

Jailed By Fraud!

**One Woman's
16-Year Journey
Exposing
Massive Corruption
in the Family Courts**

**Book 1:
The Journal**

Danielle J. Duperret, ND/PhD

Jailed by Fraud

by Dr. Danielle J. Duperret, ND/PhD

A Trilogy

Book 1: The Journal

Book 2: Brainwashing, Abuse and Fraud

Book 3: The Gift (became [Yes, YOU Can Recover from PTS\(D\)/LAS](#))

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Author's Note

As human beings, our greatness lies not so much in being able to remake the world - that is the myth of the atomic age - as in being able to remake ourselves. Mahatma Gandhi

"You must write a book."

"This story needs to be told."

"A movie should be made."

Such were the comments I kept getting as I shared my story. Although several books on the same subject had already been written, my story held new elements: first, and as far as I know, my case is the only one where a sister was arrested and jailed for protecting her siblings. She spent four days in jail; I spent six months in maximum security, with murderers and drug dealers, for a crime I never committed. To survive, I took the role of the observer and kept a thorough journal of my daily life there, by writing long letters to many people on the outside world. These letters were later returned to me, to be "used as you see fit."

The idea of writing a book started many years ago, before I was even arrested; it was first suggested to me by my consul, to help me exorcize the insanity which had started to take place in my life. The project went through a lot of revisions. Initially, it was too painful a subject to dwell on. Amid emotional pain and mental anguish, I was not too inclined to write about it... escaping the nightmare and dissociating from it all was more appealing.

However, from the onset, I wrote... not a book, but letters, many letters. I wrote to all the officials I thought could potentially intervene: congressmen, senators, the President, associations, TV news, radio shows, etc... All this writing led nowhere. My letters were ignored, or a response politely suggested that I should seek the counsel from an attorney.

After I got out of jail, I wrote, and wrote, and wrote some more. My "book" ended up being over a thousand pages long. I copied every letter I had written, as well as every answer that was sent back to me. It was a heart wrenching process, during which I used every therapy I had learned to purge the effect the ordeal had on me. It was cleansing, healing... and I put the project to rest.

As people kept asking and insisting that I finish the book, I brought it back to life. I wanted to denounce every judge, attorney, evaluator and therapist who had done us harm. These people needed to be brought to justice. After all, this is America, the land of "liberty and justice for all." I wrote again, my mind filled with ideas of putting these people behind bars.

Something still did not feel right, and the book went dormant once again. I was still on a quest of wanting to figure out the "why did this happen to me?"

On July 5, 2011, I woke up at my daughter's home, where I had spent the night, after enjoying the 4th of July fireworks the preceding evening. I woke up knowing. The veil was torn and I finally understood the "behind the scene" reasons, the transpersonal thread that pulled my life in a direction my worst nightmares never dreamed of.

From then on, I was ready. I could write the book with no motive for revenge. I could calmly expose the facts, with the understanding of the potential reasons that brought the whole scenario to life. Maybe my quest would help other victims to break through and out of an insane path that is running or has run its course.

The book is divided into three parts.

Part 1 talks about the arrest, the humiliation of the booking process, the friendship that is created between felons in order to survive the almost constant harassment by the guards, the dehumanization of the whole process, which is supposed to rehabilitate criminals, yet fails miserably.

Part 2 is about the thirteen years of twilight zone my children and I were wrung through, where the good was called evil and evil was called good, where bias ruled, witnesses were silenced, documents were forged, and the Governor of California was deceived.

Part 3 is about my quest to find out "why?" Not in the sense of "Poor me, why did this happen to me?" I must admit that I felt victimized many times, but more importantly following the belief that there is no coincidence, that there is a reason behind everything, a primal cause leading to an effect. Why had my life, which had initially been almost idyllic, taken such a strange turn? I could not believe that I had attracted such nefarious events, yet if the Law of Attraction is a law as powerful and as immutable as the Law of Gravity, how did I "manifest" this insanity?

I believe I found my answer, and that by sharing it, I will be able to help others break free of circumstances that seem out of control. With a growing momentum of awareness, this world might yet turn into a beautiful and enjoyable place to live.

Introduction

My name is Danielle Janine Duperret. I was born and raised in the French speaking part of Switzerland, traveled through Europe, the Middle East and parts of Asia before coming to the United States in April 1979, where I became a legal resident alien in 1981.

My childhood in Switzerland was close to idyllic. I was raised by a loving, caring and supportive family, close to nature. My heroes were Heidi and Pollyanna. My parents rented a chalet in the Alps for three weeks almost every year, so that we could, along with my two younger brothers, enjoy hiking in the fresh mountain air to renew ourselves. During the rest of the year, mostly during the springtime, my extended family (parents, brothers, grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins) would meet and hike in the Jura, a mountain range close to home. We all carried backpacks and picnicked at the top. In retrospect, I had a wonderful childhood.

I loved studying and was an honor student, always at the top of my class. When I was done with homework, I studied some more, and voraciously read one book after another. I walked or biked to school, regardless of the weather. No buses to take students to school there. As a teenager, I hiked the mountains that surrounded our home in summer and went ice skating in the winter. There was no safety issue during these times.

At 16, I dated a guy who had a motorcycle, and we spent the weekends touring Switzerland. We drove around Italy and France during summer vacations. When that relationship ended - I was 19 -, I started hitchhiking. With a backpack, a tent and a sleeping bag, I continued to travel, hike and enjoy the natural wonders of Switzerland.

There were a few setbacks. I was a good athlete, and talks were in progress about me joining the Swiss Athletic Team, which could lead me to the Olympics. A double knee surgery at age 13 put a stop to it, as I could no longer jump heights or distances. It did not trouble me much, as I still preferred studying over the grueling exercise regimen of the athlete's life. My heart was calling me to become a doctor, first a missionary doctor, then specializing in neurosurgery.

I was diagnosed with skin cancer when I was 15 and had surgery every 6 months. After I turned 18, I looked for another way. I saw a poster on a telephone pole, advertising raw food as a cure for cancer. I attended the conference and took some bits and pieces from it. I then studied macrobiotics for a year and took bits and pieces from that too. I studied food on my own: I would not eat a certain food for three weeks, then overeat it, to see what part of my body it would affect. I learned a lot, found my own cure, and stopped the surgeries.

The long studies ahead of me to become a neurosurgeon put a lot of financial pressure on my parents, which disturbed me. I quit college and went to a private school for one year to get a diploma as a secretary. Speaking three languages and having bookkeeping savvy allowed me to land one good paying job after another.

I moved to Lausanne, got my own apartment, within a five-minute walk from the engineers' office I was working for. I started to study again. I took on double challenges: to finish my baccalaureate and get a degree in psychology. I often took time off to travel. I spent a week in De Kaag, Holland, to learn sailing. Work was interesting and I got along great with my colleagues. One of them had a fondness for Turkey. She went there several times a year.

One day, she called me to her office and asked if I wanted to go to Istanbul between Christmas and New Year. She had a plane ticket, a hotel reservation, a guided tour... but did not want to go this time. If she gave me additional funds for the week, would I go in her place? I was 19 and loved to travel. I did not hesitate. It was my first time flying, and I was a little apprehensive. Although I would have loved to learn to fly, I was not too sure about somebody flying me. All went well. I got to spend some time in the cockpit, talking with the pilots. In those days, it was still open to the public.

The week in Istanbul was enchanting. I got to visit the mosques, where ostrich eggs hang from the ceiling to keep spiders away, the Palace of the Sultans with some of the biggest diamonds and emeralds that exist, the wooden houses of the Asian side and the more modern European side of Istanbul, the colorful Turkish Bazaar. I saw the Golden Horn at sunset and tasted some exotic foods. Turkish teas, cherry juice, pistachios and fresh oranges are memories I still savor today. I bought some tea and coffee pots, so I could continue to drink the sweet and strong teas and coffees I came to enjoy. For the first time, I heard people speak a language which I did not understand a word of.

My colleague had warned me: Turkish guys would want to marry me. It was true. They kept asking. I ended up dating one of our guides for a couple of years, and got to return to visit Istanbul again, as well as the coast and central parts of Turkey.

Back at the office, the engineers offered to reduce my work hours and pay for the psychology studies I was focusing my free time on. I would eventually become the in-house psychologist, in the personnel department. They had many projects going on in Africa, where they sent architects, engineers and technicians for extended periods of time. There was a need to prepare these people and their families for the two or three years they were going to spend there. Unfortunately, trouble erupted in these parts of the world and the African nations stopped paying the millions of dollars due to that firm. Bankruptcy was unavoidable. I lost my job.

It was a period of economic depression and work had become hard to come by. After a couple of months of applying for different positions, I was hired as a legal secretary in a large firm, some 45 minutes away from my apartment. I left home early in the morning, took the bus down to the center of the city, worked four hours, had to take a two-hour lunch break, worked another four hours, then returned home. It was a full-time job which did not give me much time to study.

In the engineering firm, I had become the director's assistant. Work was challenging and different every day. In the legal world, cases were different, but work consisted of filing documents for an hour every morning, then sitting in front of a typewriter for the rest of the day, typing letters and legal documents the attorneys had recorded on cassettes. I was working on criminal cases and my "psychologist" side felt sorry for the poor people who must have had a terrible childhood and who had chosen the wrong road. I would cry at night, hoping I could find some ways of helping them.

I needed a break. I went to a conference presented by Encounter Overland, still in business today. They offer "Expeditions to Remember." The presentations offered slides from trips they took in Africa, South America and Asia. Africa: crossing the Sahara Desert and cutting trees and bushes in the jungle, lianas which had grown over the road during the prior three months, did not sound like a relaxing vacation. South America: crossing muddy rivers... what was hiding in these? Not a vacation either. Asia had always held a special place in my heart, ever since I studied the works of Tuesday Lopsang Rampa (a Tibetan Monk), Krishnamurti and Sri Aurobindo, the gurus of my days. I signed up for the August tour, which would take me from London to Kathmandu in three months, over Europe, the Middle East and India, in a converted Bedford truck.

I continued to work as a legal secretary but did not take the bus any longer: I walked to and from work. I had to save every penny I could, as I wanted to continue my trip around the world after arriving in Nepal. I walked for an hour going to work, downhill. It took over an hour and a half to walk back up. Day after day, I put my quarters in my piggy bank. By August, I had some \$800.00 of spending money. I planned on stopping in Japan to teach English or French to refurbish my bank account.

This Encounter Overland trip was amazing and did open my eyes to other ways of living and enjoying life. There is a joke going around that Swiss people's minds are open as much as the mountains surrounding the country allow them to be, which meant... not much. Swiss people in general are perfectionists, very detail oriented. Somebody asked me once why the fields in Switzerland all were aligned so perfectly when seen from an airplane. This is just the way things were. Omega watches are still a mark of precision almost unequalled in the world. My dad used to make precision machines used by NASA to send people to the moon.

In school, girls had to learn knitting, crochet and sewing. As I was sewing a green blouse, I remembered I had to go shopping for thread and a zipper that was a tiny shade deeper than the material. Everything had to match. When I bought red shoes, I also bought a red purse, and maybe red gloves and a red scarf. Imagine my surprise when I went to a shop in Herat, Afghanistan, to buy a dress. One sleeve had green thread; the other sleeve had red thread. Nothing matched, yet it was beautiful... and so freeing.

My trip started in London, where a group of twenty young people met on a grey August day. Five of us were from Switzerland. The others came from Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Germany, England and the United States. It was an eclectic group of people: nurses, an engineer, a photographer, students and the driver. Although the age group was supposed to be from 18 to 35, a 53-year-old lady managed to sneak in; nobody ever understood how or why.

We would stop at campgrounds for the night, or sometimes pitch our tents in the wilderness. Initially, we asked for hot showers at the campgrounds. Later, it became "Do you have showers?" It ended with "Do you have any water?" I remember spending 7 nights in the desert of Iran with practically no water. The only reserve we had was the full tank of water the truck could carry. In the evening, all twenty of us got to share a 5-gallon bucket of water to wash up. If you were first in line, it was ok. Last in line? You did not even want to look at the dirty water. Since we all smelled pretty much the same, it was not such a problem. Clothes got a little stiff... so what?

We spent two nights in Salzburg, Austria, which meant we could visit the city or the salt mines for a day. Before leaving camp, we all started a much-needed laundry. We hung our clothes on some clothes lines and off we went. It rained during the afternoon. By the time we returned to camp, our clothes were drenched, and did not dry until we reached Greece.

We camped for several days in Istanbul, and I reconnected with the city. Since I had visited the touristic Turkish Bazaar several times before, I decided to venture on my own in the real Turkish Bazaar, for Turkish people. How foolish of me! Here I was, a 20-year-old female tourist, alone in Muslim surroundings. Although I was properly dressed in long pants and a long sleeve shirt, it did not take long for a guy to follow me. Dusk was fast approaching, and fear reared its ugly head. What was I to do? Out of nowhere, a couple started to walk in front of me. I got close to them, and in very broken Turkish (I had learned some of the language as I was dating my guide), asked if they would accompany me to the bus or taxi station. They obliged and I returned safely to camp.

Did I learn my lesson? Not really. The next day, I decided to go, alone again, to the real Turkish baths, while the group went to visit the mosques I had already seen. At least, at the baths, I would be surrounded by females. I had a wonderful experience. I felt so clean afterwards. When it came time to pay though, a discussion erupted. I did not understand what they wanted of me. I called my former Turkish boyfriend for help. We had parted ways but were still friends (I could not live in Istanbul, and he would not live in Switzerland, thus the relationship was going nowhere). He explained the situation to both sides, and the adventure ended well. I was very clean, and they got more money than most Turks would have paid.

Coming back from the Turkish bath, I found myself in front of a 6-lane road. If you ever find yourself in Istanbul, beware. Cars have the priority, all the time. A green light meant "go." A

red light meant "don't stop." If the streets were too busy, taxis would use the sidewalks. How was I to cross? There was not even a streetlight.

Again, out of nowhere, a policeman appeared and stopped the traffic so I could cross. Was he an angel? Only much later did I recognize that I was surrounded by a wonderful protective energy during this trip. I made several youthful mistakes, like camping alone away from the group to enjoy peace and serenity in areas where group strength would have been wiser.

There were no cell phones during these times. I sent cards and letters to my family but would not hear from them until I arrived in Kathmandu, the capital of Nepal, where I would go to the post office to retrieve the letters sent to me.

In Iran, we visited the open mosque in the Tehran Bazaar and the Zoroastrian Temple in Yazd. We crossed Afghanistan two weeks before the country was closed to foreigners because a coup had taken place. I got to take pictures of the 55 and 37 meters (180 and 121 feet) Buddhas in Bamiyan which were destroyed by the Taliban in 2001.

The Hindu Kush is a formidable range of mountains. We camped in Band-e-Amir, a tiny village where seven of the bluest lakes I had ever seen originate, surrounded by high desert. We spent the night in the unique motel, where the showers consisted of water piped down from two 55-gallon drums located on the roof, which a man filled up during the day, hauling buckets of water up an unstable wooden ladder. I took a walk in the desert at night with a member of the group. You could hardly see the sky... there were so many stars.

The Hindu Kush has a strategic military position and we saw several military convoys during the few days we spent there. We drove through one of the highest tunnels ever built (3,260 meters or 10,696 feet), before resting a few days in Kabul. We crossed Pakistan with no incident and found ourselves in India, where suddenly nobody cared about us. It had a huge impact on me.

Previously, anywhere we had stopped in Muslim countries, we had attracted dozens, if not hundreds of onlookers. We would have a lunch break in the middle of the desert, where not a piece of grass, not an animal, nothing was in sight. By the time we had set the tables and prepared the food, shepherds would arrive with their flocks of goats or sheep. I never understood how they materialized. On one occasion, a train stopped during our lunchbreak, to let the passengers out to come look at us. They did not speak English, we did not speak their language, and they were not interested in sharing our food, although we tried to offer it. They were just content to peacefully observe us.

This curiosity stopped as soon as we crossed the border of India. There, people minded their own business and did not give us a second look. The difference from one day to the next was stunning. There was another difference. We no longer had to spend hours bargaining for

the food we were buying. Although it was sometimes enjoyable - you were supposed to bargain prices down by 75% - it also took a lot of time, which the cooking team of the day would have preferred using that bargaining time to play tourists.

New Delhi: since I had read many books from Sri Aurobindo, I decided to go visit his Ashram. He had already died, but I got to speak with the priest who was teaching there. He told me something very profound. I would not find peace or whatever I was searching for by traveling around the world. I had to look inside, in my own heart. He sent me to meditate on Sri Aurobindo's tomb for some thirty minutes. We talked about the City of Peace dreamed of by Sri Aurobindo, which was being built in Pondicherry and which I was to visit later.

After the Ashram, I decided to go visit Gandhi's tomb. I found myself lost in a suburban area and spotted a man in a three-piece black suit, who I thought would certainly speak English. I asked him to direct me to Gandhi's tomb and he answered that he could, but why didn't I come with him to meet Indira Gandhi? He was sure she would enjoy seeing me. I had never been interested in politics. I knew she was a political figure but did not realize she was the Prime Minister of India at the time. I was wearing olive green jeans and a tee-shirt and had a water bottle flung over my shoulder. It sounded interesting so I followed the man. India was a safe place. I found myself in a beautiful garden, where some 20 other men in three-piece black suits were standing. They were attorneys, waiting to speak with the Prime Minister.

Indira Gandhi appeared on a balcony, looked around, and waved at me to come in. I was a little embarrassed. I knew nothing about politics and my English was not very good. I told her so. It was not a problem. She spoke French fluently, and happened to have spent some years in a school not far from where I lived in Epalinges by Lausanne. We talked about her childhood for some 45 minutes, after which she had to return to her duties. Back at camp the American political student who was part of the group turned livid. How did I, with no interest in politics, get to meet the Premier of India? I did not know... just circumstances. I never made it to Gandhi's tomb.

I have fond memories of India. We visited the Sikh's Golden temple in Amritsar, spent a week peacefully relaxing on a boat in Srinagar, admired the erotic sculptures of Kajaraho, woke up before sunrise at the Bharatpur Bird Sanctuary, where millions of birds build their nests and start their "working" days very early, watched the sun rise on the Ganges River from a boat in Benares, while monkeys were stealing the food left at the temples for the ancestors.

Nepal was another beautiful country, with many unexpected surprises. On our way to Kathmandu, we stopped to have lunch at a restaurant where I had a huge bowl of fresh fruits, yogurt, nuts and honey. In Kathmandu, I discovered that the cuisine was international. I enjoyed cauliflower with cheese, pizza, the lightest and most delicious pastries one can dream of, fondue, and more. I spent about a week at the Youth Hostel where our group separated, then rented a room for almost three months in one of the plush suburban areas of Kathmandu,

where we got to have running water twice a day, once in the morning until 10am, and starting again at 4pm in the afternoon for a few hours.

I spent the winter in Kathmandu. It got to be very cold during the night. My carton of milk was frozen when I woke up in the morning. I went outside in bare feet to the water faucet in the middle of the yard, standing on ice to wash up with very cold water. During the afternoon, it would warm up, and I would sit in a tee shirt under the banana tree, to read. I forgot to mention that I always took a load of books with me on my trips. I intended to continue studying. At some point, I only had a set of clothing to wear and another set in my backpack. The rest of the backpack was full of books, which were very heavy.

My knees had started to hurt again, for the first time since I had the surgery eight years prior to this trip. Maybe the constant bounce of the truck on bumpy roads had an aggravating effect on them. It was painful to walk, so I took a rickshaw (a type of tricycle designed to carry two passengers in addition to the driver) to travel around the city. I needed to spend \$150.00 a month to be able to renew my passport for another month. I spent \$300.00 in three months, renting a room and taking taxis or rickshaws. I went to the post office almost daily, bought food, and ate pastries from one restaurant to another.

There was not much to do in Kathmandu, so young tourists met each other in pastry shops, tasted the new cakes of the day, met other tourists on the street, gave each other the news of the day, meaning, "What pastry did you eat today and where?" and we would continue our pastry journey. I gained about 20 kg (44 lbs.) in Nepal in three months. I would have loved to go to the Everest camp and hike, but with knees that refused to bend without pain, it was not possible.

I met Luzia at the Youth Hostel. She was a young lady from the German part of Switzerland who was traveling the world like me. She was coming from Australia, and was on her way to Sri Lanka, where she wanted to work at an orphanage. She invited me to join her. We started our trip together by going to Darjeeling, in the northeastern part of India, where we spent a week at the Youth Hostel. The building was located on top of a hill, with balconies wrapping around on every floor. From there, we could see Bhutan and India. It was a strategic military place, so we could only get a visa to stay for three days, renewable for another three days.

It was very cold in Darjeeling. The temperatures were low, and the humidity was high. Our sleeping bags were constantly damp. We would go from one restaurant to another to eat a warm soup, but it was never very warm, as the altitude was high, so water boiled at a lower temperature. We tried to build a fire at the Youth Hostel and got warm trying. The wood was too humid to burn. I went to the Kali festival, where I was offered some "happy tea." It was ginger tea, poured in tiny little goblets. I was thirsty and asked for more... and more. On our way back to the Hostel, Luzia and I started to laugh and giggle. We could not stop. We were told

that the "happy ginger tea" also contained a drug that made people happy. Luzia laughed it away. I fought it. It could have been dangerous, in different circumstances, and I wanted to take control back, which I eventually regained, but my head and back ached.

Darjeeling is built on a steep hill, so only 4-wheel drive jeeps were used. A Swiss cheese factory brought delight to our palate. Our meals often consisted of cheese, papaya, bread and sweet Darjeeling tea. It was a relaxing life. The countryside was lush and green, so beautiful. The houses were more modern than they had been in Nepal, leftover from the British era. We stopped at a tourist place in Darjeeling and saw beautiful pictures of people water skiing in Cox's Bazaar, a sea beach at the southern tip of Bangladesh. We decided to make our way to Sri Lanka through Bangladesh. A 4-hr jeep ride took us from the height of Darjeeling (2045 meters or 6710 feet) to sea level.

We encountered some problems at the border of India and Bangladesh. Our passports did not contain the exit visa from Darjeeling, and the patrol officers wanted to see an address on the passport. No addresses were on Swiss passports. The guards kept us overnight; we were given a tent to sleep in, where a big spider watched over me all night. I was terrified of spiders, but Luzia did not want to kill the "beautiful creature." The next morning, we were released, and we took a bus to Dhaka, the capital of Bangladesh. It was an interesting trip. Since Bangladesh is on a delta, there are many rivers. The bus would stop, we would get out, carry our luggage then take a ferry to the next bus which was waiting for us on the other shore.

We spent the night at a Youth Hostel in Dhaka, before being invited to stay with a private citizen for another night. The grandfather was hoping we would be able to find a school in Switzerland for his grandchildren, some fifty of them. Since we could not satisfy him, we were woken up at 4 am the next morning and told to go, so we would not miss our bus, which was not to leave for several hours. A strange situation.

We arrived in Chittagong and spent a couple of nights at a convent before going on our dream vacation in Cox's Bazaar. It was late afternoon when we arrived. We decided to go swimming before the night. The sandy beaches stretched for miles, yet nobody was to be seen. Was everybody already out for dinner? We put our bikinis on, grabbed a towel, and rushed toward the sea. As soon as water reached my waist, I started to scream. I was surrounded by jellyfish which were giving me an electro-shock treatment. Luzia did not feel a thing for a few minutes, then it was her turn to scream. We rushed back to the shore, where some people were watching us. A man and several women wearing a burka. We had bikinis on and felt totally out of place. We grabbed our towels and hurried back to the motel. It was not the idyllic vacation spot we had thought it would be. We left the next morning. I don't remember whether we took a bus, a train or flew to Calcutta.

Calcutta: I never saw so many people. Luzia and I walked down some streets, where people were living in cardboard boxes. We drank a most delicious tangerine juice, before

making our way to the train station, where we waited in line to get a ticket to Madras. The train station supervisor spotted us and invited us to spend the night in one of the rooms available at the train station. We declined his offer; we were going to sleep on the station's platform, to save money. He insisted, offering the room for free, and getting us train tickets.

It was the biggest hotel room I had ever been in. A huge king size bed was in the middle with a mosquito net all around. There was a desk and a private bathroom. Unfortunately, mosquitoes had also been invited, and although we burned charcoal and were protected by the mosquito net, we still donated quite a bit of blood to these creatures.

The next morning, we observed carts being pushed by men going around the train platforms, where people were sleeping. These men would gently kick the sleeping forms. If the form moved, the cart would continue to the next form. If the form did not move, the body was put on the cart. Another dead person on the pile.

I was accustomed to 24-hr train schedule and thought our trip would last 12 hrs. It did not. It was a 24-hr trip from Calcutta to Madras. The train was only 20 minutes late, which surprised me. Luzia and I were the only ones in our wagon, although the train was quite crowded. It seemed that the train supervisor had gotten tickets for us for the whole wagon, not for only two seats. It was a very comfortable ride. We ended up with black faces, as we would look out the window, not realizing that this was not an electric train, but that smoke was coming out of a chimney onto our faces. Luzia mentioned that she enjoyed traveling with me. It seems that I was attracting luck everywhere we went.

Madras was a very clean city in India. I loved it, even though I spent a few days in bed from a heat stroke. Letters followed us from town to town; we would stop at the main post office of a city to retrieve our mail and give a forwarding address. One letter finally found me in Madras, having traveled from Switzerland to Kathmandu first. My grandmother was telling me to keep warm during the cold nights we were having there. At the time, I was in bed with a heat stroke.

March 16: It was my birthday. I was twenty-one and we decided to celebrate that evening in Madras. The bus was leaving late that night, and we decided we would sleep on the way to Pondicherry, then continue further south to take a ferry to Sri Lanka. We did not sleep, we bounced. We had forgotten that these buses did not have shock absorbers. Pondicherry, Sri Aurobindo's City of Peace, was a deception. Nothing was happening as the work had stopped for political reasons. I am told that it is now a beautiful place.

Our trip continued, without sleep. No problem, we would just lie down on the ferry... but there was no room to lie down on the ferry. It was like a can of sardines. As we arrived in Jaffna, from where we were to take a train to Colombo, the capital of Sri Lanka, we realized that

we would not have much of a chance to sleep on the train either. Too many people were waiting to board it.

Could we wait for the next one? We could... but it would take a few days, and the same scenario would be repeated. We decided we were going to somehow board the first train. Luzia found a place on top of the luggage rack. I was sitting on the stairs, on the *outside* of the train. I fell asleep several times. It had been over 30 hours without sleep. The gentleman sitting beside me asked if it was ok if he put his arms around me. He was afraid I was going to fall off the train.

The orphanage in Colombo took care of dozens of children, who seemingly looked happy and healthy. We were then told that the ones who looked like toddlers were 10 to 12 years old. The mothers were malnourished and gave birth to underweight children, some weighing only one pound. The children in the cribs, who looked like 6 months old babies, were 5 years old. We met a German nurse there, who had also come to help at the orphanage. He was adored by the children, as he played with them. The assistants spent their time doing the laundry for the children and preparing meals. They did not have time for games.

Luzia stayed at the orphanage, while I took a trip down the coast, stopping here and there on the fabulous white sandy beaches with turquoise water, where tourists from all over the world met. I got to snorkel for the first time in my life and observed a living and colorful aquarium under me. I snorkeled for some 2 hours, oblivious of the fact that the sun was beating on my back. The next day, my back was lobster red, as was the front, from scraping myself on the corals. It was beautiful though.

I went down to the southern tip of Sri Lanka, where I stopped at a Youth Hostel. To my surprise, everybody there was speaking Swiss German. Although I wanted to continue my trip around this beautiful island, my knees were still in a lot of pain, and it was getting difficult to even walk. I had to return to Colombo where I contacted the Swiss Consulate. I was flown back to Switzerland to undergo another double knee surgery.

I had kept in touch with one of the secretaries I worked with at the attorneys' office in Lausanne. Her father was looking for some help. He was the director of a factory that manufactured chocolate and marzipan decorations for restaurants and hotels mostly. I was fresh out of the hospital and would not be allowed to bend my knees for several months. It did not bother him that I had to sit on the floor with my typewriter on my lap. As my knees got better, I was able to sit at a desk and I moved to Nänikon, where the chocolate factory was located, to continue the work. It was a great opportunity which allowed me to become fluent in German.

One of our customers was a man who owned the restaurants at the Watergate in Washington D.C. He was interested in hiring somebody to represent the Swiss Factory in the

United States. I volunteered. After all, my trip around the world was not complete, so why not restart from the other direction?

I landed in New York late one night in April 1979. My flight had been delayed for some 10 hrs. in London. I noticed that my watch had stopped as we landed. I loved that watch. It was one of the first gifts I had given to myself as I started to work. It was a Certina, a great Swiss watch, which also showed my biorhythms, on which I could rely to plan my days. If they were high, I would plan a lot. If they were low, I would spend a more relaxing day.

I got my luggage, and saw a huge guy walking toward me, his arms extended. He told me his name was Angelo. He was a taxicab driver, and would be delighted to drive me to my motel. It was late, I was exhausted, and grateful to not have to look for a means of transportation. He showed me the Empire State Building on the way to the hotel, the Pickwick.

He offered to take my luggage upstairs, which was ok with me. He was Italian and sounded quite friendly, despite his huge size. He raped me in the room. I was too tired to resist. He told me that he expected me to wait for him downstairs the next evening, at 6 pm. I was to be there... or else...

I spent the next day visiting New York. It was so big. I was used to walking, so decided to go to the tip of Manhattan to see the Statue of Liberty. I was on 42nd street, which meant I had 42 blocks to walk. These blocks were much longer than the ones I was used to. 1st Street was not the end of the journey. There was the Italian area, the Chinese area, Wall Street and maybe even some other neighborhoods, I don't remember the order. I just walked for a very long time and took the bus to return to the motel.

I stopped at a Chinese restaurant. In Switzerland, Chinese food is very expensive. I had ordered prawns not long before leaving for the US, and the 4 prawns cost \$16.00. Rice and vegetables had to be ordered separately. When I looked at the prices in New York, I was delighted. I ordered prawns, chicken, vegetables and rice, not realizing that every dish would come with associated dishes. My table was covered with 9 bowls full of food. I felt a little self-conscious. I was asked if I wanted a "doggie bag." What was that? I had no idea, but soon had a big bag of food in my hand to take back to the hotel, where I could not reheat anything.

