In fact, they both worked in the janitorial industry with their Mom, Babs, at a local downtown cleaning company and their Dad, Corky, at a hospital in the same area too. So on each morning or afternoon, they rode the public bus and worked hard to make ends meet. All-the-while, living frugally on what they had and their relatives sometimes watched their kids as they worked. And most of the time, Babs did all the grocery shopping, home tasks and or, clothes buying etc at local thrift stores like Goodwill and Use-A-Bit.

As such, I admired their Mom with her bubbly warm happy-go-lucky personality. She was easy to talk too and she seemed wise about many things. Plus, she kept a clean house and enjoyed sharing about her many collected dolls and trinkets. So when she spoke of them, I'd ponder each intriguingly and would wonder what adventurous stories they had to tell.

Yet as for their Dad, Corky, I didn't know what to make of him. He was a stoic, quiet and reserved person who took many naps in an olive-green easy chair or, on an old brown living room couch after work. Then some time later, he'd wake up to watch TV while puffing a cigarette. Again, he barely spoke to me when I visited. And so, I was often curious on what he thought of my being friends with Cookie and Brutus. Thinking, "Did he ever approve of me being there?" To then just figuring he's tired from work and that's it. Meanwhile, Cookie and Brutus distracted me to their upstairs bedroom where we played with kids toys, coloring books and chit-chatted.

Then as they grew to their late tween years, Cookie and Brutus continued sharing the same bedroom. But, with a light blue bed sheet that separated them like a privacy curtain. However, they never had it fully pulled out as their parents wanted. For Cookie and Brutus didn't care despite, their physical changing body differences. Thus, they never saw it as a concern. To figuring we were all close friends and that's what mattered most. And so as normally dressed kids, we lived our innocent lives.

Now physically, Cookie was a slight-bulkier out going half foot taller long haired blond over her thinner, more timid short brown haired younger brother Brutus. Again, they were two years apart in age and she dressed cleaner than he did. Yet, Brutus would regularly wear the same unclean clothes for 2-3 days in a row. And often times, his pants smelled like dried urine and feces. Though some days the smell was more pungent than others and thus, increasingly difficult to be around. But because he was a good friend, I never spoke of it so as not to be mean. Even Cookie once said that their parents were trying to help Brutus by encouraging him to clean up better when using the bathroom. To include, sometimes scolding him when he didn't listen. And, I remember hearing his parents doing that once when I was there too. Though sadly for Brutus, his bathroom issues continued until he was 11+ years old. So in my mind, I figured this would eventually pass. However, it also never occurred to me that there might be a deeper reason as to why it was happening in the first place. Meanwhile, he was a socially timid shy kid who just wanted to fit in. So my friends and I accepted him despite it.

COOKIE'S FAMILY GETS RELIGION

Then when Cookie turned 11½ years old, she and her family started going to church on Sundays. First they tried the local St Michael's Catholic Church but, quickly changed to a Pentecostal faith at Glad Tidings (now The River) not long after. And surprisingly to me, it seemed their choice for church was an out-of-the blue decision. For I didn't figure them to be religious. Nor, do I remember them having any prior discussion about it either. But after a few times of them going there, Cookie told me she liked it because of the fun activities they did. Yet on the flip side, Brutus hated and was obstinate to it. And I gather for him, it was due to his continual bathroom and pungent smelling clothes issues. Thus eventually, his parents stopped making him attend. So in turn his relatives would watch him while they went to church. And coincidentally, this is also the same time when my friendship with Cookie and Brutus began to wane and I saw less of them as a result. For our lives and interests were changing with me entering a local junior high, ie a middle school, and they were still in elementary.

Then sometime later during my high school years, I learned from Cookie about Brutus' rebelling a lot against her and their parents in his early teens. Although by this time, he was cleaner and better dressed. However he was also staying out late with his friends and causing trouble too.

So as I look back now while knowing how much of an a\$\$hole Brutus became in his later years, I often wonder if he was mentally blocking out some painful childhood sexual experiences at the time too. Because his obstinate behavior and history could certainly lead to that troubling assumption. More so I question if his Dad, Corky, was somehow responsible. And if he was, could Babs have suddenly made the decision to get her family into church to save them? To getting religion to brush the painful abuse truth under-the-rug. Then of course, she could act and play the savior role etc to hide it. Either way, the abuse signs with Brutus were definitely there. However, I don't recall seeing any major bruises on him during our friendship years. Nor, did he ever speak of them too.

THE CLEARING

Now socially while growing up before my starting junior high, Cookie, Brutus and myself with our friends all continued to hang out when we could. This of course took place frequently before they started attending church. And sometimes when it was just Cookie, Brutus and me at their house, I remember them bantering bathroom jokes back and forth while we played in their bedroom. Cookie for example would spout out something like, Brutus missing the toilet while peeing and messing with himself and then, he'd respond saying she stank it up after him using it. So often times their odd bathroom humor puzzled me and I never understood it to even, feeling left out as well. Then on some days it was more colorful too. Yet, they never shared it in front of our friends. So no matter what bathroom joke they engaged in, I remember them giggling hysterically about it afterwards. It was like their inside secret. To which, I'd laugh a retorting comment to one-up them and show a fake acceptance. But not on how uncomfortable I really felt about it. And, I kept wondering why only around me and not our close friends too?

Then on a few other occasions I remember Cookie, when she was 8+ years, telling me about sexual movie scenes she liked in Rated-R movies like the Porky's series that I'd never heard of before. She said they made her laugh and interested her. However I didn't know what to make of them and, I felt uneasy hearing it too. For back then, my parents didn't allow me to watch that. Just only Saturday Morning Cartoons and Rated-G shows. Plus, I don't even recall our friends talking this way either. For we only chatted about sports, school, friends and our home lives etc.

Now upon further review, I find Cookie’s and Brutus’ shared bathroom humor bordered on an adult level. Though at the time, this was their accepted norm. So I got used to it to keep my friendship with them. However, I gather they learned this from their parents privately. Yet, their parents never spoke like this around myself or our friends when we were visiting them.

Additionally when Cookie and I were still married, I remember her telling me that her Mom once bragged to her and Brutus about their “Dad being really good in bed” on the night before as they ate breakfast before school. Cookie said she was about age 10 or so when this happened and, she pointed out that this made her and Brutus feel very uncomfortable after hearing it. Then she finalized, “To this day, I still don’t know why my Mom told us this. It was very gross to hear her talk like that about Dad.”

Then after my legalities completed and while talking with my parents, they stated a shared belief that Cookie's family might have had “some inbreeding going on in their past” and, that this was a big family secret they kept quiet on. To adding Babs, looks very similar to her other family members. I then agreed, saying I’ve seen them at church and dinner parties and they all look and act the same! So again, this could perhaps be why Babs found religion to hide it all behind when Cookie was still 11+ years old – ie to save and protect her family’s incestuous secrets.

So after much in-depth reflection and research, it became brutally clear what the deeper reason Brutus’ bathroom and pungent smelling clothes issues were from. And its likely due to his Dad, Corky, sexually abusing him during his early-to-mid elementary years. Whence, I imagine Brutus feared taking baths or showers alone with his Dad around. As such, its no wonder why Brutus was so timid and stinky as a kid and his Dad was always super quiet when I or our friends were around. Plus, I am guessing Babs found out and wanted to keep it quiet too. Because she’s against divorce and quitting relationships despite obvious questionable safety issues.

All-in-all, I found this harsh reality as disturbing and horrific! To even feeling much heartache thinking that my friend was being sexually abused by his Dad and couldn’t fight back nor, get any help. It made me cry at the thought of Brutus being alone while dealing with this. And then, he probably feared telling anyone thinking no one would believe or rescue him! So it’s no wonder why he rebelled in his teens and became the a\$\$hole he is today. And no, I don’t condone his nasty behaviors towards me or my family as an adult during my legal process. However, all the peelings of this personal onion do add up. Plus if its true, its also possible that the abuse could have been used as a means of punishment too. All being done when it was just Brutus and his Dad at home while Babs and Cookie were out some where etc. Thus, I gather Brutus was too fearful and ashamed to clean up after himself when using the bathroom because it reminded him of the abuse and his weakness to it. And so, his 2-3 day worn clothes probably took and hid the brunt of it all.

Again when Babs decided to get religion to fix all this and hide it, I imagine Brutus might have felt betrayed thinking his family did nothing to stop the abuse from happening in the first place. And this might also be why he hated church, rebelled as a teen and became the hate filled a\$\$hole he is today. Meanwhile at the time, I am guessing Cookie knew nothing about the sexual abuse. Or perhaps, she did and was too ashamed and fearful to speak up about it.

Additionally, I have a strong reason to believe Cookie was also molested by Corky when she was in her toddler years too. Yet at this age bracket, she wouldn't be old enough to remember or understand it. And in fact, she may have learned to see it as a form of positive affection and attention. So again, this could be why Cookie spoke about sexual humor so readily as a kid with Brutus and myself while we played in their bedroom. Because they were exposed to it and anything else related by their parents. Maybe even from their other close family members too!

Now to sum up, I find it next to impossible to speak to the mindset of this family. To go from seeing their home as a sanctuary from mine for so many years to then, discovering the ugly truth hidden inside those walls as an adult after all the legal sh#t they threw at me. Its totally shameful!





~ MY MARRIAGE WITH COOKIE ~

RE-CONNECTING

In Early Fall 2012, Cookie and I reconnected on a dating website. And when we met, we were excited to find each other and we talked a lot for three days and hit-it-off from there after. We were happy and it seemed our childhood dream of being an adult couple was coming true.

So back then Cookie and her 12 year old daughter, Honeydew, lived in a local apartment complex that had small town houses. Where Honeydew went to a local elementary school while, Cookie worked days as a cafe server and did home accounting college classes in the evening. Meanwhile my daughter Flower, age 5, and I lived in a house on the other side of town and I had my tech job I did during the days with some evenings too. And so Flower was shared with my parents and her Mom, Latte, while I worked. But after meeting Cookie and Honeydew, I felt like things were finally looking up for us.

Then a few months later, Cookie and I decided to have our kids meet for the first time to see how that goes. And on the first couple of tries, their meetings didn't go as positive as we expected. Both Honeydew and Flower got along. However, they didn't seem to connect on anything. And Honeydew wasn't very enthused in wanting to know Flower either. So like strangers, they seemed to have a mutually agreed tolerance. Yet Cookie and I continued a hope that they would eventually learn to like each other more in time too. But as I look back now, they never actually did. Although, they were at least peaceful and got along.

Then in Mid-Summer 2014, Cookie and I got married and she and Honeydew moved into my home not long after. And so, we enjoyed a blissful few months as a newly-weds.

MY ROCKY MARRIAGE HORROR SHOW

Now throughout my one year marriage with Cookie, I recall many stormy arguments between she and Honeydew. For they’d argue every time Cookie wanted Honeydew to help with chores or, to have her stop continually playing on her cell phone or tablet. And sometimes they even screamed foully back and forth at each other too. It was like a barrage of exploding cannons between them! Plus, I even remember these happening on several Sunday mornings when Cookie wanted Honeydew to get ready for church. Yet thankfully, Flower wasn’t with me at the time when much of their arguments took place. For she’d either be with her Mom or, at her grandparents (ie my parents).

Although, I do wish to point out Flower has on occasion witnessed their screaming matches. And after seeing them, she told me that these were “very scary” for her. And, she even let her Mom and grandparents know about it too. My Mom then said she never trusted Flower to be alone with Honeydew and, she asked I be present when Flower stayed with me. For Latte and my Mom feared for Flower’s safety thinking Honeydew would get mad and hurt her in a violent rage. Thus, I agreed and kept Flower away from their scary arguments.

Then during a late afternoon conversation in Mid-October 2014, when it was just Honeydew and myself at home, she jokingly spouts, “I’m going to wreck your marriage to my Mom.” And in shocked surprise, I didn’t know what to think of her blanketed statement. But after a moment, I laughingly thought, “yeah right,” and believed she was just kidding like a typical teen and I didn’t think much more about it. Meanwhile, Cookie was still at work when this happened.

So a week later, Honeydew goes and tells her Mom after she got home from work that I was sexually touching her when she wasn’t around. And at this time, I don’t recall where I was at. But when I got home that early evening, Cookie and I got in a terrible argument with her screaming, “How could you do this to me you f#cking a\$\$hole!” I felt so caught off guard, confused and horrified thinking, “Wow! What the f#ck! Honeydew is lying! I don’t deserve this!” Meanwhile, I kept denying her claims and saying she was making them up and I didn’t know why. But in the end, nothing I said mattered. So Cookie and I continued arguing for a short while longer and, we eventually stammered off apart with no resolve.

Then after an hour passed and things calmed down, Honeydew approaches her Mom and tells her she lied about me sexually touching her and added she felt very sorry for what she did. Yet this so infuriated Cookie that she scolded back yelling, “You just want to wreck everything and ruin my life because you don’t care! You Little Bit#h!” So in a flaming rage she storms off to Honeydew’s bedroom and took all her “electronic devices” (ie cell phone, tablet, Nintendo DS and etc) away for a week as punishment. Meanwhile, I just stood by stunned and thinking Honeydew’s guilty admission seemed very remorseless. Plus, she appeared underlyingly happy about it too. For she showed very little emotion while apologizing. And come to think of it. Anytime Cookie punished her daughter for wrong doing, she would just take away her “electronics” for half a week and do nothing else after. So obviously, this consequence system never worked. Because Honeydew would just keep doing whatever she wanted knowing that her punishment would be lite and short lived.

Additionally on several occasions, I recall Cookie telling me she felt she had no control over Honeydew’s “defiant behaviors.” Stating these would happen right before and during their arguments. So it didn’t matter who started it or, how. For their voices increased to eventually screaming foully at each other like cannon fire. Plus, I recall several times of seeing Cookie’s face turning bug-eyed-crazed-red while Honeydew just plain faced took it. And from my perspective, it appeared like Honeydew enjoyed pissing her Mom off to gain attention and control over her. As such, I’m surprised Cookie didn’t lose self-control and just beat Honeydew up under a violent rage herself. Because her loud voice and blood red face definitely expressed that. I found it all very intimidating! So I made every effort to hide away when these happened. Although sometimes I also felt trapped with no understanding on how to deal with or, to stop them either. It was like I had no shield to protect me.

Again, I’m very glad Flower never witnessed their major blow-outs as I did.

Looking back, I find my relationship with Cookie was rocky at best. Where we got along okay some of the time but, our connection was more on an acquaintance level unlike the the intimacy we shared before. For Cookie was either too busy with work or, doing her at home college accounting classes. So in retrospect, she barely had time for anything else. Whence as her dutiful husband, I accepted this fate and took care of all the home stuff while she worked or, studied. Meanwhile, Honeydew never offered to help and, Flower was barely at home with me. Plus anytime I approached Cookie to ask for time, she’d reply about being too busy and would ignore me. So I’d end up walking away feeling disappointed and unloved. It was as if we became a family of strangers living under the same roof with each doing their own thing so as not to annoy the other. Yet when we were out in public or at church, we acted happy and like everything was okay.

Now during heated arguments with Cookie, I’d try to peacefully de-escalate the situation between us. However when doing so she’d get louder, more angry and would make spiteful comments like, “Your so f#cking stupid and I’m much smarter than you!” or, “Oh I know something about you that you don’t hahaha!” Meanwhile, she’d give me the same pissed off look she gave Honeydew. So no matter what I tried, nothing worked. As such, I ended up walking away and leaving home to feel safer. And come to think of it, I got to a point of being afraid of Cookie blowing up and flipping out on me. For me, it was like walking on egg-shells as I hid my hurt feelings. To even questioning, did she ever love me in the first place? And so I did whatever to keep her happy. In the end, I never spoke of this with my family or church friends for fear they wouldn’t believe me. After all, our public lives showed the opposite of how we truly were in private. So I continued to bottle up my mishmash of emotional pains while under a blind hope that everything would soon turn out better for us.

Meanwhile other troubling aspects I remember happened at church on Sundays and Wednesday Evenings. Where Honeydew would get fussy about where I sat with she and Cookie in the sanctuary or, in the basement cafeteria below during dinners. Nevertheless she often wanted to sit in between her mom and myself despite, Cookie insisting I sat next to her instead. And so to keep Honeydew happy and not making a scene, we ended up caving in and letting her have her way. But sadly again, this is often how Cookie dealt with Honeydew’s defiant and manipulative behaviors.

Additionally when Flower sometimes stayed with us, Honeydew would habitually interject herself into Flower’s time with me. And so, this greatly effected her desire to stay with us at our home for fearing Honeydew would take it away and leave her out. And so I did my best to be fair to Flower despite the constant pushiness Honeydew dished out. Even Cookie saw this and tried to redirect her daughter from it too. But, with no success. Then eventually Flower quit staying at our home and opted for her grandparents (ie my parents) and I’d see her there instead. It was heartbreaking! So again, this furthers Cookie’s position on having no control over Honeydew’s negative behaviors. Plus, I want to add that it seemed like Cookie continually walked on thin ice with Honeydew too – ie doing whatever to avoid a conflict. Though oddly, Honeydew barely argued or challenged me on anything. Whence I gather she saw me as a less confrontational threat versus her mother. And, it even regularly seemed like they manipulated each other to get what they wanted - ie whether arguing or, during their odd shared sexual mother daughter banter which I never understood but, observed and went along with. For after all if they were happy, acting peaceful and getting along then, I felt safe being around them and like I could fit in with them too.

Now when it came to house tasks, Cookie or myself did them. Honeydew never offered or did any. Even if she was asked to. Plus, the mere asking of her was a risk of starting an argument. Yet, I remember a few occasions when Cookie said she wanted her daughter to do more around the house other then just sitting in her bedroom and playing on her cell phone or tablet all day. However, I never saw Cookie motivated enough to teach her daughter these life skills. Much of the time Cookie was too immersed with her job or college studies to do that. So this resulted in Honeydew having no cooking or cleaning skills and, she didn’t seem to care to want to learn them either. Thus the most she could do was microwave a frozen boxed meal for herself, eat it and toss it out when done. Basically Honeydew was being raised by her favorite TV shows, movies and or her electronic devices.

A SO CALLED CHURCH MARRIAGE COUNSELING

In Early January 2015, Cookie and I sought marriage counseling at our church. Cookie worked with Betty, who was a church member and also a Christian Counselor In-Turn. As such, Betty had to operate under Lead Pastor Beans at the time - ie now retired. So as part of her internship, she had to report everything she learned during private sessions to him. This meant that everything Cookie shared about me was also to be shared with him too. Plus, I was also told I had to work with Lead Pastor Beans to help solve my marriage problems. Thus at first I did so reluctantly. But then, I quit with him in Late February that year. Because there was no respect for privacy and, nothing Beans said was helping me either. For it felt like he was just too involved and too one sided with Cookie’s point of view over mine. As such in my opinion, his approach was no therapeutic answer for our troubled marriage.

Additionally at the same time I wanted a different pastor who I liked, trusted and looked up to. He was the church’s Lead Worship Pastor and, I viewed him as a wise christian brother and friend. Even his wife, a Youth Pastor there, was kind hearted too. However, my working with him instead was not allowed by Lead Pastor Beans. And so Beans once stated to me after a Wednesday service, “I think the leadership has a choice in (who you work with)” - ie himself only. Whence, I had no say in who I could talk with about my marriage problems at church. So again, I quit in this counseling Late February 2015 because of it. However, Cookie continued her sessions with Betty until Late March of this year when her internship was done.

So as I look back now, this all seems like One Big Legal HIPPA and Privacy Violation. For there was no respect for privacy. And, the resulting truth to all this is to never seek church based counseling to fix a marriage problem. For only a well trained, seasoned and state board certified counselor, with excellent public reviews, can achieve this needed help. Plus, they are bound by law to protect privacy where a church leadership is not. **Ie research government mandated “[Clergy Response Teams](#)” under US Fed IRS 501c3 Non-Profit Regulations.* More so, some pastors can be very cult like and might offer skewed unworkable and dangerous advise with possible entrapping religious undertones – ie to seek money or, too much of your personal time and or, etc.

A CONCLUSION TO MARRIAGE BLUNDERS

In review of my marriage with Cookie, I can’t find anything that ever worked for us. She and I would try to work things out on many occasions even, if these were more challenging. However, her daughter would ultimately insert herself into frustrating Cookie to a point to where nothing could fix anything. So obviously, Honeydew never wanted my marriage with her Mom in the first place. Plus, she barely accepted my daughter Flower too. Yet she again, would often try to take Flower’s time away from me when I had her in our home, at church or, on family outings. Whence hurting Flower and myself in the process. Then when Flower permanently chose to stay at my parents instead, I felt much loss and shame about it – to even feeling like a helpless stuck father in a bad situation.

Consequently during this marriage, Cookie and Honeydew barely talked to each other. Unless it was with me included and or, when Cookie wanted Honeydew to do a chore etc. So much of the time they did their own things separately. And from what I remember, Cookie wasn’t very caring or positively engaging with Honeydew either. For them, it seemed like they had a college room-mate like existence with each other. Plus, I even recall seeing this happen before Cookie and I got married too. So for Cookie, I was her second husband after Letharge (ie Honeydew’s Dad) and she, was my second wife after Latte, Flower’s Mom.

However at the time when my marriage with Cookie abruptly ended on a Saturday in Early August 2015, I didn’t know much about why she left Letharge years earlier. Other than her once stating they didn’t get along and she finally divorced him when Honeydew was 2+ years old. I even recall asking more about this. Yet, Cookie remained tight lipped and kept the gory details to herself. Although she did briefly say Honeydew had a troubled childhood during those years. And so at the time I respected Cookie’s privacy and let it be. Whence figuring there was no need to re-open old emotional wounds. After all, the past should stay in the past right? Although little did I know just how this would all effect me when they abruptly left in that year’s Early August.



OH HOW THE COOKIE CRUMBLES

NOTE

The following information was obtained via personal historical research and by securely looking on the Internet with the intended goal of finding truthful answers to tough questions no matter how difficult and in-depth they are.

HISTORY OF A LETHARGIC BAR-SCENE

Cookie as an adult when compared to her younger years, is a completely different person. For in her youth she was an innocent likable friend who got along well with others. Yet as an adult, she expressed a more controlling, manipulative and argumentative personality. It was as if anger became her source of being right and powerful over others. I even experienced this a lot when I was still with her. And, I imagine she was like this with her first husband Letharge too. Whence I gather this attitude progressed after she left him in 2002. I even recall Honeydew once telling me she heard them arguing while sitting in a car seat at age 2 behind them. To adding it was a very scary and memorable event for her. Perhaps this is also when Cookie told Letharge she wanted to leave him too.

Now from what I recall, Cookie met Letharge at some local Duluth, MN place in the late 1990's. And some time later on they got married. Then in 2000, Honeydew was born at a local hospital and they lived in an apartment building just about a mile or so away. And so at this time, Letharge worked as a local grocery store night janitor while Cookie was a hospital cafe cashier. Both Cookie and Letharge took turns watching Honeydew as the other worked. However, Cookie stated she did most of Honeydew's personal cares and house work while Letharge did very little except, drink alcohol, get drunk and watch TV etc at home. Thus according to Cookie, she stated his chosen lifestyle was very neglectful towards Honeydew too. Where she would be in unchanged diapers for long periods of time while Cookie worked. Then Cookie would change them when she got home afterwards. All-the-while at the same time Letharge would be past out in his easy chair with the TV on. And for Honeydew's first two years, this was her life.



So after Cookie left Letharge in 2002, she and Honeydew moved into a newly built Section 8 local town home complex. And from there, Cookie continued her hospital cafe cashier job while Honeydew went to a near by day care or stayed with her grandparents on either her Mom’s or, Dad’s family sides. Yet on weekends, Honeydew would stay at her Gandma Babs while Cookie worked and went bar-hopping with friends afterwards. Meanwhile Babs and Corky (her parents) as devout Christians, never knew about Cookie’s activities with drinking, karaoke and illegal drug use (ie Meth). Then sometimes during the week too, while Cookie had Letharge babysit Honeydew at hers or his homes, she would go out bar-hopping as well. As such despite divorcing him, they continued on friendly terms. And often times, Cookie would even drive Letharge to where ever he wanted to go. Including picking him up at local bars when he was too drunk to walk or, to give him money for public bus fare or a cab. Thus, it was as if Letharge owned Cookie and got whatever he wanted. She basically was his ATM Machine.

Additionally when Cookie gave up the “bar-scene” and “found the Lord in 2010” as she claims, she still continued to drive Letharge around and give him money etc. This even took place while I was in a relationship with her too. As such because Letharge is Honeydew’s Dad, I figured this was how it was between them. Plus, I often wondered if she actually first met him at a bar or related too. However, I don’t remember ever asking or hearing about it.

Then from further research and memory recalling I did for this book, to include comparing and finding linking correlations, I learned a lot more. And much of this knowledge I didn’t know as a child while growing up with Cookie and her family as neighbors down the street.

Now during Cookie’s eight “bar-scene” years (2002 - 2010), she would go bar-hopping with friends and sing karaoke. All-the-while drinking, getting high in Ladie’s Rooms and partying until last call. Then Cookie and her friends would go back to her place. Some of which were men and they’d continue for a while longer. This even happened while Honeydew was at home, sleeping in her bedroom and her babysitting Dad had just left at the same time too. So from what I learned, Cookie earned the nickname “*Turable*” from her friends. And according to the Urban Dictionary, at www.urbandictionary.com :

“Turable”

Definition: “Something that is not well, bad, not good.”

Usage: “That dress she is wearing is really turable!”

So from all this new information, I’ve arrived at a horrible conclusion that Cookie was very promiscuous with men during these years. To include, getting into debt with them because they paid for her drinks and drugs etc when she couldn’t. So to pay them back, I discovered she offered herself as an intimate encounter. And when that wasn’t enough well... Honeydew was at home too. And sadly, Letharge also knew about this and kept quiet on it. After all, Cookie was his ATM Machine and his ride to where ever he wanted to go because he doesn’t drive. Whence, he got paid for his silence. Thus, Cookie was working “*The Business*” with his help.