Angelo had said, "Or else..." What did he mean? I was afraid. Something in me had shifted. I had lost my confidence and did not feel protected any longer. There was a black cloud over me. Just like in the story of Mary Poppins, the wind had shifted as my watch stopped. 6 o'clock came, and I found myself in front of the hotel, wondering what I was doing there. I was observing myself, standing lonely and afraid in front of that hotel. Luckily, Angelo did not show up.

I spent three days in New York, visiting Central Park and going to a macrobiotic restaurant to check how similar the meals were to what I had eaten in Switzerland. There, a guy came to sit at my table. We chatted... he had many questions. I told him I was going to work at the Watergate in Washington D.C., having no real idea what that meant. As far as I was

concerned, it was a restaurant. He gave me his card, letting me know that he could be of assistance, should I run into any kind of trouble. I learned later that he was a pimp.

Washington D.C.: my new boss had not made the visa accommodation he had promised so that I could legally be a chocolate rep in the United States. He asked me if I would not mind working in the office until the paperwork was taken care of. I agreed.

The office was in the underground garage, just behind a temporary wall. It had no windows, was dark and smelly. It was quite shocking, as windows were mandatory in offices in Switzerland. I was assigned to answer the telephone, which I did not do too well. It was in English, about a business I knew next to nothing about. I started to work as a waitress at one of the outdoor restaurants during the lunch hour. It was fine, except that I was not making enough money to live on. I had some savings, but not much. Most of the customers were from Europe where there is no tax and where tips are included in the bill. Most of them thought that the tip was included and left us nothing.

I could not afford an apartment, so shared a room with some students in Silver Springs. I came to work on the subway, an hour-long trip if I remember well. Some days, the price of the subway was more than what I earned at the restaurant. How could I continue working like that?

I had found a great opportunity though. I had wanted to get a pilot license in Switzerland, but it was too costly. I could get one here for much cheaper. I started to attend ground school, to learn the technical side of flying. I spent hours in class, and hours studying my manual, as I was still not fluent in English. I passed the test.

My boss still had not done anything with the legal paperwork so I could stay and work as a chocolate rep. One day at the restaurant, the manager decided to give my tips to a co-worker. That was the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back. I removed my apron, gave it to the manager, and never came back.

Uncle Charles, as I came to call him, was a man interested in genealogy. He lived in Santa Rosa, California, and had contacted my family as he found out we were related through my great grandfather. I had let him know that I was coming to Washington D.C., so I called him to tell him I was leaving. I did not like the United States at all and was returning home. He convinced me that I had started on the wrong coast, that he had a beautiful room waiting for me (he sent me pictures) and that I should come to visit before returning to Europe.

It sounded good. I still had some savings and went to California by way of Boston, where some friends of my Swiss boss lived, then visited Niagara Falls before flying from Chicago to San Francisco. I took a bus to Santa Rosa, where Uncle Charles was waiting for me at the Greyhound station.

His house was lovely, with a big oak tree in the backyard. He believed he had been a druid in a former life and loved his oak tree. My room was very cozy as well. There was even an airport in Santa Rosa, where I could continue my flying lessons, this time in the air. I did not have a driving license (only a motorcycle license). Uncle Charles would drive me to the airport and pick me up when I was done. My instructor's name was Ted. Bea was also an instructor there, from Switzerland.

What happened from there on is the subject of this book. It is a story of living in the twilight zone, a psychological thriller of insanity and miracles. If, as a reader, you feel that you are losing your mind over some events which "do not make sense," be assured, you are not alone. I almost lost mine. My friends and colleagues who supported me through this nonsense had a hard time digesting the events that transpired. Cognitive dissonance is a powerful insanity maker. In the end, I survived the abuse, the sickness, the thriller and the twilight zone. I came out of these challenging times much stronger, having an almost unshakable trust in myself, the goodness of the Universe and the faithfulness of God, and with a renewed perspective and understanding of life on this planet.

Although Chapter 1 starts with the arrest on April 17, 2006, many chapters deal with the memories of the previous 27 years, then move beyond. As my children would say, "Fasten your seat belt, and enjoy the show (or the book)."

Danielle J. Duperret, ND/PhD
March 25, 2012

Foreword

In this book, Danielle Duperret takes readers through her family's journey in our broken custody court system. Many readers may not be familiar with the widespread problems in the courts' response to domestic violence and child sexual abuse because the media has done such a poor job in exposing the scandal. The real story is in the pattern of mistakes that place children in danger, but the media is more interested in personal stories. Then they refuse to cover the stories dismissing them as a dispute between mothers and fathers and afraid of spending the money to investigate the case and afraid of being sued. I wish this story was a rare exception where the court just blew it, but in fact it illustrates the urgent need to reform a broken system.

Every year 58,000 children are sent for custody or unprotected visitation with dangerous abusers. In a two-year period starting in 2009 we found news stories of 175 children murdered by abusive fathers involved in contested custody often with the unwitting assistance of the courts. Most custody cases are settled more or less amicably, but the problem is the 3.8 percent of cases that continue to trial and often well beyond. Many court professionals have been taught that these contested custody cases are "high conflict" cases, but the research establishes 90% are actually domestic violence cases. The most dangerous abusers are those who believe his partner has no right to leave. They respond in one or more of three ways. Some kill their partners which is why 75% of men who kill their partners do so after she leaves. Others kill their children which explains the statistic cited earlier. The most common tactic is to seek custody as a way to pressure his partner to return or punish her for leaving. This is why most of the fathers in contested custody cases had little to do with the children during the relationship but the courts are so happy to see a father who appears to want a relationship with the children that they ignore past parenting and histories of abuse to favor fathers.

A new Department of Justice study led by Dr. Daniel Saunders found that most evaluators and other court professionals have inadequate domestic violence training and those with inadequate training are more likely to believe the myth that women frequently make false allegations to gain an advantage and in turn make recommendations that harm children. The actual research establishes that deliberately false allegations by mothers in contested custody cases is less than two percent, but the courts are awarding the often abusive fathers custody or joint custody at least seventy percent of the time.

Every state requires courts to consider domestic violence in making decisions about custody and visitation because of the profound impact on the safety of children. The problem is that when domestic violence first became a public issue there was no research available.

The custody courts followed a common assumption at the time that domestic violence was caused by mental illness, substance abuse or the actions of the victim. This led to the widespread use of mental health professionals as if they had expertise in domestic violence. We now know those assumptions were wrong, but courts continue to rely on mental health professionals who do not understand domestic violence so focus on less important issues. Over the years they have repeated a lot of misinformation so that by now it is deeply ingrained. There is now a substantial body of specialized scientific research about domestic violence, but the courts have never made a habit of looking for this research to inform their decisions or discrediting evaluators and others without knowledge of this research.

By now most evaluators have had some limited domestic violence training, but it often includes misinformation and does not cover vital information. Although best and ethical practices would require evaluators to consult with a domestic violence expert, the knowledge required has become rather nebulous so that these professionals claim they know enough about domestic violence to handle the case. If the purpose of considering domestic violence is to guarantee the safety of children, the court needs the following information. There are specific behaviors engaged in by some abusers that demonstrate a higher risk of lethality or other serious harm. The court needs experts who can provide a risk assessment based on this research. They need someone who understands domestic violence dynamics. Most court professionals do not know how to recognize domestic violence. They routinely discredit valid complaints based on information that is not probative and fail to look for the pattern of controlling and coercive behavior (much of which is legal) to recognize an abuser. When we hear judges complain about the difficulty of deciding a he-said-she-said case they are really saying they don't know the significance of much of the available evidence. The court needs to understand the effects of domestic violence on children. Finally, court professionals need to be familiar with batterer narratives. Repeatedly we see these professionals hear batterers repeat their usual denials and justifications and get manipulated by the batterers because they don't know this is exactly what batterers say. Clearly the courts cannot make informed decisions without information about fundamental safety concerns, but this is exactly what the courts are trying to do.

The widespread use of outdated and discredited practices is exacerbated by a cottage industry of court professionals supporting abusive fathers. As I said most contested custody cases are really domestic violence cases. This means the fathers are controlling and one of the things they control is the family finances. Many evaluators and GALs have figured out that the abusive fathers have the money so the way to make a large income is to support practices and bogus theories that support abusive fathers. We often see courts appoint evaluators and GALs biased in favor of abusive fathers and then treat them as if they were "neutral professionals."

These and many other flawed practices lead to catastrophic results that destroy children's lives. Many protective mothers like Danielle and some professionals helping them have complained about the failed system. The worst judges have responded by seeking to silence the complaints through gag orders and retaliation. This is another reason the public is largely unaware of this scandal.

When I went to book signings for my first book, I remembered how authors usually say they hope you will enjoy the book. This was particularly inappropriate for my book and this book. The subject is too painful for the book to be enjoyed but read it anyway. Then take the information and become part of the movement to reform the broken system. It is far less important that we enjoy a book than that children are permitted to enjoy their childhood and their lives.

Barry Goldstein
November 2011

Book 1

Jailed!

Book 1 is mostly about my incarceration, about the 6 months I spent in jail, 4 months at CCDC (Clark County Detention Center), in Las Vegas, Nevada, and 2 months at the Tuolumne County Jail in California.

Although I did not keep a journal, I wrote many letters, which were returned to me. It will give the reader an idea of what jail life is like, and how my moods followed a roller coaster of emotions.

"Innocent until proven guilty" did not apply to me. It was "Innocent until accused" and then "Gotcha... Good Luck to Prove Your Innocence!"

"An unjust law is itself a species of violence. Arrest for its breach is more so."
Mahatma Gandhi

Chapter 1

ARRESTED - April 17, 2006

The Doorbell Rings

Mom, mom... the cops are here!" cried thirteen-year-old Crystal from the downstairs hallway.

Although April 17, 2006, was a sunny day, it was also one of those chilly and windy mornings that Las Vegas dwellers know so well. Despite the cold, I only wore a pair of white shorts, a Snoopy tank top and had beach thongs on my bare feet. I was upstairs, spring cleaning my bedroom in the dream home I had rented in January. Scrubbing windows, moving furniture and vacuuming the large master suite kept me quite warm. The doors to the large balcony were wide open; I stopped occasionally to look down on the beautiful garden below. The sunken area, surrounded by palm trees and flowers, would make the perfect area to hold classes and have parties later during the year.

I was planning on teaching workshops and imagined fifteen to twenty participants sitting in that relaxing spot. Five of my seven children were living with me now. They were busy cleaning their own bedrooms. I had heard the doorbell ring yet had not paid much attention to it. I was not expecting any clients or visitors that day, and especially not cops.

Timeline

I had been married for nineteen years when I filed for divorce in September 1999 in Mariposa County, CA. After almost two years of continued hearings, the divorce was granted on November 1, 2001.

In June 2002, my ex-husband, Eugene, started a custody battle that has gone unabashed to the present day (2012). The children have lived in uncertainty, being shuttled from household to household, like cattle pastured on a ranch. Their voices, desires and pleadings went unheard. Hearings were continued or dropped before starting again.

In August 2005, Judge Polley, who had presided over our case since it was moved to Tuolumne County in July 2002, decided to separate the children. Kendrick, our only son, was eleven years old at the time and the youngest of the children. He was placed in the custody of his father. I was given temporary physical custody of the four minor girls: Evelyn was almost eighteen, Stacie was sixteen, Sonia was fourteen and Crystal was twelve.

The two oldest children, Amber, nineteen years old, and Joyce, twenty-two years old, were living on their own in Las Vegas. For the first time in their lives, the five younger children were forcibly separated.

During the length of the marriage, we lived mostly in isolated places. Since there were few other children or families around us as the children grew up, the siblings had become each other's best friends. Being separated was devastating.

Kendrick was allowed to visit us every other weekend. He spent the rest of the time with his father in Moccasin, a company housing developed for the employees of the City and County of San Francisco who worked at the hydroelectric power plants for the city. Moccasin was quite isolated, comprised of forty-nine houses, a post office, a power plant and an administration building. It had no store, so the shopping was usually done in Groveland, located six miles uphill, or in Sonora, twenty miles away.

During Kendrick's first visit with us, he complained of being hungry and in pain. As an achondroplastic dwarf, Kendrick is quite short. He has all his mental faculties, is very smart and has a big heart. However, his short stature and bone conditions restrict some of his physical activities.

I had successfully home schooled the children up to the point of divorce. Eugene placed Kendrick in a public school where he had to do physical activities not suited for his condition and which caused him to suffer back and leg pain.

During his second visit with us, Kendrick stated that the situation had worsened. It was obvious that he was losing weight, and he complained of being in constant pain. He was also quite depressed. At eleven years old, Eugene still took Kendrick in the shower with him, which made my son very uncomfortable.

My daughter Crystal, who was very protective of her brother, cried herself to sleep every night. Crystal had often acted as a buffer between Kendrick and their father's derision when they had to spend time with him following court ordered visitations. She missed her brother and felt helpless. She could not protect him any longer.

Child Rapist?

After Kendrick's second weekend visitation, I received by email a copy of a letter that one of Eugene's stepsisters had written. Roxanne was the oldest of his three stepsisters and nine years younger than Eugene. In the letter, she described in detail how she had been raped by Eugene during their childhood (for 8 years), and how her sister Jill had also been molested by him.

She sent the original letter, certified and notarized, to Judge Polley, as well as copies to the District Attorney, the Sheriff and Child Protective Services in Tuolumne County.

What a shock that letter was! I had not heard from Roxanne for over twenty years. Eugene would not allow me to be in contact with his family during our marriage. He mentioned that they could not understand my accent and that my customs were quite shocking to them.

Earlier in our marriage, Eugene had mentioned incest in his family. His uncle had a baby with his own daughter. I learned that this kind of incidence was common in Appalachia, where he grew up. He warned me that I should never refuse sex with him, so we would not take the risk of incest in our own family. He had made some other strange remarks over the years, but I never connected the dots.

I received that copy of Roxanne's letter in the evening. I did not sleep during the night; my mind was too busy connecting the proverbial dots. I had married a child molester and a child rapist. When I had taught children's church, he had "assisted" me by taking the children to the bathroom when they needed to go. Now I thought, "What had he done to these kids?" The only time he had taken care of our own children was when they were babies. He would change their diapers, give them baths, and take them in the shower with him. Friends and acquaintances congratulated him for being such a good father. However, as soon as our children started to speak, he stopped taking care of them altogether. Thoughts were racing through my mind. What had been going on and how did I not realize something was wrong?

Hospital

The next morning, exhausted, I started driving toward Tuolumne County Superior Court, where I was to appear for a hearing to determine whether Judge Polley was going to allow me to take the minor children to visit their siblings in Las Vegas. The shock, the sleepless night and the thought of having to face the monster I had married took its toll on me. My heart started to fibrillate.

Luckily, Stacie, my 16-year-old daughter, was with me. She took the wheel, as I called my physician, who directed us to go to the hospital immediately. Stacie drove me to Tuolumne County Hospital and contacted a friend of mine who was to meet us at the court. Stacie asked my friend Nancy to explain to Judge Polley that I was in the emergency room and would not be able to appear. Judge Polley told Nancy that he had already made his decision. He would not allow me to take the younger children to Las Vegas to visit their older siblings. Period.

In a prior hearing, Eugene's attorney told the judge that if I went to Las Vegas, I would flee the country and take the children to Switzerland, and that Eugene would never see them again. I never understood the reasoning. If I had wanted to take my children to Switzerland, I would not have driven nine hours to Las Vegas to catch a flight to Switzerland with a stopover at Kennedy Airport. I would have driven three hours to San Francisco, where my Consulate was located, and taken a direct flight. Moreover, Switzerland's extradition laws would have required the children to be returned to the U.S. Yet, their reasoning prevailed. According to Tuolumne County Superior Court, allowing me to take the children to visit their siblings posed a flight risk.

As Judge Polley was rendering his decision in a courtroom, Stacie watched me, helplessly lying in a hospital, hooked up to beeping instruments, an I.V. and oxygen. She was in shock at the events that were taking place. She decided to take matters into her own hands.

Just as soon as Eugene had gotten custody of Kendrick, he had gone back to court to ask for full custody of Crystal. Because he was asking for custody of the youngest girl, Roxanne had decided to write that letter to the judge. She wanted to protect her niece from the fate she had endured from the time she was three years old, until she was twelve, when Eugene moved out to join the Navy.

Because of our experience with the courts in Mariposa and Tuolumne Counties, Stacie was persuaded that Judge Polley would give their father whatever he asked for, and that her younger sister would face potential rape or molestation, on top of isolation, hunger, threats and beatings.

Stacie, Sonia and Crystal had known about the rapes and the molestation before I ever did. They had kept it a secret, not wanting to upset me. Their cousin, Roxanne's daughter, had confided in them during the 2004 Christmas holiday, when the children had been ordered to go to Florida to visit Eugene's family for the first time.

After that holiday, Crystal had grown even more distant from her father. She despised him, which was noticed by a neighbor, who later testified in court. The Court took that distancing as yet another step in my so-called alienating program against the father, even though Eugene admitted to the rapes in Court. Head bowed, he whispered that he was young at the time, and had made a mistake. That was as far as it went. It seemed to me that the Court was upset with me for bringing these "old" events back.

I spent a few hours in the hospital that day and was released as soon as the medication took effect and my heart slowed down. The drugs given to me kept me in such a state of drowsiness that I was unable to function; I stopped taking them.

The Children Run Away

Stacie was sixteen and had just bought her own vehicle, a car "with a big trunk, just in case." She planned to run away with her siblings, to protect them.

Sonia's dream was to become a model, so I took her to San Francisco for a modeling convention during Kendrick's third weekend visitation. While I was at the convention, Stacie, sixteen years old, Crystal, thirteen years old and Kendrick, eleven years old, ran away. To this day, I don't know exactly where they went. I was to learn later that it was "somewhere in Colorado." They did not want to tell me, as they knew that "Mom cannot lie." Not knowing would prevent me from caving in under whatever pressure I was going to be put under.

The children told me that they would keep in touch through different friends. They did not want me to worry. They assured me they would be safe. Stacie was going to work and support her siblings, potentially until Kendrick turned eighteen, or until I could do something to protect the younger ones.

It was heart-wrenching. I had not been away from my children, except for the times they were ordered to be with their father. Because of the isolation in which we had lived, we were very closely knit to each other. In my heart, I knew that they would be safer and would have a better childhood with Stacie than having to live with their father, a child molester and rapist, who was abusing them physically, verbally, emotionally and mentally. I had to let them go.

There was no doubt in my mind that the rapes and molestation were true. He had raped me for many years, and the description in his sister's letter was congruent with my own experience.

Stacie did not use her cell phone. She knew it could be traced. She called friends from pay phones along the way. The friends relayed messages to me from time to time. The last call came on Sunday evening, at the close of the modeling convention. My three children had arrived safely, somewhere.

I contacted several friends of mine, as well as colleagues (psychologists and therapists), informing them of the situation. They all advised me to *not* return to Tuolumne County. They were afraid that I would die there, should I return. My heart was quite weak, and I was, once again, in a state of shock.

Visit to the Attorney General's Office

Sonia and I were invited to stay in Sacramento with a woman I had met at a workshop, until I could clarify the situation. We drove from San Francisco to Sacramento that Sunday night.

On Monday, Sonia and I went to the Attorney General's Office in Sacramento. Jonathan Raven was the Deputy Attorney General who had given Stacie a gold medal for her courage to speak out during a convention on child abuse. I spoke with Mr. Raven's assistant. A report was made, but that was all they could do. They could, or would, offer no other help.

What was I to do? The thought of returning to Tuolumne County was beyond frightening. Would my heart go back into fibrillation? Was I going to be put in jail? I could trust no one there. After conferencing with my two oldest daughters, friends and colleagues, we decided that the best and safest solution was to go to Las Vegas to stay with Joyce and Amber.

Las Vegas, here we come!

Sonia and I abandoned our home, our pets, and all we had in Tuolumne County to flee to Las Vegas, to what we believed would be safety. On the way, we saw the brightest and most beautiful double rainbow we had ever seen, which accompanied us for over half an hour. It was an amazing sight. We felt protected.

Our road trip took some thirteen hours. We avoided major highways as we were trying to be as invisible as possible. Many events are clear as can be in my mind, like snapshots, indelibly sculpted in my brain. Others remain foggy and indistinct.

Sonia and I spent about a week with Sally, a friend of mine in Las Vegas. I remember many conversations with Marty Knight, who told us he was the District Attorney. We were to learn that he was not. He was a detective working in the office of Sonora's District Attorney. Sally listened to all the conversations we exchanged.

Within a few days, Joyce and Evelyn, my daughters, went to Tuolumne County, rented a U-Haul, and retrieved most of our stuff, and our pets. The landlord locked the house, so they could not get everything. A couple of deputies came to interview them. Both Joyce and Evelyn told them about the abuse, and the reasons the children had fled the county.

From Colorado to Florida

What happened next? I still do not understand. There does not seem to be a logical explanation as to the turn of events that ensued. My children's take is that there is no rational explanation. Their father's family is as dysfunctional as it gets.

Eugene had raped Roxanne, his oldest half-sister. He had molested Jill, the middle half-sister. He had not touched Barb, the youngest one. She was the one who encouraged Roxanne to write the letter to the judge.

Since I had not been in touch with Eugene's family for over twenty years, I was surprised when they reached out to me to "protect their nieces," but was grateful for the help. Barb had set up an email and given me a password, so that Eugene would not find out that we were in contact. He loved to spy on me and knew how to hack into my email accounts. This email was to be a secret contact line between Barb and me. She sounded very concerned, knew what had happened to her sisters, and the problems it had generated in their lives. I trusted her.

Marty Knight and Barb called me daily. They encouraged me to communicate with the children, letting them know that they would be in a better and safer place in Florida, where Barb lived. She had money - she is a millionaire - and she wanted to protect her nieces and nephew until the custody mess was resolved.

The calls were four-party calls, comprised of Marty Knight, the detective in Sonora, Barb, Eugene's half-sister in Florida, Sally, my friend in Las Vegas and me. Sally heard Marty Knight and Barb promise that the father would NOT be allowed to go to Florida, and that he would NOT get custody of the children. Several days passed before we could reach the children in Colorado. I relayed to them that their Aunt Barb in Florida wanted them to go there; she would take care of them. It sounded good, as Stacie would not have to work to support her siblings, and I would have better contact with my children.

Initially, Crystal refused to go. She had a bad feeling about the whole situation. She felt safe where they were in Colorado. I did not have a chance to speak with her. Stacie contacted Barb then managed to convince Crystal to go. It was at that time that I found out that they were in Colorado and needed a flight from Denver to West Palm Beach. Barb paid for the trip.

Marty Knight wanted all the children together until the custody problems were settled, so twenty-three-year-old Joyce flew from Las Vegas to West Palm Beach with fifteen-year-old Sonia. I stayed in Las Vegas. Barb showered the children with presents and settled them in nice rooms. She bought new sheets, toys, and more. All sounded great.

Confusion

As soon as Joyce was on the plane to fly back to Las Vegas, the four children in Florida were put under house arrest. Stacie's cell phone and computer were confiscated. The children were separated and not allowed to get out of the house, presumably by police orders.

Roxanne had sent a certified and notarized letter to Judge Polley, explaining the rapes and the molestation. Six weeks later, Judge Polley gave the father full custody of the four minor children. I saw a copy of that notarized letter included in the "Discovery," a three-hundred-page document compiled by the District Attorney for my arrest. Eugene flew to Florida to bring the children back to Tuolumne County. Stacie was threatened with juvenile hall if she and the three others did not return "voluntarily and happily" with their father.

To say that we were in shock is an understatement. How could things have turned out like that? Marty Knight lied to us. He, Eugene and Barb had manipulated the situation all along. It was a nightmare, yet we were wide awake.

A court hearing was to take place. I asked to be able to appear by phone, as I was too weak to drive five hundred miles to go back to Tuolumne County. Moreover, I did not think my heart would sustain the trip to that dreadful place. My doctor recommended that I stay in a relaxed environment and de-stress, although he realized that it would be quite difficult, if not impossible, under the circumstances.

Behind my back, Barb had relayed *some* of the “secret emails” we were exchanging, sending a copy to Eugene and another to Marty Knight. How do I know? While I was in jail, I asked for and received a copy of the Discovery, the three-hundred-page document compiled by the District Attorney, that contained copies of parts of the emails we exchanged. Without the complete picture, they could be taken out of context. Barb was helping Eugene and Marty Knight to set a snare for us. Why?

I did not appear in court, and an arrest warrant was drafted for non-appearance. I did not know about it. I did not get a copy of the order but read it later in the Discovery. The father was given full legal and physical custody of Kendrick, Crystal, Sonia and Stacie. I was to get supervised visitations which Eugene had to arrange. He never did.

9-1-1

In the father’s custody, the children were placed in different public schools. They were miserable. Eugene would treat Kendrick to Chinese food take-out or orange juice, which his sisters were not allowed to touch. The girls got canned beans and white spaghetti, day after day after day.

Sonia turned fifteen on November 29th. The following day, she went to an amusement park with her school for a field trip. When she returned, Eugene yelled at her for having stolen something from her Aunt Barb. She denied having done such a thing. Sonia was frightened. She had seen her sisters Stacie and Evelyn thrown against walls and onto the floor. She herself had been severely beaten many times. She reached out for the phone and dialed 9-1-1.

Did she threaten to commit suicide, or did she take a knife in her hand to protect herself? Sonia does not remember. Two deputies arrived. They spoke with the father then handcuffed Sonia and put her in the back of their car. Stacie came back from work at that moment and saw her sister handcuffed in the back of the police car. Sonia was taken to the local hospital, where a deputy and her father insisted that she be put in a psychiatric clinic.

Psychiatric Ward

Stacie immediately contacted Joyce in Las Vegas, who left on the spot with my car. She wanted to offer assistance and comfort her sister Sonia. On the way, she picked up Stacie in Tuolumne County.

The next day, they arrived at the clinic in Vallejo. They briefly visited with Sonia before being escorted out. Although the clinic’s policy encouraged visitation, Eugene had given strict orders to the doctors and nurses that he was the only one whom Sonia was allowed to talk to, either in person or by phone. Sonia was isolated from outside contact and support.

Sonia has a very strong character, and she stood her ground. She refused the medication they wanted to give her for “depression.” She was not depressed and told them so. Pills would not change the situation, as it was her circumstances that needed to be changed. She did not want to live with her father. She wanted to be with her mother and older siblings. She spoke about the abuse she and her siblings had endured at the hand of their father. *Nothing* was done to protect her, even though doctors are mandatory reporters of abuse.

After the brief visit, Joyce and Stacie drove toward the Swiss Consulate in San Francisco. I am Swiss, and the children have double nationalities. They had gotten some help there before and were hoping that the Consulate would intervene.

It was not to happen. Before they arrived, Eugene called Joyce and told her he was going to call the police and have her arrested for kidnapping her younger sister. He was going to have Stacie put in juvenile hall for running away. Threats upon threats; it was his usual modus operandi. Neither Joyce nor Stacie wanted to be responsible for the other's arrest, so they turned around, and Stacie was brought back to Tuolumne County.

I was told by the children NOT to go visit Sonia. They had heard about a potential arrest warrant and that Eugene was using Sonia as bait to get me arrested in California. Eugene knew of my attachment to the children. What kind of a mother would not go rescue her child from a psychiatric clinic where she did not belong?

Eugene visited Sonia daily, often taking Kendrick and Crystal with him, and threatening to put Crystal in the psychiatric ward as well, should she ever cross him. Stacie was under constant threats of juvenile hall. Sonia was released after a week, and therapy was recommended. Eugene never took her to any therapist.

The Children Run Away... Again

The children started to plot another escape. They decided that, at the first opportunity, they would run away again. Anything was better than their situation.

Strangely, one day Eugene allowed Stacie to take all her siblings to the movie theater with the van; that was the first time he let them be all together since he had gotten custody. Usually, he kept one of them with him. He even gave her money for gas and food, which was also unusual. Was it another trap? They considered it, but it was worth taking the risk.

On December 20, 2005 they went to the theater in Sonora, where they left his 15-passenger Ford van in the Walmart parking lot. They took another car, and made their way to Las Vegas, where they met Joyce.

Meeting an Attorney

Joyce and her four younger siblings went together to see an attorney, who had heard the story and wanted to know more. After speaking with the children, "Cheryl Smith" (not her real name) decided to take the case pro bono. She filed a document relating the many instances of child abuse that had happened during the three months the children had been with the father. The case was clear. She filed all the legal documents required by law then called me. I was to go to her office and take the children to Child Protective Services, the last formality for the day. I would then be allowed to spend Christmas with them.

I was euphoric. I had not seen my children since they had run away to Colorado. Although I was given supervised visitations by Judge Polley, the place, time and the supervisor were to be arranged by Eugene according to the court order. I was to pay whomever he chose as a supervisor. He never arranged any visitation, which means I had not seen my children since the beginning of September.

What a happy reunion it was. We hugged and cried and kissed each other before following Attorney Cheryl's instructions. We went to Child Protective Services in Las Vegas on the afternoon of December 23rd. The social workers were in a hurry to go home and gave me the impression they did not want to take the time to listen to us. After a brief meeting, we left and drove to one of my friend's home where we spent a wonderful Christmas together.

I did not have money to buy any presents, but it did not matter. We were together. My friend's husband took me aside and asked me to go shopping with him. He wanted to buy some clothes for each child. His act of kindness made that Christmas even more special and memorable.

The protective order Cheryl had drafted was denied, so she was going to prepare more documents the following week. She advised that we not stay in the apartment Joyce and I had rented, as she feared Eugene would show up and threaten us or kidnap the children. For a few weeks, we moved from place to place, between motels and friends' homes, until Cheryl suggested we find larger and better accommodations.

The living conditions the children had experienced for the prior three months had been deplorable. They had been hungry most of the time, surviving with a high level of anxiety, never knowing when the next beating would take place or who would be the victim of it. They yearned for a better life, and it looked like we were finally going to have it.

Even though the court hearings in Las Vegas were continued several times, we were certain that the nightmare which had started in July 2000 was going to end. We would finally be free from the persecution we had endured in California, first in Mariposa, then in Tuolumne County, where judges, prosecutors and evaluators had protected the child molesting, raping, battering father for the past seven years. Cheryl was making sure we were protected, and justice was served.

A Beautiful Home

In January 2006, we rented a fabulous five-bedroom house in a peaceful, suburban area south of Las Vegas. It had cathedral ceilings, beautiful dark wooden floors in the living and family rooms, tile in the spacious kitchen, dining room and bathrooms.

The kitchen was a dream-come-true for gourmet cooks (which we all were). Sporting two ovens, a five-burner electric range, microwave, garbage disposal, trash compactor, lots of cabinets and an island - it contained all the amenities that the most finicky chef could desire. Life was good.

The children were overjoyed to be re-united with their cats that somehow had given them an invaluable sense of stability throughout this tumultuous custody battle. An amazing bond had been created between the children and the animals. Mia, the mother cat, had waited for the children's week with their father to end before giving birth to her litter. She had desperately meowed for three days then given birth to five male kittens within an hour of the children's return.

We were so sure that our troubles were over that I let the kids get more pets. We were an animal-loving family, and the kids missed the ducks and rabbits that their father had given away, as well as the dog that died after being hit by a car. Stacie had mentioned many times that she wanted another puppy. As fate would have it, we saw a 4-month bright-eyed, gorgeous German Shepherd being displayed by a no-kill rescue center in front of a pet store. We adopted her.

Kendrick also got two ferrets. After watching the TV series *The Beast Master*, he had dreamed of owning a couple of ferrets, whom he would name "Kodo" and "Podo," after the ferrets who came to the rescue of the Beast Master when he was in trouble. California prohibits the ownership of them, but Nevada has no such regulation, so his dream was fulfilled. He was overjoyed.

Life Unravels

"The cops are here?" My heart started to pound as I hurried down the stairs to see what was going on. Little did I know that I was rushing into my worst nightmare.

I was intercepted by police officers in plain-clothes at the bottom of the stairwell; my arms were pulled behind my back and my wrists bound with nylon cuffs. I was forced outside and made to stand in front of a car parked in the driveway. As I looked around, I saw with horror that my twenty-three-year-old daughter, Joyce, was already sitting in the car. Her hands were bound behind her back and tears were streaming down her face.

I was freezing in the chilly air, in my shorts and tank top. I asked for a jacket. A deputy accompanied Crystal back upstairs to get my coat, which was thrown over my shoulders.

Sonia, my fifteen-year-old daughter, was taken out of her room at gunpoint by some of these officers in plain clothes.

There were three unmarked cars in front of the house. My four minor children were herded into two of them. I was informed that they were to be transported to Child Haven in Las Vegas. They were later returned to their father's custody.

Amber, my twenty-year-old daughter, stood in the front of the house, beside Sonia's boyfriend, who had come from California to spend a few days with her. They helplessly watched as the drama unfolded in front of their eyes.

I asked permission to contact my attorney. Permission was denied. I asked permission to contact Prepaid Legal Services, of which I was a member, having in my possession an "emergency contact card," should I ever be arrested for any reason. That request was also denied.

I was pushed into the front passenger seat of a family wagon that was being driven by a deputy. Two other officers were sitting in the back, with Joyce in the middle seat. Once we were underway, I asked who they were and they replied, "We are U.S. Marshals. We help the Las Vegas Police Department when needed."

A Conversation with U.S. Marshals

I had hoped that these deputies were FBI agents, as I had wanted the FBI to investigate what was going on. I tried to explain the situation; the U.S. Marshals were not interested. One Marshal responded that it was "unfortunate", but they were just following orders, and had no choice. Another one remarked that arresting mothers seemed to have become more prevalent.

I asked why they had not read us our Miranda rights. They laughed. One answered, "You watch too many movies." I felt stupid and was so sad about what was happening to Joyce.

Anguish seized my heart as I thought about my younger children. The last memory now stuck in their minds would be of me, their mother, along with their oldest sister, being handcuffed and taken to jail because they had run away from an abusive situation. They were being forcefully returned to an unbearable existence by U.S. Marshals.

Joyce continued to cry in the back of the car. The deputies questioned her about the competition she had planned to attend. They had seen her half-packed suitcase in her room when they searched the house. My daughter's dream was to be a stunt woman, specializing in western performances. She had attended several stunt school classes, where she learned to jump off galloping horses, drive cars with precision, fight with swords, walk up and down walls with wirework and be set on fire safely, among other things. She was beginning to get noticed.

Joyce answered, between sobs, that she was supposed to attend a National Competition of Gun Spinning and Knife Throwing in Oklahoma City. She had prepared and worked for hours making her own leather holster and sewing her period correct costume. She had also choreographed a gun twirling routine set to special music... and she was sitting handcuffed in the back of an unmarked police car, charged with child abduction, being taken to jail by U.S. Marshals.

I had also been charged with child abduction. On top of the kidnapping charges, I was labeled as a fugitive from the State of California, even though I had legally moved to Nevada in September of 2005, and had not set foot in California since.

The arrest warrants had originated in California and had been signed by Judge William Polley. They were ratified by Judge Steven Jones in Las Vegas. The U.S. Marshals' job was not to determine whether these charges were true or false, but to follow orders and arrest us.

What had started as a wonderful sunny and pleasant day in Las Vegas had turned into the worst nightmare I could ever have imagined. What would become of us?

"Just because someone gets arrested doesn't mean what they are doing is wrong. Some laws are unfair and unjust." Tim Robbins

Chapter 2

BOOKED

Clark County Detention Center

Clark County Detention Center, aka CCDC, in downtown Las Vegas, is a cold place. My coat was taken away, as well as the belt that secured my white shorts. Chains were put around my waist, from which handcuffs were attached. I was shackled, as was Joyce. We huddled together on cold metal chairs for hours, among some fifty other prisoners. My teeth were chattering wildly from the cold and the shock. Joyce tried to keep me warm, without much success. We didn't talk... what was there to say?

A few hours passed before our turn to be booked arrived. After mug shots were taken, we had to stand for fingerprints. The deputy inking my fingers grew impatient, as the fingerprints didn't take. One print after another was rejected by the computer. He complained, "You smoke too much!" I responded that I had smoked a quarter of a cigarette when I was sixteen. "Well then, you have very bad fingers," was his answer. I quietly listened to his myriads of complaints until finally the prints were good enough.

I was herded to the next cubicle, where I was asked if I had any mental problems and/or wanted to commit suicide. "What a stupid question!" was the thought that ran through my mind, but I promptly realized that it was not the proper time to lecture people on the validity and usefulness of their questions. If I had mental problems, would I divulge them? "Please, calm down," I told myself. "Keep your mouth shut, you are in enough trouble as it is." Angry thoughts kept running through my mind as I mumbled an answer. "No, Sir, I am not suicidal; No, Sir, I do not have mental problems."

I was given a TB shot, without being tested as to whether I needed one or not. A couple of hours later, I was to have a severe reaction, for which I received no medical attention. I was then questioned about my nationality. I requested that the Swiss Consulate in San Francisco be notified, as I was a Swiss citizen as well as a legal resident alien of the United States of America... the country with liberty and justice for all. They responded that they might contact the Swiss Consulate, although they did not feel obligated to do so.

Neither Joyce nor I accepted the food given to us. A woman with a tube running down from a breast sat beside us and told us her story. She had been in the hospital undergoing breast surgery for cancer on the day she was supposed to be in court. She missed the hearing, and an arrest warrant was drafted. She had not yet recovered from the surgery, as the drain hanging from her breast testified when she was arrested.

The woman moved onto another area while Joyce and I stayed on our bench, trying to remember somebody's phone number. We had just spotted a phone hanging on the wall, in the room in which we were waiting. We were under tremendous stress; our brains did not function well. We could not remember much, especially not phone numbers. Suddenly, I remembered the first three digits of Amber's telephone number and Joyce remembered the other four. I tried to call, but there was no answer. I repeated the number over and over in my mind as I needed to commit it to memory. It was the only one we could come up with, and we wanted to be able to contact the outside world, at the first opportunity.

Joyce and I were separated. Thankfully, shock had set in. My feelings were numbed, and I mindlessly responded, in a state of dissociation. I was asked to sign a document regarding my belongings. My brain refused to understand what was being said, and I kept repeating that I would not sign anything without an attorney.

The Fish Tank

I was led by guards to a holding cell appropriately called a "fish tank." It was brightly illuminated with fluorescent tubes. It was a very, very cold cell. There were three wooden benches attached to three grey concrete walls, a steel toilet and sink attached to the same color concrete floor. The fourth wall was a huge window, from which guards could observe us, like fish in a tank. Still dressed in my shorts, tank top and beach thongs, I was freezing in that cell. I took a roll of toilet paper and wrapped my naked arms and legs with it. A guard ordered me to "remove this shit."

Six other girls were with me in the fish tank, prostitutes waiting for their pimps to bail them out, hoping not to have to "work" the next day. They were used to this routine. Prostitution is illegal in Clark County, so they got arrested on a regular basis and had to wait for their pimps to bail them out. I learned that it was their way of paying taxes on the income the government had no control over.

The Illusion of Normalcy Ends

When stress hormones take over, it messes up the electrical conduction of my heart. That, combined with the reaction I was having from the TB shot, sent my heart into fibrillation then into tachycardia; it was beating at over one hundred and sixty beats a minute. I did not expect to receive much in way of medical attention, so I just waited it out. I had experienced this before, so knew it was only a question of time before my heart would get back into beating regularly. It usually lasted between a few minutes and eight hours, the longest episode. This time, I estimated that my heart raced for about two hours.

Shock can be a good thing. It numbs the brain and senses, giving somewhat of a euphoric feeling in the worst of circumstances. I recognized the symptoms and appreciated the way the body-mind was engineered to survive.

Having nothing better to do, I laid down on the wooden bench, trying to relax, as sleep was impossible under the bright lights and with the constant shivering. The health and personal development techniques I had learned over the years were being challenged under the worst of

circumstances. Over the next six months, I was to learn which ones worked under extreme stress, and which ones would let me down. During the first few days, the shock response took care of me.

Monday, April 17, 2006, was a date that would get engraved in my memory for years. It had started as a beautiful sunny yet cold day during which I was happily singing while cleaning my dream home. It ended in jail because Joyce and I had been accused of a crime we had not committed. We were waiting for our fate in different fish tanks of the Clark County Detention Center, among prostitutes and drug addicts.

It was difficult to estimate the time in the fish bowl. There was no outside connection to anything: no window and not the slightest glimmer of natural light. We were served a breakfast tray, which I didn't touch. Hours later, it must have been in the morning, I was led, still shackled, among interminable cold grey hallways to a place where, after being released from my government bracelets, I was ordered to strip and put my clothes in a brown paper bag.

When I was in my birthday suit, a guard ordered me to "turn around, bend over, spread your cheeks, cough," a procedure which was to become a common routine. I was given a towel and a small piece of soap. "Get in there and scrub," said the female guard. I entered one of the dark, cold cubicles sporting a high shower head and scrubbed, under her watchful eyes. The lukewarm water gave me no comfort.

After I dried off, the guard handed me my new outfit, a CCDC jail uniform consisting of large panties of a dubious grey (they had probably been white in a previous life), a sports bra of the same color, a turquoise cotton tee-shirt, a dark blue polyester-cotton top with a pair of pants to match, bright orange socks and orange slip-on sandals, too large for my feet. This procedure over, I was shackled again and led through more long hallways to yet another cold fish tank, to wait for the next step.

Joyce

While sitting in that new fish tank, I saw Joyce walking by with a group of other prisoners, wearing the same uniform. It meant Joyce had gone through the same humiliating procedure of being stripped and searched. My heart broke. My wonderful oldest daughter, who, after passing her SAT with flying colors when she was seventeen years old, had worked tirelessly to offer her younger siblings a better life. She became manager a few months after she started working at a Deli in Marin County, because her impeccable work ethic and cheerful attitude impressed the owner.

She did not smoke, did not drink and did not even take the time to date; she was dedicated to her siblings and focused on her dream of becoming a stunt woman. Now, here she was, wearing a prisoner's uniform, accused of having kidnapped her siblings, because she asked for custody to protect them from her abusive father. She had hoped she would be able to stand up for them, in case the court persisted in treating me with bias, prejudice and contempt. It had just ruined her competition!

I was proud of my daughter, as well as heartbroken and in shock seeing her in that jail uniform. Joyce owed no money to anybody. She saved and bought what she could afford, including cars and a motorcycle. After a hit-and-run driver collided with her car, sending her and her siblings to the hospital and destroying her car, she took the bus for months until she had saved enough money to buy another car, cash. She had also bought a motorcycle, a yellow "crotch rocket," i.e. a sports bike, which was her pride and joy. She loved to ride it with a group of friends. When she was arrested, one of the U.S. Marshals asked her, "Is this a falsified license plate?" It was not. It was just another false accusation from her father. Why didn't anybody check that what Eugene was saying was a string of lies?

Joyce has a very high I.Q., a photographic memory, and high goals for her life. Why was she standing amongst prostitutes and drug addicts, having been humiliated and stripped searched? My mind kept going from her achievements, her dreams, the competition she was going to miss, her love for her siblings, back to the present situation, in an endless loop. Why, why, why? So many questions with no answers!

As trauma followed trauma, grace intervened once again and the shock response washed over me like waves in the ocean, bathing me with calming hormones. It prevented me from experiencing intolerable emotional pain and passing out. My feelings got anesthetized and I fell into a thoughtless daze.

Overcrowded Jail

Once again, I was taken, shackled, along those interminable hallways, before stopping at a station where I was given a pillowcase containing two sheets and a blanket, a toothbrush, tooth paste, soap and shampoo. I was led along more long hallways to a thick glass door, locked down from a central station. Did guards punch numbers or slide a card? I don't remember.

We waited until the door leading into a large room slid open. There were a dozen cots in that place, lined up beside each other. One cot was assigned to me. This area was officially called a "day room." It was used when over-crowded conditions occurred.

I had to make my bed carefully, having only one foot of space on either side, sandwiched between two inmates. The sheets were thin and of the same indeterminable color as the underwear; one had holes.

I still had not been able to call anyone. I saw a phone in one corner of the room, so I walked over to it. As I reached for the phone, the guard on duty called out that it was not "free time." It was to come about a few hours later.

The rules were not explained. I knew when I broke one as the other inmates would yell at me. When rules were broken, willingly or unknowingly, the whole room was put on "lockdown." That meant we lost free time and had to spend the whole day lying on our cots. Lockdown also meant no shower, no phone calls and no library time. The inmates didn't like it, so they made sure newcomers toed the line and obeyed the unspoken rules. I was lucky; the two guards on duty that week were the only humane guards I was to meet in that jail. They did not put the whole section on lockdown because I had ventured off my cot to attempt a phone call.

When meals were served, we would line up and advance in a slow, single file, to get the food tray that was handed to each of us. We then went back to our cot to eat. I was not hungry and left my tray untouched. The other inmates were happy to take it and share my portion.

I tried to sleep but could not. I was still cold, the lights were too bright, and the noise level was unbearable. Loudspeakers broadcasted information to the guards every few minutes, day and night. The sounds echoed against the concrete and steel walls. Even whispers from inmates resonated loudly.

I spent two nights in that day room. By the time I left this jail, four months later, twenty more cots had been added to that already cramped space. Some inmates had to spend months there, until a two-inmate cell became available.

During the time I was confined in the day room, somebody came to ask me if I wanted to return to California for trial. I certainly did not want that. I wanted a trial, if there was to be one, to take place in Las Vegas. That was where I lived and where I hoped to go to trial, before unbiased judges who would look at the facts in my case. I knew how I would be treated in Tuolumne County: with bias, prejudice and contempt!

When I started the divorce procedure in 1999, I was told by neighbors that I would lose everything, because I spoke with an accent, was a female and had two doctorates. I had laughed, telling people that this was the twentieth century, and women were not treated that way any longer, especially not in the United States.

Much to my chagrin, I had been wrong. I *had* lost everything: my children, my home, my practice (four times to that date), my car... and now my liberty. I was an inmate in Clark County Detention Center - in maximum security - in the company of murderers and drug dealers, charged with a crime I had not committed.

I refused to sign the documents that were brought to me. Having no clue about American law, I did not understand what was said or what it meant and had not yet been allowed to consult with our attorney.

The Outside World

I was able to call my daughter Amber every day. She had alerted other people, and she gave me their phone numbers. I could call collect, if it was not a cell phone number. Any "free time" I had was spent on the phone. I was frantically trying to find out why Joyce and I had been arrested and incarcerated and why I was accused of child abduction. What had happened in court? Did a court hearing take place? How were the younger children faring? We had made sure this would not happen. Our attorney had taken every precaution to protect us. What was going on?

Amber had been unable to contact the clients who were supposed to have come to my home office the day after our arrest. She could not find their phone numbers. I felt guilty about having been forced to skip clients' appointments. There was a lady who had major phobias who needed help. Another one had health issues; she wanted immediate counseling. A third one was a new client. I had spoken with him on the phone and we had set up the appointment. They would find the doors to my home office closed as nobody was there to answer.

In 2000, Kathy, one of my clients, had died, mostly because the court and my ex-husband had prevented me from visiting her. She was an elderly lady who was suffering from painful arthritis. She did not have a car, so I went to visit her once or twice a week, on my way to town. We were making great progress in diminishing her pain.

When the court gave my residence and vehicle to Eugene on July 20, 2000, I found myself in the streets, with no home, no money, no car, and separated from my children for the first time in our lives. I could not visit her any longer. During that time, Kathy's pains increased to such an extent that she was admitted to the hospital, where she died shortly thereafter.

I went to her funeral. Kathy had been a reflexologist and had helped many clients. She had retired and had been elated when she read my ad in a local newspaper. She came to see me for health reasons, and we became very good friends. She contacted her former clients to tell them about how I was helping her. Her knee was not stiff any longer, she had more energy, and we were working on her arthritic pains. Thanks to her, my practice expanded rapidly in La Grange, CA, as clients from a 500-mile radius came to see me.

When I arrived at the church, I found it packed with hundreds of people. There was standing room only, along the sides of the auditorium. Several clients of mine were there, whispering in my ear that, had I not been prevented from seeing her, she would still be alive. Their trust and confidence touched me deeply. I had given weekly health classes to seniors in Kathy's single wide trailer home, which sometimes packed as many as twenty-five people.

Lying on my cot, I promised myself I would not start another practice as long as I did not have some kind of security that I would not be prevented from seeing my clients. I also spent many hours on the phone, bombarding Amber with questions: what was happening with the pets? Had the Consulate been notified? What did my parents say? Did my friends and colleagues know? Whom could I contact? Who could help sort out this outrageous mess?

There were many questions, and few answers.

"The people who were honored in the Bible were the false prophets. It was the ones we call the prophets who were jailed and driven into the desert."
Noam Chomsky

Chapter 3

FIRST CRIMINAL COURT HEARING

Crime, Romance, Horror or Science Fiction?

Outside of free time, we were not allowed to stand up. Because of this rule, I spent most of the day (and all night) lying on my cot, alongside other inmates, who were either reading, playing cards or whispering to each other. I asked for a Bible... none were available.

There was a small library of books. The choices were: science fiction, horror, crime or romance. I was a non-fiction reader and was not interested in novels. I asked for any kind of cultural material: books on geography, sociology, history, biographies, language... I thought that maybe I could use this time to learn Italian. Nothing of the sort was available. It did not make sense. Why would books on crime and romance be made available to inmates? They were already living a life of crime and certainly could not indulge in romance in that environment.

Let's Get on a Sugar High

There was a commissary, i.e. a jail store, from which inmates could order supplies twice a week: writing tablets, four-inch-long writing pencils, boxes of twelve coloring pencils, card games, stamps, and an incredibly long list of junk food, candy and coffee. Health snacks were sorely lacking. Money had to be put in an account from an outside source, from which the inmate drew to pay his or her order. On the two evenings a week that commissary was delivered, we did not sleep. Most inmates went on a sugar and/or caffeine high these nights and proceeded to bang on the metal toilets and sinks. The noise resonated throughout the entire cell block, up and down several stories.

Mealtime and Free Time

Meals were served three times a day: breakfast around 4:00am, lunch around 10:30am and dinner around 4:00pm. Besides spending most of the day on our cot, bedtime was enforced around 11:00pm.

When we were not on lockdown, we usually had free time for a couple of hours between breakfast and lunch, a couple of hours between lunch and dinner, and during the evening. Inmates could use the showers during their free time, make phone calls, sit at tables and play cards, braid each other's hair, write letters, draw pictures or watch TV.

A cell was finally assigned to me. I was fortunate: I got the top bunk. It had a narrow window, through which I could see a sliver of sky, as well as the building facing us... which was another part of the jail (CCDC houses some four thousand inmates, males and females).

First Cell Mate

The bottom bunk just faced a dirty yellow wall yet, to my amazement, my cellmate preferred it. She was a twenty-five-year-old drug addict who spent her time rotating in and out of jail. Her father was serving years of prison time; her mother, who spent time in prison as well, introduced her to drugs and prostitution when she was nine or eleven years old. Her uncle had robbed a train and was in prison.

The three different fathers of her three children were all in prison. She claimed that one of these fathers was the son of the Unabomber of Oklahoma City and she was proud of having a child from such a notorious individual.

She could not believe I had never been in jail, or that nobody in my family had ever been incarcerated. Did such families exist? How did they live? She was curious as to the life I had lived but had a hard time believing people could exist without going to jail. She had never experienced that. Most of the other inmates were in the same situation. They had been born and raised in families who spent their lives in and out of jail and prison.

Where Is Our Attorney?

Just after the 4:00am breakfast on the morning of my fourth day of incarceration, my name was called over the loudspeaker. I had to get ready to go to court, which meant I was searched, i.e. patted down then shackled with waist chains and handcuffs. They did not shackle my ankles. I followed the inmates in front of me, to whom I was tied to by a chain, from waist to waist, and an inmate tied to me in the same manner followed behind.

Long lines of chained inmates walked at a slow pace along dirty, smelly and long hallways crossing other long lines of other shackled inmates, hundreds of them with haggard looks on pale faces, a ghostly sight.

I was unchained from the inmates in the front and back of me and taken to yet another fish tank, where Joyce was already waiting. We hugged each other as best we could with our shackled arms, and shared information. Joyce had been taken to a lower security part of the jail, where she was sharing a large cell with some forty other women. She had been on lockdown for these past four days so had not been able to get off her cot, except for bathroom purposes. Everything was open in that big room; she had to use the toilet and shower in front of everybody else. She did not use the facilities very often, as she was a very modest girl, not used to such displays. I refused to dwell on the shocking scenario. Joyce had not been able to call anybody, as she spent these four days on lockdown. Fortunately, by that time, I had been able to contact Amber many times.

Joyce and I were taken to the criminal court, in front of a female judge, Ann Zimmerman. Dozens of inmates were sitting on benches, waiting for their hearing. Public defenders and attorneys briefly chatted with some of them. A few civilians sat on benches on the right side. I was told I would not

get a public defender, as I was considered a fugitive (which I was not). I was to stay at CCDC (Clark County Detention Center) until deputies from Tuolumne County came to get me. For some unknown reason, Joyce was not given a public defender either, although she was charged as a criminal and not a fugitive.

After the hearing in Criminal Court, Joyce and I were taken by minivan to a Family Court hearing. Even though we were still shackled, it was such a pleasure to be outside in the sun for a few minutes and to take a brief ride to another part of town.

Eugene's attorney was present, our attorney was not. We learned later that our attorney had not been informed about the hearing. Although she tried many times to contact me in jail, her calls were never put through. She learned that ex parte hearings had taken place in secret, i.e. had been kept from her. She had received empty envelopes instead of copies of motions. It looked like the whole thing had been rigged against us, which disgusted her. After a second freaky case came her way, she decided to leave town, as she could not deal with the level of corruption our case brought to her attention. She wanted to truly practice law and help people, which she did not see as possible in Las Vegas. She was also terrified of Eugene. She believed he was stalking her. She even got a permit to carry concealed weapons because of our case.

Debtor's Prison Reinstated?

In Family Court, Judge Jones asked Joyce whether she wanted to stay in jail for some two months or pay half of her father's attorney fees as bail. I was ordered to pay the other half, after I had been sentenced by California. Payments would commence after I was released from jail. Joyce chose to pay and get out. She had to come up with an extra \$ 100.00 a week to pay these fees until \$3,750.00 was paid off, which Judge Jones stated would constitute bail. If she missed a weekly payment, he would put her back in jail. On top of that, she now had to pay the rent for my house, the utilities, and food for the pets, as I was being kept in jail for an unknown amount of time.

Joyce was making around \$1,400.00 a month at that time. Her father was making close to \$10,000 a month. She had to come up with an extra \$2,500 a month to pay my bills. She found a second, then a third job. Her dream of becoming a stunt woman was put on the back burner. She worked long hours, seven days a week, tirelessly, still coming to visit me twice a week and putting money in my jail account so I could get paper, pencils, stamps and sunflower seeds.

Our attorney was eventually able to get an order that put a stop to the payments that Joyce was making to her father's attorney fees, yet Joyce was never reimbursed for what she had paid.

We should NEVER have been arrested for a hearing that we did not know was taking place. On the other hand, if our arrest was legal, our attorney should have been sanctioned as well, for not showing up. She was not. Joyce and I were the only ones that got punished for not knowing there had been a hearing.

After the Family Court hearing, Joyce and I were driven back to CCDC. Although it is illegal to hug another prisoner, the guard was unable to stop mother and daughter from hugging each other as we were separated. Joyce was to be released that day; I went back to my cell to await my uncertain fate.

"It is said that no one truly knows a nation until one has been inside its jails. A nation should not be judged by how it treats its highest citizens, but its lowest ones."

Nelson Mandela

Chapter 4

FIRST MONTH: FRANTIC BUT STILL HOPEFUL

The first month was spent in frantic telephone calls, writing letter after letter... anything I could think about doing to "right the wrong." I was jailed on child abduction charges because my teenagers had run away from abuse.

Joyce and I had been arrested because the children were seeking much needed protection. These arrests were total nonsense. As Dr. Karin Huffer mentions in her book *Legal Abuse Syndrome*, there are no words to describe the state of mind one experiences when faced with legal abuse. It's all "beyond" any vocabulary one can come up with. "Beyond" rage, "beyond depressing", "beyond" wrong, "beyond" crazy, "beyond" madness... especially in the United States of America, the land which claims liberty and justice for all.

Phone Calls

There were four telephones hanging on the wall, about a foot apart, in one corner of the dayroom. That area was large, with two-story high ceiling, each story lined with 12-cells, housing about 46 women waiting for their trial. It was in that space that the inmates spent their free time, sitting around square tables surrounded by four chairs each.

Imagine what it was like to make a phone call during free time. About forty inmates were chatting with each other, one group louder than the other, so their conversation could be heard over the television set, loudspeakers blaring information to guards every few minutes, all echoing in the concrete and steel arena... while four inmates, a foot apart, were trying to contact the outside world on the telephone. Someday I'll find a cartoonist to portray the chaos.

On one side, being able to speak on the phone to someone on the outside world provided me some comfort. On the other side, friends and family in the outside world were getting depressed and discouraged by my situation, as they were facing one obstacle after another in their attempt to help me.

Lynn, a friend of mine, was helping Joyce in her search for an attorney. Unfortunately, all the attorneys wanted a down payment of at least \$ 10,000.00 or more. We did not have it. Joyce was so busy working on several jobs to pay bills that she could not go on a fund-raising campaign. I was told I was not going to get a public defender and our pro bono family attorney was prevented from talking with me for some unknown reasons.

During that first month, I made calls daily, asking for addresses of organizations, for other people's phone numbers, giving instructions about whom my children and friends could contact, etc. It led NOWHERE. When faced with judicial nonsense, these frantic actions were as senseless as a fly buzzing against a closed window, trying to get out.

Visits

Twice a week, almost every week, my two oldest daughters who lived in Las Vegas came to visit; we would plan the next steps in our pursuit of justice. Week after week, the results were discouraging. We found no attorney and nobody who had any power was interested in helping us.

Joyce's face grew very pale and dark circles formed under her eyes, showing the level of exhaustion she was experiencing. She worked two, three and sometimes four jobs to pay the bills and her father's attorney fees. When she got home, she took Stacie's dog out for a walk; she rarely slept and got up early a few hours later to start on this treadmill again, still taking the time to do what I asked for, and to visit me twice a week. Amber was living with her boyfriend at the time and was helping as much as she could without neglecting him.

Before visitation time, we would be searched. We did not get shackled as the visitation room was not very far, and we had to cross so many locked doors that it was impossible to escape. No *Prison Break* here. These doors opened only by electrical impulses from the central command post. As the guards rotated on a weekly or bi-weekly schedule, there was not time to "build friendships" either.

After arriving at the visitation room, we would line up, waiting for our number to be called. We would then take a seat in front of a thick Plexiglas window, separated from the next inmate by small panels on the right and on the left. There was a telephone on each side of the window and that's how we communicated with the person visiting us, who had taken a position a few minutes prior to our arrival. Sometimes, I was allowed to take a notebook with me, sometimes not.

The visits lasted about 30 minutes. A guard who had access to our calls would listen to the conversations from his station. We could not touch; we could not hug. It was very impersonal, yet it was something. When returning to our cells, we were searched again. Some guards seemed to enjoy palpating our breasts and seeing us butt naked. How in the world did they expect us to have gotten "contraband" as they called it through this thick Plexiglas window? Some inmates must have been sharper than me, because I saw no way.

I read that, not long ago in Colorado, female inmates had to submit to "labia searches." Most of the females in jail/prison have experienced rape or molestation during their childhood and beyond.

Because of the discomfort, humiliation and flashbacks these procedures created, many stopped having visitation altogether. Fortunately, this search was repealed in 2010 and women in Colorado do not have to spread their labia to be examined any longer. How degrading!