Again for Cookie, and being how Letharge was as a person, this made it easy for her to live the “bar-scene” life on any a given week or weekend. Because he himself was already part of it too and, she knew him. Then whenever he’d babysit Honeydew, he’d often times be hung-over and sleeping on the couch with very little to no interaction with his daughter. So basically, Letharge was constantly aloof and he wore the same clothes daily and, they smelled of strong body odor too. He rarely ever bathed. Plus, his idea of doing laundry or dishes was going out and buying new stuff to replace it. And, I even remember that he smelled like that too when I saw him at family gatherings or when he visited with Honeydew years later during my relationship with Cookie. As such, I never imagined anyone could ever live like this. Even with a child too! Its all very heartbreaking! Thus as much as I am angry with Honeydew and what she and her family did to me and mine, I also feel sorry for her too. For its no wonder how messed up she became as a person. After all, she is the product of her parents’ making.

THE UGLY SELLING OF SILENT INNOCENCE

So with prior mentioning of “The Business” which Cookie was working, I learned she had a lot of Letharge’s help with it. For at the time he knew how to use a computer and the Internet better than she did. And thus, he took digital photos of Honeydew laying clothed on her bed while playing a handheld video game and also, of when she was sitting in front her TV and watching some show. Then as I securely researched the Internet further, I discovered a few more explicit clothed photos of Honeydew sitting on a couch at his place where she was wearing shorts and a tank-top and was self touching while watching, what I gather was a pornographic movie. Plus, even one of his adult guy friends was sitting just left of her too as this took place. However, his face wasn’t shown and she was not being touched by him either. Then finally, there was another photo Letharge took of Honeydew when she was just starting to undress right in front of him while he sat in his living room chair. She appeared facially numb and unhappy while clothed in this photo yet, her actions were very telling of what was going to happen next with her Dad. It was all very sickening to see! As such in these website placed photos he created, Honeydew looked to be between the ages of 6 - 8 years old. Whence, I can only guess she was being sold to other men whom Cookie and Letharge knew locally on the Internet or, from local bars they visited – to include even her Dad himself. However, Cookie was only her pimp. So I figured this all happened between 2006 – 2008 and maybe a short time after too. Perhaps even before 2006 as well.

Again, this was all extremely shocking and horribly gross for me to learn years later while writing this book. And heck, I even remember Honeydew once jokingly refer to herself as “*ammahore*” (ie meaning I’m a Whore) when sharing a conversation about tech stuff with me. Though at the time, I found her ominous humored statement didn’t make any sense to me.

TO SUM UP

Now of course as stated earlier, Cookie claimed to have left “the bar-scene” and “found the Lord in 2010” and then never turned back. Yet in all her prior discussions with me about it, I don’t ever recall seeing her as being very remorseful for her past. And as such like her Mom Babs with regards to Corky, her Dad and his possible sexual molestations of Cookie and her brother Brutus as kids, Cookie goes and gets religion to brush off hers and to hide behind as well. Yet never seeming truly repentant about it either. So I gather she did this to stay out of legal trouble and to not be found out. Plus, to also protect Letharge. For he knew just as much as she did about Honeydew.



CULT OF A GLAD TWIDDLING CHURCH

CULT:

(kult) n. 1. A system of religious worship and ritual. 2. A religion or sect considered extremist or false. 3.a. Obsessive devotion to a person or principle. b. The object of such devotion. [Lat. Cultis, worship.] --cult'ish adj. --cult'ism n. --cult'ist n. American Heritage Dictionary 1992 Edition.

IN THE BEGINNING

When I met up with Cookie again in Early Fall 2012 and after we started dating, I began going to her church – ie The River here in Duluth. And at the time, I found her church to be a nice place and its people seemed very kind and accepting too. So as a result, I grew to love and enjoy going there and, I felt it was a good change for my life. Thus I decided to sign up for their membership class and joined the church.

Then while being a part of their membership, I learned that they changed their name some years ago from “*Glad Tidings Assembly Of God*” to “The River Church.” However at the time of my discovery and asking about it, I never heard the real reason why they changed their name other than their Lead Pastor Beans stated, “its what God wanted us to do.”

Now while going to this church with Cookie, Honeydew and family, I did volunteering and met some good people there. To include, helped with some of their tech and kitchen area volunteers. As such, it felt good to help out. And, I gained a strong positive purpose for myself with a sense of belonging too. Thinking, it was awesome to be and finally feel accepted somewhere instead, of feeling like a total misfit as usual. So I grew to trust and believe in this place and, I enjoyed and learned a lot during their services too. Whence for me, I found personal healing and accepted Jesus Christ into my life. And in fact my then friend, a favorite Lead Worship Pastor, was the one who baptized me during a Wednesday Evening service later that 2012 year. To which, he lovingly called me a “brother” in Christ afterwords.

LEGAL ACCUSATIONS AND EXCOMMUNICATION

Then at the start of my legal mess when Cookie and Honeydew left my life in Early August 2015, I considered not ever going to back The River Church again. And in fact, during my first arraignment court hearing in Late August of that year, I was told I couldn’t go to this church anymore by the St Louis County Judge because Cookie and Honeydew still went there with their family. And come to think of it, my regular attendance at this church dwindled in Early Summer 2015 after my attempts to get help with my marriage to Cookie failed in Late Spring of this year. Plus, I was fed-up with Lead Pastor Beans and his lack of empathy for my need of spiritual counseling too. To include, his not respecting our privacy either.

Then eventually as stated before in Late February 2015, I quit with Pastor Beans due to my not feeling safe when privately speaking with him about my marriage. And as such, I even tried to seek help from the Assistant Lead Pastor and the Lead Worship Pastor too. However I was denied by Pastor Beans with him saying after one Wednesday Evening Service, *“I think the leadership has a choice in (who you work with)”* - ie meaning himself only. As such, this is the main reason I stopped working with him. So from that point on, I sadly discovered Beans was no man of Christ. And, it hurt a lot to learn this! Especially after my looking up to him as a good pastor for so long before my marriage issues began too.

UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

So after my legal mess began and I was expelled from The River, I had a lot of hurt feelings and some heavy questions.

- 1.) *Why did you accept me in and then turn on me when I still trusted and needed you? It broke my heart a lot and I felt horribly betrayed by your church leadership too.*
- 2.) *Why is it you teach about the gospel of Christ and God and then, are not ones to follow through and practice what you preach? It seems your more interested in your church's image then actually helping those who truly need the saving love and grace of Jesus Christ. Its as if your actions seem like that of the pharisee during Christ time on Earth many years ago!*

“So if the grass is always greener on the other side and you speak of fixing the bad yard your in,” why then are you skipping the needed repairs there and going to greener grass on the other side?

Now the only conclusion I can find is you all have chosen to be hypocritical in your actions and church leadership roles. And thus, are just opting to look good and protect your image rather than doing godly work and helping those in need. It for sure is a disturbing cult like truth that is coming to the forefront about your church!

DURING MY CHURCH VOLUNTEERING TIME FRAME

At this church I did two plus years of volunteer work right up to when my marriage issues with Cookie started. To helping out where ever they needed and I was glad to do it. So again, it gave me a sense of purpose and a feeling of acceptance from my church peers. Plus I felt good while doing it too and, I never expected anything in return for it. For seeing others happy made me feel happy in the process.

Yet unfortunately, I didn't see the real truth in front of me because I was too busy wearing rose-colored glasses and wanting to be accepted by my church peers and to follow Jesus Christ. For the ugly reality here is that many at this church, including it's leadership, were more cult like than followers and believers in Christ. And so this painful truth took me a long time to fully accept because I believed and trusted them up to when I left due my legal stuff. This was a huge let down for me and, I felt very alone and hated afterwards.

At The River, the leadership knew a great deal on how to show their love of Christ and his teachings when in public with members and or, when presenting sermons. However, they failed to act many times when called to do so by members individually. Thus, their responses to persons needing help were more filled with administrative excuses rather than actually sitting down with them and hearing what they had to say. And even from my personal past experiences, I have often left their offices with an empty feeling where I even felt like I was passed over and forgotten. Again, my later reflections on this have lead me to see they were just trying to look good instead of being Christ like. To which this saddened me greatly because as I understand, Jesus is against this type of practice. For he seeks to reach people and not push them away.

FAVORITISM

During my time at this place, I witnessed a lot of favoritism and special treatment for those the leadership accepted and liked. And before my legal stuff happened, I remember they did this with me too. Whence, they would allow one person’s suggestions over another with little discussion or debate.

In fact, I recall the Church Administrative Assistant once arguing with Lead Pastor Beans about needing a specific software program to perform their duties for an up coming Sunday Service. However, Pastor Beans denied him with claims there was no money for it and as such, no solution was found. More so he never offered any further help except, just his typical admin lip-service. Thus the Assistant was unhappy and ready to quit at that time too. I remember this well because he told me what took place in confidence not long after.

Additionally anyone volunteering who was not in the church leadership’s favor would get used up, burnt out and would eventually quit and leave the church. As such, I recall two people who were very dear to me that this happened to. One lady who I am calling, “The Cook” and the other, “The Singer” experienced this.

~ THE COOK ~

The Cook was an amazingly nice lady who regularly helped out in the church’s kitchen during their events and meetings. For she put 80% of her free time into organizing all their food donations and getting their dining room table layouts and parties scheduled, setup and etc. Thus the Cook did this all by herself with very few volunteers to help her. And while working with her I learned she was a very intelligent, kind and easy person to get along with and, I enjoyed my many conversations with her too. Then on one occasion while working in the kitchen with her, she confided in me that she suffers heavily from depression and that volunteering at the church helped her emotionally and kept her busy too. As such, I admired her strength and willingness to do what she did. To even feeling inspired by her efforts as well. Over all, it felt like I was talking to a very caring mother figure who constantly looked out for other’s needs.

Moreover, I also want to point out The Cook did all the dining room preparation for my wedding ceremony to my now ex-wife Cookie at the church. As such, she set up all the tables and banquet food trays with very few helpers then, and so everything turned out beautiful in the end.

Now when The Cook left the church due to problems with the leadership some time later, I was greatly saddened by this. Yet, I also understood at the time too for she desired a new change. However, I never really knew her full reason for leaving. Though now in my reflection today, I am beginning to see a bigger picture as to why. For some other caring church members at the time told me the leadership burnt her out. Because they made her do all the cooking details and would never find any new volunteers to help her in the kitchen. So again with only a few dedicated helpers, The Cook did everything! Plus, I barely ever saw the leadership jump in to help her too. Instead they just talked the talk but, never walked the walk.

~ THE SINGER ~

The Singer was a fun and energetic lady who sang on the worship team and had a really good voice. And throughout her singing, the church audience enjoyed her vibrant personality and continually looked forward to hearing her at every service. Even her solos were so spiritually moving that it seemed like an angel was guiding her. She truly was a blessing to hear. And sometimes I witnessed a few audience members tearing up too while she sang.

Now The Singer was only at this church for about a year before she and her husband left. And apparently, she too had differences with the leadership and the worship team on song selections etc before leaving. Perhaps even the continual favoritism got to her as well too.

For one of the things the worship team did, was play a lot of the same songs during each service and they barely ever played anything new or different. Then when I asked why, they responded that the songs had to fit with the sermon of the day. Yet, how could this be when every Sunday or Wednesday Service it seemed liked they played the same songs despite a different sermon topic for that day? Thus, it never made any sense to me.

However, I do want to point out The Singer was someone I got along with. For both she and her husband were good friends of mine and, I often saw them at a weekly Bible Study Group I was part of too. Where we all were very fond of this group and would talk for three to four hours about life, God and The Bible etc. So I definitely felt belonging there.

Then When The Singer and her husband suddenly left the church, I was saddened and missed them. Yet, I also understood here as well. Plus, I even wondered if they were hounded out because they didn't fit in or, because their ideas and thoughts were not inline with the church's. Either way, I never suspected them to leave so early and so quickly too.

BROKEN HEARTED CHURCH LOSS

After Cookie and Honeydew left my life in August 2015, no one from The River I knew would talk to me. And when I sometimes saw them out in public, they would give me sneering looks with hateful facial expressions and would keep walking on. As such, I made every attempt to avoid being seen by them. This all added to my feelings of loss and like I was constantly hated. Consequently, I feared being noticed by anyone else I knew from my past too

So as a result, my loss of this church left me with many questions and no comforting answers. For only a broken heart kept me company and I had no one to share my feelings or faith with. I felt very alone, betrayed and extremely hurt.

Now from late 2015 and on, I had many ruminating questions in my mind. So I asked, "When can I start healing and feel better?" And thus, this mentally carried like a broken record on and off for many months during my legal process.

Then during the final year of this process in Early February 2017, and while I was at home alone, a strong loving presence fell upon me saying, *"I give you permission to heal. Follow me!"* As such, I choked up in tears as I sat on my bed considering it. For it felt like these words were from Christ himself speaking directly to me. So from that day on, I did everything I could to write down notes on what happened to me. Figuring these would be needed in the future no matter how my legal case would end – ie with me serving several years in prison or, doing probation and or, etc. And so, I feared my legal outcome and I spent every free moment feverishly writing it all down. Thus today as I write this book, I am very grateful I did too. For writing became my release and survival throughout this rushing river of insanity.