Law Library

Twice a week, unless we were on lockdown, which happened quite often, we could go spend thirty to sixty minutes at the jail's law library. We had to let the guards know the day before and they would gather us around 10:00am, *if* it did not conflict with lunch time. Only a certain number of inmates was allowed to go, so if our name had been put on at the end of the list, we did not get to go that day. Once again, we were often searched before and after our trip to the library, which was located close to our quarters.

Unfortunately, a lot of inmates chose to go to the library to clown around. There was less surveillance there and they would take advantage of it, often cuddling up with a lesbian lover. If they got caught, it meant we were all locked down afterwards or would not be allowed to go back for a full week.

I spoke with the librarian about my situation, which he did not believe at first. It's understandable: none of the inmates consider themselves at fault. It is always the system that has wronged them. After a while, you get accustomed to it, and just nod. "You only wrote twelve fraudulent checks, and they busted you? How unfair!" or "You killed your manager and got caught... they want to put you in prison... oh, it was his fault? Ok, let's pray for your release," and on and on the responsibility is passed around.

The librarian led me to volumes of legal books regarding "Habeas Corpus." It took me awhile to understand what it all meant. At first, reading legal documents did not make any sense. It was just a blur of words, strung together, without meaning. After reading the same sections several times, meanings started to emerge. Habeas Corpus means "Show me the body", i.e. prove by evidence there has been a crime. No problem! I knew there was no evidence in my case. I was over five hundred miles away from where my children had started, which meant I could not have kidnapped them. I had all the witnesses I needed.

Reaching Out

I started to prepare my Writ of Habeas Corpus.

I needed more money, as I had to pay ten cents for every page I wanted copied and could only copy ten pages a day. Since I needed several copies to send to the district attorney and the court, it took a while to get it all together.

I also wrote a letter to Judge Ann Zimmerman, explaining what was happening. Once again, the answer was that there was nothing she could (or would?) do.

I wrote to my Consulate in San Francisco; they transmitted the information to the Department of Justice in Switzerland. The President of Switzerland was even informed. They refused to intervene. Their logic was that it was a custody dispute and Switzerland did not have the authority to intervene, according to the Hague Convention. I had a different outlook. This was a blatant case of human rights violation, and they *did* have the power to intervene, but chose not to. My brother, who works in the police department in Switzerland, tried to contact the proper authorities, but did not get any results either. They denied the problem.

My uncle wrote to the United Nations regarding this violation of human rights. He got a polite answer... they would not intervene. Through my uncle, I contacted the attorney I used to work for when I resided in Switzerland. That attorney took it to heart and went all the way up the political ladder (he had lots of connections) to ask for assistance. He got no result. I did not stop writing letters: to Amnesty

International, UNICEF, ACLU, to domestic violence organizations, children's organizations, etc. Everyone would pass the ball onto somebody else. It was never in their power (or volition) to intervene.

Home Front

On the home front, I realized that I had lost my clientele. I would have to start my practice over again... with a bad reputation.

In January, I had started to work with a School of Energetic Sciences preparing a curriculum in naturopathy for their students. I had already helped another school get their program online, and this one sounded very promising. I was going to be the master teacher, and I was NOT about to lose that opportunity. My classes had been approved for naturopathic certification; it was huge recognition. I had already finished several courses and was working on others in biofeedback, sun therapy, and nutrition.

Joyce was able to order books for me, so I could continue to prepare the courses in jail. I would handwrite the instructions, as well as the questions and answers, and a friend would type them and send them to the school. The biofeedback course was almost completed and referred to many internet articles. I had a hard copy of it at home and Joyce was to send it to me. It was over a hundred pages long; she was notified that she could only send ten pages at a time, which she did. I got some of the pages, but not others. Because of the diagrams of biofeedback loops it contained, it was considered "suspicious".

I was told inmates read the incoming mail, so if there was anything they did not understand, it was not distributed. A biofeedback course was probably not something they were familiar with, especially not the electrical diagrams. As a result, many pages were set aside. Joyce kept sending the pages, several times, by ten, by five... until I finally got the whole course in my hands. I just had to review it, check the questions and answers, and it was ready to be sold.

Books with hard covers were not delivered, as outside friends had been known to hide drugs in them. Soft cover books had to come directly from a bookstore, such as Amazon, Borders or Barnes and Nobles. The books I had already studied, and which were highlighted in several colors, with notes in the margins, would not pass the Gestapo mail department. They got put on a shelf and were given to me when I got out.

Stamps were also removed from all the mail. Friends of inmates had put drugs under the stamps and inmates were getting high by licking them.

I was quite busy that first month, between telephones, letters, and working on the curriculum, still hoping this ordeal would not last too long and I would be able to get back to my life quickly.

Unbeknownst to me at the time, I was to lose much more than I had anticipated, and it was probably better that I did not realize the seriousness of the situation, as it turned out to be an overwhelming evil conspiracy.

Early Correspondence

I received cards and letters from people I did not know; friends and family had broadcasted my arrest and many of their friends sent encouraging words, often on pretty cards with colors and pictures which brightened the gloomy cells.

Below is some of the correspondence I wrote and received during these initial days.

Nancy, a colleague and friend of mine, sent me a pretty card of a goat pushing a mountain, with encouraging words: *"What matters is not the SIZE of the mountain... but the STRENGTH of the mountain Mover."* – *"Behold, I am the Lord... is anything too difficult for Me?"* – Jeremiah 32:27

Mom wrote many letters. My parents and family went through hell when this arrest and incarceration happened. They had seen the father's mean behavior toward the kids and were very attached to their grandchildren. They felt helpless as the months went by. Mom lost some twenty pounds which she never regained; she was skinny already, so did not need to lose any weight. Her health has been shaky ever since. My aunt got cancer soon afterwards... and died in September 2011. I was not to see her alive again.

These words were sent by my parents on **April 25, 2006**:

Dear, dear Danielle,

We are thinking about you a lot in this awful tragedy; besides our prayers there is not much we can do. Joyce told us she and Amber were able to see you and that you could continue to work a little bit. Please don't lose your courage; here everybody is standing with you. We love you a lot and give you big hugs,

Mom and Dad

Regina had been a client of mine. She became a trusted friend after I was thrown out of my home in California by court order. She had seen the father's behavior in my home, when he interrupted the sessions I was having with her. Later, she was to witness how he verbally abused and endangered his children. She also saw the dramatic changes in some of the children, who went from being happy and well-behaved to rebellious and uninterested.

This was the first letter she sent me, on **April 26, 2006**.

Danielle,

I came across an encouraging quote from the book "Beyond Jabez" by Bruce Wilkinson:

'Abide in Me, and I in you. The branch cannot bear fruit of itself, unless it abides in the vine, neither can you, unless you abide in Me. I am the vine, you are the branches. He who abides in Me, and I in him, bears much fruit; for without me you can do nothing.' John 15:4-5.

As you abide in Christ – that is, as you spend time deepening your relationship with him – you can expect your faith to grow. I encourage you to pray continually for new vision for the power of God's hand, just as Paul prayed that his first century friend would know 'the exceeding greatness of His power toward us who believe, according to the working of His mighty power which He worked in Christ when he raised Him from the dead and seated Him at His right hand in the heavenly places' (Ephesians 1:19-20)"

I was discussing your case with my therapist on Monday, and I told her about how damaging Amy Velasquez's bogus report was and how Eugene has consistently used it against you. She asked if I found that Amy Velasquez was always biased toward the man. Apparently, this is common knowledge among the therapeutic community! No surprise there! Now if the courts would only see it!!!

Although you won't receive this letter until after your court hearing, I want you to know that I will be with you in spirit. I'll leave you with a quote from Bette Reese:

'If you think you are too small to be effective, you have never been in bed with a mosquito.'

God Bless and love you much,

Regina

Regina sent me this poem, which I read many times:

THE UNICORN IN CAPTIVITY

(After the tapestry in The Cloisters)

Here sit the Unicorn
In captivity;
His bright invulnerability
Captive at last;
The chase long past,
Winded and spent,
By the king's spears rent;
Collared and tied
To a pomegranate tree –
Here sits the Unicorn
In captivity,
Yet free.

Here sit the Unicorn;
His overtakelessness
Bound by a circle small
As a maid's embrace;
Ringed by a round corral;
Pinioned in place
By a fence of scarlet rail,
Fragile as a king's crown,
Delicately laid down,
Over horn, hoofs, and tail,
As a butterfly net
Is lightly set.

He could leap the corral,
If he rose to his full white height;
He could splinter the fencing light,
With three blows
Of his porcelain hoofs in flight –
If he chose.
He could escape them all –
If he rose,
If he chose.

Here sits the Unicorn;
The wounds in his side
Still bleed.
From the huntsmen's spears,
Yet he takes no heed
Of the blood-red tears
On his milk white hide,
That spring unsealed,
Like flowers that rise
From the velvet field
In which he lies.
Dream wounds, dream ties,

Do not bind him there
In a kingdom where
He is unaware
Of his wounds, of his snare.

Here sits the Unicorn;
Head in a collar cases,
Like a girdle laced
Round a maiden's waist,
Brodered and buckled wide,
Carelessly tied.
He could slip his head
From the jeweled noose
So lightly tied –
If he tried.
As a maid could loose
The belt from her side;
He could slip the bond
So lightly tied –
If he tried.

Here sits the Unicorn;
Leashed by a chain of gold
To the pomegranate tree.
So light a chain to hold
So fierce a beast;
Delicate as a cross at rest
On a maiden's breast.
He could snap the golden chain
With one toss of his mane,
If he chose to move,
If he chose to prove
His liberty.
but he does not choose
What choice would lose.
He stays, the Unicorn,
In captivity.

In captivity, flank, hoofs, and mane –
Yet look again-
His horn is free,
Rising above chain, fence, and tree,
Free hymn of love;
His horn
Bursts from his tranquil brow,
Like a comet born;
Cleaves like a galley's row
Into seas untorn;
Springs like a lily, white
From the earth below;
Spirals, a bird in flight

To a longed-for height;
Or a fountain bright,
Spurting to light
Of early morn-
O luminous horn!

Here sits the Unicorn-
In captivity?
In repose
Forgotten now the blows
When the huntsmen rose
With their spear; dread sounds
Of the baying hounds,
With their cry for blood;
And the answering flood
In his veins for strife,
Of his rage for life,
In hoofs that plunged,
In horn that lunged.
Forgotten now the pain
Of the wounds, the fence, the chain –
Where he sits so still,
Where he waits Thy will.

Quiet, the Unicorn,
In contemplation stilled,
With acceptance filled;
Quiet, save for his horn;
Alive in his horn'
Horizontally,
In captivity;
Perpendicularly,
Free.
As prisoners might,
Looking on high at night,
From day – close discipline
Of walls and bars,
Tonight-free infinity
Of sky and stars,
Find here felicity;
So is he free –
The Unicorn.
What is liberty?
Here lives the Unicorn,
In captivity,
Free.

I loved that poem and read it over and over during the following months of my captivity. Dear Readers, if or when some of your loved ones go through challenges, don't shy away from them. A simple letter, a shared poem, or just standing beside them, or hugging them if they are free, is MOST

important. Honor them with your love and presence, even though you may not be able to do much, and sometimes nothing at all, to change the circumstances.

I was writing almost daily. After my release, friends and family returned the mail they had received, hoping that I would one day write a book. I have copied many of these letters to show the mood that I was in, as well as what life in jail was like.

I wrote to my youngest brother on **April 26, 2006**. He is in the police force in Switzerland, and I wanted to know if the situation had become as bad there since I left the country, in 1979.

Hello Brother,

I thought that if I were to write about my bad memories, they may fly away sooner.

What an experience! I wrote to Ian and Frances, and to our parents as well, to describe what life was like.

Today I was shocked to meet "bad characters" who do not regret their crimes and who only think about getting out to start again, without being caught this time.

First, some people are here because they forgot to go to a court hearing for a driving fine. They will stay about three days. There are lots and lots of prostitutes. Apparently, they come here on and off, have to post bail then can get out. It's a way for them to pay taxes. They usually stay about three days. One of the prostitutes was telling me that she was not like these "young ones." She knew how to not get caught... it was only her twenty-third time in jail!

Then, we have gals who committed theft and forgeries (of checks, credit cards, ID, etc.). My cellmate belongs to this category. She is twenty-five years old and has already gone to jail seven times.

We also have some who commit more specialized forgeries. They have all the equipment they need in their car to forge false checks which they cash in the casinos. They have a computer and a printer and print checks directly in their car. There are also drug addicts, but they are not in my group.

This morning, I heard a conversation about one who is here because she tortured someone. In the next dayroom, there is a woman who killed her husband and mother-in-law. She cut them into pieces and put them in her freezer, so she could cash on their Social Security checks.

This morning, while walking from one long hallway to another, I crossed hundreds of prisoners, mostly black or Mexican males, "hardened criminals", murderers, etc.

My cellmate decided to change her life and to stop drugs and theft. She lost custody of her two daughters, age six months and two years old. She is the only one who seemed to want to change.

They call their programs "very successful." I believe my definition of success is quite different.

Is it the same in Switzerland? No fresh air, no sun, and the company not being the best. I wrote to the Swiss President this morning. I want to get out of this hole as soon as possible. The accusations against me are false and fraudulent. Eugene deserves to go to jail, and the children deserve peace.

Hugs and kisses... write soon,

Danielle

April 28, 2006 – Day 12

Dear Regina,

Thank you for writing. I got your letter last night.

This is day twelve. I have yet to get a nutritious meal. I tried to eat the past two days and got sharp pains in my liver and kidneys. It's not worth it.

On Monday, I got pens and paper, as well as yucky toothpaste and disgusting looking shampoo.

You cannot send me anything, except letters. Nothing from the outside is supposed to enter these walls. It's considered contraband. I have to order everything from the prison store and only junk food is available.

Body-Mind-Soul-Spirit... my weakest link is my body. I was able to exercise until Tuesday. I did Chi Gong and Tibetan Rites. For the past two days, I have been too weak. It takes all my concentration to just walk without falling. I was so dizzy I could not fall asleep last night.

The schedule is crazy. "Chow" is at 4:00am, 10:00am and 4:00pm. We have ten minutes to get out of our cells, get our trays, eat, clean it up and go back to our cells.

The noise is awful... almost constant. The loudspeakers blast the announcements for the whole jail (about four thousand inmates). The prisoners on the story above us keep banging on their bunks or the walls or I don't know what else. It resonates loudly. Upstairs is called the "Hole"... I guess it is like solitary confinement.

When we get out of the cells in the main room, there is a loud TV blaring whatever soap opera or rap "music" that's going on and about forty to fifty inmates trying to converse on top of it.

Imagine all that noise echoing in a concrete and metal building...

On most days, free time ends between 10:00 and 11:00pm. Afterwards, the crew cleans up until 12:30am. We get to sleep between then and 3:00am when announcements start again. There are periods of semi-quiet here and there, during which I can doze off. Mostly, it is sleep deprivation and I live in a semi-daze.

On Tuesdays, some violent characters moved in. There is electricity in the air between three African Americans and one Caucasian. Most inmates are Blacks or Mexicans. I am held in the maximum-security area, because I am considered a fugitive.

What is amazing to me is the lack of remorse of all but a few inmates. They are upset to have been caught, upset with their attorney, depressed about losing their parenting rights... but don't get that what they did is wrong and hurts society. They enjoy their lives for the most part and just pay a small price getting caught.

I was checked by an Ayurvedic Medical Doctor a couple of months ago. He is supposed to be one of the top medical doctors in India. Besides having been the private physician of the King of Nepal, before the latter passed away, he supervises twelve clinics and is one of the medical leaders of all the military hospitals.

He did the 9-pulse checkup three times; he could not believe I was still standing. There I was, nicely dressed, introduced as a naturopath, looking healthy and strong... and, according to him, if I did not have the willpower I had, I would be dead. He congratulated me on that great willpower, which was, according to him, the only thing that kept me alive.

I know I have a lot of willpower, but if my body crashes on me, I don't think I'll make it. It was because of my discipline with sleep, exercise and nutrition that I kept going. All that is gone now.

I was quite discouraged yesterday, when the liver pain started. I wrote a sort of will to the Consulate General of Switzerland in San Francisco, should I not make it. Not that I have much to will, after they took everything away.

I am not afraid to die. Let's face it; it's much nicer on the other side. I've been there, I know. I had several near-death experiences... I'll share that later. Maybe I am done with my work here. There is not much more I can do for my kids. They will have to make a choice as to how they will use their childhood for: as an excuse to live badly, or as a motivation to do better.

Depending on when I would get out, all my knowledge in wholistic sciences will be obsolete, my pets will be old or gone, my kids will be grown up, and I will be an old woman.

I thought my body would carry me longer... Now, I don't know. On the other side, there is still so much I would like to experience.

Below are the names of people who are familiar with my case and who are ready to testify; they understand how courts treat protective and battered mothers. They are powerful expert witnesses and can talk about how batterers use the court system to continue their control over their ex-wife and children. Please share this list with my Consulate... I forgot to include it in the letter I wrote to them.

Below, please also find a list of the "bad" guys, who all conspired with the father and his attorney to take the children and put me in jail. I hope they'll get punished.

Although cases like mine are getting more common, they are still not the majority and tend to shock people. It's more comforting to believe that I am crazy and that there is a true justice system. The contrary is too frightening. That's called 'cognitive dissonance.'

I don't seem to be able to call you, or Nancy, or Joyce, or my home. I am not sure how they decide which numbers to let through and which numbers to restrict.

My poor Joyce: she is working day and night trying to keep the house and the pets for a while, while still writing to me, sending me pictures (she sent pictures of all the kids), and fighting this whole thing. That's a lot for a 23-year-old. She had to pay her dad's attorney fees. How unjust!

I hope the Consulate will truly conduct their own investigation, interrogating my witnesses and the kids, as well as the expert witnesses I mentioned. They keep telling me that they can do nothing because of agreements between countries, and that I have to obey the judge. I don't see it that way. My case is a case of human rights violation and falls above the Hague Convention of non-intervention. If it was a simple case of divorce, or I had actually committed a crime, I would understand. In my case, I don't.

Bummer... we had "free time" and we are now locked down again, which means we have to stay in our cells and are not allowed to go roam in the day room. On Thursdays and Fridays, we are allowed to go to the legal library with a guard. Last Thursday, I did not know. Last Friday, we were locked down. Yesterday, I was able to go for twenty-five minutes before being on lockdown again. Today, it's locked down too.

To summarize, I am wrongfully incarcerated, cannot get a public defender, cannot get out on bail, cannot afford an attorney and I am not even able to get to the legal library to fight my own case.

Yesterday, during these twenty-five minutes, I found out:

- "They" cannot keep me without bail unless they intend to put me on death row or prison for life;

- To be a "fugitive from justice", I would have had to be in California around the crime. I did not set foot in California since mid-September and the kids ran away at the end of December;

- I have to ask for a "Writ of Habeas Corpus" to check the legality of the arrest and incarceration; ... Then... no more; we got locked down again.

I need to find out what to do with this information. I am not sure which Governor has the authority to ask for an investigation: California or Nevada?

Since I could not get a Bible in jail, Joyce had one shipped from Amazon. We are waiting to see which books she can send me directly. There are conflicting opinions on the subject.

I mailed her an article which you can edit and use to send to newspapers.

Six pages is the maximum I am allowed to send per envelope. I hope you can read my handwriting. I am getting shaky, and my vision is diminishing. Do you still want to work on my biography? Thanks for caring,

Danielle

I have no comment on this sad situation. My friend had not disappeared. He was exhausted and so soundly asleep that he had not heard the calls.

Regina and Nancy sent me a constant flow of letters, with poems, scriptures, copying pages of books on faith, hope and the new science of energy. My friends were connecting with each other and with my family. We became one group, focused on my challenging situation.

I was in the pit of hell, yet life did not stop for other people. Regina faced many challenges in her personal life during these times yet kept in touch with me as much as her situation allowed her to. Everybody was trying to find a solution to pull me out of where I had been thrown in so unjustly.

On April 28, 2006 - Day 12, I wrote to my other brother.

Hello Brother,

It seems a family needs everything... including a prisoner.

I am not sure I will ever recover. It seems I will have nightmares forever. I spend my days dreaming on my bunk. I walk again the paths we used to take as kids... hiking Montoz, having fun on the swings we used to play on, when we pretended to be extra-terrestrials with our cousins, and of course, I cannot forget how many times we got lost in the fog up that mountain.

I remember the meringues a la mode we used to eat at the Montagne de Boujean; also, the delicious wild mushroom dishes there. Our vacations in Zermatt... in Italy, even going back as far back as Saas... We truly had a wonderful childhood. My mouth is watering thinking about the tiny wild strawberries we used to gather in the Alps, and the dandelions along the freshly turned fields...

It makes me hungry thinking about all this good food. Tell Martine that jail food is a very good diet to lose weight rapidly. Tonight we had some stuff that resembled potatoes with little red squares in and some kind of orange Jello with super fluffy white bread.

I am so tired of doing nothing. One good thing: the warm showers work well, except for the amount of chlorine they put in. My skin is turning very dry... but it's WARM water!

Ok... I am going to rest again. I don't have much energy. Hugs and kisses to the whole family. Support our parents... it must be so hard for them.

Danielle

My uncle Ian has been a pastor and has studied theology in the Greek, Latin and Hebrew languages. He has always been a source of strength, able to explain what I could not understand in the Scriptures. My family was in shock. He wrote me this letter on **April 30, 2006**.

Dear Danielle,

It is with great emotion that we learned about your and Joyce's arrests through Regina. On the same evening, I was able to reach your parents, who let your brothers know. Needless to say, we are distressed and saddened by what is happening to you.

I was able to reach Mr. P. at the Swiss Consulate in San Francisco. He told me he would contact the jail in Las Vegas to inquire about your health. According to your friend, there are problems with getting the medication you need. He has not contacted me back, so I believe he has done the necessary.

I tried several times to contact your friend Regina, unsuccessfully, until about five days ago. She told me that Joyce had been freed, so I immediately contacted her, to get better information. I let your parents know; they also contacted her. In this way, we will have a contact in the United States.

Needless to say, we think of you often. We are quite aware that you find yourself in a totally undeserved situation. We are so sorry there is nothing we can do from here. We know how much you must suffer for your four children, as well as for yourself in your cell. It's a good thing that you can read and work a bit. Your friend Josie adds her heart to our prayers. Would you please let us know if we can send you a package; please tell Joyce what would be the most useful. ...

Our cousin drew our attention to a beautiful verse in Psalms 107:13-15: "Then they cried to the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them from their distress. He brought them out of darkness and the deepest gloom and broke away their chains. Let them give thanks to the Lord for his unfailing love and his wonderful deeds for men."

To end this letter, we hope with all our hearts that you will soon see the sun again, and be able to fill your lungs with fresh air.

Hugs and kisses,

Ian and Frances

Sonia wrote **on May 1, 2006:**

Hi Mom,

Joyce gave me the address so I could write to you. She also told me you wrote a letter and gave it to her and told her to give it to us if you die. You know we can't live without you and we're doing everything we can to get ALL of us back together. And you can't die because we still have to have a talk about all the stuff I used to do, and you have to see me be a top world model and have my own fashion line with a big house out on a beach with palm trees, white sand and clear blue water with the big boat right of the shore.

I'm going out with Kevin now and he was the one who got us our cell phones. He also has his dad and mom call everyone they know that could help us. He does everything he can to try to make me laugh. Every once in a while, his dad drives him down here to see me. He refuses to stay out of it, so he doesn't get in trouble, but he says he's not going anywhere. He also had a very bad childhood.

Eugene doesn't know he comes down here or that we have cell phones. Eugene got really sick the other day and had to go to the ER (it was really funny); he looked like shit. He put me in a jail school thinking I would hate it but I talked to my teacher, and he heard that I didn't have a change of clothes so he took me clothes shopping; he also said he's going to show me and teach me the right way to ask for a guardian change. I guess he went through a really bad divorce when he was younger. He plays Eugene like a fool, and he thinks Eugene is a paranoid nut case who's got some control problems. My teacher also lets me use his computer and Corelia lets me use hers. Barb sent Kevin three emails saying I am a nut case and that I was stealing from her. She told him about the mental hospital and said the reason I was there was because I was trying to kill myself and a lot of other stuff about my life being fine with Eugene.

Kevin wrote her back basically calling her a liar.

On my extra time, I work out and try to stay in as good a shape as I can. When Eugene picked us up in Vegas, it was kind of a fight when we got in the car, because we didn't do what he said and I ended up telling him to shut the fuck up and doesn't like me so much anymore. He was also mad when he didn't get all of our stuff from Vegas. "We sold it." It was funny he went RED. Stacie might be living with Blake and Blanche soon. Eugene has people watching us from every end of this town. I was going to go to a field trip to a beach by Santa Cruz and at the last minute, Eugene said that since I skipped eight hours of school because I was sick, he does not think my teacher would want me to go. For some reason, he is not picking on the others as much. I have some of my school workbooks, so I am working on getting better at Algebra, English Grammar and reading a lot of books. Eugene doesn't want me to home study or to go to any other school. I am talking to as many people as I can trying to find ways to get us out of here and get you out of jail. One day, my teacher had us write poems. I told him I wasn't really good at it. So, he asked what I was feeling like and I told him I was sad and really mad at what Eugene was doing. He had me write a poem on how much I hated Eugene, and he said it was really good.

Please remember I can't live without my mommy, and it will get better soon.

And we love you and miss you a lot

We love you a lot.

Sonia Duperret

May 2, 2006 – Day 16

Dear Regina,

Well, I thought if I gave you some ideas about what's going on in a jail, you could add these details to your novels (my friend Regina writes mystery novels).

They must make money arresting people. I met Connie yesterday. She is a tourist from Canada, who came to Disneyland with her husband and kids. After Disneyland, they went to San Diego, then to Las Vegas for a motorcycle rally. The kids flew home, so she and her husband could spend four or five days together.

Here is how her story went: They went out in front of their hotel, where her husband hailed a taxi... and was arrested for soliciting. She got upset, threw her flip-flop to the ground. It bounced and hit

a deputy's boot. She was arrested for assaulting a police officer. She spent three days in the "fish bowl", a place where they keep prisoners until they can place them. The jail is so overcrowded that they were twenty women in a four by five-meter room, sleeping on the floor and benches, on top of each other. She then went to the "cots", a big room full of cots, then to a cell. She went to court this morning, was found "not guilty", and was just released. What a vacation she had! What a great testimony for the United States of America!

I heard that it's also scary when you get released. You must watch out, as this is a bad area of town, where lots of prostitutes and police cars carry their business. It is not unusual to be immediately rebooked. You have to live this to believe it!

I have not eaten today. My muscles are twitching. I wanted to let my spirit go, but it's clinging to my body. We are locked down again. We have "linen exchange" tonight, a three-to-four-hour ordeal.

I will start writing my biography as memories surface. It's not going to be in order... you'll have to deal with that.

*Till later,
Danielle*

In 2010, as a friend of mine seemed to have disappeared, I contacted the police department. I had checked the hospitals and did not get anywhere. The first question the deputy asked me was, "Did you check the jail?" I was so surprised, "Why would I check the jail, my friend is not into doing anything illegal." She answered, "We put more people in jail than in the hospital in Las Vegas, so check with the jail."

Regina followed up with a letter on **May 3, 2006**

Danielle,

I cannot imagine how horrible and terrifying it must be for you, but please, please, don't give up. You are not alone. You must believe that God will find a way to help you do what you need to do to keep your body strong. You must trust in Him to carry you through. ... I don't believe for one second that your work here on earth is done!

Nancy told me a week ago that she was contacting your doctor to see if he could write orders for your special dietary needs. Your friends have not given up. We will continue to fight for you. If you want, I can send a copy of your letter to the Consulate. I will keep on them about the investigation.

Yes, I will write your biography. I still have the letters and copies of court reports. Send me what you can. REMEMBER: "God has not given us the spirit of fear but of power and of love and of a sound mind." You are in good company; Paul was also imprisoned falsely. Keep up the fight! "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me." Your children still need you. Don't let Eugene win!

*God bless and love you much,
Regina*

My friends were so supportive, contacting people, getting in touch with my family, supporting Joyce. I wrote back to Regina on **May 3, 2006**.

Dear Regina,

Thank you so much for the poem. Dr. John Diamond said that reading poems helps to balance the energy system... and the poem is great too.

I am not feeling good today. I recognize the symptoms as hypoglycemia. Our meals are so unbalanced, even when I can eat something. I may be getting dandruff, and some type of white stuff is growing around my toe nails. My lungs are congested from the antiseptic spray.

I am hungry most of the time, and the packs of sunflower seeds I ordered are rancid, i.e. not very appetizing.

Sometimes, the emotional pain is overwhelming. I want to scrape myself against the rough walls. I miss my days so much: getting up at sunrise (the view from my balcony was fabulous), exercising under

the cats' watchful eyes, then walking and training the new pup in the fresh morning air, working before the hustle and bustle after the kids got up... reading with Kendrick,...

I hear Sonia is sick in Eugene's care, time and time again. The phone in his house has been disconnected so that they are totally isolated, just like I was.

I started to write about my life. I was wondering why Vermont was the first thing I wanted to write about. I think it's because it is where I lost myself and became the no-mind, no-brain submissive housewife.

Mr. Valmont, the first vice-consul to be put on my case at the Swiss Consulate had suggested I write about my life, as a kind of exorcism. I don't know if you will have the time to edit it and make it into a readable version, time will tell. In the meantime, it gives me something to do. 4:00am – Breakfast, then slumber. 10:00am – Lunch, then slumber. 4:00pm – Dinner, then slumber. I am sure there is more to life than this.

I believe Joyce is in shock and overwhelmed. She is supposed to pay \$ 100.00/week to her father's attorney every Monday, or she will be put back in jail, according to Judge Jones's orders. I don't know if she did. She was supposed to meet an attorney for me on Monday afternoon. I should have some initial free hours of consultation with Prepaid Legal as I am a member. I need someone to prepare a Writ of Habeas Corpus, to test the legitimacy of my arrest and detention. I think I'll ask Amber to work on the bills. Cheryl is supposed to help us; Gary can help get money from my insurance for the car accident I was involved in, and Jason is the assistant from Prepaid Legal.

I mailed Joyce some letters for my family, but I am not sure she forwarded them. She is under so much stress; I don't know how I can help her.

*Thank you so much,
Danielle*

I later found this image on Google Images. It speaks volumes. Every card, every letter, every phone call was a connection to the outside world, which I so badly needed to help keep my head above water. I was living a nightmare, in an insane world, accused of a crime I had not committed, because my children ran away from an abusive situation. I was a mother before anything else; my children had been ripped away from me. I was hanging in there, but my mood and emotions were being challenged.



May 4, 2006 - Day 18. I wrote to Regina.

Dear Regina,

Would you mind either forwarding the letter I am enclosing to Sue or calling and reading it to her? Thank you. I am not sure where Joyce is at with the mail and the bills, but I think she is falling behind. She has too much on her plate.

Sue is a terrific person. She is putting a school of Quantum Sciences and Naturopathy together, and I will be the main instructor, in the beginning at least. It will combine Traditional Naturopathy, as well as Quantum Physics, Imagery, the Tapping and the QX. I am very excited about the project. Moreover, it's located in Las Vegas, although Sue lives by Santa Barbara with her thirteen horses.

Joyce, Amber and Nancy have her phone number.

Today, I ate a jail-size banana (five inches) for breakfast, along with two slices of sausage, nothing for lunch and half a cup of salad for dinner. Saying that I am hungry is an understatement.

I am reading my Bible and playing Solitaire as I finally got a deck of cards. I am still not receiving much enlightenment about the situation. I am getting mad though, as this is messing up Sue's school. The cats are sick, not to say anything about the kids' situation.

Danielle

PS: I drew a unicorn today... in captivity, yet free.

My letter to Sue was still optimistic. The court had destroyed my practice several times; I was determined not to let them destroy this fantastic opportunity to train practitioners and work with a school of Energetic Sciences.

My home-based practice in La Grange had been shattered in July 2000 because a court order kicked me out of the house. I spent over a year with unfavorable "temporary custody orders" which did not allow me to start my practice again or to regularly go to the office I had rented in Marin County, just north of San Francisco. I had been elected president of a group of businesswomen there in June 2000. Being President of MAFE gave me a tremendous opportunity to network with human resource departments and to build a clientele in that beautiful area.

Although it was Eugene who suggested I start looking at practicing around San Francisco, as he had many opportunities to work there too, he became furious about the nomination. I believe he expected me to crawl back and ask him to take me back, as I could not earn a living. Instead, I started to fly high. However, the new custody was set up to prevent me from building a practice there. I still went to assume my role as a president on Monday evening but had to immediately turn around to go pick the children up the next morning at 7:00 am. It was a 3-hr drive in good weather and I would get home around 1:00 am. During the winter, the fog would set in, and I would not be home until 4:00 am.

After almost going off the road twice during my trips back, as I was falling asleep at the wheel, I regretfully decided to resign. I had no choice but to pick my children up at seven in the morning, and they were more important to me than my practice.

Although I lived in Sonora, CA, I started to practice with a group of chiropractors in Las Vegas in 2003, as my two oldest children had moved there. During that time, I had the children for three weeks and Eugene had them for one week and three weekends. During one of the weeks, I would take the younger children to visit their siblings in Las Vegas and would see my clients. I would return there when the children spent their week with their father and see my clients again.

Eugene and his attorney went to court to forbid me to take the younger ones to Las Vegas stating I would "fly to Kennedy Airport and from there to Switzerland... and the father would never see his children again." If I had known how to challenge them in court, I would have asked why they thought

I would drive nine hours to Las Vegas to take a flight to Kennedy then to Switzerland, when I could have gone to the San Francisco Airport in three hours and gotten a direct flight to Switzerland.

I was always shocked by the ideas they came up with. Trying to make sense of them or understand why they were constantly accusing me of things I had never even thought of was unfortunately time I wasted on. This new attack against restarting a practice worked. For some reason, it made sense to Judge Polley that I would drive nine hours to Las Vegas with the children and all our belongings, to take a plane there and fly to New York, then to Switzerland. His order forbade me to go to Las Vegas with the children, who were thus cut off from visiting with their older sisters.

I would not spend a week without my children, and my clients were not happy to see me only once a month. The new order ruined my attempt at building a practice in Las Vegas. Now, I had been arrested and was in jail. Thus, once again, I lost the few clients I had acquired since I had moved to Las Vegas in September 2005. I was NOT going to give up on that school I was working for. I intended to finish the courses in jail if I had to but was begging people to "get me out of here."

Hello Sue,

I believe we can have an outstanding school, teaching the QX effectively, using a whole brain approach (left-right), imagery and the tapping. It makes a powerful combination.

I should be able to put the courses together ASAP. The only problem is... I am stuck here, playing solitaire and slumbering most of the day. I am tired of this. I was arrested and detained under false accusations. I need an attorney to do a "Writ of Habeas Corpus," which supposedly tests the legality of my detention/arrest. It's a short, quite uncomplicated document, but it contains "Points of Authority", which I am not familiar with. If Joyce does not get me an attorney by Friday, I'll try to file it myself.

I really want to work for the school, teach and travel. This nonsense has lasted long enough.

Dr. Putin was talking to me about teaching workshops in Australia, India and South Africa with him. I am ready! Let's do this together.

The point of this letter: GET ME OUTTA HERE!

Maybe you could contact my Consulate too, letting them know how this rotten deal is affecting everything. The problem is that they are honest and deal upfront; when dealing with crooked politics, it's a challenge.

Please let me know what's going on. Joyce is still in shock and still young to have to deal with such a mess. I imagine she is quite overwhelmed. I trust my friend Regina. I have known her for years, as a client first, then as a friend. She knows the kids and my ex too. She is in contact with my family, friends and the Consulate.

To victory... keeping my eyes on the goal.

Danielle

***"I submit that an individual who breaks the law that conscience tells him is unjust and willingly accepts the penalty by staying in jail to arouse the conscience of the community over its injustice, is in reality expressing the very highest respect for law."
Martin Luther King, Jr.***

CHAPTER 5

FIRST MONTH: SURVIVING

Correspondence

Regina kept trying to find solutions for me. She would not give up. She did research on the internet, asked questions to attorneys, and kept sending me letters, encouraging me to stay alive and fight. She gave me the address of the ACLU in Nevada. I wrote immediately. The letter came back, unopened.

My parents and my family from Switzerland sent many cards. My family in Australia sent me colorful postcards from their area. They told their friends about my situation, and I started receiving letters from people I had never met. It was a great support, as I would spend part of my days answering the mail I was receiving.

It was now my twenty-second day of being in this disgusting place. I was discouraged and wrote to Regina on **May 8, 2006**.

Dear Regina,

The sweet relief of death doesn't seem to be for me yet. I tried to release my spirit again, only to have it cling to each and every cells. I have the assurance, should I try suicide, I would miss.

I am not sure I agree with all these "positive thinking ideas." In theory, I agree, but when you are in the middle of a battle, I don't think it is wrong to recognize that you have human frailties and that you are hurting. God knows I have been strong "I can do all things..." through twenty years of abusive marriage.

I am befuddled because I am not sure what path God wants me to take. I thought I had been through enough darkness. I was given my dream house, great clients, my kids were with me, and I had pets again... It had never been so good. And now, I am starting my fourth week of incarceration, and it's never been so bad.

I am so weak... I did not even want to write tonight. It's a great effort. I cannot exercise, even Chi Gong is too demanding. I am not getting the books sent to me, either Bible studies or my workbooks. The only thing to pass time is reading romance, crime, horror or science fiction. It does not do much for my mind.

I get a meal I can eat about once every two days. I ordered sunflower seeds, but I think they are inflaming my liver. They are oily (rancid) and very salty.

I have asked for meals with no wheat/dairy about five times. Joyce has spoken to the doctor here. My personal physician has sent a fax, to no avail. The only thing they understand is the number of mandatory calories per platter, which should equal \$ 1.00 per day per inmate.

I have a Bible which I read daily. Coincidentally, the Scriptures you point out are usually the ones I have just underlined.

I read about existential shame, a very deep feeling, hard to shake. What kind of a mother am I? I cannot protect my children. I cannot even take care of our pets. How about clients? Melinda died because I could not go visit her (Eugene took my vehicle). I had to abandon my other clients, in the middle of our work together. What about friends? I just drag them down into the drama of my life... and God knows everyone already has enough challenges in their own lives.

Also, I think prison leaves a mark on you. I feel dirty... not wanting to talk to anyone.

I have a cellmate who is so hyper, and on an almost constant sugar high. It's hard to keep her from talking all the time. She buys some \$80.00 worth of junk sugary foods and coffee from the commissary a week. Most of these gals are so hungry for nutritional meals, which they don't get, that they try to compensate with whatever they can ... and the only thing they can get is junk food: cookies candies and coffee.

It's even difficult to write as my eyes don't seem to be able to focus. My cellmate has the same problem. Is it lack of food? of sleep? of fresh air? of sunshine? Two nights ago, we did not get to sleep until 8:00am, because the night was so noisy. It wears the human body out. I heard about Cory Ten Boon who survived Nazi concentration camp and that God dribbled oil down the walls for the prisoners...

Please call Lilian and Jim. They have known Eugene and the kids for a long time. I spoke with Jim last night and he told me about the corruption in many other cases in Tuolumne County. Jim knows Eugene is a dangerous psychopath. Jim understands how psychopaths reason and prepare their case years in advance. It was comforting to speak with someone who understands what I am facing. Maybe it would be good if the Consulate could speak with him.

I just wrote about Amy Velasquez, the court ordered evaluator, who started this whole insane case. I'll be mailing you the pages.

What I heard from Jim yesterday is that the D.A. managed to blackmail Stacie. Either she was going to go along with the long list of requirements her dad had for her (basically total control of her life, and out of the younger ones' lives) or they would charge her with kidnapping and intent to assault with a deadly weapon. There is a restraining order on her. What more is our family going to face?

I was threatened by the D.A. a few years ago! When the Consulate asked for an investigation, Mike Knowles, the assistant D.A., threatened to put my kids in foster homes if I insisted on it. At some point, Marty Knight called me to ask me how serious my threat of killing the judge and his family was. They are so crooked! It's Eugene who threatened to kill the judge, not me! There is NOTHING in my background suggesting I could be a vicious or violent person. There is so much in Eugene's background, yet I am the one they accuse.

Cheryl, our family law attorney in Las Vegas said that Judge Polley of Tuolumne County wrote a 21-page defamatory report on my character. She said it was such an overkill that it was quite evident the judge was biased and did not like me.

According to Jim, my civil rights are not being upheld. He knows... he is going to pass his bar soon. "They" always find a loophole. I should be given an attorney since I cannot afford one. There should be a bail set unless they expect to keep me for life or give me the death penalty.

I am allowed a limited number of notepads, pens and envelopes. I will write a summary and send it to the groups you mentioned. I will give them your telephone number as a contact.

I believe Joyce is a bit overwhelmed. She has not contacted a lot of the people I asked her to. The Consulate absolutely needs to talk to the key witnesses I spoke about.

I was going to write to the Governor and the Attorney General today but felt too weak.

I only had an apple, a quarter cup of peas and corn, and one quarter cup of lettuce today. It was not much better yesterday. When I get food I can eat, I usually feel better.

I don't even recognize me in the mirror... I see my grandmother, so old. My thinking is not that bad. I am just confused. I know what I wanted: I got it and lost it, all of it, for the fourth time. Even Job did not lose four times.

Yes, I believe God is still in the business of miracles... but he seems to be choosing specific ones, and not coming through with others. What will it take to expose this corruption?

Joyce has several emails. I am not sure which one she is using. Ask her to email you a copy of the letter Roxanne (Eugene's sister) sent to Judge Polley, the District Attorney's Office, Child Welfare Services and the Sheriff. It is after receiving that letter, explaining in detail how Eugene raped her for some eight to nine years, that Judge Polley gave Eugene full custody of all the minor children.

I married "poor" Eugene. My mother used to call him "poor Eugene" and the court now feels sorry he has no relationship with his kids. Amber said he is playing "poor" dad. I just learned that she does what she can and is taking care of the bills. She is very meticulous.

I will keep my eyes on God, what choice do I have?

Six pages done... Thank you for your encouraging letter, Danielle

Here is another letter I wrote, on **May 10, 2006**, my twenty-fourth day of jail.

Dear Regina,

You may want to pass this onto the Consulate.

After several days of eating very little, the guards had me talk with the head nurse. My request was passed onto "Medical." On the same day, the Consulate called the medical section and I was hurried down to talk to an MD. He was very nice, understanding, and quite knowledgeable: Dr. Robert XX, I don't remember his last name. He said he would put me on a no gluten, no dairy diet, which is great. He said, as well as the head nurse, that they had passed the instructions already, but that the kitchen was not following up, and that they had no control over it.

Two days ago, I had two apples. Yesterday, I ate two oranges and a quarter of a cup of salad. Today, I had two bananas and a quarter cup of coleslaw.

Now, the Chinese doctor, who is the head honcho, and disliked by every inmate, just decided that I had no medical needs, and I would not get my gluten free tray. I still got a "special" tray... the shape of the pasta was different. It was my choice not to eat. I ordered some sunflower seeds and am eating about two two ounces packages a day.

It's Wednesday night, linen exchange night. We have the worst Gestapo guard ever. We are naked, wrapped in a thin blanket, waiting for her to check our cell. We had to neatly fold all our clothes on our bunks. We have now been waiting for about two hours, and it's quite cold. If we have more than fifteen envelopes... it's contraband, taken away and destroyed.

If we keep the plastic bag in which our merchandise is delivered... it's contraband.

If we keep the cardboard backing of note pads, it's contraband.

If we keep cookie boxes to organize our pencils, it's contraband.

If we have more than five pens, it's contraband.

My cellmate had another inmate draw a portrait of her daughter, a trade for junk food. She was not allowed to keep it... it was considered contraband. In the end though, the guard relented and allowed her to keep it; it had just been a threat. My cellmate got a picture of her baby's father from a newspaper... it's contraband.

Things are confiscated and we get locked down for all our "contraband."

The worst is for the inmates who have their period; they have to show this guard that they are bleeding. Quite sick! E. Johnson, the worst guard ever!

I had two really nice guards at the beginning of the week: Officer Smith, a female, and Officer Miller, a male. I never heard them curse, yell, or treat an inmate badly. For the others, it depends on the day. They have just as colorful a language as the inmates.

Well, she just came through... She wanted to count every piece of clothing issued; we had to show her we were naked under our blanket. I am glad I did not have my periods... I may have punched her. She went through our personal mail, our legal papers and even tore pages off my notebook.

Some guards truly need some serious therapy!

My cellmate got very frustrated. She has asthma and panic attacks and asked for her inhaler. It was refused for about half an hour. When she finally got it, she was allowed two whiffs, after which she was told to stop by one of the guards (not by the nurse).

I got your letter about writing for ten minutes. I'll do it. I wrote to attorney Allred yesterday... About my "stubbornness" with food... I did try to eat some of the breaded fake meat, fish or chicken... and my heart started fluttering a few hours later. I was fortunate to attend a workshop with Dr. Drake, an emergency room physician and a cutting-edge researcher on wheat reactions and parasites. She was the one connecting my skipped or slow heartbeats to wheat. I had my heartbeat at thirty-eight beats a minute for over six hours after eating bread for a few days. Once, it skipped about ten beats. It was not a fun experience, and I don't want to go through this here. Yet, as I thought I was leaving the planet, I had a beautiful sight of the "other side."

Dairy products do the same, and affect my joints.

I had skin cancer between the ages of fifteen and eighteen and had to have surgery every six months. I studied nutrition and stopped the surgeries, but I stay very strict with my diet. I am not eating carcinogenic chemicals such as nitrates, artificial coloring or flavoring, etc. My heart tends to race when I ingest coffee or chemicals.

I was asked to make a list of what I eat. I made a list according to what they serve which I could eat. Nothing fancy, yet they refused to provide it.

I feel weak and shaky, but my mood is up. I found that if I eat the canned carrots and no meat, my blood sugar plummets after a while and then I am depressed and think suicide. For now, I am hungry, getting skinny and feeling old, but my head is clear. I think I am also feeling God's grace, although I am still stunned by what happened.

I got the book "The Healing Sun" from Amazon, so I can start working on my course in naturopathy. It's slower than I wanted it to be, but at least it is something.

I am not surprised you are not hearing from the Consulate. They don't talk to Ian, or Joyce either. It's so much easier to drop me... and send me some ridiculous documents about AIDS in jail. Mr. Valmont and Mr. Schneider, who saw the start of the case, were human beings. The new guy strikes me as a heartless administrator. I hope I am wrong.

I used to ask questions on a free attorney's site. Basically, their answers were that my case was corrupt, and I was being screwed. Nevada usually holds people for thirty days on extradition. In my case, another sixty-day extension has already been requested. I feel like I am dead if I go back to Tuolumne. The energy of that place is horrible. I ended up in the emergency room last time I had to go to court. I just don't have good vibes going back there, at least not yet.

What would I do with a public defender appointed by my judge in Tuolumne? The judge is against me, as are the District Attorney and his two assistants. They lie constantly. How do I know? Their lips are moving!

I could not ask for a change of venue, as the problem happened in Sonora.

I know about the California and Nevada laws regarding a party violating an order. The proper authorities were notified by Cheryl, our attorney. It did not seem to matter. They don't have a leg to stand on if proper justice were to be administered, which is not the case. I guess it's called a kangaroo court; they don't like me and have already condemned me.

By refusing extradition, I am hoping to stall the process, and potentially give friends and family time to regroup and hopefully find a solution.

I got the book "The Keys of Jeshua". I have some reading available now, which helps... if my cellmate would just keep her chatter box shut! I often read the same paragraph three times because of her interruptions. When I ask her to stop, she says that I am mean. She is just such a little kid, on a sugar high.

Ok... I think it's bedtime. The Gestapo officer took about four hours to do linen exchange today, instead of the usual two. Also, we were locked down all afternoon and evening for one reason or another. It does not bother me, except that when we have free time, we can shower, call and my cellmate goes out to chat with the others... and I have some peace in the cell.

I enjoy your letters. Thanks for writing.

Good night...

Danielle

I loved getting cards; it was a treat that brought colors to this depressing cell.

May 11, 2006 - Day 25

Dear Regina,

Greetings this morning in peace. I really enjoy the two books by Glenda Green "Love Without End" and "The Keys of Jeshua." To me, they have very deep teaching, and I don't tire of them. I am re-reading "The Keys of Jeshua."

Although I have reasons to be hungry, weak and shaky, it's not as bad when I take it from the perspective of who I truly am, vs. from a victim's perspective. When I fast, I usually get "ketone" breath after two days, meaning my body is digesting itself to survive. Here I have only had ketone breath a few times, and not for very long.

I got an hour sleep and then had to go sign up for "legal library" where I went to look at some addresses. I am going to write to the U.S. Marshals and to the FBI. Today, I wrote to the United Nations, asking them to investigate what's happening. I'll make copies tomorrow and will send it to the Geneva address.

Today was not the greatest. The guards are upset because I don't eat the food which is served. They say that my needs are not "medical," they are just "preferences." I don't expect them to understand the importance of nutrition or of food intolerance. It's a newer science.

It looks like my cellmate will be leaving in the next couple of days. Her aunt put her house as collateral for her bail. She wants out, as she already lost custody of her 2-year-old and is being threatened with the loss of custody of her 5-month-old baby. I am not sure she is ready to take the responsibility of parenting though... she seems so immature for twenty-five. She will have to go to drug classes and parenting classes... hope it will help her.

The guy upstairs is rapping and tapping on walls...

Joyce came to visit. She found another temp job, being a barmaid. It's amazing the amounts of different drinks there are. She doesn't drink but learned how to prepare all that. She said Sonia is enjoying "correctional school." She has a super great teacher, who bought her a pair of jeans, since she only had one. Her teacher is apparently married and has a nice family. He is also setting her up so she can sell her artwork nationally. Sonia is very talented, and I had intended to do that for her... well, now, it's done. So, Stacie and Sonia are in good hands.

Crystal apparently had a huge argument with her father, who keeps trying to pit one kid against the other. It's not working though. He sucks up to one, buys her everything to try to make the other jealous and then does the same with the other, dropping the first. That is so disgusting.

I heard that Dana Walton, Eugene's first attorney who set the whole thing up about accusing me of parental alienation syndrome and who became judge, got gangrene in his belly... I think the Sheriff in Sonora had a heart attack or a stroke... As my kids would say, "Karma is a bitch."

I got the book "The Healing Sun" and am enjoying it. It makes me want to have a clinic again.

I ate a mixture of peas, corn and carrots today with some "mystery meat"; the helper sneaked three oranges in my hand (we are only supposed to get one).

*I'll read a few Psalms then will try to get some sleep. I got so little last night,
Danielle*

Letter from Sonia for Mother's Day

Hey Mom,

I sent you some pictures of the drawings I've done lately. My teacher was told that I was really good at art. He asked me to draw a picture of myself and he took me to this place where they publish young teenagers' art. They are going to put it in a book that is sent to colleges all over the United States, on their website, and in an art show in Vegas and hey are putting it up for show so people can buy copies of it for \$35.00 each.

...

I need my mom, the city and malls! I am still working on clothes design for my fashion line and trying to stay in as good shape and health as possible.

Happy Mother's Day!!!

I love you Mom!

Sonia

Plea to the United Nations and FBI

I kept a copy of the letter I wrote to the United Nations on **May 11, 2006**.

*Attn: OFFICE OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR HUMAN RIGHTS –
UNITED NATIONS – 8-14 Avenue de la Paix – CH-1211 GENEVA 10 – SWITZERLAND*

*Re : Abuse of Children – Cruel and Unusual
Punishment - To Whom It May Concern:*

First, I do apologize for the handwriting and quality of the paper. I am incarcerated, under false charges.

Dr. J... B..., MD, renowned psychiatrist, who is I believe on a board at the United Nations, suggested I complain/appeal to you.

I am a Swiss citizen, with a resident alien card in the USA, where I have lived since 1979.

I do not know if you are already aware that a lot of family courts in the United States are a pot of corruption beyond description.

Often, after a divorce, children are put in the custody of the abusive parent, regardless of how many proofs, medical records, child protective services records of abuse, battery and molestation there are. The protective parent (usually the mother) is ruined, and often incarcerated.

I am a natural and complementary health doctor. My practice has been destroyed four times by court orders in the past six years.

I have seven children, four still being forced to live with the father. The children are 23, 20, 18, 17, 15, 13 and 11. They have not been allowed to speak, but were "represented" by court appointed evaluators, who twisted what they said.

They have been beaten to blood, their pets have been killed or given away; they suffer from hunger, isolation, constant verbal, mental and emotional abuse. There have been many complaints about the way they are treated to Child Welfare Services. The father's sister even wrote to the judge and the D.A. detailing the molestation/rapes she was subjected to for 8 years at the hands of her brother. To no avail! The father got full physical and legal custody of the children.

The father and the children live in California. I moved to Nevada to live with my two oldest daughters after I had a heart problem and was taken to the emergency room of the local hospital. The stress of six years of custody battle had taken its toll.

My children ran away once... and were placed back with the father. They ran away a second time, coming to Las Vegas, NV, where we sought a protective order for them; it was denied.

Eventually, my oldest daughter and I were arrested and detained. She was let go after four days... I have been detained for 25 days so far. The charges are "fugitive from justice" and "child abduction", which are both false charges.

My kids were returned, once more, to the abusive father. I lost my clients, once more, and my ability to hire an attorney. No money, no attorney. Cases like mine abound. Books have been written, PBS (Public Broadcasting Services) did a 1-hour documentary (called "Breaking the Silence") on the problem, conferences are held annually, all to NO AVAIL.

My daughter, now 17, gave her testimony during an international conference on domestic violence. She received a gold medal from the Attorney General of California for her courage to speak up against family court corruption. Nothing changed.

Laws were passed about how evaluations for the best interest of the children were supposed to be conducted; they are not followed. Guidelines were issued for judges not to put children with an abusive parent; they are not followed.

My daughter's testimony can be found on the internet, as well as the testimony of many other children, caught in the clutches of family courts. Please check "courageuskids.net" and look under "stories."

I know many of the Courageous kids and about the horrendous childhood that they had. I have met dozens of parents (mostly mothers) who have not seen their children for years, as judges give full custody to the abusive parent, with NO visitation to the protective parent.

I need help... we need help... the kids need help.

It was hoped that because I am Swiss, it would alert international scrutiny. It does not seem to be the case. Although my Consulate is aware of what is going on, they either choose to ignore it, or are unable to go past international laws.

It is clearly a case of CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT, for both the children who are forced to live with molesters/batterers, and for the protective parent ruined and/or incarcerated, agonizing over the fate of the children they cannot protect.

My uncle is my contact in Switzerland, as he speaks both French and English. He lives in Lausanne and his phone number is My parents live in Bienne, my brother in Valais and another is in the police force in Neuchatel. They are torn by the situation and their helplessness.

My 23-year old daughter, Joyce, is trying to fight for me. She lives in Las Vegas and her cell phone is

I know there is a lot of "politics." However, there's got to be a way to intervene to straighten this insane abuse and help countless children have a better childhood.

I am respectfully and pleadingly asking that you investigate this matter as quickly as possible. Please let me know who I should address this complaint/appeal if it is not to your office.

Thank you very much,

Respectfully,

Danielle J. Duperret, PhD

FBI

I also kept a copy of the letter I sent to the FBI in San Francisco on **May 12, 2006**. It was pretty much the same content; I was requesting a thorough investigation. I never heard either from the United Nations, nor from the FBI. My uncle in Switzerland got a polite response from the United Nations. They would not get involved.

Report from the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights

Several years later, a case was considered by the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights (IACHR). A copy of an article is included below. Unfortunately, there are HUNDREDS of these cases happening in the United States of America EVERY YEAR! About 2,500 hundred children a year are murdered in this country. Specifically, one to three children a week are being murdered by an abusive parent, *because* courts knowingly place children in the custody of the batterer! It is a "best kept secret" in this land claiming Liberty and Justice for All.

IACHR Publishes Report on Case Jessica Lenahan of the United States

August 17, 2011

Washington, D.C. - The Inter-American Commission on Human Rights (IACHR) made public today its merits report on Case No. 12.626, Jessica Lenahan (formerly Jessica Gonzales), United States, related to the duties of the State to respond to situations of domestic violence with diligent protection measures.

Jessica Lenahan, a victim of domestic violence along with her daughters Leslie, Katheryn and Rebecca Gonzales, ages 7, 8 and 10, obtained a restraining order against her ex-husband from the Colorado Courts on May 21, 1999. Not knowing the whereabouts of her daughters, Jessica Lenahan had eight contacts with the Castle Rock Police Department during the evening of June 22, 1999, and the morning of June 23, 1999. In each of her telephone calls and discussions with the police agents, she requested efforts to locate her daughters and she informed them that she possessed a protection order against Simon Gonzales. Her contacts were met with a police response that was fragmented, uncoordinated and unprepared, and it did not respect the terms of the restraining order. That morning, Simon Gonzales drove his pick-up truck to the Castle Rock Police Department and fired shots through the window. There was an exchange of gunfire with officers from the station during which he was fatally wounded and killed. The deceased bodies of the three girls were found in his truck.

The restraining order was the only means available to Jessica Lenahan at the state level to protect herself and her children in a context of domestic violence, and the police did not effectively enforce it. The state apparatus was not duly organized, coordinated, or ready to protect these victims from domestic violence by adequately and effectively implementing the restraining order. These failures to protect constituted a form of discrimination in violation of the American Declaration, since they took place in a context where there has been a historical problem with the enforcement of protection orders; a problem that has disproportionately affected women since they constitute the majority of the restraining order holders.

The Commission established that the State did not duly investigate the complaints presented by Jessica Lenahan before the death of her daughters. The State also failed to investigate the circumstances of their deaths once their bodies were found. Consequently, their mother and their family live with this uncertainty, and the law enforcement officers in charge of implementing the law have not been held accountable for failing to comply with their responsibilities.

The Commission encourages the United States to comply with the recommendations contained in the Merits Report, which include to conduct a serious, impartial and exhaustive investigation into systemic failures that took place related to the enforcement of Jessica Lenahan's protection order, to reinforce through legislative measures the mandatory character of the protection orders and other precautionary measures to protect women from imminent acts of violence, and to create effective implementation mechanisms, among others.

A principal, autonomous body of the Organization of American States (OAS), the IACHR derives its mandate from the OAS Charter and the American Convention on Human Rights. The Inter-American Commission has a mandate to promote respect for human rights in the region and acts as a consultative body to the OAS in this matter. The Commission is composed of seven independent members who are elected in an individual capacity by the OAS General Assembly and who do not represent their countries of origin or residence.

I kept writing, and writing, and writing... maybe a sort of exorcism which helped me keep some sense of sanity

May 12, 2006 - Day 26, I wrote another letter to Regina.

Dear Regina,

Well, I did not get bread today (for my gluten free diet)... I got cream of wheat with peanut butter, jelly and margarine.

I love doing an early morning Bible study... I wonder... could it be that I was thrown in the belly of the jail because I refused to continue to expose the corruption? Just a thought... it resonates.

I was afraid to be too vocal and end up in jail. Well, I am in jail and surviving. I was afraid of losing the children... I lost them, but our hearts are united, so I have not truly lost them.

This festering boil of corruption needs to be drained. I went to the legal library this morning and wrote a letter to the FBI in San Francisco. Unfortunately, I could not get copies, as we spent only forty minutes there instead of an hour. I'll send all the letters to Joyce and will ask her to make copies before mailing them.

Lunch... I did not even take a platter. Looked like cream of wheat patties with wheat tortillas. I had another orange and some sunflower seeds.

My cellmate spent all night drawing, writing and cleaning while drinking coffee and eating cookies. She thought she was getting out at 7:00 am. She is still here, exhausted and upset.