A GLAD TWIDDLING CHURCH CONCLUSION

In conclusion, I am left with a profound curiosity as to how a church like this can hang a billboard sign above its side door saying, *"Real God, Real People"* and then, act like this above. Its beyond my comprehension.

And again at The River Church, I saw good people leave because of the constant leadership favoritism, special treatment and a lack of care for others on their part. Its a thoughtless, unwelcoming evil! These good people never deserved that. They sought the rock of God and all you gave them was a house on sand. But for me, Jesus Christ is my savior, a forgiver, a healer, a counselor and a lover of all life no matter how great or small. So for a church leadership to act like this is a travesty against the Truth of Christ!

All-in-all, I feel like I was spiritually, mentally and emotionally violated by this church's leadership. To even having my heart, trust and confidence in them broken too. For they definitely made their mark and negatively effected me. Thus today I can clearly say that The River Church and, others like it here in Duluth, are no houses of God. But are in fact, a bastion of idolatry and cult worship hiding behind false teachers that hold a Bible in their hands. Its disgusting!

FOLLOW UP

Coincidentally in Early 2023, there was an issue at the local Vineyard Church here in Duluth where a Youth Pastor, whom was being inappropriate with some young girls, had gotten into legal trouble. So as result, he and his father, the Lead Pastor whom helped found this church, were terminated from their jobs by their church council. Yet at that time, the Youth Pastor was still under police investigation. Then when it was all done sometime later, he was sentenced to only 15 years probation and no prison time.

So all-in-all, this might be how it is with some cult like churches. Now below are some others in Duluth, MN which I felt were questionable too after visiting them.

--Lakeview Covenant Church

--Hermantown Community Church – The River’s sister church plant in Hermantown, MN

--Eastridge Community Church

--The Vineyard Church

BE SAFE

So when choosing a home church, its important to know the details about them. Looking at their mission statement, beliefs etc is important too. However, I would take it a step further and review what people say about your perspective church prospect. Do they have a website? Most do. Look at everything their site lists. Listen/watch any posted sermons if they have any. Do they match up with what your looking for? What kind of neighborhood are they in? Are they easily accessible etc? So no matter what church you choose, being informed and safe should be a top priority. For so often many churches can look good on the surface. Yet, have a lot of skeletons and historical problems they want to keep hidden and will never be honest about if ever asked.

*Additionally, the Google Maps App is also a good tool to use. For sites on it have other people’s reviews etc as well. Or, if doing a “Google Search” or other online service like Duck Duck Go try:

--”church name/biz name” reviews

--”church name/biz name” opinions



THE FINAL CLOSING JUDGMENTS



Upon reflection if I could redo this legal mess over again, I'd choose differently and walk away and, never meet Cookie in Early Fall 2012. Plus, I'd cancel my home Internet then too. For as I look back at the blazing “*dumpster fire*” which she, her family and related brought me and mine, I find its still a daunting struggle to try and forget then, let go of. Even my immediate family to this day doesn't want to remember it or, my accusers. Because for my family and myself, it stirs up memories of anger, loss and deep emotional pain. Yet despite it all, I continue striving to find peace and healing from this troubled past. Because again, “*there's no testimony without a test.*” To which I for sure, faced head on the hard way.

Now in review of everything among the massive dark fearing clouds that loomed over me during the final year before my Early June 2017 Sentencing, I remember being left with many hurt filled questions and, no comforting answers. So all I had was a broken heart to keep me company. For at the time I felt so horribly alone and betrayed and, I even feared the legal outcome of what might happen to me too. Including, worrying about being sent to prison for 30+ years over Cookie's and Honeydew's lies about me. To then breaking down in tears and thinking about Flower growing up without me in her life as well. It was all extremely overwhelming!

Then in Early February 2017, while alone at home as mentioned earlier, I got the motivation to fight back in the way I knew how. So I feverishly wrote down everything that happened to me during my available free time just to have a record of it. Thinking that at some point it would all be useful. Plus, my emotional hurts and fears were so heavily storming that, I had to do something just to stay sane. So as a result, this effort became a releasing survival throughout my river of insanity. To which, I constantly felt like I was paddling upstream against the current. Thus today as I write this book, I'm very grateful for these records. And I also imagine there are others like me who might understand what this is like too. Because now I know, I'm not alone!

“Your heart is free. Have the courage to follow it.”

Father of William Wallace.

‘Braveheart’ Movie Quote

THE PLAY OF THE CRIMINAL COURT JESTER

Throughout this legal process, the back and forth between myself and the prosecution seemed endless. So often, I felt hopeful like my name would be cleared to then, falling in sinking dread as if I was utterly screwed and they were winning. As such, I was under a constant trial of mental, emotional and spiritual attacks that it wore my mind shields down. And, I can't even count the number of times in my head when I heard the judge ordering, "You've been found guilty on all charges. Bailiff, take him away!" Thus, it was a night sweat countdown to hell before each scheduled court hearing. Thinking... What if?!?!? What if?!?!? What if?!?!?

***Thus all I could do was...
desperately hold on to the hope of being free and clear.
And I wanted my daughter back home too.
For I missed ours laughing smiles and
being called her Dad.***

Now as this bumpy ride got closer to Sentencing in Early June, the St Louis County Prosecutor's law-fair and mind games ramped up on me. Thus at the beginning of March that year, my attorney tells me that if I pass a polygraph then, they would drop all charges against me. As such, I felt elated and went through with it. So my parents helped me pay the \$500 fee for the test and I passed it with no reasons of doubt on my part. Even the certified tester stated I was, "put through the wringer" on it too. Then going home after I thought, "Wow! *This could all be over soon.*"

But then in Early April after, the prosecutors came back and wanted me to take a second polygraph for \$200 because the first wasn't good enough. As such, I complied with this same tester on his recent brand new uncalibrated equipment. To which, this resulted in my failing the test and it really ticked me and my parents off too! For on the first test, he used his older properly calibrated machine and on the second, he used his new one. And before starting this second test, I never knew he had a new polygraph machine in the first place until, he told me right before beginning it. Then while going home upon completion, I felt like this second test was rigged to fail and, I believed the prosecutors and my defense attorney reached out to him just prior so they could prove their desired plea deal of offering the lesser two sexual text message charges and, dropping Honeydew's claimed two criminal sexual contact charges instead. Ie, a plea for lesser charges. Again, I never did any of this evil. However, it didn't matter to them. So eventually in the following Early May, they railroaded me in to pleading guilty to Honeydew's claimed sexual text messages. This of course helped save my defense attorney's a\$\$ at getting a court win in June and then, made him a full partner at his law firm ***“Andrew, Bransky, & Poole, P.A”*** later that year.

THE EVIDENCE OF LATE APRIL

~ A Texting Tuesday Remembered ~

In Late April 2017, I had and showed evidence to my defense attorney that proved Honeydew sent the two sexual text messages I was charged with from my cell phone to hers’ as presented earlier in this book. However, he rejected it. Stating, “I would have a hard time defending it in court with a Jury.” As such, he ultimately coerced me into pleading guilty to the messages in the end. Meanwhile at that time, I had no idea he was making deals with the St Louis County Prosecutors behind my back so he could protect his job and end my legal case. This I discovered years later after my probation and sex offender treatment finished. Thus, it royally pissed me off when I found out what a real lying weasel and crook he is! Then I wondered about how many other innocent clients he screwed over in the end too. All to better his fraudulent career as a lawyer.

COOKIE GIVES A DIVORCE DECREE

During my two years of legalities since *August 2015*, Cookie never sought a divorce from me until Late April 2017. Yet as for me, I’d of eventually done so had my mind been stable enough for it. However at that time, I was under so much emotional stress that the thought of another court hearing or new legal case brought me more fears of punishment, hurt, shame and loss. So I couldn’t bare it and, I just ignored it instead. Then even my defense attorney stated he was baffled by her not filing sooner too. Yet years later while working on this book, I found out why.

For because Cookie and I were still married, this prevented her from being put on the stand and questioned during a criminal trial. Whence due to her marriage to me, the court saw this as a legal conflict of interest. Thus it prevented me from questioning her, via my defense attorney, and getting at the truth of all this mess. As such, I believe doing so would have exposed the reality of what they all were actually involved with and did in their past! However, the police and the county prosecutor had to protect their case and lies against me. To include, the police lead investigator’s thug like behavior and factual mistakes towards me as well. And being that I chose to plead guilty to Honeydew’s two sexual text messages, this most likely gave the county prosecutor a pass to give Cookie the okay to divorce me. To then figuring that their case was safe and solid against me. Whence in the end, I gather they all felt quite lucky and comfortable with their illegal frame up.

Additionally if Cookie appeared at a Criminal Trial, I suspect Honeydew while being present would have gotten scared and spoke against her on the sex-trafficking she endured from her Mom’s past boyfriends and her Dad, Letharge, in the years before Cookie claimed she “found the Lord” in 2010. And so if this happened then, all the charges against me would have been dropped under a miss-trial. To which, Cookie and her gang would have been investigated, charged and convicted with their secrets being exposed. Especially, for Cookie and Letharge. Because then it would have shown their reasons to wrongly accuse me with malice and forethought to cause harm. And maybe even for Honeydew too because she lied to the police as well. But either way, they all succeeded and got me to take the fall for their lies.

THE PLEA DEAL

By Early May 2017, I felt defeated and legally broken. And having faced and tried every avenue I could to clear my name up to that point with my family's help and then, being defense attorney rejected. I had no other choice but, to plead guilty to the two sexual text messages Honeydew claimed I did. So I just wanted this all to be over and for these legal people to leave my family and my daughter alone. For it hurt to see them suffering like they were. Plus, I believed that my pleading would protect them and Flower too. To even thinking the legal system would leave them alone and then, allowing Flower the right to see me in person under supervision and, not in prison for 30+ years. And so, I took a heart wrenching legal bullet for them.

Then after the Plea Hearing in that Mid-May, my accusers Cookie, Honeydew, their gang and legal advocates (ie CPS, PAVSA etc), they all believed I deserved 30+ years in prison and weren't happy about the plea deal. For even the St Louis County Probation Officer's Report, which I got from my attorney, stated that too. However, I must point out that this report was riddled with vagueness and factual mistakes on dates, times, names and etc.

So according to this report, my soon-to-be Probation Officer (PO) was recommending that I not have Internet or access to a computer until my probation was completed. And so, this would force me to have to change careers as a tech to something else. Yet, how do I perform a job search without a computer and Internet these days? Because it seems every job now has to be applied for online. And my Mom even commented, “How can a middle-aged man suddenly change his long time career?” Then she urged me to write a letter to the county judge to express this question too.

PROSECUTOR LAW-FAIR SUM UP

Again towards the end of my legal case, the County Prosecutors engaged in mind game law-fair by threatening to add Honeydew's two Criminal Sexual Contact (ie CSC molestation) charges if, I didn't plead guilty to the lesser two sexual text messages she had on me. For at that time before my Early June 2017 Sentencing, I didn't know they had no physical evidence to prove these new erroneous charges. Because during that Sentencing Day, the County Judge admitted there was not enough evidence to bring the new charges against me. Yet, he added there was only enough to warrant Probable Cause for an initial police investigation.

So as a result like previously stated, I was railroaded into pleading guilty to the one charge of sending two sexual text messages to Honeydew, in order to avoid the new (CSC) charges and then, being wrongly convicted to 30+ years in prison as a Level 3 Sex Offender. For this is what my lying accusers and their prosecution wanted for me at a criminal trial. Whence, to be legally Jury burned at the stake while they ritually dance around my ashes!



A CRIMINAL SENTENCING COVER UP

So at the end of my Early June 2017 Sentencing Day, I was punished with:

- 7 Years Probation Time.
- No Unsupervised Visits With Children Under 18 While On Probation
- 100 Hours Of Local Community Service
- Mandatory Sex Offender Treatment Program (**At a local provider of my choice.*)
- 10yr Min. Listing w/Minnesota BCA (Bureau of Criminal Apprehension) As A Level 0 Sex Offender.
- \$1000+ In Court Fines and Arrowhead Regional Corrections (ARC) Probation Fees

And during his final sentencing statement, the St Louis County Judge added that if I completed everything within 6 years then, I could be released from probation a year early. And so within the first six years, I completed everything required and was release from probation on that sixth Early June year.