She is on a twenty-four-hour lock-down because she was talking last night during meds. That does not help. She wants to know if her father bailed her out and cannot even go to the phone. At this moment, a guard is yelling at an inmate... the only thing I hear is "Fuck, fuck, fuck..." Oh well, I guess they consider verbal abuse a good example. ... That was the gal who has problems with her ovaries, who begged to go speak with the nurse... They don't want her to. Strange world: this young woman is really a sweet black kid. Seventy-five percent of the inmates are Mexicans or African Americans.

I feel ok at the moment waiting to get out. I think I got the message and just need to wait for the wheels to start turning. I hope I am not setting myself up for another disappointment.

I just spoke with the sergeant. My diet is definitely not going to improve. They just don't get it. The medical doctors spoke with the Consulate, and they agreed that I had no medical needs, just preferences. They will basically remove all the meat (which I need as I am a protein type) and replace it with peanut butter, which I cannot eat. Wheat tortillas will replace bread; I will get carrots and rice, which are too high on sugar for me. I tried... I prefer to be hungry then sick, or suicidal from blood sugar fluctuations.

*Till later,
Danielle*

Regina wrote me back, sharing what was happening in her life. She had health problems she had to attend to and some of her foster children were giving her lots of heartaches. She was also preparing to go on a camping trip, a break she needed. Life does not stop when somebody goes to jail.

I always enjoyed getting letters from my family in Switzerland. It was very hard for them to be so far and to feel so helpless. My uncle wrote to me on **May 15, 2006**.

Dear Danielle,

We were deeply touched by your letter, which we received on Saturday. We did somewhat imagine that the conditions in the jail were less than ideal, but we were so far below the reality of it. They are plainly horrendous, and we just cannot understand that you have to go through this deeply wounding experience.

We were particularly surprised that you complained about the lack of fresh air and sunshine. Are you not allowed to go walk in an outside yard?

We also deeply felt how much you were suffering from lack of nutrition. We thought it would be difficult, but it is dreadfully appalling. It is evident that one must not expect much when in jail. We fail to be able to advise you, but since it's your survival that comes into play and it is an emergency situation, we would like to suggest that you try to ingest whatever awful food you can on a regular basis, for a short time.

Regarding the attorney Joyce is trying to find, we understand that you do not want a public defender. We asked our daughter Marie, who is now a judge, what she thought. She said that although public defenders are usually pretty young, they are however highly motivated to make a name for themselves, and not quite as corrupted yet. We realize that we are not in the United States and that things are probably worse over there. In any event, nobody has in their possession the staggeringly colossal amounts needed to hire a good attorney there.

That was for the short-term news. Let's talk about long term more deeply. You mentioned that you feel ashamed of even being alive, and we realize in reading your letter how the present outcome can look cruel and hopeless. It's particularly on this point that we would like to react. Of course, nobody expected the situation to deteriorate to this level. If we look at it in a superficial manner, it seems that you have lost, many times over. In reality, because of what he did, Eugene has definitely alienated his children, and lost every little thread of good will they may have had toward him. We truly believe that on a deeper level, you have DEFINITELY WON, in the long term. Your seven children will always remember how much you love them and how much you suffered to protect them. They will never forget what you had to go through for them. If you are presently in jail, it is because you did not want to force them to go back to their father, thus you never betrayed them.

On the spiritual level, the deep suffering you are experiencing hurts us profoundly. We believe in the power of prayer, and it is evident that we will continue to think about you with all our heart; we would love to hear that things are evolving for the better to give you a breather...

We have no explanations or easy solutions to offer, as some Christians would seem to support you with. Suffering is a cruel reality and the only certainty that we have is that we are not alone to go through it, as hard as it seems to be. As you see, we don't come up with ready-made clichés or explanations. We do not accuse people about a "lack of faith" when things don't turn out as we anticipate or wish. We only ask – with all our strength – that you will not feel too abandoned in the hostile environment you find yourself in.

Dear Danielle, your greatest conquest is your children.

DON'T FORGET THAT YOUR DEPRIVATION OF LIBERTY WILL NOT LAST FOREVER.

We wish we were closer to you so we could support you better. We also had hoped to be able to send you something useful for your body and your spirit. We hope that Joyce will be able to continue seeing you regularly.

Hugs, kisses and all our affection, Ian and Frances

Public defenders are from a different breed in Switzerland. I worked with a wonderful public defender in Switzerland. He was a go-getter. Most public defenders over there are young attorneys working on cases to prove themselves. If they do well, they get hired by distinguished firms. They are therefore quite eager to do their best.

In Las Vegas, Public Defenders were called “Public Pretenders” by inmates. The one I got later in Tuolumne County was an older attorney, who told me he became a public defender so he could get paid vacations and medical benefits. No incentive to do well there.

"We the Peoples of the United Nations, determined to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small..."
United Nations Charter

CHAPTER 6

FIRST MONTH - SOMEBODY, PLEASE, HELP!

Letter to the U.S. Marshals

I wrote one letter after another to public officials... almost the same letter, but since I could not copy it, I had to write them with these little 4-inch pencils. It occupied my time.

This is a copy of the letter I wrote to the U.S. Marshals on **May 13, 2006**.

*United States Marshals Services – United States Marshals Headquarters
Washington DC, 20530-1000 / Copy to Lloyd D. George, Las Vegas*

Re: Arrest

To Whom It May Concern:

My daughter and I were arrested on April 17, 2006, by U.S. Marshals, to our surprise and shock, as we had done nothing to warrant such an arrest.

My daughter Joyce is 23 years old, the oldest of 7 children. She is very close to her siblings, having tried to protect them for years from a cruel and abusive father. Joyce is not into drugs, alcohol or cigarettes. She has held steady jobs since she was 17 and has gotten raving reviews from her bosses.

She does not use credit cards, but saves money and buys everything "cash", including so far two cars and a motorcycle. I could not dream of having a better daughter.

Joyce is learning to become a stunt woman. She is good at gun twirling/spinning and knife throwing. She was going to attend a national competition in Oklahoma that weekend, for which she had handmade leather cuffs and a leather holster. She is an artist as well.

Joyce was handcuffed by U.S. Marshals and brought to the Clark County Detention Center in Las Vegas where she was detained for 4 days. I don't have to describe the horror of the incarceration process, the humiliation of the booking and stripping process as I am sure you are well aware of it.

What crime had she committed? Apparently, she missed appearing at a court hearing. Neither she, nor our attorney, were ever informed about that hearing. It is difficult to attend a hearing when you don't know one is taking place!

As for me, I was arrested for the same reason, plus for being a "fugitive from justice" and for "child abduction". Neither of these accusations is correct.

After 20 years of an abusive marriage, I chose to divorce. A fierce custody battle ensued. During this 6-year custody battle, it was reported that the father had a very abusive childhood, had raped/molested a younger sister for 8 years (she was between 3 and 11; he was between 12 and 20.) The father had killed the children's dog as well as other pets, had beaten the children regularly (one to blood), would let the children go hungry, would neglect them, humiliate them, take everything away from them that they liked, etc. Numerous people reported child abuse to Child Welfare Services. The father also raped me for 20 years (a fact I could not prove since there was no witness) and verbal, emotional and mental abuse were a daily occurrence. The children did not want to live with such a father.

Unfortunately, in spite of all the evidence, the court decided that the reason they did not want to visit with the father was because I had alienated them. Parental Alienation is a pet syndrome, which has been discredited by the American Psychology/ Psychiatry Associations, but which is still used by some family courts to take the children away from a protective parent to give them to the abusive one.

Books and articles have been written on the subject. PBS just did a documentary called "Breaking the Silence" exposing the problem.

My children, now ages 23, 20, 18, 17, 15, 13 and 11 were never allowed to testify. Joyce was allowed to once, but her testimony about the beatings was not taken seriously

Two years ago, Stacie, now 17, spoke up at an International Conference on Domestic Violence and Child Abuse, regarding the corruption in Family Court. She had joined a group called The Courageous Kids Network and her testimony, among others, can be found on courageouskids.net, under "stories."

The Courageous Kids were given a gold medal for their courage to speak up, by the Attorney General's Office in Sacramento. Several of them are featured in the PBS documentary.

It was in September 2005 that I found out that the father of my children had raped and molested his sister. I was in shock. On my way to court, my heart went into fibrillation, then tachycardia. My daughter Stacie took me to the E.R. in Sonora. The doctors recommended I de-stress.

In mid-September, my four youngest children ran away from their father's. To recover, I came to Las Vegas where my 2 oldest daughters were living. I have not set foot in California since September 2005. The children were eventually put back in the father's custody.

In December 2005, the four youngest ones ran away again, this time coming to Las Vegas, where a protective order was sought, and denied. However, a court hearing was set up, but eventually continued. The kids were re-united with their siblings, their mother and their beloved pets. After 3 months, they had finally recovered enough that they could concentrate on their schoolwork. They were eating nutritious food and stopped being sick. We had rented a nice house, in a nice neighborhood. Each child had their own room, to decorate to their taste.

Initially, Stacie was accused of having stolen her father's car to run away. When it turned out that it was not the case, there apparently was a court hearing on April 5th, where it was decided that I had abducted the children and was a fugitive from justice.

Even if it was true, and it is not, I could have proven that I was protecting the children. There were 21 instances of child abuse during the 3 months that the father had custody.

I am still in jail. For the 4th time, I have lost my clients – I am a doctor of natural and complementary health. The father keeps having the court make orders to destroy my practice, so I cannot afford an attorney.

My children are back with the abusive father. Joyce somehow must keep up with house payments, so we do not lose our pets, once more.

What concerns me most is the U.S. Marshal who arrested us telling us he has had an increasing number of such arrests, separating a loving parent from her children. I do not believe U.S. Marshals' intention is to arrest protective parents and force children to live with cruel and abusive ones.

How could one be "Proud to be an American" after spending a day doing such thing?

Why are U.S. Marshals siding with corrupt family courts?

I know politics are "dirty business". However, I also believe that it is the role of those in authority to step beyond politics to protect children.

It is my hope that U.S. Marshals will stop siding with abusive court systems and use their talents to arrest true felons and offenders, and not innocent children running away from cruelty.

If there is anything you can do to correct this aberration, the Courageous Kids and many protective parents will be forever grateful... and so will I.

Still in jail, waiting for a trial on charges that are unfounded.

Respectfully,

Danielle J. Duperret, PhD

Letter to the Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger: same story... on and on and on...

This letter was sent to Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger on **May 14, 2006**. Not only did he not answer, but he also then signed the Extradition Warrant which was based on forged documents by the District Attorney's office in Tuolumne County. After I got out of jail, I wrote to him again, asking for the wrongs to be made right. I did not receive an answer. These are our public servants... are they really serving us?

State Capitol 1st Floor – Sacramento, CA 95814

Re: Child Abuse – Detention – Extradition

Dear Governor Schwarzenegger,

I trust you spent a lovely Mother's Day with your family.

I understand you are from Austria. I was born and raised in Switzerland. I came to the U.S. in 1979, at the age of 23.

I was fortunate to have had an idyllic childhood, with a loving extended family. We spent many week-ends hiking in the mountains and having picnics at the summit. I never heard my parents raise their voice, nor anybody in my family for that matter.

When I met the man whom I married, I was shocked by the atrocious childhood he had suffered. He was beaten on a constant basis. He saw his mother beaten and taken to the hospital. He saw his sisters beaten and trembling from fear. When he was 12, he was found with a loaded gun, ready to shoot his stepfather, whom he hates.

Although it was not my intention to get married – I was an independent career woman – I thought that maybe I could bring this man some happiness, as I felt terribly sorry for him.

After 20 years of isolation, rape, verbal, emotional and mental abuse, having seen him beat my daughter to blood, having heard from my children that he beat them up with a belt on a regular basis when I was out for a walk, their dog having been shot and numerous pets made to suffer, I prepared to divorce. I took external degree courses, which led me to get a doctorate as a naturopath and a PhD in Natural Health. I took many workshops with leading medical doctors in the holistic fields. I opened a part-time practice in my home, eventually specializing in Nutrition, Trauma Release and Energy Medicine. When I knew I was going to be able to support my children, I filed for divorce.

What followed was a nightmare of custody battle, which so far has lasted 6 years. My three oldest daughters, who are now 23, 20 and 18, are doing their best to protect the younger ones, 3 daughters and a son, ages 17, 15, 13 and 11. The father has full legal and physical custody of them.... I have no contact with them... and am now waiting in jail to be tried on false accusations.

The children were never allowed to express their opinion. A court-order appointed evaluator distorted what they said. Although another evaluator reported that the father killed their pets, beat them up, did not feed them, took everything away that they liked, humiliated them in front of their peers, did not know how to run a household, his report concluded that the reason the children did not want to visit their father was because I had alienated them.

Another evaluator mentioned seven times in her thirteen-page report that I was "making the children live in tents." We went camping three weekends for a total of eight days!

These reports were evaluated by experts in the field. It was determined that they did not follow any guidelines on how to conduct a proper evaluation, and that they were biased and unprofessional. The court preferred to keep the reports.

I was accused of being dangerous for the health of my children, as I fed them organic food and baked our own bread. I also used homeopathic remedies. I consulted the best specialists in the field of dwarfism (our son is a dwarf... a happy, healthy dwarf according to UCSF specialists). The court preferred the report of a local doctor, who had never seen a dwarf, and forced Kendrick through a surgery that was not needed.

I was told that I would lose everything because I was a) a woman; b) with a foreign accent; c) with 2 doctorates. I laughed at the thought. We were in the 20th Century: this did not happen any longer. Yet, I lost my kids, home, practice, car, savings, etc.

In September 2005, I was taken to the emergency room of the local hospital in Sonora CA. The stress of the custody battle had taken its toll on my heart. The doctors advised me to "de-stress".

As my kids saw that I could not protect them, that all the reports of abuse with Child Welfare Services did not change the situation, that the father had friends with the police and deputies who refused to make reports, they ran away in mid-September. I moved out of California, to live with my two oldest daughters in Las Vegas.

The children were eventually returned to the father and the situation deteriorated even further. They were constantly hungry. The father had Sonia put in a mental institution for a week because she wanted to "end it all" (after an argument he started). He threatened to put Crystal (13) there too if she did not behave. He was going to put Stacie (17) in juvenile hall.

Stacie had been part of the Courageous Kids Network, who spoke out against court corruption at an International Conference of Domestic Violence and Child Abuse. She had gotten a gold medal from the Attorney General's Office, which made the father (and the Court) furious.

At the end of December, the children ran away again. They came to Las Vegas, where we found an attorney to file paperwork for us. A protective order was denied, but a hearing for a motion on child abuse was set up (21 instances of child abuse in 3 months).

The hearing was continued.

I rented a nice big house in a peaceful neighborhood, at our attorney's suggestion. I was working for a school of naturopathy and was building a good clientele. The children were back together, with their pets. They were eating nutritious food again and stopped being sick. Eventually, they calmed down enough to be able to concentrate on their studies. We thought it was the end of the nightmare.

Unbeknownst to us, the father had hired an attorney in Las Vegas and obtained three ex parte hearings. Our attorney was not informed. I understand that Judge Polley from Sonora, CA, did an extensive "character assassination" type report on me, for Judge Jones in Las Vegas.

On April 17, my daughter Joyce (23) and I were arrested by U.S. Marshals; the children were taken away and eventually returned to the father.

Joyce, who has never been in trouble – no drugs, alcohol, smoking - who has been working since she was 17, with ranting review from her bosses, spent 4 days in jail (with all the humiliation of the booking, stripping, etc.), because she missed a hearing which she was not informed of (and neither was our attorney). The worst for her was that she missed a National Western Competition, for which she had prepared for months. She is training to become a stunt woman and is good at gun spinning and knife throwing. Moreover, she is an artist, and made her own holster and cuffs from leather for that competition. Missing the competition was a real blow to her career.

She also found out that the father had been stalking her and her sister and had gone through our home... an unsettling thought.

I am still in jail, fighting extradition as I know I will have no chance of a fair trial in Sonora. The father told the kids he would have me in jail for the rest of my life. The judge hates me. The D.A. lied to my Consulate; the assistant D.A., Mike Knowles, and Marty Knight, blackmailed Stacie (17) and me, lied in court, and are bringing up far-fetched accusations. One day, Marty Knight, out of the blues, called me to ask me how serious my intentions of physically harming the judge (and his family) were. I feel guilty killing mosquitoes; it is certainly not in my make-up to do such a thing. The D.A. threatened to prosecute Stacie for kidnapping her siblings and for intention to harm with a deadly weapon, as all the kids said they would kill the father should they have to protect themselves.

I am asking you to intervene ASAP, please. This county, Tuolumne, still lives in the dark ages, where false accusations fly to convict the innocent. I am not a “fugitive from justice” and did not “abduct any children.”

Obviously, I have lost my practice (for the 4th time) and even my job as an instructor. No money, no attorney!

Please help my kids get out of this nightmare,

Respectfully,

Danielle J. Duperret, PhD

P.S.” 6 pages are the limit we can put in an envelope.

Here are my contacts: ...

Letter to the Bill Lockyer, Attorney General of California

Here is another one of my attempts to explain the situation and to have it rectified. Same details, day after day, trying to find a solution. As did Governor Schwarzenegger, Bill Lockyer signed my extradition warrant based on forged documents. I kept a copy of the letter I sent to Attorney General Bill Lockyer on **May 14, 2006**.

Attorney General Bill Lockyer

1300 I Street, Suite 125 – P.O. Box 944255, Sacramento, CA 94244-2550

Re: Child Abuse, False Charges and Detention

Dear Attorney General,

It is Mothers’ Day, and I am sitting in jail, while my children have been forced back to their abusive father.

I know that you know what is happening in Family Court around the country, but especially in California. Judges keep putting children back with their abusive parent, while ruining and even incarcerating the protective parent.

I believe it was 2 years ago that your office gave the Courageous Kids a medal for their courage to speak up against the corruption in Family Courts. Jonathan Raven handed one of these medals to my daughter Stacie, now 17.

Nothing changed in the lives of the Courageous Kids. PBS made a documentary "Breaking the Silence", with many of the Courageous Kids, yet nothing changed.

In our case, after 6 years of custody battle, the father got full legal and physical custody of the children. During the hearings, it was brought up that the father had raped and molested his sister for 8 years (she was from between age 3 and 11; he was between 12 and 20 years old.) He grew up in a household where domestic violence was the "plat du jour." He raped me for 20 years, beat up the kids on a regular basis (one to a bloody mess), killed their dog and other pets, takes away everything they like, humiliates them in front of peers, keeps them hungry, etc. Verbal and emotional abuse happen on a daily basis. There have been numerous reports of child abuse with Child Welfare Services. When the children refused to go visit the father, I was accused of having alienated them. The children are too old for that. They do see (and feel) what their father is doing.

I am a doctor of natural and complementary health. My practice has been destroyed by court orders four times so far. No money = no attorney. The father was able to hire the best criminal attorney in the county. I was left to represent myself and the children. It did not work out well. I do not know how to lie and manipulate situations. I told "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth", and lost everything: my kids, pets, home, practice, car, savings. I was homeless for over a year.

It was in September 2005 that I learned that the father had molested/raped his little sisters. The realization that, on top of all the abuse we had suffered, I had married a child rapist/molester and had seven children with him was more than I could bear. My heart went into fibrillation and tachycardia and my daughter Stacie took me to the emergency room. The doctor advised that I de-stress.

In mid-September, my younger children ran away. I went to live with the older ones in Las Vegas, passing through Sacramento to inform Mr. Raven of our situation. The children were returned to the full custody of the father. I was not allowed any contact with them. I stayed in Las Vegas.

In December, the children ran away again. The father had put Sonia (15) in a mental hospital, because she was not happy. He was threatening to put Crystal (13) there too and Stacie in juvenile hall. The children came to Las Vegas where an attorney filed for a protective order, which was denied. She filed a motion with twenty-one instances of child abuse, which occurred in the last three months that the father had them.

We were waiting for a hearing, which was continued.

In the meantime, I rented a nice home in a nice area. The children were together again. They had their pets again. They were fed nutritious foods and stopped being sick. They settled down to the point where they could concentrate on their studies again.

On April 17, U.S. Marshals arrested my daughter Joyce (23) and me, and had the children brought to a child's center. The children were returned to the custody of their father, in an isolated place, where they hardly have any contact with the outside world. Joyce spent 4 days in jail and has to pay half of her father's attorney fees (I will have to pay the other half), because she did not attend a hearing. She was never informed about the hearing, neither was I, nor was our attorney.

I am still in jail in Las Vegas, awaiting extradition. Needless to say, my practice was destroyed again. No money = no attorney.

At first, Stacie was accused of having stolen the father's car. When it proved to be incorrect, they decided I must abducted the children. I am facing charged of "fugitive from justice" and "child abduction."

My children are frantically (and so far without success) looking for an attorney.

The father told the younger ones (17, 15, 13 and 11) that they would never see me again, as he would have me stay in jail for the rest of my life. The father is a sociopath: charismatic, charming, cunning and very cruel. He attended several "assault weapons training" classes with deputies from the County. When my kids called 911, the deputies refused to make reports and scolded the children. The father made friends with the D.A.'s office.

When my Consulate contacted the D.A.'s office to ask for an investigation in my case, the assistant D.A., Mike Knowles, told me that if I insisted on an investigation, he would have my children put in foster care. Not wanting to cause more trauma, I did not insist. The D.A. answered the Consulate that an investigation had taken place, and that there was no reason for concern.

Later, Mike Knowles lied to us during another hearing, and lied during my hearing on child custody. Marty Knight, another assistant D.A., lied to my children and me when they ran away the first time, assuring us they would not be put in the father's custody. Lately, the assistant D.A. blackmailed Stacie, who wanted to emancipate, into agreeing on a whole list of behavior the father expected from her (total control) or they would prosecute her on charges of child kidnapping and intent to assault with a deadly weapon. All the kids said was that they would kill the father to protect themselves if they had to.

One day, Marty Knight called me, out of the blues, to ask me how serious my intentions of harming the judge and his family were. I understand that Marty Knight's wife works with Child Protective Services and that some records have disappeared.

I am a non-violent person, feeling guilty about killing a mosquito. I grew up in Switzerland, with a loving extended family. I am at a loss at what to do.

This corruption has got to stop, NOW. My kids have had a horrible childhood because of insane court orders. Neither judges, nor evaluators ever followed guidelines. The children, now 23, 20, 18, 17, 15, 13 and 11, were never allowed to express their views.

It is known that there is a lot of corruption in politics. People hide under "job descriptions" and "laws". Many people in Tuolumne County know about our situation and are afraid to speak up as they don't want to lose their job. I was told "Judge Polley is God here." I was also told by a local attorney that the judge did not like me and that I was going to lose.

I am fighting extradition because I know I will have no chance against all the false accusations in Tuolumne. I (and my children) feel powerless and helpless. How do we get out of that mess and expose the whole thing?

I am sure you can help us if you want to, or lead us to the proper person. Will you?

Respectfully,

Danielle J. Duperret, PhD

P.S.: Only 6 pages are allowed per letter.

My daughter Joyce can be contacted at The Swiss Consulate can be contacted at

"Like anybody, I would like to live a long life. Longevity has its place. But I'm not concerned about that now. I just want to do God's will. And he allowed me to go up to the mountain. And I've looked over, and I've seen the promised land . . . So I'm happy tonight. I'm not worried about anything.

I'm not fearing any man."

**Martin Luther King Jr. -- "I've Been to the Mountaintop" speech, April 3, 1968
(the day before his assassination)**

CHAPTER 7

JAIL LIFE - AN OVERVIEW

Meals and Guards

As mentioned, meals were a huge problem. I am gluten and dairy intolerant and was used to eating mostly fresh organic fruits and vegetables and real meat.

Just eating one tablespoon of whatever they served us meant hours of painful cramps and days of diarrhea. When I say "whatever", I mean that I could not decide what was on our plate. It was usually a mush of some kind. I was told that the jail could spend a dollar a day per inmate for our meals; that felt about right. I later learned from a judge that it was a whole \$1.50! They had to come up with a meal containing a specific amount of calories (not nutrients) for \$1.50 a day. Anything that is calorie rich and nutrient poor falls under the junk food label. I was not used to junk food and, after several incidents of food poisoning, I stopped eating the food being served.

Every day for breakfast, around 4:00am, we received a piece of fruit, along with the four pieces of white bread served at every meal, on a "jail tray of indescribable miscellaneous." We got one orange a day apart from special days when we would get a very small banana and, even more rarely, an apple. The other inmates noticed that I was not eating, except for oranges and bananas, so they started to gather the fruits that they did not eat and gave them to me.

I never had any bad encounter with the inmates, I was incarcerated in maximum security, with drug dealers and murderers, yet they were more human than most of the guards, who were dangerous and cruel beings.

The inmates realized I did not belong there and respected me. One of the gang females told me I was the “alpha female” of the group, even though I did not mingle much with any of them. Initially, I thought that God may have placed me there to help these girls. I desperately needed to find a reason for the insanity I was living. Why else would I be there? After a few months, I realized I was not doing much in that direction. Their way of life was familiar to them. It meant security, it meant friendship and it was the world they knew. My world was foreign to them. They could not relate. They certainly wanted to get out and get “better”, but to them it meant not getting caught, or at least, not as fast.

Months after I was released, I felt sad that I had not been able to accomplish much in that jail; I had not turned any of the inmates around. I eventually realized that we may not always be able to *do* something for somebody, but we can always *be* who we truly are. We can be present, and our presence may be all that is needed. In jail, it seemed that just *being* was all that was needed since I earned their respect. I feared none of them. They were sweet and talented girls, who had been trapped in difficult situations.

Let’s return to breakfast and the guards, most of whom should receive counseling and therapy. These guards must have gotten their training from Gestapo workbooks as they, except for two, tried to make inmates’ lives as dehumanizing as possible. We were theoretically not allowed to bring food back to our cells, but I could not eat 4-6 oranges at once, so would smuggle them in. One guard would not allow the other inmates to give me their fruits; she would watch us like a hawk. She preferred to see the food thrown out in the garbage can than shared. Several inmates would still hide the fruits for me and sneak them into my cell. Some got caught and were put on a 48-hour lockdown. Once out, they would still share their fruits with me. I so appreciated that. There was a sense of camaraderie among us; we had to in order to survive the emotionally draining tactics of the guards.

The Swiss Consulate contacted the jail several times regarding the food issue. They contacted the doctors at the jail. I was sent to the infirmary a few times to talk about my food intolerances. Gluten makes my heart either skip or accelerate its beats, which is a very uncomfortable feeling; dairy causes all kinds of discomfort, aches and pains, including arrhythmia. The doctor would prescribe a special gluten and dairy free diet for the kitchen to prepare; it was not followed.

I complained for several weeks about not being able to eat the meals, with no success. I had a guard tell me that I could eat the white bread: it was made from flour, not wheat! One day, I got cream of wheat instead of bread. They would give me a different shape of pasta... but it was still made from wheat, so I did not eat it. My plate of food was shared among inmates, in exchange for the fruits. We were not allowed to stand up or walk around during the ten-minute meals. Sitting four around a square table, we were able to stretch our arms enough to pass plates from one table to another. What one inmate did not eat was gobbled down by another.

Thankfully, Joyce kept putting money in my jail account, so I could order sunflower seeds. At the end of my stay at CCDC, I was eating three mini-packs of roasted sunflower seeds a day. I emptied the packages in a bowl in the morning, to remove the salt and some of the rancidity, and then ate them with the oranges, meal after meal. I lived on that diet for fourteen weeks. Several times, the sunflower seeds got taken out of my commissary order. An over-zealous officer had read the content label and decided that since the sunflowers were bagged in a facility which also packed wheat and dairy products, and that I should not eat them. For a few days, I only had oranges and water, until the situation got clarified.

Razor Blades

There was a "razor blade call" every day. We were given a small razor, so we could shave our legs and other body parts if we had time. We had about 10 minutes until we had to give these blades back. One day, one of the male inmates was able to almost slit his throat through... at least it was the report we got. Because of that incident, the whole jail was put on lockdown for a week. We even had to eat our meals in the cells, which were thoroughly inspected, inch by inch. No showers... no phone calls.

Art and Creativity

Most inmates were incredibly creative and artistic. They designed and made awesome pieces of artwork on the white tablets of paper we bought from the commissary. Some would draw fantasy characters like Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck and make birthday cards, which they traded with other inmates in exchange for braiding their hair. Some drew portraits, or beautiful black and white pictures, and wrote poems, which they traded with another inmate's creative ability or some food.

For one of the girl's birthdays, an inmate collected and hid pieces of soap, which she shaped into a three-tiered miniature birthday cake, complete with candles and decorations. It had to be hidden from the guards, as it was considered contraband and would have been thrown away.

The most exquisite creation I saw was a rose just opening, with petals around a tight bud, on a stem with leaves. It was a 3-D realistic looking rose, made from toilet paper, given to my cellmate by her lesbian lover. I have no clue how she made it, but it was stunning. A guard found it, said "contraband" and flushed it down the toilet. My cellmate had been able to hide it for a few weeks before it was discovered but was heart-broken over its loss.

Laundry Exchange

Our cells were usually searched once a week, during laundry exchange. The inmate cleaning crew would bring cabinets on wheels which contained everything we needed. They would then stand by them in the day room. We had to strip naked and wrap ourselves in our blanket then put all our clothing, sheets and towel in our pillowcase. We then waited... and waited. When our cell door was unlocked, we would go stand in a line, drop the pillowcase in the dirty laundry bin, and tell the cleaning crew what we needed: "3 small underwear, medium bra, small pants, medium tee-shirt, medium blouse." To that, we added a couple of unpaired socks (some short, some long), a towel, two sheets and a pillowcase. We then returned to our cell and made our beds. While we were getting our stuff, a guard ransacked our cell, trying to "find contraband."

I don't know how it happened, but some inmates in the block of cells next door were able to make alcohol from the fruits we received in the morning. How they hid them long enough through all the searches is beyond my understanding.

"I believe that unarmed truth and unconditional love will have the final word in reality. This is why right temporarily defeated is stronger than evil triumphant."

***-- Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech, December 10,
1964 Martin Luther King Jr.***

Chapter 8

FIRST MONTH - LETTERS TO MY DAUGHTER AND CHARGES

Often, when people hear about my story, they ask, "Why didn't you do this... or that?" The correspondence that follows in the next chapters shows that family and friends were all trying to get me out of this unjust situation. They contacted attorneys, worked with each other, relentlessly. They also encouraged me to stay alive.

From my daughter Joyce, who was 23 years old at the time

Not only did Joyce visit me twice a week after she got out of jail, but she also wrote letters and short notes. She sent me jokes, scanned pictures of my children and pets, and kept encouraging me. She did not date her letters, but here are some excerpts of an awesome daughter who was keeping the ball running:

*Dear Mom,
Hang in there, I am working on stuff.*

The kids have been able to call a couple of times. Dad finally took the kids to get some clothes. I guess he vetoed most of the stuff they tried to get. Sonia could not get her hairbrush, body wash and the rest of her make-up, so they got back at him by buying just about every kind of tampons and pads that was on the shelf, some \$40.00 worth, and Dad wasn't going to argue that those were not necessary.

Sonia thinks Kevin's parents (her boyfriend's parents) might be able to help, so I am supposed to call them tonight.

I have a friend at work who is going to college and is studying criminal justice. She is going to ask around the college to see if there is anything she can help with.

The animals are doing fine, they just want a lot of attention.

If you can, once you get paper and pencils, can you start writing out a draft of a letter I can start sending to newspapers and talk shows?

Also, can you write out a list of the different bills that need to be paid every month, and about how much they are so I can put some sort of a budget together.

Hang in there. I love you and will somehow fix this stuff.

Joyce

Hey Mom,

I talked to Ian, Grandma and Grandpa last night. They all send their love and said that they are praying for you. I sent them your address, so you should be hearing from them before long.

I was able to send the Biofeedback Course to Sue.

I talked to Nancy earlier today. She couldn't get a hold of Dr. James until this morning (regarding my diet and health challenges); he will be faxing a letter to the jail today. I will be calling later to make sure they got it and are going to do something about it.

I talked to Chris earlier and she is making some calls. She thinks her dad might know how to set up a tax-free fund, so I am waiting to hear back from her.

I talked to PrePaid Legal Services. They said you would need a Nevada attorney to fight the extradition, but that if it does go to California, we would have to change attorneys.

Stacie should be filing her emancipation papers today.

I found someone who is going to keep the kids' stuff until they get back, so I have been cleaning and packing up their things.

Gerald was talking with one of his neighbors, who knows someone in the Las Vegas newspapers, who could probably get something printed.

Hang in there,

Love you,

Joyce

Hey Mom,

I sent you a couple of books... let me know when you get them.

I just got off the phone with Ian; He said to tell you that they are all praying for you. They have all sent you letters but are not sure you are going to receive them.

Nancy sent you some books...

Lynn has gotten hold of a lawyer; he is supposed to call me tomorrow. You should be hearing from him before long.

Stacie has her car back and just moved to Blake's and Blanche's today. The little ones are not allowed in her car at all, and she is not allowed to go to their school, but at least she can get them some food.

Kevin (Sonia's boyfriend) has been keeping in touch. He said to tell you that Barb (Eugene's sister) emailed him a bunch of B.S., so Kevin just blocked her off of his email address.

The kids have been calling a couple of times every day. They are worried about you and are going to send letters when they can.

I got the rent and the car insurance paid. Amber is going take over paying the bills online, to give me a bit more time to work on other stuff.

Regina left me a message earlier that she had some news, but by the time I got it, it was too late to call her back.

Hang in there. I love you, the kids love you, your family loves you, the animals love you, including Bunches (a cat) who is trying to sit on top of my hand, and your friends love you,

Joyce

Hey Mom...

You should get a bunch of mail... like your biofeedback course; I am sending a couple of pages a day...

I talked to Cheryl, our attorney; she said she was going to come see you.

I talked to Brandon (another attorney); he wants 10 grand, maybe less if I can get some paperwork from the insurance (I had a car accident just prior to being arrested, and we were counting on some money to get me an attorney... it did not happen).

I just put some ads for a roommate on the internet...

Evelyn (my daughter who lives in Florida) is going to try to see you before she returns on Sunday. We'll see if the jail lets her.

The pets are all doing good. The two ferrets now answer to "rats" whenever I let them out. They have no problem attacking humans or cats when they feel like it.

Love,

Joyce

Hey Mom,

I just got off the phone with Sue; you should be hearing from her before long. She has your courses and is getting them up and running.

Nancy sent you some books...

Grandma and Grandpa sent you letters. Let me know if you don't get them, as they are in French and may not pass the mail inspection.

I have an appointment with Wiener (another attorney) next Tuesday; Lynn may come with me.

Nancy is writing to the Judge, the Governor and the Attorney General; she is asking everybody in her church and the QX group to do the same.

Dad was in the emergency room a couple of days ago. I guess he was pretty sick and was having problems breathing. Crystal was in the background, singing the whole time.

Amber is having problems with Dad. He refuses to send her the title for the car... She told him he could come pick up the car anytime he wanted; she was going to buy one without his help.

Lynn's attorney just called me... he is checking on some stuff and is supposed to call me back. He seemed to think it would be an easy case to win.

Hang in there...

Joyce

Hey Mom,

I just got off the phone with Brandon, the lawyer in California. He is supposed to call me back later today with the final cost of hiring his firm. He was bitching that Sonora is the only place that doesn't have online records and that you have to go to the courthouse to pick them up. But they say they will take the case, so I am just waiting to hear back from him.

I also just talked to Cheryl (our family law attorney from Las Vegas). She is going to file an affidavit and what not, because to charge you and me with failure to appear, they need to file a complaint with the bar, because she wasn't there either. So, she is busy working on that.

Tomorrow, I have an appointment with Wiener, so we'll see what he has to say. Lynn is starting up some stuff on the internet to help pay for the lawyer, once we have an idea of how much it is going to be.

I need to go pay Dad's lawyer and get to work. Hopefully, I can get that money back in court.

*Hang in there,
Love,
Joyce*

Hey Mom,

I just picked up another job. I now work at Starbucks in the morning. It is the one in the mall, must be under Maggiano's, so it's easy to work back and forth from one job to the next. It doesn't pay that much but it is some extra money while I look for something better.

It's funny being back in a coffee shop. It's been almost three years since I left Sweet Things. There are a lot of drinks to learn that we did not make at Sweet Things.

It's my first week there and I am pretty much out of training. So, we'll see how that goes.

*Love,
Joyce*

I wrote back to Joyce, to keep her up to date.

April 25, 2006 - Day 8

Hello Joyce,

I just got a visit: Lynn and Jackie. They were of great comfort. I guess Cheryl, once more, was not informed about the hearing that took place.

Jackie is on a war path. She can be of great help. She said you got a second job. Good, but do not exhaust yourself.

I miss waking up with the five cats on the bed...

April 26, 2006 - Day 9

I went to court this morning. My case is # 06F07202X in Department 8.

It reads, "Criminal Complaint"

The State of Nevada, Plaintiff vs Danielle Duperret, Defendant

The Defendant above named having committed the crime of FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE (NRS 179.203, 179.209) in the manner following, to wit: That the said Defendant, on or about the 17th day of April 2006, at and within the County of Clark, State of Nevada, is a Fugitive from Justice, to-wit:

Complainant alleges that on or before the 5th day of April, 2006, the said DANIELLE DUPERRET committed the crime of Child Abduction, in Sonora, County of Tuolumne, State of California, in violation of the Penal Code of said State.

Complainant alleges that said Defendant has been duly and regularly charged in Sonora, County of Tuolumne, State of California, on or about the 5th day of April, 2006, with the Crime of Child Abduction, in violation of the Penal Code of said State and Warrant of Arrest issued out of said State, dated April 5, 2006, being Warrant Number W180290524.

Complainant alleges that said Defendant has fled from justice from the State of California, and is now within the State of Nevada.

All of which is contrary to the form, force and effect of Statutes in such cases made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the State of Nevada.

Said complainant makes this declaration subject to the penalty of perjury.

4/24/06

Notarized

I will try to go to the Legal Library tomorrow to answer these charges. Last week, we were locked in, and I could not go.

I will need several copies of Cheryl's affidavit to file with it.

THANKS SO MUCH FOR THE PICTURES. It was soooo thoughtful.

Some new, really bad characters moved in. They have absolutely no desire to change.

They just want to get out and do it again. No regrets but proud of it. Scary...

Thanks for all you are doing,

Love you,

Mom

May 7, 2006 - Day 21

Hi Joyce,

I guess I'll have to be careful about calling Amber, as each call is about \$3.00. That adds up. It's difficult to be so isolated though. I don't really get along that well with the crew here.

I had a talk with Jim. He is willing to look at the Federal lawsuit I was preparing.

Please email him the folder ASAP. It's found in My documents... Jim wants you to call too.

I heard from Regina that somebody is suing Tuolumne County. It would be interesting to find out why.

...

May 9, 2006 - Day 23

Hello Joyce,

Just got two letters from you. Congratulations on the new jobs.

Here is the information for my bank accounts. Use what's in them to pay the bills.

Sometimes, encouragement comes in strange ways. I am reading a historical novel on

Navy Seals in Vietnan. Here is a quote, "Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph." Thomas Payne

Today was the worst day food wise. I got an orange at 4:00am. We have good guards on Monday and Tuesday: Officer Smith, a female, and Officer Miller, a male. I showed Officer Miller what I was getting, and he told me to come and talk to the nurse, which I did. She remembered reading my request and putting it out for the kitchen. Later, I was taken to the medical ward, as they had received a call from the Consulate. It's not a problem with the physicians. The guy I spoke with today seemed quite knowledgeable. It's the kitchen that does not follow through, and the medical staff has no control over what the kitchen does.

It clearly states NO RICE, NO WHEAT and I got rice and heavily breaded fish and bread for lunch and rice, bread and some other breaded stuff for dinner. The guard said that if I don't get a decent meal tomorrow, he will allow me to contact the Consulate. He wanted me to call the Consulate. Officer Smith has diabetes and she told me she would die if she had to eat the crap we have to.

I am hungry and weak, but my mood is good. I am not going to call too often, as I don't want Amber to go broke. These blood-suckers sure make it expensive.

I don't know if you put money in my account. I am running out. I have been living on sunflower seeds. Things are junk and expensive. Soap is \$1.95 for a small bottle; a notepad is \$0.95; envelopes are \$0.55/each.

Most inmates order some \$80.00 worth of candy bars, Kool-Aid and coffee a week.

I will write a letter to Cheryl. I am glad I have not written yet, as I was SO mad with her, because of you being in jail. She was nice to take the case and hopefully, she will straighten things out.

Tell Ian and my family that although the conditions are not better, my mood is. I mailed him a depressing letter. I got a card from my parents and a letter from Ian. Grandma did not put a return address, so I cannot write her back. Please give me their address.

For the lawyer... there should be about \$10,000 in back child support... see if he can get his hands on it. Eugene should be made to pay these expenses.

Thinking about attorney fees... there is an order from Judge Polley stating that each party must pay for their attorney fees. See if that applies in our case in Nevada.

I am glad to hear that Stacie can get food for the little ones. I heard she was being black mailed by the D.A.

Tell the kids I am ok... but they don't want to get to jail. Tell Sonia especially about this life in jail. I love them and I am sorry I cannot do more to help at this time. They have to be more mature than they should be. Remind them of the movies we watched on the French Resistance, which eventually broke the Nazis' control.

Today, I wrote a 9-page letter to Gloria Allred, a famous feminist lawyer in Los Angeles.

*Love,
Mom*

My family in Switzerland was shocked too, as this letter from my parents, written on **May 8, 2006**, shows:

Very Dear Danielle,

What can we say to encourage you? There are so many bad things happening in this world; we don't know what to think any more. I contacted your classmate Leslie, who contacted all your classmates. We had a family picnic with your godmother. She was outraged at what is happening and called Eugene and America all kinds of names we never heard in her mouth. However, she withstood the shock better than what we feared.

All our friends are in shock. They all think about you and send their moral support. Let Joyce know that her friend Paola is getting married here. She is going to have a little boy in July.

*We hope to get better news soon,
Love, Mom and Dad*

My family and friends were working frantically to turn the situation around. Every hope we had was eventually dashed or fizzled out. Attorneys wanted more money than anybody could afford. The insurance would not release the money before I got out of jail. Newspapers were not interested... and the Court made me pay for child support while I was in jail, against what the father owed me.

Over the months, going on a roller coaster of hope to despair became a nightmare for everybody.

***"I turn and turn in my cell like a fly that doesn't know where to die."
Antonio Gramsci***

CHAPTER 9

SECOND MONTH - CORRESPONDENCE

I was now entering my second month. Still frantic but getting into the jail routine, I kept writing letter after letter. What else was there to do? I spent most of the day on my bunk... that's about twenty-three hours a day, reading novels I did not really enjoy, and playing solitaire, writing my biography and answering letters. The word had spread, and I was getting cards from people from Australia, Canada, Europe and from many US States; this almost constant stream of mail brought much encouragement.

I still thought that my release was imminent. After all, how long could I be kept in jail for not having committed any crime? I worked diligently on the courses I was preparing for the School of BioEnergetic Sciences.

Below are copies of some of the letters that were exchanged, often detailing the conditions in the jail at the time.

5/17/2006 – Day 31

Hello Joyce,

Here is the first of the Biofeedback Course. Do the title the same as in Quantum Naturopathy I. I believe it is Arial rounded 20 and 18.

The rest of the letter is giving my daughter instructions on how to type the questions for the course in Naturopathy I was preparing. I did NOT want to lose my position as the Master Instructor of that school. It had to be prepared precisely, as it was uploaded into a specific program.

The end stated, *"I need out of here. I am back to "regular inmate meals" i.e. breakfast was two tubs of grits, lunch had some kind of breaded something."*

Love, Mom

5/18/2006 – Day 32

Hello Joyce,

Could you put dates in your letters so I know how far backed up they are. I got no mail from Thursday evening until tonight, Wednesday. I got a letter stating you were going to see Wiener and that Suzan was supposed to contact me... and the jokes about airplanes and government.

Linen exchange was the best yet. This guard did not need to peek at our nudity, nor had to search every nook and cranny of our room.

I wrote a "kite". It's the in-jail-mail we use regarding "house arrest." Apparently, it can be costly, but I think anything is better than this. I should get an answer within a week.

When do we/I go to court?

- 1) Family Court. Is Cheryl (our pro bono attorney) going to show up?
- 2) About my extradition thing...

Why does Brandon (another attorney Joyce contacted) think my case is going to be so easy? ... in that corrupt community?

Love,
Mom

05/19/2006 – Day 33

Dear Regina,

I did not receive any mail from Thursday night to Wednesday night of the following week. Joyce said she did not receive anything for a while. So far, I've sent you nine letters I believe, including three stories about Vermont and one about Amy Velasquez. It seems they are quite backed up in the mail department. I think I am going to write longer letters, so they must add postage and I can keep track of them.

I wrote many letters last week to the United Nations, the Governor, the Attorney General, Innocence Project, and more. At times, I feel so weak that writing becomes too much. Also, I wrote one course for Suzan on "The Healing Sun." I am the main instructor in her school... and the school is being stalled because of my detention. She stands to lose a lot of money, as well as the whole school program, as no other instructors can teach my workshops. They are my creations, out of my research and experience.

It's amazing how Eugene has been able to destroy my life so many times, and now has extended his destructiveness to Joyce's dream and Suzan's school.

Thanks for the "basics" in faith. I am all in that "love" stuff, forgetting that Jesus got angry a few times. Maybe I should get angry about the whole mess. When one reads the Psalms, David, a man after God's own heart, was not ashamed of pouring his heart out, telling God about his weaknesses and fears, from which God delivered him. Obviously, David did not read about positive thinking! Also, the blind man who came to Jesus told him "I am blind, I want to see." So... "I am hungry, I want to eat live food, real food..."

I've tried to eat for the sake of eating: it does not work. I feel really sick after. I had good meals over Mothers' Day weekend and one on Tuesday. Since Wednesday, it's been back to unhealthy slop. On Monday, I had potatoes (canned/boiled) with peanut butter and jelly for breakfast, a quarter cup of tuna for lunch and half a cup of tuna for dinner. No lunch or breakfast yesterday and today. I ate about half a cup of food last night.

I admire your boundaries. I am too much of a sucker for sad stories. I think I am getting tougher on that one... with my cellmate. There are people who just do not or cannot get out of their ways and use people and the system to their advantage (even if it is a disadvantage in the long run). Although she is distraught that she might lose custody of her second girl, she is not truly taking steps to keep her. She is a mess. She was raped, molested, beaten, abused... Her dad was in jail; her mom I believe was a prostitute, who abandoned her after getting her started on drugs. She lost her baby boy when she was fifteen or

seventeen; he died soon after birth. She lost custody of her 2-year-old girl and now is losing parental rights of her six-month old girl.

Her boyfriend spent eleven years in prison. The father of baby number three was the son of the Oklahoma bomber, who got sentenced today to eighteen to forty-eight months of prison for assaulting deputies. She wants to dump her boyfriend for a girlfriend here. What a mess...

I order paper and envelopes on a weekly basis. Everything we have has to come from the jail's commissary. Joyce puts money in my account so I can keep purchasing my basic needs. She is such a great kid, working her butt off to keep the house and the pets.

I put in a request for house arrest today. I should hear about it within a week. That would allow me to eat and work.

The Consulate is hiding behind international laws. It's sickening. The welfare of children should come first. Joyce spoke with an attorney here about a Writ of Habeas Corpus. He wanted \$ 10,000.00. I don't know what I am accused of exactly... just that it is costing me a lot, and Joyce and Suzan as well... and the kids... and the pets...

The court does not listen to my children as I have "alienated" them, or so they see it. Evelyn turned eighteen in November 2005. She moved to Florida just before the whole thing unraveled; she wants to work with dolphins there.

I am going to be writing to the attorney I worked for in Switzerland when I was eighteen. How many years ago is that? Let's not go there. Maybe he might know of ways to turn international laws to my advantage. Then, I still have the ACLU to write to... and talk to God. It's quite hard to focus on prayer and especially meditation because of the constant noise at such high decibel levels.

I spent an hour at the legal library this morning, doing research. Ok... I'll write a few pages of "history" and will mail this.

Danielle

Letter from my daughter Sonia, undated

Hey Mom!

Sorry I couldn't send the pictures in my last letter. I had to wait to get my camera so I could take pictures of them. Eugene's been getting mad at me because I've been reading a Thesaurus and a Dictionary, and he gets mad when I use big words.

Eugene has me going to the Moccasin Community Day School.

Me and Kevin had to break up. I guess the D.A. called Kevin's dad and told him a bunch of stuff that Eugene could do to Kevin if he found out. So his dad said we can't see each other anymore. But it was really stupid of me to go out with my best friend.

I want to go home... I hate it here. Are you mad at me for going out with Kevin? I didn't really want to because he was my best friend, but I thought it would be ok because I didn't know that this whole thing was going to happen. I don't know how people can go through more than one break up in their life; it's nothing but a painful mess and makes you lose your friends.

I started writing my own movie. It's about a girl who's had a really bad life and is getting into modeling while working on higher goals. I'm working on writing songs I want to sing and use in the movie. I am also going to use my own fashion line in it too.

Kendrick says "hi" and that he misses you. I miss you too.

I love you, Mom!

Sonia

Letter from my daughter Sonia, undated

Hey Mom!

I just got your first letter today. Stacie was able to come over to Eugene's house for a little while. The address that was on the envelope was Blake and Blanche's. Stacie is living with them now.

It sounds like they run the jail the same way they ran the mental hospital I went to. Eugene's SHACK isn't any better; he runs it like an arm camp/jail. The other day, Eugene got mad at me and Crystal because anytime we go anywhere, we walk at least twenty feet from him, and he said it's embarrassing him. I didn't really want to tell you about all the bad stuff that's going on here because I don't want you to worry. But a normal day here would be getting up at 6:00am, ride the bus for an hour, get out of school at 3:25pm, ride the bus for another hour and get back to the "shack" at 4:30pm, get a really small dinner, take a freezing cold shower, get to sleep around 1:40am (Eugene has the TV on really loud) and do it all over again. On the weekends, we have to clean the house, which turns out into an argument.

He hasn't given the computer back. According to him I DON'T GET MY COMPUTER PRIVILEGES BACK UNTIL I'M 18. Joyce, Evelyn and Stacie have a copy of the letters Barb sent to my boyfriend. I don't really get to talk to Kendrick much because of school and Eugene doesn't let us around Kendrick alone. Kendrick said he really misses you and wants to go home with the cats and Kodo and Podo (his ferrets). I am not allowed to hang out with any of my friends, and I am not allowed to use the phone.

Crystal has been at school a lot, so I don't get to spend much time with her either. Eugene tries to keep us away from each other as much as he can. Eugene is getting mad at me for signing everything as Sonia DUPERRET.

It really hurts that I have to break up with my boyfriend. He was the best and nicest boyfriend I've had. From now on, I am just not going to date. I am just going to work on my school and my career. It would save me from getting hurt and losing my friends. When we all get out of this, we should spend a day at a spa and have some fun.

What do you think of my drawings? The one of me is going to be in a national magazine.

I never wanted to come back here. I hate it. I want my city back. I miss you so much and so does Kendrick.

*We love you Mom!
Sonia and Kendrick*

5/21/06 – Day 35

Dear Regina,

"The Perfect Murder" - The more I think about it, the more I "admire" the plot.

Eugene knows how negatively I react to any meds and how sensitive I am to certain foods. I had two heart attack-like symptoms when we were living at Intake after eating cheese. He refused to take me to the doctor or hospital, although the pain lasted most of the day, and I was scared. He said he was current on his CPR training. I thought I was having a heart attack, as I had not studied food sensitivities symptoms yet.

I had pains for years, sometimes screaming for hours, from what I later learned, was from wheat intolerance. I tried to explain that to the judge, as Kendrick unfortunately inherited part of that sensitivity. Judge Polley did not want to hear it.

Eugene knows that jail food is exactly what I should not have. It will kill me, if they can keep me in there long enough. Eugene had mentioned that he would "cause an accident" to happen to take my life, if I ever came to cross him. I always thought he would do something to the car I was driving. It is so much more Machiavellian than I had thought. Who would ever track it to him? Arrrrgh....

I have survived on oranges and sunflower seeds since Tuesday. I ate a half cup of food yesterday. As for the rest, I react to it. I tried to eat... the familiar pains come back. I prefer to be hungry than in pain.

I mentioned that they had fed me well on Mothers' Day. The Consulate had contacted them. However, it did not last. Anyway, I was able to write quite a bit today. Nancy must have put me back on her energy device.

I don't think there is anything wrong with having weaknesses; we are humans after all, and we all face challenges. If we can alleviate some, the better it is.

Joyce said she would talk with the doctor again. She is such a great kid... so tired though. Keep this "perfect murder" story... It may have some truth in it. I am going to stay strong and fight.

*Love you,
Danielle*

5/22/06 – Day 36

Hello Barbara,

Thank you for your faithfulness at staying in touch with me. I do appreciate all the prayers. God knows I need them.

It seems Joyce has found an attorney from Sacramento who will take my insane case. She is raising money. She is such a great kid. I am so blessed to have her. Maybe you could give her a "double dose" of prayers. She looked so exhausted last time she came. She is working double jobs, taking care of the house and the pets and the court mess.

I have been busy writing to multiple organizations, from the United Nations in Switzerland, to the ACLU, the Governor, the Attorney General, etc. It keeps me busy and time flies faster.

I am getting good at playing "solitaire" with cards, which I had not played since my teenage years. I read books, sleep and wait... What does God have in mind? His word says "All things work together for good..." The sooner, the better.

I am calm and peaceful although somewhat anxious to live again. The three last novels I read were set in San Francisco and Marin County, places I know quite well and enjoyed. Lots of little restaurants...

*Love to you and many blessings,
Danielle*

May 22, 2006 – Day 36

Dear Regina,

Yes, life in jail is very dehumanizing. I understand prison is so much better. In French, there is only one word for both institutions. I am not sure I understand the difference.

I believe most of the guards have control issues. Where else would they be able to exercise so much control but on prisoners? I understand it is a well-paying job too... and they don't have much to do.

I am basically the "bitch in upper 2"; that's the way the guards refer to us. I must say, most guards have been quite nice with me. I have not had one who insulted me yet. I keep to myself most of the time and keep my tongue in my mouth. I don't see the point in questioning them; I don't feel like taking the whole system on.

I just would like some food... Yesterday, the inmates passed a cup around and gave me some of their salad, so I could have something to eat. I have not had a meal since last Tuesday, except for one cup of vegetables for lunch today. Proteins are sorely missing, which is what would stabilize my blood sugar. The guard this morning allowed me to take five oranges back to my cell, which is a real "no-no." The guards are upset at the way the kitchen treats me.

We haven't celebrated Mothers' Day for years... Eugene always had custody of the children on that weekend. We celebrated it on Monday.

We heard a lot of "Happy Mothers' Day" here... what's the point? Many inmates are losing custody.

Joyce wants to type the questions for Sue's course. Would you just re-read them to make sure there are no typos or other errors? It should not take very long. I told Joyce about it. When I worked for the other school, I had a professional editor go through my courses. I did not make many mistakes, mostly punctuation. Thanks.

Marin County is where the whole parental alienation scam started. Not a good court. I even picketed there once. Apparently, Los Angeles puts kids first, but I don't think I would have grounds to move there. Judge Polley would be the one who would have to recuse himself. I've asked him many times, by the refuses. He does not see himself as biased.

I am busy. I've written to the United Nations, the Attorney General, the Governor, the FBI, the U.S. Marshals in Washington and Las Vegas, the ACLU... Joyce was able to send me the biofeedback course. I need to prepare the questions.

My sister-in-law just wrote me the name of an attorney to contact in Switzerland and a reporter in Las Vegas. She would like me to write my biography. Great minds meet. Once I am done sending you pages, you could email them to Ian. He has translated many books from English to French. One of the consuls was going to have it published. Are you finding time to type it?

Ok... enough tonight. Ask me questions about my biography if you think of any... it might perk my memory, which is sometimes blank. I'll work on my life at Intake and then the divorce and then go back to the beginning. I'll make special chapters for the yucky stuff.

*Thanks for staying in touch,
Danielle*

Letter written by Mom and Dad on **May 26, 2006**.

Dearest Danielle,

Thank you so much for all your letters. This is the third one we are sending you; we hope you got the two first ones.

What is happening to you is so unbelievable that nobody can understand it; we are so shocked that such a thing could ever happen to you. Yet, we are so proud of you. Even in your circumstances, you keep your courage: writing letters to the United Nations and to the Embassy proves you are fighting. Ian will write letters in our name to the United Nations as well.

Martine has some ideas as well; she wrote to you to let you know about it.

We just read a story about Swiss prisons. In one little cell, there was a bed, a chair, a table and a TV. In another prison where they had more inmates, five of them would share a cell. We heard that in yet another one, they had to put mattresses on the floor because of an overflow of inmates.

During Ascension Thursday, we went to visit your brother with the parents of his wife. He talked about your case to the Swiss police but was told there was nothing they could do from Switzerland.

Here is the address of a Swiss newspaper...

We are wondering whether alerting the media would be helpful or not.

We are happy that Stacie keeps working at the theatre and that Sonia likes her new school. We are so sad for Crystal and Kendrick; we hope their fate will soon be better.

The weather is terrible here. One day it's 25°C and the next day only 10°C. We are getting tired of it.

*Best and most sincere wishes for you to get out of this predicament soon. In the meantime, we send you many hugs and kisses,
Mom and Dad*

Nancy wrote me a letter, with a card attached saying,

*"If a seed were planted for every time I thought about you, you would have one very big garden.
Love ya," Nancy*

During my jail time, Nancy was traveling with her husband across the United States with their motorhome, to visit her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. She sent me many letters describing her trips. It was a "virtual" trip for me, imagining the scenery she was seeing.

May 26, 2006 – Day 39

Hello Regina,

I am pinching myself... this just in not happening to me. I was just sent to see a psychiatrist. Fortunately, not much came of it; he thought he had gotten my file by mistake.

Was it really? Or are they trying to scare me and shut me up? Am I in the Soviet Union? Did I not finish my past life in the Goulag?

Forty days... I've written so many letters, also asking the "fugitive officer" why I was here and eating oranges and sunflower seeds... Is this how they want to end it? By saying that I am a psycho???

I went to court yesterday. I guess somebody was there from Sonora, telling the judge a demand for extradition had been filed with the governor.

Then Judge Zimmerman told me she had gotten my letter and had forwarded it to Judge Jones, the Family Court Judge. She suggested I write to him to ask him to reconsider my case. It seems it all hangs on him.

Joyce went to court on Tuesday, with Cheryl, our Family Court attorney. Apparently, if an attorney does not show up for a hearing, she stands to lose her license. She argued that she would not have taken such a chance: she was not informed about the court hearing. If she did not know... we did not know, or we would have gone to the hearing.

In the end, Joyce and I should not have been arrested and we don't have to pay the father's attorney fees. Joyce does not have to pay any longer, but she has not gotten what she paid back yet.

Cheryl has three weeks to argue the point. She only got a copy of six of the documents which were filed. If she had gotten the rest, she would have responded to the motions and the judge would not, hopefully, have made his ruling, so the matter would not have gone criminal, and I would not be in jail. She has one month to file a response.

How do you detangle this? Now, there is a criminal case in motion, which should never have gotten started. Even if the judge were to grant me custody of the kids here, I could not get them, since they are in California now.

On the other hand, if the judge sticks to his guns, Cheryl had already prepared an appeal, which would most likely overrule him – he knows it, and it's an election year (so she thinks...).

My brain was overwhelmed last night and I slept soundly.

If any of this makes sense, please explain... Am I getting nuts after all? Too many sunflower seeds?

I got a letter back from Attorney Allred. They say they don't practice in Nevada. I may write them again. I want someone to sue that county, as well as Amy Velasquez. This is personal injury, and attorneys should be able to get paid well. I know it's a difficult case, but if the nut is already partly cracked by another case, why not?

I get mail sporadically. Sometimes I get mail from Switzerland four days after they mail it and from Las Vegas two weeks later.

Love and blessings to you and your family

The oranges here are a pale comparison to yours...