Also I wish to add here that during my sentencing, the county prosecutor wanted me to wear a GPS Ankle Bracelet for the first 90 days of probation! However, the judge denied them stating it wasn't necessary with my case. As such in Minnesota at this time, these units cost about \$700 to \$1200 each and, they can't be removed until your Ankle Bracelet Term is up and their fee is paid in full too. Plus according the American Civil Liberties Union (www.aclu.org), these devices can have long term health effects like messing up sleeping patterns and causing skin rashes etc as well. **For more information, feel free to visit their website.*

Now in 2017 Minnesota Legal Terms, sexually texting a 15 year old with no nude photos etc is called an, “Electronic Solicitation Of Child.” And at my sentencing, this is what the judge labeled my punished crime. Yet in my shocked and astonished thinking I question, “How is a teenager, at ages 13 – 17, supposed to be considered a minor child who is between ages 1 - 10?” For a minor child is not as fully mentally and physically developed like a teenager is. However according to then Minnesota Law, it stated a minor child is ages 1 – 17. *So in my opinion*, I gather the truth of certified child psychology and physical development studies and standards doesn't mean sh!t to the legislators whom created this law! And perhaps, getting large tax payer funded paychecks and hidden donations to keep their political careers under judiciary threats were more important besides, doing what is right. Meaning, don't allow the police to ruin someone's life over falsified bullsh#t evidence and wrongly accusing law-fair! So seriously, does our country still have a US Constitution?!?! Do these legal people even care about other's rights besides their own? But, I must digress for they still legally won.

Furthermore, I point out that there are major problems with everything the St Louis County Prosecutors accused me of. For it is riddled with highly questionable and seemingly flawed evidence as to their claims that they wished everyone to believe I did. Such as misplaced dates, times and people's names. To include, the fact the Police Investigators only electronically “Cellebrite Pathfinder” scanned Honeydews phone and not mine. But claimed the initial investigating officer's photo captured evidence of her phone was enough. However, they never photographed mine to compare it with hers either. Plus, I even recall my defense attorney stating this lack of evidence seemed questionable to him too. Yet in the end, it never mattered. So I got stuck with it and, my accusers got away with their actual sex crimes.

***Note:** “Cellebrite Pathfinder” is a pricey forensic software designed by *Cellebrite DI Ltd* in Israel. Police Departments spend thousands of tax payer dollars annually for its yearly upgrades.

Now again from my deep research, I restate that Cookie and Honeydew lied to the police investigators and in fact, seemed to be coerced in to doing so by them as well. For even the audio recordings I listened to of them from my Discovery sounded like the investigating officers at the time were leading them to answer in how he or she wanted. Which in effect, geared their received answers via psychologically rigged questions. As such in the military, this is called psychological operations or, psy-op warfare for short. And on a side note, I find it strange my defense attorney didn't catch this either. For he was also a Jag Officer in the US Military at the same time too. To which, some of my scheduled court hearings had to be changed due to his prior extended military appointments.

Additionally at the same time when Cookie's and Honeydew's legal mess started towards me in Early August 2015, the police investigators also claimed I was downloading and sharing child porn over the Internet just prior to Honeydew's reported sexual allegations against me. Whence, the child porn BS was their first case weapon they aimed and fired at me. However, it died on the following Monday after I got out of Jail via a \$50,000 Bond in that late August 2015. **For the police investigators never found any child porn on my computers, work equipment and paperwork etc that they took.* Because it never existed there in the first place! And, the mere thought of it is repulsive to me!

As such,

Its amazing how dumb a person can act and yet, still con others into believing them.

To then opportunistically playing a victim role while, covering up theirs & others misdeeds and lies.

So this is beyond shameful!

COPS HOLDING MY COMPUTERS HOSTAGE

~ Civil Assets Forfeiture Seizure ~

Again as for the Duluth Police Lead Investigator's accusation of child porn on my computers etc, I was never charged with it. More so when my CPS & Family Court process began in Early Fall 2017 regarding my daughter Flower, I learned from their Discovery that the police who raided my home, dropped the child porn investigation three days after I got out of the County Jail on Bond in Late August 2015. And so I found myself thinking, “Wow! What The F#ck!” after I learned of it. Yet just like the lead female investigator touted while harshly interrogating me, she did as she said and held onto my stuff in their Evidence Room for close to three years until Mid-Summer 2018. Whence she lead a Wrongful Civil Assets Forfeiture Seizure with no child porn charges ever brought against me! So this is definitely a violation of my US Civil Rights and Liberties regarding my personal and work property that they took. Plus, the \$50,000 Bond set by the St Louis County Judge at my First Court Arraignment Hearing in Late August 2015 was excessive too. Thus, this Bond is most likely a violation of the 8th Amendment according to the US Constitution in regards to overly high fees, high taxes, high fines and levies. Even more so, most busted St Louis County Sex Offenders get a Bond set at far less. Its usually around \$10,000 and under as I understand it.

****Note: The American Civil Liberties Union (www.aclu.org) has information regarding this too.
Its called “Asset Forfeiture Abuse.”***

Eventually in Early Spring 2018, the Duluth Police Evidence Room contacted me via mail and stated I could get my computers and etc back from them. To adding that it was taking up too much space at their location and also, that it was being held for longer than necessary too. However because I was still in my sentenced seven years probation time, I wasn't allowed to keep them. So I scheduled an appointment to get these things with my Mom's help via her vehicle and, we brought them back to her house where I cleaned them up and dismantled them and, we got rid of them afterwards. It was a major loss of money and time put in those work items! Thus effectively rubbing all the trials of suffering, anger and bullsh-t I had to deal with in my face. I absolutely hated it!

A FOLLOW UP TO CRIMINAL SENTENCING

~ Some Good Points To Consider ~

Now importantly noted here, I must urge others who are dealing with false accusations like mine to not do so alone. For its too much on one's mind to bare and, it can and will cost your sanity, serenity and even your personal faith. Thus, its absolutely imperative that you find others to trust in – ie like a good licensed counselor, a close friend and or, a loving family member etc who will stick by your side and support you.

More so, what you tell a licensed counselor is private and Protected By Law. In the USA, we have HIPPA. Whence, all legal organizations and a like need a Judicial Warrant from a Judge to obtain your counseling records if and when they learn of your attendance to such. To which, the counselor then has the sole discretion of what is shared with the court including, the First Right of Refusal based upon what is being asked for and, they can obtain an attorney if need be for questioning such court reasoning too. In addition, do not take a prosecutor pushed counseling program unless everyone in the court and your attorney agrees with it. So if personally getting a counselor then, keep it to yourself. They will also inform you on what is expected too.

DO NOT GO TO YOUR CHURCH PASTOR FOR PERSONAL COUNSELING. FOR THEY ARE NOT PROTECTED BY HIPPA. AND, THEY MIGHT BE A NON-PROFIT 501c3 AND COULD BE UNDER THE PROVISIONS SET BY THE US GOVERNMENT THERE IN. So basically, a US pastor is not exempt from being questioned without a warrant. Thus, there is no law to stop the authorities from doing so.

Plus if being raided then, never answer any questions by Police, Federal Agencies, Child Protective Services or etc without an attorney present. And if your on public property or your own, you also have the right to audio and video record them with your cell phone. However if they tell you otherwise, then they are lying or do not know or, care about your Rights and Civil Liberties. So don't break these for anyone. Ever!

Also, its highly recommended you know your rights, keep good records and have an excellent defense attorney who will do their job and fight for you. Because losing to relentless evil prosecuting tyrants and defense attorney liars ought never be an option.

MORE ON MY CRIMINAL DEFENSE

When I think of my defense attorney, I find myself not wanting to say anything nice about him. For I personally believe he shouldn't be one. And, this is readily apparent by what I've stated in this book. Yet since I feel obligated to express the real raw truth of what happened to me and nothing less, I plunge onward to do so.

Now my family-paid-for legal counsel was from **“Andrew, Bransky, & Poole, P.A”** here in Duluth, MN. And thus in my family's and my shared opinion, he was complete pile-of-trash for an attorney whom ought to be disbarred from practicing law anywhere! For he basically kissed up to the law firm he now works with in order to gain a partnership with them. All-the-while, screwing over his defense clients with the St Louis County Prosecutors to get there. And so, this guy took what ever plea deal that was given to call his cases winnable so he could look good. Even, if it meant violating a defense client's constitutional rights with patently false information and or, making deals behind their backs and never informing them about it. This in effect violates their signed for attorney-client privilege oath.

Furthermore, my online research showed positive, puffed up and edited out reviews in regards to his firm's effectiveness as attorneys at law. So it seems they paid a third party agency to clean up posted reviews and have them say nice things about them. However, I did come across one negative review about this firm on Google and I agree with it too. It Says:

“I had horrible experience with this firm. Paid them a lot of money and could of done better myself. Completely owned by opposing council. They didn't make 1 court appearance and somehow burned up my \$3500 retainer and had the nerve to send me a bill for \$700. AVOID THIS PLACE. WOULD GIVE 0 STARS.” (J.J.) on Google Reviews.

CHILD PROTECTIVE SERVICES AND FAMILY COURT

Between Early August 2015 to Early March 2018, the St Louis County CPS Agency had a case against my immediate family and myself, to include Latte, in regards to our daughter Flower. For they wanted to remove Flower from my entire family and her Mom (Latte) and place her in foster care where we would not see her again until she is 18 years old. Plus their assigned CPS Agent and her 'helper,' stated to my family that they were waiting to see how my criminal case would end so they would know how to proceed with theirs in regards to Flower. And so in Early Fall 2017, we started getting Lawyers and CPS eventually pushed for a plea deal instead of a County Judge run trial in Early March 2018. So as a result, my family and I figured they had no hard evidence to take Flower away from us. And, my Mom hired a good expensive lawyer too. To which, she and I believed this was part of that plea deal deciding factor as well.

However, because I was criminally sentenced with one charge of sending two sexual text messages to Honeydew in Early June 2017, I was not allowed to be unsupervised around anyone under 18 until my 6-7 years probation finished. And this of course, included Flower too. Yet oddly enough according to the Early March 2018 Family Court Hearing, they also didn't want Flower living with me either. And, they didn't want me having any rights to her well. To even ruling I couldn't be alone with her until she is 18 years old. So this was all ridiculous! Because criminal court already spelled out their restrictions on me. Which obviously included no one under 18 living with me during my probation!

GETTING INTO THE WEEDS WITH CPS AND FAMILY COURT

Now as stated before in Early March 2018, my CPS & Family Court Case regarding Flower was supposed to go to trial. Thus at the time, my family, Latte and I believed this was the trial that would decide if Flower was being taken away from us or not. Again, everyone had an attorney and mine was appointed by the court. Plus, even Flower (at age 11) had a court appointed attorney too. Although, she was not present at the Hearing. For at this time, I was still not allowed to see her. And, she couldn't be part of the court process as I understood it too.

So on the day of the CPS & Family Court Hearing, my family, Latte, our attorneys and I sat in the St Louis County Courthouse hallway for nearly three hours waiting for it to start. Then when we finally got into the court room to begin, the CPS agents along with their County Prosecution suddenly stated they wanted a Signed Plea Deal instead of a Trial. As such, we were shocked by this. For we originally believed we were going to trial to fight and keep Flower out of foster care and in our family. To even thinking they were punishing us all because my family and Latte believed and supported my innocence in what I was charged and sentenced with. Then during a surprised standing objection behind me, Flower's attorney reports to the County Judge that he never even met her before to discuss her case! To adding that he was not comfortable making any decisions, “without speaking with his client first.” And when I heard this, I literally recall my jaw and eyes went wide open as I silently turned my head to look at him thinking, “You gotta be f#cking kidding me! You never even spoke to Flower before this?!?! Wow!!!” I was beyond angry by that point as I kept my cool while seated in the back of that court room. It was absolutely flabbergasting! For this is perfect example of what a kangaroo court system looks like. And, I found myself thinking, “This attorney has made more sense then any of the sh#t I had to deal with since it started!” More so, I even considered that if this did go to trial it might have exposed the massive amount of fraud committed by Cookie, Honeydew, their family and the legal system all together.

Then at the end of that Court Day, my family, Latte and I decided to accept the CPS Plea Deal and they backed off with nothing more afterwards. So as such, they left it up to my daughter's chosen therapist to decide what was best for her. Thus, the therapist gave the okay for my family and Latte to keep Flower with us and, to allow her to begin having supervised visits with me at my parents home. And thankfully during this horrible CPS process, she was still able to be with my family and her Mom throughout the 3+ years I wasn't allowed to see her – ie Aug 2015 – Nov 2018.

Yet all-in-all, Flower's Rights were clearly trampled upon by these wickedly evil people. For they wanted her attorney to sign on to a plea deal when he never even spoken to her in the first place about the case or, even its process and what was expected. Because he was literally just assigned to Flower on this Hearing Day and, he never even met her before too! But at least, he understood the true meaning of Attorney Client Privilege and honoring it. To include, standing up in court to a County Judge and voicing it over the others present. To him I want to say, “***Bravo Sir!***”

On A Side Note: I also learned via my family's social grapevine that, Cookie got financial help from CPS and her daughter's victim advocate agencies because of their legal case against me. Whence, she got her own tax-payer funded ATM Machine system. Just like Letharge did with her too!

~ ***“For there is no honor among thieves!”*** ~



CONFIDENTIAL INFORMANT SPIES

~ Narcs, Tattletales, Snitches & Rats ~

A SICKENING COMPLEX WEB

While doing in-depth research into Cookie, her family and etc to find out why they did what they did to me, I learned many tough disturbing truths. For its stuff I’ve never believed was humanly possible. Nor, did I ever expect to see them doing that to anyone or, their own family members. Yet, they did. And as I grew up with them down the street from me, I never imagined Cookie and Brutus would turn so evil as adults. To becoming deeply rooted in a complex web of deceit, sexual abuse, promiscuity and all manner of destructive behaviors. And then, attempting to cover it all up with a religion they don’t truly seem to follow. So this all saddened my childhood memories of them. Even during the start of this legal mess, my Mom once remarked that, “They wanted their proverbial pound of flesh” from me. Plus, she also shared a strong belief that Karin, Brutus’ wife, “was driving the bus” against me during my Criminal Court Hearings too.

COOKIE WAS A CI!

In Mid-2010, Cookie got in trouble with the Duluth Police for the use and possession of Methamphetamine (ie Meth) while at a local bar. As such, they brought her into custody. However, they never gave her any charges, prosecution or jail time because she had her 10yr old daughter Honeydew at home waiting for her. Even Cookie’s parents Babs and Corky never knew about the drug bust except, her brother Brutus who found out from his wife Karin. For Karin learned of it via her friend on the local police force. Consequently as part of Cookie’s no charges deal, they offered her to help the police bust drug offenders as a Confidential Informant (CI) in exchange – ie they “flipped” Cookie. Plus, it turns out this local lady officer friend was on a federal drug and sex crimes task force too. And in fact, she was the very same lead investigator who raided my home back in Late August 2015! **This was all discovered via brief discussions found on Karin’s publicly shown social media account (ie Facebook).* So I gather it was easy for Cookie to clean up and say she, “Found the Lord” in late 2010, with having a ‘no harm, no foul’ approach. To include, the police and Karin never knew about Cookie’s previous sex-trafficking of her daughter Honeydew for drug and alcohol debts she owed her past bar “boyfriends” either.

Now in another short Early July 2015 discussion found on Karin’s Facebook account, there was a mentioning of having Cookie and Honeydew suddenly leave me in Early August just a few weeks prior to the scheduled police raid of my home! So obviously, Karin and this lady officer knew each other and were close for quite some time. Again, no one else in Cookie’s family knew about this except Karin’s husband Brutus.

Then about the same time when I met Cookie again on a dating website in Early Fall 2012, I discovered another social media post where Karin and this police woman wanted to ask Cookie to "spy" on me a few months after we met as part of their child porn investigation against me. However, this officer lady stated Cookie was not to know the real reason behind their asking. And so, Cookie complied. To which I found out in Late August 2015 when I was raided and this lead investigator lady bragged about spying on me since January 2012. So basically, Cookie was a police CI who reported to them via Karin - ie her CI Handler. Whence, Karin kept Cookie out of the police direct informants loop. It was a kind of hiding her of sorts. So I imagine Cookie and Karin spoke or, texted, quite often over the phone when no one else was around.

Coincidentally, Karin was also at every single court hearing I had too - ie from Late August 2015 to Early June 2017. Even Babs, Cookie's Mom, was with her for support. Yet, Babs was most likely not aware of Karin being a Lead CI in the legal case against me. Meanwhile, Karin always carried a clipboard with paper and she wrote down everything that happened or was said at these hearings. Thus Babs presence provided good cover for Karin. Additionally I note here that by this time Corky, Bab's husband, had passed away in Early 2012 from his battle with brain cancer.

So for CI Lead Karin,

"The wheels on the bus go round and round, round and round..."

American Folk Song. By Verna Hills - December 1937.



MY PERSONAL VOICE

~ The Accused Turn To Speak ~



Now in review of this book, I recount the hellish nightmare of getting to this point. For so often during my two year legal battle up to Early June 2017 Sentencing, I felt like I had no right to a voice and I just had to shut-up and take it. It was over all, the most demoralizing and evil experience I’ve ever had in my life. And, it was even more so during my probation and sex offender treatment time too. Thus from my angered disgust, I can now say I will never go through that again! And today, I finally have a voice and I’m not afraid to use it.

TO COOKIE AND HER FAMILY CIRCUS

Cookie, you and I have a long history together where we grew up in the same neighborhood and on the same street. Back then, we were good friends. Yet despite my childhood memories of us, it saddens and hurts me to have to inscribe all this nastiness. For what you as an adult and your daughter Honeydew did to me and my family is terrible. Ultimately, it places a despicable slam on an otherwise long shared childhood history. And basically, its like you told me that my life of knowing and trusting you was an out-right delusional lie. Furthermore, even my family who still lives in that neighborhood believed and trusted in you too. What an awful sudden betrayal we all faced from you and yours!

Then off and on throughout my legal process and into my forced probation and sex offender treatment, my mother would say she found it tough to want to forgive you all for what you did to me and our family. To include, I can’t even count the number of times I’ve witnessed her cry about it. Though much of the time she’s a strong lady who doesn’t break emotionally. But when she did, she’d sobbingly iterate, “Not to worry. I have big shoulders.” Even my Dad, my sister and our family friends were pissed off for a long time at you all too.

So to put it simply, your shameful deeds have stripped me of my rights as a father to my daughter Flower. And what’s even worse, is I have to wait until she is 18 years old before we can freely reconnect our father daughter relationship again. Its so much time lost between us! And yet, you got to see Honeydew everyday. So where’s the justice in that?

REMEMBERING FLOWER

Now throughout my legal process when I wasn’t allowed to see or contact Flower, I often wondered on how she was doing. To then thinking about all her school events and activities I missed out on. And even, remembering all the times we shared when I saw her smile and laugh. As such these cherished moments, all the while being apart from her, just ripped the heart out of my chest and brought me to tears. Then sometimes even at home when I saw her stuffed animals and toys in her bedroom, I broke down emotionally there too. For these were like a shrine, quietly resting upon a covered bedspread by her pillow. All projecting a standing testimony about a father’s love for his missing daughter and, our broken longing hearts.

And so my wrongful separation from Flower caused by our local CPS was unbearable. As such, this is how it was during my legal mess until I was allowed to see her again under an adult supervision policy in Early March 2018 – some 2.5+ years later! Even my family and her Mom, Latte, were negatively effected by all their strict pushy back and forth rules too. It was monstrously overwhelming!

Coincidentally within this same time frame just prior to Flower’s 10th Birthday, she tells my Mom (her Grandma) at their home, “That if I cannot see my Dad then, I might as well be dead.” So it was then my parents, outside of Latte’s and CPS’ knowledge, decided to let Flower visit me on her 10th Birthday at my sister’s home where she and my family were present. Thus, I got to see Flower when I wasn’t “officially” allowed too. And, I imagine this probably saved her life both mentally and emotionally. So when I saw her, I told her I still loved her and what happened to us was not her fault. She of course was very happy to see me despite being very confused with everything. Then after that day, I didn’t see Flower much because of the CPS rules we were still under. Although, I do recall my Dad once calling me during that 2017 Late Spring and letting Flower talk to me while they were driving somewhere in Duluth. Then also, there were two other times in that Spring when my Mom and Flower went to a state park in another Minnesota County and they had me visit them there as well.

So all-in-all my parents while looking out for Flower, didn’t give a rip about CPS and their horribly unfair rules. Yet, they still held a concern that their choices would back fire with CPS finding out and then taking Flower away to an unknown Minnesota Foster Care placement. So eventually after a month passed, my parents convinced Latte to get Flower into child counseling to help her deal with her hurt feelings and for missing me too.

Meanwhile during the first Late 2015 year when this mess started, my sister reported to me that my daughter cried herself to sleep a lot at night because she couldn’t see me. Stating Flower would lay in bed as she hugged my parents’ cat “Big-Bob” and sobbed her tears onto him. My sister then adds Flower on occasion had even cried privately at school too. So when I heard this, it broke my heart and I later sobbed heavily at home in my recalling it. All-the-while thinking, “My poor daughter!” and how I wished I could have been there for her.

Thus in retrospect, our continual suffering was like a never ending poisonous sting. And, I can’t even imagine the pain Flower dealt with while being apart from me during those 2.5+ years too. However when I was allowed to see her again after Early March 2018 Family Court, I could definitely see the mental and emotional damage she incurred as a result of this awful mess. For she wasn’t her happy outgoing self like she used to be at 8 years old and younger. Because now in her late teen years she’s like, “a past 8 year old who mentally blocks and stuffs those painful memories away.” And from my own deep personal sadness, I can definitely relate to this as well.

MY TRUTH ABOUT ALL THIS

There is so much I want to say. However, I often find it difficult to put to words. To going from so much emotional hurt, confusion and pain to then placing it here as some kind of sensible format. But again, where do I begin? I just want my life, my job and for my daughter to be back with me like we were before. For she had such happy smiles and laughter! I miss everything we shared.

Now as I think about all this evil sh!t, I feel the real names of those who wronged me, my daughter, my family and our friends ought to be known. For in my opinion they don't deserve the privacy they have. Yet because I am a law abiding citizen and a believer in free speech and the right to privacy, I grant them that. Its the right thing to do. Yet make no mistake, I am exposing what was done to me. To include, the organizations and nicknamed individuals who helped in causing this damage to myself and those I love.

And as for Cookie and Honeydew whom suddenly left me on an Early August 2015 Saturday and then, fueling this legal hell against me. I can only conclude that Honeydew got what she wanted. For she definitely succeeded in breaking my marriage to her Mom and so much more.

Looking back at all this I feel like I've been used, tricked and forced in to pleading guilty to a crime I never committed in order for them to protect their lies and dirty family secrets. Whence Cookie, Honeydew and their family deserve to have criminal records instead of myself in taking the fall for them.

Yet during my two year legal insanity up to sentencing and after, I barely had anyone to talk to and confide in. Plus, I constantly felt extremely alone. So from 2016 to 2017, the darkness in my life came and went in waves. As such after sentencing and still not being allowed to see my daughter Flower, all I could do was hand write in saved journals as a means to talk with her. To then knowing full well, she would probably never see them. However, these journals later become my saving grace. Even as I went through a tough out-patient sex offender treatment program for 6 years! Whence, I aptly called these journals, “*The Letters From Daddy Series.*” These detail everything I went through in my treatment and probation time. Proportionately this series is also the deep personal side my daughter, family and etc never knew about.

Many times while in this sh!t pit, I wished I never met Cookie and her family down the street as a kid. And whenever I thought about everything that they did to me as an adult, I find myself feeling nothing but shameful regret on my connection with them. Whence from their railroading legal damage, I carried and hid a lot of anger about it. To even bottling it up and pushing it away. So most of the time I made the appearance of being calm and in control when around others. Especially, my family. But then when by myself, I wanted to run away and be someone else in another place to start over under a new name and life. I hated everything I suffered through! Thus, this is how it was for me while going from an accused start to finishing after my sex offender treatment and probation time was done.

Additionally with all this, I felt hated by everyone and even some of my close family too. Again, I lost everything I believed and trusted in. Consequently I also felt completely rejected and, like everyone saw me as an evil person. To then feeling incredibly alone, stupid and useless. So it all added to my continual isolation and feeling ignored and like I had no right to voice my sad thoughts and broken heart.

Whence, my self confidence was a struggle at best. Again, I feared the unknowns in my life. Thinking... “What if, what if, what if...?” It became a never ending cinematic dark movie drama.

Then during visits with my parents at their home as my legal process continued before Early June 2017 Sentencing, I experienced lots of stress and fears while witnessing them argue about my case. With my Mom believing in my innocence to, questioning it and then, bouncing back and forth mentally as she scoured over all my discovery files. She was the primary person helping me on it besides my sh!t-head defense attorney. Yet as for my Dad, he stoutheartedly stuck with his belief of my innocence. So overall, my parents did the best they could to help me.

Now as a result of everything, I’ve become a very guarded person who struggles with trusting others. And, I find myself still looking over my shoulder sometimes today too. To fearing something else might legally happen to me. And as such, I felt continually punished for being a wrongly accused. To which, its become an upward battle to rise above it emotionally.

“ITS TIME TO SAVE THE FATHERS”

Furthermore in my research on being falsely accused of sex crimes, I have read about other fathers who’ve had close family and friends turn away because of it happening to them too. For they describe it as a heavily burdensome stigma received from their accusers and those who deny their innocence. As such, some have never fully recovered in healing from it – ie opting to taking their own lives instead. And so, reading about their struggles gave me a better understanding of mine. To include, learning I’m not alone with my suffering in it. For I believe, we’ve all emotionally battled the horrible thought demons and their, “nitty-sh!tty brain committees.”

And so, the mental wages received from such horrible struggles like this are daunting and destructive. Whence, I can certainly understand one’s desire to give up and run away etc. But don’t. There is a better way. Help is actually available if you want it.

So at all possible, find others in your situation you can trust for guidance and a listening ear. Try finding a helpful organization. Or, see who else is out there in your city, town, state or region that wants to connect up. There is emotional safety in numbers. But at the very least, get active and don’t hide in mental shame and guilt.

Plus, there are good social media sites that have private moderated groups to join. To include, helpful Internet websites that can assist in bringing people together safely and anonymously. All-in-all, just don’t give up hope. Because the evil in this world loves to see and cause failure regardless of when or how it effects their victims. So remember, you’re not alone.

Again...

Being wrongly accused can feel like being set on fire and not being able to put the flames out.

However, it doesn’t have to stay that way.

Here is an example list of helpful Internet websites below.

www.ACLU.org

[Some Other Websites:]

How to Refute a False Sex Crime Charge

<https://www.nealdavislaw.com/criminal-defense-guides/refute-false-sex-crime/>

Jeff Dean Law

<https://www.jeffdeanlaw.com/falsely-accused-of-rape-in-minnesota/>

Innocence Project

<https://innocenceproject.org/reading-list-books-on-the-subject-of-wrongful-conviction/>

The Innocents's Guide

<https://www.innocentsguide.org/>

The Great North Innocence Project

<https://www.greatnorthinnocenceproject.org/books-and-movies-about-wrongful-conviction/>



[ADDENDUM #1 – MY MESSAGES TO THE THUGS]

AFTER EARLY JUNE 2017 COURT SENTENCING

~ My Ranting Opinions About The Attorneys, Agencies and Others I Dealt With ~

(1.) To My Family Paid For Defense Attorney From “Andrew, Bransky, & ‘Poole’, P.A”

First off, I don’t feel you put in enough time to defend my case. Plus, it appears you have a lack of knowledge and the “true guts” it takes to defend a wrongly accused person of a sexual crime. And, you didn’t seem to care to listen to what I had to say either. Other than treating me like a joke.

Meanwhile during my legal process, I found and brought you evidence that proved my innocence on the the falsely accused sexual text messages and you didn’t accept it. Thus opting to blow it off instead. So ultimately under extreme emotional duress, I was forced to lie and say I did it and accept a plea deal. Yet how the heck is this considered justice? And really, who’s side are you on anyways? My family paid you a whopping crap-load of money to defend me! Plus, you had me take two polygraph (lie-detector) tests too. The first one I took, I passed. But, the second was a failure due to issues caused by the state certified tester. Additionally, these tests are inadmissible in Minnesota Courts. However, for some stupid reason they can use these tests to determine whether someone is sincere or not in their psychosexual treatment after sentencing. So, my first test was \$500 and the second was \$200. More so in 2017, there was only two people whom were certified to give these tests in Minnesota. Their offices were located in Stillwater, MN.

Now over all, I feel unfairly railroaded by the St Louis County, MN Prosecutors and their falsely accusatorial victim Honeydew and, her family circus goons. Even Cookie’s younger brother “Brutus” and his wife “Karin” were pushing all this to ruin me too.

Meanwhile throughout all this, I was also wrongfully accused with two Criminal Sexual Contact (CSC) charges with this same then 15 year old, Honeydew, as well. As such she and her Mom, Cookie, created these lies to cover up theirs – ie their long history of family incest, human trafficking and sex abuse from her Dad, Letharge. So, I’m definitely grateful for not being charged with the two CSCs. For all they really had against me was hear-say with no physical backing evidence! But, their law-fair was firmly in place against me.

***NOTE: AT SENTENCING, THE ST LOUIS COUNTY JUDGE STATED THERE WAS NO EVIDENCE TO PROSECUTE THE TWO CRIMINAL SEXUAL CONTACT CHARGES! THUS THIS MEANS THE PROSECUTION USED THESE AS LAW-FAIR TO SCARE AND COERCE ME INTO PLEADING GUILTY TO THE TWO SEXUAL TEXT MESSAGE CHARGES INSTEAD.**

Thus had I known you were going to do this terrible of a job, I would have opted for a different defense attorney who specializes in my kinds of cases. As such later on, I did in fact find one in the Minneapolis, MN area who’s website and background looked far better than yours. And had I the financial resources, I would have hired this guy instead. For I believe he would have cleared my name and got at the truth which I and my family already knew about. Yet sadly for me to hire him, I’d have to be a millionaire. Or, at least have \$250,000+ to spare for my legal defense!

Again, I am not happy with your low grade sh!tty legal services. And come to think of it, I’d of gotten the same or slightly better results if I defended myself. So all-in-all, you are a joke! And, I hope you one day soon get disbarred from ever practicing law anywhere.

(2.) For The St Louis County, MN Victim’s Advocate.

In all brutal honesty, I’ve found you to be a ruthless, opportunistic and stone-cold b!t#h. And, I’ve even seen you a few times at my past court hearings too with Cookie and or, some of her other immediate family. Plus, I also learned from my Probation Officer’s Report that you weren’t happy with the plea deal I chose. Because you too wanted me in prison for many years like Cookie and her family did as well. So now I wonder, just how much of your dark work ethics have actually influenced the so-called victim Honeydew and her family circus goons? Because in truth, they played you like a violin and succeeded. Whence, I can only gather that a selfish career minded evil troll like yourself would sit and stare at their pray (ie me – The Wrongly Accused) just prior to entering a well respected court room on the final day. As such, I bet your the pride and joy of your office. So give yourself another gold star for successfully perusing and hurting another innocent person and his family. Sooner or later, your wrongful deeds will come back to haunt you.

(3.) To The Duluth, MN Police Department And Their Lead “Fembot.”

To the “Fembot” Lead Investigator. Your investigation into my case was terrible. For its rife with felonious, contradicting and misleading documentation errors. And, it appeared you couldn’t even get your alleged dates and times of perceived criminal acts about me correctly either. Additionally after listening to your interviews of Honeydew and Cookie from my discovery files, it sounded like you were leading them to answer your questions in how you wanted them too. Whence coercing them to bare false witness against me via lies and fraudulent information all to legally frame and try to imprison me.

Then towards the end of my legalities in 2017, I’ve seen you at a few court hearings where you walked around outside the court room to appear busy. Yet to me, it seemed like you were strutting yourself as a proud egotistical rooster who was about to score against an enemy. For it portrayed a typical go get ’em and burn ’em mentality. And after researching into your work ethic, it all proved you to be a selfish, over zealous and career minded busy body who enjoys getting the so-called criminal no matter how guilty or, innocent they may be. Because for you, it was about looking good and making a name for yourself instead of resolving to get to the actual justice and truth.

Now during your past interview of my Mom, you boasted about never making a mistake when she questioned it. But again, I must point out the many confusing errors I found in your official reports. My Mom also agreed. To include, she described about seeing and hearing your pride filled egotistical attitude as well.

So the hard evil reality is you never had a real criminal case against me. However with the way the local police, other authorities and our sadly corrupt judicial system is, your all more likely to hang a ham-sandwich and save your a\$\$es regardless of getting at the factual truths about one’s real innocence against falsely accused crimes. Its abhorrently disgusting!

Furthermore, you were even involved in a court ordered wiretapping of my cell phone, home WiFi and Cable Internet Provider. And you did this to me for three plus years without my knowledge. Then of course during your harsh interrogation of me while raiding my home in Late August 2015, you proudly bragged about doing it. Then later on during that year when I called this provider to inquire about it, their tech support didn’t know anything about it nor, did they have any records for it either. So, it looks to me like you got the perfect protected legal frame-up system in place.

Now as for the Cops I had to deal with over all, I must say I got better treatment from the St Louis County Sheriff's Department during my three day stay at their Jail. Whence, it appears to me that the Duluth Police have no moral compass to follow nor, do they even care to get one. And so, I am guessing this is why you all were hired in the first place. Because you’ll follow orders no matter how illegal and harmful to others these may be. Not to mention the Duluth Police, St Louis County MN Sheriffs Dept, the Superior, WI Police and the Douglas County WI Sheriffs Dept are all federalized. Meaning, they do whatever the US Dept of Justice tells them too despite how illegal it might be! Whence...

“This is what a Police State looks like!”

(4.) To the St Louis County, MN Child Protective Services Agency

(FIRST SOME BACKGROUND)

There are so many complaints against your organization both locally and nationally that to describe them here would only barely scratch the surface. Furthermore when I did a quick search online, I found a myriad of complaints by many citizens, politicians, and attorneys regarding the flagrant infractions and violations against children and their parents. To include, sex trafficking them to foreign off-shore dignitaries, corporate executives and the likes of Jeffery Epstein. More importantly in the years prior to Epstein getting busted, there were four US House Of Representatives that wanted to introduce bills to have CPS investigated nation wide. However, these got shut down shortly after by either the US Senate or, because one of the politicians had nasty dirt on themselves.

So again, CPS was heavily involved in Human Trafficking. To where some of their agents were actively involved in the selling of children as sex workers and slaves to high paying customers, big companies, foreign politicians and the mafia. Such examples are Exon Mobile, Halliburton and other US companies to name a few that were involved. Even the United Nations had gotten exposed for it in Eastern Europe. For there was a docudrama film called, “The Whistleblower,” that came out in 2010 which portrayed the horrors that went on and, the risking struggles it took to get this information to the public to stop it.

Furthermore, my research showed that some CPS agencies throughout the US got big cash bonuses (ie \$150,000+ to \$200,000 and more) for every child of a certain type, height, age, eye and hair color or, ethnicity a buyer was looking for. Additionally there were other cases where a child was taken by CPS out of their loving family home then, placed into foster care, drugged up for some faked-up mental health issue and then suddenly, 6 months or so later, they get shipped off and sold without a trace and no paper trail – ie to be lost forever! Thus, one can only guess where they went and what happened to them. So if you still find yourself in disbelief then, do an online search and see the awful truth. For even the 2023 movie release, “Sound Of Freedom” covered it. However, this highly acclaimed film only scratches the surface of just how deep this evil cultish rabbit hole goes. Its all too horribly gut wrenching to mention here. And, it even scares the sh!t out of me that this could have happened to my daughter Flower too! You CPS Bast@rds!

(CPS WITH MY FAMILY)

Now as for your dealings with my family and I, well to put it simply, **“You Suck!”** Because your over-reaction to my legal case and your harsh interrogation of my daughter without her parent and an attorney being present is absolutely deplorable and illegal. Yet, you acted as if you had the right to do so. Thus it ultimately lead her to cry out in fear and believe she was going to lose me as her Daddy. To even, driving her to want to die at the age of 10 because she couldn’t see or hear from me. Whence, for me to call you monsters would only give you credit. So instead, I’m going to label you as demonic evil spirits from Hell. Especially, for the power hungry twenty nothing agent that did all this too. For you know who you are. And in my opinion, your nothing more than a thug working under a giant system of unprecedented corruption, child abuse, neglect and sex trafficking! Thus I ask, “Just how much money and power was my daughter worth to ya?” Because in the end, you lost in court to my family and so Flower remains with us. So I guess there’s no Foster Care Glory for you eh!?!?

(5.) To The Assigned Arrowhead Regional Corrections Probation Officer.

The horrible pushy treatment you gave me was pure nasty and unfair bull\$hit! For during our first meeting in your office, you practically interrogated and treated me like I was a sick criminal. Never mind the fact this is completely far from the truth and, I even told you three times during our meeting that I had a plea deal too. Though sadly, you ignored the first two. Then finally on the third, you caved in when I stated the county judge was also in agreement on this as well.

So over all, your heavy handedness towards me was like that of a brutish prison guard. And during this meeting, you bullishly stated you could take me to jail while on probation whenever you wanted and, if your boss *“was on board with it”* too. Then when I later questioned my defense attorney on this, he replied, *“That’s bull\$hit! You have to violate the terms of your probation agreement first.”* And then a judge has to agree on it too. So Mr Probation Officer, you’re wrong! Yet with a legal system that will hang a ham-sandwich well, I guess that is that.

Now on your Probation Report about me which, you gave the county judge before my Early June 2017 Sentencing, I find its bursting with factual errors. For on it you got my previous marriage dates wrong and, you included false information gained from Honeydew and Cookie, that is set on baseless and uncharged accusations of me sexually touching Honeydew. Thus, I wanted to puke after reading it!

So in conclusion, I’ve harshly learned your a person who loves wielding power and control over others. And, it seems to be a driving force in your work life. For why else would you be a bullying probation officer? Thus I’ve often wondered, how can someone like yourself be of any help in rehabilitating another and then, reshaping their personal life towards the better? But none-the-less, I got stuck with reporting to your office twice a month until, my 6 years probation was done.

(6.) For The Back Stabbing Judgmental People – Those I Once Believed & Trusted In.

Now to the long ago dropped friends and close family I once knew before my legal mess. You all know who you are and the wrongs you have kept and done against me. I’m not your keeper or your judge. Nor do I have to answer to you and, neither you with me. And to be honest, if you have no interest in seeing and accepting me as a person then, just stay away and don’t bother me. Because I’ve no desire to feel less human by accepting the unchanging thoughtlessness you continue to bare upon me. For I feel my life has been f#ck3d-over enough by being wrongly accused with sexual allegations and, its very tough to get away from! Even after, all my legal requirements have been completed.

However, I also acknowledge that you will believe as you wish regardless of the truth. So for me it doesn’t matter how much you begrudgingly mutter, stare, fault-find and or criticize how I act or speak by rudely telling me something like, “You’re repeating yourself again” and then, just walking away while strutting your a\$\$ and acting like your better then me. For why can’t you just be nice instead? Because its not fun to put up with such verbal and mental abuse. More so, I believe those who actually care wouldn’t behave in such an unloving manor towards another. Even if its from an immediate family member and or, a close sibling.

And so for the nine plus years since my legal mess started in Late August 2015, I’ve had enough. Thus I’m done with the bull\$h!t and, the a\$\$holes I thought I could trust whom kept blowing me off like my feelings didn’t matter to them. Put yourself in my shoes. I bet you won’t last fifteen seconds. For its a horrible f#ck!ng experience I wouldn’t wish on anybody!

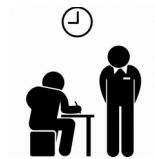
Even more so, I’ve discovered that the immediate surrounding area and city (ie Duluth, MN) which I reside in, is continually seeming unsafe. For I find its tough to go to a cafe, restaurant etc where a past sexual accusatory troll doesn’t eventually show up with dirty looks and cold stares at me. And when it happens, it appears they are seething with prideful angered joy as they’re targeting me. Such power they think they have. What a selfish stupid joke they are! So gee, what if this happens to you too?

Now all-in-all as I despise having to write this and wishing there was no reason for it, I will angrily state, “**Duluth, MN and its immediate surrounding areas are like that of a giant a\$\$hole which does nothing but, produce continual amounts of Sh!tty People!**” And so, I hate it here. Thus one day in the near future as I financially plan, I will pack up whatever I can and leave this place. All resolving to never return. For its sickening on how quickly people here take to judging another. Even to then, seeking to ruin another person’s life all to save their own. Its f#ck!ng evil!

Yet as for me...

***I’m not a robot and, I have a right to my feelings and to be heard.
So to the nay sayers, you can just take it or leave it.***

And that is that!



[ADDENDUM #2 – SEX OFFENSE PRE-SENTENCE REQUIREMENTS]

****This is required for persons whom plead guilty to a Minnesota Sex Offense.***

~ *My family helped pay \$2,100 to cover this! ~

The Sexually Accused’s Pre-Sentencing Requirements

- 1.) So once a Court Plea Deal is accepted, the accused person has to fill out a 1 page form giving basic information about themselves and then, turn it in to the court office on the same day they register to get an assigned probation officer. Also on the same day, a 10 plus page form is given to be filled out prior to meeting with the probation officer too. *NOTE, this first meeting can last about 1.5 hours. PLUS be advised, you might be heavily interrogated by this person as well. And, it’s a mental hell if it happens!
- 2.) For Duluth, MN, in St Louis County, the sexually accused is judicially ordered to under go **“Psycho Sexual Testing”** at the Duluth Institute. So in 2017, no other location was allowed to do this.

Duluth Institute

104 W. Superior St.
Suite 200
Duluth, MN 55802

This is a major in-depth testing process. And when the testing is done, the sexually accused person has to do a 1.5 hour interview with one of their therapists. They even recommend that these tests be taken over a two day in a row period. As such, these each take a long time to complete. *NOTE: *In 2017, The Duluth Institute charged \$2,100 for this!* So these tests were:

- (A.) **“SHIPLEY-2”** uses shapes & questions on a two page form to test one’s intelligence.
- (B.) **“MMPI-II”** personality test. Takes 90 minutes to 2 hour to complete.
“Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory” – ie 567 True/False questions.
- (C.) **“MSI-II”** -- *“Multiphasic Sex Inventory II”* test – takes 2hrs. 560 True/False questions.
- (D.) **“Sexual Life History”** Its a 19 page take home form to be completed and returned prior to meeting with one of their therapists.
- (E.) **“AFFINITY”** It’s an 80 question computer test. Where the sexually accused has to rate images they see.

THE TESTING BREAKDOWN

Below are the notes that basically explains each test item (A – E) above.

(A.) “SHIPLEY-2” uses shapes & questions on a two page form to test one’s intelligence.

**From WPS - Western Psychological Services at www.wpspublish.com*

This tests how smart a person is with vocabulary words and word relations. It gives a Vocabulary word then, asks the test person to choose from 4 word selections that might relate to it. Plus, this test uses “Tangrams.” Where a the test person looks at a Complete Tangram Image Chart and, is asked to choose the shape that supposed to fit in a particular area on the incomplete chart next to it. I gather this test is to see how well someone can tell shapes spatially.

(B.) “MMPI-II” personality test. Takes 90 minutes to 2 hour to complete.

“Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory” – ie 567 True/False questions.

Tests For:

- Drug and Alcohol Abuse
- Suicidal Thinking
- Tests For Different Personality Types
- Tests to see what type of emotional responses one does to various situations
- Tests to how well someone can manage their anger
- Apparently, this test can also tell if a person lying too.

TAKE YOUR TIME TO READ THESE QUESTIONS CAREFULLY BEFORE ANSWERING THEM. SOME OF THEM ARE TRICK QUESTION TYPES THAT LOOK FOR A CERTAIN KIND OF TRUE OR FALSE ANSWER. AND ALSO, DON'T OVER THINK THE QUESTION EITHER. BECAUSE THAT CAN TRIP YOU UP TOO.

(C.) “MSI-II” --“*Multiphasic Sex Inventory II*” test – takes 2hrs. 560 True/False questions.

The “MSI-II” assumes the test taker is guilty for a sexual crime. Some of the questions are even repeated a few times in the test. Plus, there are lie detector questions that see if your telling the truth too. Also, this test looks for how you might feel about the sex crime committed and if it was right or wrong – ie to see if you feel guilty about it or not. And during the test, the taker is asked if they believed their sex crime hurt their victim or not – ie meaning does the test taker care or not about what they did to their victim.

It Asks About:

- Drug & Alcohol Abuse
- Suicidal Thinking
- Sexual Deviancy (ie committing an illegal sex act)

AGAIN, TAKE YOUR TIME TO READ THESE QUESTIONS CAREFULLY BEFORE ANSWERING THEM. SOME OF THEM ARE TRICK QUESTION TYPES THAT LOOK FOR A CERTAIN KIND OF TRUE OR FALSE ANSWER. AND ALSO, DON'T OVER THINK THE QUESTION EITHER. BECAUSE THAT CAN TRIP YOU UP AS WELL.

(D.) “Sexual Life History” Its a 19 page take home form to be completed and returned prior to meeting with one of the Duluth Institute’s therapists. Take a good amount of time to fill it out. Its tough to explain the details here.

(E.) “AFFINITY” It’s an 80 question computer test. Where the sexually accused has to rate images they see.

Its a computer test designed to look at a person's sexual interests. Where it covers male and female ranges from children to adults. Using images of clothed individuals doing various tasks and asks the test taker to rate how much they find it sexually stimulating. This is a short test. **Also, this software test monitors the amount a time a person looks at an image based on how long it takes for them to click on the next image button. There is about 65-80 images total. NOTE: Anything longer than 3 seconds in between the “Next Image” clicks shows the software that there is an interest in a given image.

Seriously, this is how the software determines a person’s sexual interests. Its sick! And, it doesn’t take into account the test taker’s mental acuity or mental health condition(s) when they are completing the test.

THE THERAPY SESSION INTERVIEW

Below are the following items looked for during your 1.5 hour therapy session.

- 1.) During this session, the therapist talks with the accused and asks about their sexual preferences and life history while growing up at home – ie their parents, friends, pets, life and etc.
- 2.) They ask about illegal drug and alcohol usage and whether someone smokes cigarettes or not.
- 3.) They look for past patterns of received or given abuse (ie molestation, beatings and etc).
- 4.) They ask about suicidal thinking and your emotional status.

NOTE: Always consult your attorney first when dealing with a legal issue. Plus, your attorney is supposed to tell you what to expect during this testing process. But if they don't, then they are not doing their job or, they just do not know. Plus, these sessions are usually recorded by the therapist too.

IMPORTANTLY ALSO, DO NOT GIVE REAL NAMES OF ANY INDIVIDUALS THAT ARE NOT RELATED TO YOUR CASE TO WHICH YOU WERE CHARGED WITH. TO DO SO, WOULD INCRIMINATE YOU AND COULD POSSIBLY OPEN UP NEW CHARGES AGAINST YOU. FOR IN ALL US STATES, THERAPISTS ARE CONSIDERED MANDATED REPORTERS TO THE AUTHORITIES. WHERE IF THEY LEARN OF A CRIME BEING OR WAS COMMITTED THAT WAS NOT REPORTED THEN, THEY CAN AND HAVE TO INFORM THE POLICE.

SO IF A NAME IS NEEDED THEN, ONLY GIVE A NICK NAME. IF ANY QUESTIONS THEN, CONSULT YOUR ATTORNEY FIRST BEFORE GOING TO THE SESSION.



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104 W. Superior St.
Suite 200
Duluth, MN 55802



[ADDENDUM #3 – THE DULUTH INSTITUTE CONSPIRACY]

This is written to inform those who are wrongly accused of sex crimes. Whence it's important to have a good attorney and sometimes, its even necessary to get a 3rd private party psychosexual test done too. For the Duluth Institute in Duluth, MN along with the St Louis County Department of Health and Human Services, they tended to rig their test results in their own financial favor. So get ready to spend a lot of money for court ordered debts at the Institute!

Additionally, other local defense attorneys reported that Institute did this as well. Plus, I later discovered that the local Arrowhead Regional Corrections office has a direct contract with them too. So in 2017, the Duluth Institute was the only majorly listed business in Northern Minnesota that dwelt with sex offenders. Whence, they could set what ever high prices they wanted and, could also accept what ever health insurance company they desired as well. And coincidentally at this time, if you had state funded insurance under Health Partners or U-Care, the Institute didn't accept them. Thus you'd have to pay them out of pocket to the tune of \$225 per one hour sessions and, \$150 per half hour sessions. Their weekly group sessions were pricey too. Plus, their required polygraph tests are \$700 each. And, its not covered by health insurance either.

So basically in 2017, the Duluth Institute had a monopoly on the sex offender industry in Northern Minnesota. And yes, they were known for extorting wrongly accused persons and the real criminals out of a lot of money too. For they didn't care if their legally forced clients could afford their prices or not. Because for the Institute, it was more about making a lot of money instead. Thus from my view point, they didn't seem to care about rehabilitating an individual for the better. And even the weekly group visiting Probation Officers knew of this and didn't care as well. To which, some of their sex offender clients quit going there and chose other local probation approved therapy clinics to attend. And at that time, Duluth only had two places to choose from. So the other was "PSYCNSEW CREATIONS." Thus all-in-all, the Institute was a losing situation.

Thus at the time after my court sentencing in Early June 2017, I didn't know of other businesses like the Institute in Duluth that were better or not. So I found it to be a scary situation to have to face. However sadly, our local judicial system at the time fully supported them as the big therapeutic authority regarding sex offenders.

More so with The Duluth Institute, there were other defense attorneys who posted online that they faked-up their official reports in order to curtail state funding going to them. As such, they legally got away with it without any investigation or prosecution for doing so. Whence, they protected themselves by looking official and showing a good image of wanting to help sex offenders who desired it. But the truth was very far from it. And even the customer reviews of them on Google showed several 1.9 out 5 star ratings. None of which were positive and, they all warned about staying away from them too.

Now while doing online research, I found no success reports regarding the Institute. As such, most were negative where clients complained about being mistreated and neglected and, that their prices were too high as well. Whence calling them a highly monopolized racket. Thus, I often wondered why they were never sued for this in the first place. Perhaps being that most of their clients were sex offenders, whom the public on average hates, they might have figured scamming money off them was easy. And so, how could a convicted sex offender report being financial screwed by them? After all, our local judicial system probably cared less about it. All-in-all, its a horrible system that doesn't help anyone! For greed is their king.

Furthermore if a client failed to complete their sex offender treatment program despite their shenanigans, then they'd get sent off to jail by probation and be labeled as being untruthful and non-compliant. So the end result is that there is no fairness with them. Whence, its basically their way or the highway.

In addition, I also want to point out that The Duluth Institute charged \$2,100 for their full battery of court ordered psychosexual tests. As such, these have to be paid up front right away before the testing could begin. And, this cost couldn't be covered by health insurance either. Thus once they were paid in full, the Institute could then release the test results to the assigned probation officer and the county judge. So, its my understanding that these county judges are not aware of this dirty practice. After all with heavy case loads to deal with, they most likely don't have the time to see this going on. And so, the Institute's great money racket goes on unscathed.

To conclude here, I must stress the key point of keeping good organized records. Note down who you talked to on what day and time and, for what reason. Also, speaking with your attorney on such matters is good to do as well. Again, they ought to tell you what to expect with court ordered psychosexual testing etc.

And make no mistake, this is not a friendly situation to be in. So keep your eyes open and be vigilant. All-the-while remaining kind, courteous, strait forward, aware and on your toes.

So that's all I got to say on this. I wish you well in the process. Its not easy and, your not alone either.

~ Stay Safe! ~





On The Official “Healing From An Accused Life” Website

**A [Tor Web Browser](#) is required to view this website.*

Now on [Our Official TOR Website](#), there is series of PDF books which details the challenges and struggles of one such a man who sought help despite all the odds against him. That no matter what mental battle he had to face, he still fought back even harder with a purposeful mantra, “Yes! I will have a voice! My truth is still coming out. And nothing is going to stop it from being told.”

*His struggling tales can be found on this site's [Home Page](#) in pdf form towards the bottom. Also, feel free to visit the rest of this website for more information too. *[The "Gettin Busted, Please Help!"](#) page is another area with interesting view points and helpful information as well.*

~ Thank You For Reading And Visiting! ~