Danielle

Brenda, a dear friend and colleague wrote me many letters. She was also experiencing health challenges during that time, and we would encourage each other.

Ian and Frances (my uncle and aunt in Switzerland) kept writing and encouraging me. This letter was written on **May 28, 2006.**

Dear Danielle,

We got your last letter of May 20, as well as several others. As always, we are happy to hear from you, but saddened that the news is not better. We keep thinking about you with all our heart. We all need to see brighter days for you.

Last Sunday, we had lunch with your parents and we gave them the letter you wrote to them. They had received one as well, which we read with great attention. The worry your parents have for you can be seen on their faces, as you can imagine. They are trying to survive these particularly distressing and worrisome circumstances. We believe it helped them to be able to talk.

We sent the letter addressed to the attorney you worked for, and we are in the process of crafting a document for the High Court of the United Nations regarding Human Rights Violations exposing your case as briefly as possible, begging them to intervene with all the means at their disposal.

We took note that the best support you have right now is Joyce, your dear daughter, who is working and networking on your behalf. We pray that her efforts will soon be rewarded.

Your information on diet and nutrition was interesting and quite fascinating. We could not have imagined the disruptions that you have experienced for years and how they affected your digestive and cardiac systems, creating so many allergies.

The conditions in the jail are far from what we had imagined, especially concerning the “outside yard.” It is actually quite in line from what we imagine about the United States, but at the same time, that deprivation of sun and fresh air, which are fundamental rights for us, is particularly shocking.

Danielle, we do worry about a justice system that functions the way you described it. We would recommend that you use the utmost care in the way you express yourself, both orally and in writing. You absolutely don’t want anyone to think that you are trying to provoke anything or whatever they want to misinterpret. When facing such a “machine”, you have to moderate your reactions, as understandable and righteous they are. It’s an advice from us all, including your parents, so that the judgment against you might not be too severe. We must say that we do understand your revolt (which we share), but to get out of this as best as possible, you may need to “lay low.” You probably already know this, but if we mention it, it is because we want to encourage you to because it is quite evident that containing feelings of injustice is very, very difficult.

“HOPE!

*Even though you are feeling the exhaustion,
Even though victory seems to elude you,
Even though a mistake is costing you a lot,
Even though a betrayal hurts you,
Even though an illusion is waning away,
Even though pain burns your eyes,
Even though your efforts are ignored,
Even though ungratefulness is your pay,
Even though lack of understand smothers your laugh,
Even though everything looks like nothing,
HOPE!”*

This text was written by Brazilian mothers, gathering each week in Buenos Aires to demand to know what happened to their children. We will close with the above words, hoping ourselves that you will be able to meditate on them, while breathing a little easier,

*With much love,
Ian and Frances*

May 30, 2006 – Day 44

Hello Brenda,

I just got the card and three-page letter you wrote on the 27th. Mail is quite uncertain here. I have yet to receive letters Joyce posted 2-3 weeks ago, and a book got lost in transit through the jail.

Joyce came to visit again tonight. She was so exhausted that she fell asleep in the cubicle before the visit started. She said she would take a three-week vacation just to sleep when this is over. She has not been able to find roommates yet, so the whole burden of the house payment and utilities fell on her. She has to more than double her regular income but, as usual, she is stepping up to the plate.

Joyce knows the name of the attorney in Sacramento. It's a big well-known firm I believe. All I know is the first name of the attorney. Maybe if the QX group, especially Gill, with his credentials, could speak with him, it would be good.

Eugene is frightening some of his neighbors who are trying to be kind to the kids. They will not testify, as he has been stalking them. The D.A. in Sonora is blackmailing another family who was friend was my daughter Sonia. It's insane!

I miss my kids tonight and wish I could hug them. The father forced Sonia's friend to drop her, and she is now alone. Please pray for strength for her. He has done some nasty things to her.

As my family in Switzerland mentioned, attorneys here are insanely expensive... don't worry about helping financially, not everyone can. I truly enjoy receiving your cards and letters.

I am keeping up with my letter campaign... my family in Switzerland is also looking at what they can do with human rights groups. This situation is so insane.

I went to court on Thursday and Sonora is asking Nevada to keep me in jail for another sixty days before being transferred there. Apparently, the Governor has to sign for my transfer. However, the whole mess is due to Eugene's attorney not letting our attorney know of court dates and motions. There would not be a criminal case and I would not be in jail if things had been done right. Now, there is a criminal case, a very costly one, which has a life of its own, and not really a leg to stand on.

You had three Alaskan Malamutes??? How were they? I love these dogs. After seeing the movie "Eight Below" (excellent), I went on the internet to look for one. The only thing I read was not very encouraging: they needed a 6-foot-high solid fence or they would run away. If you took them into the house, they would destroy everything. Did you have that experience?

We once had an Airedale who was like that. I don't want to repeat the experience. Anyway, I found an abandoned 5-month-old Shepherd a couple of weeks before my arrest. I could not resist adopting her and I miss our morning walks.

You are not allowed to send anything but letters and cards. I think a snapshot would be ok. No stickers on letters (I am surprised they did not cut your address sticker out), and no glitter. Just one snapshot would be ok... We are not allowed many pictures.

*Say hello to everyone, Blessings to you,
Danielle*

Corrie sent me a pretty card with soaring eagles on June 3, 2006. She is going through legal abuse as well. She lost her children to a child molester/abuser. I attended her 3-day trial. It was beyond unbelievable. She had medical records showing her daughter had been molested, somebody from the D.A.'s office testified that the father had molested his daughter (they could not prosecute for reasons I don't remember). Two of the children's therapists stated that the father had molested the girls. Two experts in domestic violence and child abuse testified that it was not a good idea to give custody to such a father. The brother, who ran away from the abuse at age 17, testified that his father spent a lot of time in his sister's bedroom. Results? The judge gave the father full custody; the mother got supervised visitation! In her card, she wrote, "I have been in heavy litigation. My daughter was arrested for violating the court order for therapy + so was her father. Father is being criminally prosecuted but family court blamed me (for enforcing order as instructed by DA) + terminated all my contact w/kids permanently..."

Her card contained a flyer entitled *"Judges illegally change custody at ex-parte hearings! Judges are committing state and federal crimes! – Did this happen to you?"* I did lose my children at an ex parte hearing. It is a violation of civil rights and a lack of due process. I was supposed to respond to the flyer... but I only received it when I got out of jail.

Corrie has been relentless and successful at having laws changed. Unfortunately, judges do not follow the law... so what's the point? I admire her persistence. The father of her children successfully alienated her daughters from her. They did not want to be with her, yet she kept fighting to protect them from the continued molestation.

I received a card with flowers sent on June 3, 2006, by Sherrie, an actress, friend of my children, whom I had spent a week visiting with in Vista, CA. It was another encouraging note, *"The deeper sorrow carves into your being – the more joy you can contain (by Kahlil Gibran)"* and letting me know that she had met with one of my kids *"a beautiful, smiling young woman with one inch long magenta hair"...*

Stacie had cut off her long hair and had spiked it. When I saw her in court months later, I had a hard time recognizing her. She looked so mature and very cute with her new hairstyle.

I received an unexpected letter from somebody I may have met when I was a young child. The letters I kept receiving kept me busy, as I answered each one of them... they kept me alive. Somebody was thinking about me.

Dear Danielle,

I am the sister-in-law of Ian, the wife of Jack. I am Fran F. Ian and Frances have kept us informed about your situation for a while. We are very sad about what's happening to you and your children. We sympathize with you and would like to be able to do something, but what?

I believe it would be very good if you were to write what happened to you during your marriage (just a suggestion). According to Ian, you have an incredible moral strength. Put it to good use. I realize it's easy to give advice from the outside but try to focus so you can keep a cool head and get very clear ideas, even if it's not easy.

I hope that you are recovering some physical strength. If you would like to write to me, please do so. It would be my pleasure to write back and to get to know you better.

We will be staying in southern France until June 20th, so it would be better if you were to write to me at my Swiss address...

Your situation interests us, as you are part of the family. Hoping to hear from you soon,

All my affection,

Fran and Jack

June 3, 2006 – Day 48

I felt the need to somewhat keep up with my outside daily list of "things to do", and maybe help my daughter with the many added chores to her already busy program.

Hello Joyce,

More stuff to remember:

Mail: Did you close the P.O. Box? There is no need to keep it.

Insurance: Car

I think I already mentioned it. June 1 is the last of the four payments which will last until September 1. It's better to have some kind of insurance if you use the car, than none at all.

Lone Star Restaurant

I want a sweet potato with LOTS of butter and a steak at Lone Star so bad! January, my cellmate, used to work there on Oakey and Decatur, when they had buckets of peanuts, and you could throw the shells on the floor. Did you know about it?

Writ of Habeas Corpus: Check with Cheryl

I have not heard anything about it and prepared a letter today to the county clerk. An attorney can check about it too. It was sent to:

Shirley Paraguire, County Clerk, P.O. Box 551601, Las Vegas, NV 89155, and to

David Roger, D.A., 200 S. 3rd St., Las Vegas, NV 89101

I am mailing you some of the mail I got... juts put it somewhere; leave it in the envelope. We may have a "shake down" i.e. stand naked in the rec room, while they tear our rooms and stuff apart. Having more than fifteen pictures and letters gets them confiscated.

We are on seventy-two hours lock-down. We don't even come out for meals and NO showers. It's going to be a stampede when we get out. Apparently, someone slit their throat... check the papers.

I am mailing you an envelope with letters for the little ones today and another one with letters to organizations tomorrow.

Love ya – miss ya

Mom

June 3, 2006 – Day 48

Hello Joyce,

I don't know what's going on, neither when I will see you again. Apparently, we are locked down for seven days; visiting hours have changed, and we cannot even get hygienic pads until Monday. I am glad I don't have my periods.

Mail:

- *I didn't get anything from you this week. The last Biofeedback I received was page 213*
- *I still have not located the book on water*
- *I receive one letter from Regina last week – none this week*
- *I got one letter from grandma/grandpa this week*
- *I got one letter from Sonia, but not her artwork*
- *I got one letter from Nancy and one from Barbara this week*
- *Check § 1983 – About suing a county*
- *I was finally able to go back for an hour to the legal library to do some more research*
- *Judges and D.A.s have full legal immunity EVEN if you can prove corruption and if the D.A. chooses to attack you without cause! THIS IS ROTTEN! They can do whatever to whomever and not suffer any consequences.*
- *That's obviously closer to a dictatorial regime!*

Food: *If I don't get sunflower seeds by Monday, I'll be on I.V. by the end of the week. I had a "meal" with fish on Wednesday or Thursday, but nothing much since; peanut butter and potato or rice. Today, nothing for breakfast. Lunch consisted of bread, unsalted sliced boiled canned potatoes, canned apple sauce and some canned green beans. I ate the third of a cup of green beans.*

Fugitive Status: *Not much answer from the fugitive officer. He says I have to ask the detective in CA, i.e. Marty Knight or Mike Knowles.*

Books: *Still reading these novels... one was about cops... how they will not squeal on each other even in blunt corruption, for fear of losing their job... unlike Swiss cops who put integrity first (as per my brother). It was quite enlightening.*

Sun: *No more rays of sun in our room. It stays dark almost all day.*

Cheryl: *The direct # to contact to speak with me is ... That's to set up an appointment, I think.*

Insurance payback: where is it at?

You: I am worried... you look so tired. Should we think about giving up the house? It hurts, but you are more important. Maybe the animals could find shelter in Pahrump for a while. I don't want to lose them.

Courses: Let me know what's going on with Suzan. I will keep preparing courses for my own benefit. I could open my own "religious" school, since I have a certificate as a Reverend.

Of course, let me know about the "little" ones. I only get mail from Sonia. Is Stacie upset with me or just wants to forget the whole thing? I am glad Evelyn called you. What a shitty childhood. I hope you kids will stay in contact with each other and not let Eugene separate you forever.

Please forward the attached letters. Thanks.

*Love ya,
Mom*

On the same day, I wrote a letter to the **American Psychology Association.**

Re: Richard Gardner Strikes again

To whom it may concern,

It is amazing to me how a dead man, Richard Gardner, with such a far-fetched theory as his Parental Alienation Syndrome, can still be so powerful and relentless with his attacks against protective parents, mostly women.

Even more amazing is the fact that NO ONE is standing in the gap, redressing the evil he spread. I should not say no one, as I know of several groups who are, as books have been written, conferences held... yet it has changed very little.

I have witnessed friends losing their children, although there was plenty of evidence that the children were molested by an abusive parent. Judges relentlessly gave custody to parents (mostly men) who had raped, molested, sodomized and battered their children, while the protective parent, usually the mother, was ruined, driven out of her home and sometimes incarcerated.

Yet I never thought it would happen to me and my children. I now find myself detained in a jail in Las Vegas, NV - on false charges - having lost my practice for the fourth time, thanks to unjust court orders.

I wrote to you already regarding the report of Amy Velasquez in Merced, whose evaluation was based on "documents she received in an unmarked envelope," two hours of interview with the parents, and seventeen minutes with each child. No witness was interviewed. She refused to consider that there was domestic violence during the marriage, the reason for which I filed for divorce.

She preferred to state in her report that I was making the children "live in tents" (she mentioned it seven times in her thirteen-page report) - the truth is we went camping for three weekends. She stated that "I was dragging the children to Marin County" - the truth is we were visiting their sister, relaxing at the beach, hiking trails and going to Marine World. She stated I was making the children stay all day in the van while seeing my patients - the truth is I had no clients yet. She ended by stating that it was clear that I was alienating the children, never once mentioning all the abuse the children were subjected to by their father.

Apparently, she is well known in Merced for decimating families and forcing children to live with their abuser.

Then I wrote to you about Steven Carmichael, in Modesto, also an evaluator in our case. He seemed to worship Amy Velasquez. Although his report noted that the father had an extremely abusive childhood, that he beat up the kids, killed their pets, did not know how to relate to them, humiliated them, etc. His conclusion was that the reason they did not want to visit their father was because I was such a strong alienating force.

How can that be? Children, especially teenagers, are not that dumb. When they are hungry (because the father does not feed them), when they see their siblings beaten, choked and thrown against walls, when they are humiliated time and again in front of friends and peers, the mother's "strong alienating force" has nothing to do with it.

It got worse. The children were forced to go spend Christmas with the father's family in Florida. They did not know them, but learned from a cousin that the reason their aunt was not talking with their father was because he had molested and raped her for eight years, the last episode being when she was eleven years old, and he was twenty years old.

Trying to be helpful, she informed the judge, the D.A., the Sheriff and Child Welfare Services in Sonora. When I realized I had married a child molester/rapist and was constantly dragged to court in an unceasing custody battle, my heart gave up and I was taken to the emergency room in Sonora, California, where the medical doctor strongly advised that I should rest.

My children realized I was powerless to protect them and now my health was faulting. They ran away to protect themselves. Eventually, they were blackmailed and lied to by an assistant of the D.A. and were returned to the father's full custody in October 2005.

When they ran away, I moved to Las Vegas, to rest with my two oldest daughters, per the doctor's recommendation.

Things got worse. My 15-year-old got into a serious argument with her father. She called 9.1.1. The cops came. The father spoke with them... and they handcuffed her and took her to the local hospital. She was transferred to a mental hospital, where only the perp was allowed to speak to her and visit her. He threatened to put the 13-year-old there as well, and to have the 17-year-old put in Juvie for trying to visit her sister.

Eventually, they ran away again and came to Las Vegas to be with their siblings. An attorney filed all the required forms and notified the authorities.

I rented a nice, large house in a peaceful area. The kids each had their room. We were re-united, mother, younger siblings, older siblings and pets. The kids quieted down. They were eating nutritious meals and stopped being sick. They were thrilled to have their pets again. They started to be able to concentrate on their schoolwork again. We were waiting for a hearing.

On April 17, 2006, U.S. Marshals stormed our home and arrested us. The younger children went to a "Safe Haven" and were returned to the custody of the abusive father. My oldest daughter (23-year-old) and I were put in jail. She spent four days there because she did not show up at a hearing she had no idea was taking place. I am still in jail, having lost my clientele for the fourth time.

I am accused of being a fugitive from justice from California for child abduction, neither which I did.

My 17-year-old is being blackmailed by the D.A. into submitting to her father's control (or else she and her siblings will go to Juvie). The parents of a friend of the 15-year-old are being blackmailed, as they wanted to help her. Witnesses are afraid of the D.A. and the father.

I am not the only mother rotting in jail (almost literally) because I tried to protect my children. WHEN IS SOMEONE GOING TO DO SOMETHING TO PROTECT OUR CHILDREN?

Child Welfare Services are not - they have plenty of reports that my kids are being abused. Women's shelters are not - they don't get involved in litigations.

I would appreciate it if you would get involved and stop the "merchandising of children at the hands of family courts."

Please address any mail to my residence, as I don't know when I will be transferred.

Thank you for looking into this matter quickly.

Respectfully,
Danielle J. Duperret, PhD

June 5, 2006 - Day 49

Hello Joyce,
Please mail these letters... you'll find the address on my computer.
Nothing to eat today, but I got sunflower seeds. We have been on lockdown since Friday...
potentially until next Friday. A guard is worried about me, as I have lost so much weight, and I am weak.
She put me on sick call, so I should see a doctor soon. She wants me to be on I.V.
Love ya,
Mom

On the same day, I wrote a letter to my physician and mentor, explaining the situation. Here is an excerpt:

... So, the insanity continues. I had started a practice again in Las Vegas and had interesting clients, who were happy to pay me. I had my kids, my pets, a beautiful home, was treasurer of an international networking group and was working for a new school of quantum naturopathy.

All was so wonderful, just like the ending of the book of Job... and I lost it all again!

I am a bit stunned, but OK. I have been able to teach the Tapping Techniques to my cellmate, who is here for the seventh time. She says it's her last time... we'll see. It's like a social club, where most inmates know each other from previous stays.

I wonder about "choice." Most of these girls were abused and grew up in families who regularly spent time in jail. She has three children - she is 25-years old - all conceived with other convicts. She did not realize there was another side to life. Now, will she be strong enough to move to the other side?

It's a very abusive environment. Most guards are verbally abusive and seem to have control issues. Our sleep is constantly disturbed, and the food is way below dismal. Little sleep, little food and abuse make for very unhappy inmates, which leads to riots.

I am amazed... I stay calm and relaxed. It's just so totally out of control... the only thing I can do is wait...

I hold onto the hope that there is some purpose to all this non-sense. Without that hope, there would not be much to live for.

Just keeping in touch so you know what's happening...

Danielle

On the same day, I wrote to **Amnesty International**, about being "Falsely accused and incarcerated." I got no answer. Once out of jail, I contacted multiple offices of Amnesty in the United States and in Switzerland. They kept passing the ball to another office. Nobody wanted to touch the case.

Letter from Sonia - June 11, 2006

Hey Mom,

I am so bored right now. I really, really hate this place. I can't do anything. I am not allowed to hang out with any of my friends or talk to them on the phone and I don't have any friends from the

school. This morning, we got in trouble for watching "Charmed." All three of us have been getting sick lately. We never get food. I've been reading a lot of books lately. I am reading one on World Geography and Cultures, Earth Science, Latina Beauties, fashion magazines, three dictionaries, two books on Spanish and my driver's ed. I work out every day and try to jog two to three miles. I am still working on my movie and writing songs.

How do you like my cat-woman drawing? Eugene has the married lady down the street taking care of us. She drives us up to the school for summer school.

I am going to see if I can have Joyce send my modeling book down here so I can send some letters to Modeling Agencies, to see if I can get something going so when we get back home, I can start modeling. I am not going to let Eugene find out any of it. He doesn't even know about the art thing I entered. Stacie gets me some fashion magazines so I can stay up to date with what's going on in the fashion world. I have to hide them because I am not supposed to have things to do with the outside world. I am going to put our home address in Vegas for the return address on the envelope that I sent to modeling agencies.

I love you and miss you a lot,
Sonia

I received beautiful colorful postcards sent on June 6, 2006, from cousin Josie from Australia. Colors and beauty were important in this dreadful cage I was locked in. In Las Vegas, we were allowed to get cards. However, in Tuolumne County jail, no cards were allowed... just simple letters.

June 12, 2006 – Day 57

Hello Brenda,

Thank you for your faithfulness. I appreciate all the cards and messages and prayers.

Today, I feel quite frustrated, starting my ninth week of detention... all for wrongful charges.

My children and friends are trying to raise money to defend me from something I did not do... It's so wrong. My children having to live with their abusive father... It is so wrong.

The way people are treated in jail... it is so wrong.

I am like David, wondering why the wicked prosper.

My mood is still good, although I am physically weak. I probably lost twenty pounds. Being stuck in an eight by ten cell most of the time, with no fresh air and no sunshine, just waiting, is not conducive to optimal health.

I've got a new cell mate. She is pregnant with twins. She has already had four children, all given up for adoption. This is such a strange life. Most of these gals have had little in their life, and their whole world revolves around jail.

Do take good care of yourself.

With Love,

Danielle

Got a letter from my best friend in High School written on **June 13, 2006**; my mom knew she was in contact with me and called her.

Dear Danielle,

The phone call from your mother and your letter left me in shock. I am so sad to know you are in jail.

You **MUST** keep a good attitude and you **MUST** trust; your children need you. It's a true battle that you have been called to fight and you must stay strong. As you asked, I sent an email to the attorneys and people in power from our class, explaining what was happening to you. I am waiting for a response from them and told them to contact your mother, should they need any more details. I have no idea whether they will be able to help, but I hope they will respond quickly. I did not want to wait to write to you though... I'll let you know as soon as possible.

*As for you, please let me know as soon as there is any change. Could you get bailed out?
Hugs and much courage,
Leslie*

June 13, 2006 - Day 58

I wrote a letter summarizing the situation to an attorney I had met during Corrie's trial. I had kept him abreast of my situation... and wanted to know if he had any idea on how to get me out of this mess. I told him about Sonia being put in a mental institution, the threats, the runaways, the court hearings being continued, the father getting three ex-parte hearings, which our attorney had no idea about, the US Marshals arresting us, losing my clients once more, the D.A.'s threats, Eugene frightening neighbors, etc... I gave him contact numbers... but he was all too acquainted with these cases already. There was not much he could do.

On the same day, I wrote to a psychologist I had met and taken classes from regarding the proper way to conduct a custody evaluation. She had met with the children and had written a report for the court... but it was not taken into consideration. She was not one of the "court appointees." Here are a few paragraphs from the letter I wrote:

Jail is a strange world... a social club of some sort. Most inmates have been in jail numerous times, their family, friends, etc... come from a jail or prison background. My cellmate is pregnant with twins, which she will have in prison. She already had four children, all given up for adoption.

What surprises me is that there is no remorse for their crime. It's all about bad cops, stupid judges and incompetent attorneys. They want out of jail to go right back to their lives... and not get caught the next time. One inmate used to make a lot of money forging checks... yet lived in her car.

I am locked in the maximum-security side of the jail, with thieves and murderers, who are quite normal looking people. Some problems arise sometimes among gang members. Most guards have major control issues and verbal abuse is a daily occurrence.

I hope there is some purpose to this madness...

June 15, 2006... a letter from my parents

A great big hello,

Our latest letters crossed in the mail. We tried to contact Joyce, but as you mentioned, it's difficult to get her, as she works so many hours. She truly is a wonderful daughter.

We had a family picnic, and everybody is outraged at what is happening to you. Your brother is going to write to you soon.

We hope that you will soon have an attorney who will be able to defend you and who will explain the problems the children were having with their father. I told Leslie she could come and read the letters you are sending.

*With love,
Mom and Dad*

Letter from Crystal - June 15, 2006

Hi Mom,

I miss you so much, it's hard not seeing you every day. I've past the 7th grade and will go into 8th grade when school starts again... so much for taking the S.A.T at 15. Nothing has changed here; it's the same. I was starting to get sick last week, so I bought throat lozenges and put the cream you gave me last time as my throat was itchy, but it's not the same when I can't go to you. I got some ear drops from Aurelia's mom because my ear hurt. I am better now.

I was mad that school ended, as much as I hated being asked out or people thinking they are the only ones who have ever had a bad thing happen to them. It was the only time I got to leave here plus I got to tell the students that I got to run away and see their faces drop.

When I am here, I am normally at the pool with Aurelia. Evelyn came today and surprised us. It was great; we all miss seeing our family. It is weird when people say that they wish they could never see their family again, they really don't know what it's like to not see them every day or not know what they are doing. Evelyn told Eugene that we were going to the movies tomorrow. After two hours of arguing, he said yes. I am sure he will have somebody follow us, but all that matters is that we can see each other for a little while.

It's strange when you want to do so much in life but can't do ANYTHING. Someday, we will be out of this, and we will laugh all day.

I have a baby-sitting job for the summer. I get paid \$20.00 a day plus tips if I get them to do their chores and homework, so I make about \$100.00 a week. I will send it to Joyce to try and help with what I can. I know it's not even a fraction of what she needs but I don't have anything better to do with it, so I'll try to help.

I've written so many letters to you, but I just forget to give them to Stacie when she comes. I will make sure this one gets to you.

We all MISS you and LOVE you so much, it's hard to think of anything else. Aurelia helps me get my mind on something else than reality.

I love you,

Love,

Crystal

PS: I will see you very soon. Try to stay well and be safe. Write to me. Crystal

I received a card and letter from Nancy, with a penguin extending its arms to the side and saying, "Few things are worse than being in a hug position with no one to hug. Miss you. Love Ya!" Nancy.

My wonderful family, friends and colleagues kept me alive, one day at a time. I wrote one to three letters a day, often repeating the same events to different people. As I was writing, I was also using some of the therapeutic tools I had learned during my years of studying. Without them, I wonder how I would have fared.

Although I did not get much comfort from the novels I was reading, I used them to look for "treasures of language." I copied pages after pages of how the authors used the English language in surprising ways to make the reading interesting. English is not my first language (French is), so it was like going to school and learning a language... in a somewhat different way. I alternated my reading between crime and romance. Science fiction and horror held no inkling of interest to me. Once in a while, I would find a historical novel. By far, the best book I read was about the conquest of Mt. Everest. The persistence of the people who climbed it and the suffering they endured to conquer it greatly motivated me to "keep on keeping on."

"After several months' confinement the thoughts of the busy world grow faint, and all the poor prisoners can do is to sit and ponder over their hopeless fate."

Nellie Bly

CHAPTER 10

THIRD MONTH - ROUTINE SETS IN

Something changed during that third month. I became a zombie. I was just following the motions of life, not feeling much. I had always wondered how people could stay in jail or prison for years without getting crazy. I got my answer: after a few months, they turned numb.

I had taught goal setting workshops, and I set daily goals to help me survive the day. I would:

- write a couple of letters and part of my biography;
- read about a book a day depending on its length, taking notes of the language used;
- work on the courses I was preparing for the School of Energetic Sciences when I received the books I needed;
- play solitaire once or twice a day, until I won the game;
- when I had the energy, do some Chi Gong exercises;
- use some of my training, such as imagery, tapping techniques and mind focusing games. I got to experience which techniques worked under dire circumstances, and which ones let me down.

June 20, 2006 - Day 65

Hello Regina,

Today was a rough day. It started this morning with an inmate having to strip, because she tried to hide an orange in her bra to take back to her room. She seems to be always hungry, as she gobbles down everything that is left on other trays. We had to head back to our cells before we had time to finish our breakfast. She was finishing a sandwich and had to throw it in the trash... as well as the orange.

Then this afternoon, three sergeants wanted to fix my food problems, as guards were worried about how skinny and weak I had gotten. They took me back to the MD (I had not asked for it) and the physician said, "I already told you we could not accommodate your food preferences." End of conversation. If I don't want to eat what is on the tray, it's my choice. When I eat, I get bad cramps and diarrhea... food poisoning. Most inmates complain about that too.

Then later in the day, after being locked down all afternoon, the guards ordered a young inmate c(African American), in her early twenties, to move to a different cell. I don't know exactly why, but she

was sobbing about it. She did not come out for dinner and two guards went to get her. She was fighting and screaming, and pretty soon, she was in the middle of the dining room floor, on her belly, her arms and legs tied back and her head compressed to the floor, held by her hair. As she was surrounded by some fifty male guards, a net was placed over her head and she was strapped into a type of wheelchair. We had to stand up and turn towards the wall, so we would not witness too much of the scene. Most of the inmates did not get to eat their dinner and we had to get back to our cells.

I usually take the label off my tray to circle what I was given and what I ate. A guard and a helper had asked me to do this. I had the label taped to my chest, as usual, when one guard came and ripped it off. I tried to explain that I was supposed to keep it, to which he answered, "No, you don't."

Several sergeants asked me why I was here and why I was fighting extradition. As I tried to explain, they would roll their eyes, "Another of these inmates who thinks she is innocent."

I usually keep up my good mood but feel like crying for this young girl who was so rudely handled this afternoon. She had asked for months that her food be adjusted to her needs, but it never was, and she snapped. When I first met her, she had pain in one ovary and was worried because the other ovary was starting to hurt, and nothing was being done. Eventually, three weeks later, surgery was performed, and a cyst was removed. Time after time, she would ask for different food, but did not get it. She was sweet and collected food for me from several inmates when there was something I could eat.

I spent quite some time studying how food affects moods and the brain. It's plainly evident that the food that is served here doesn't sustain mood, nor pregnancies.

A sergeant just told me that I would spend the rest of my life in prison if I refused to be extradited. I would be released after ninety days, and would be booked right back again, for another ninety days, and so on...

Well, I just got Joyce's visit, and it brightened things up. She finally was able to get a hold of Jackie and is getting some directions.

I am sooooo ready to get out of here...

...

We got out of lockdown for a little while... long enough for me to take a shower and call Amber. I also prayed with some inmates about the girl who got beaten up by the guards. One inmate saw it all and saw one guard banging her head against the wall. When she was on the floor, the guard who held her head pulled hand full of hair. It was ugly and we were quite bummed.

I'll go to sleep with Joyce's better news. Apparently, Jackie is writing articles on the bad conditions in prisons. Here, the girls are happy to move to prison; it is supposed to be heaven compared to this hell hole.

I really don't care to find out but will help Jackie in all I can to expose the abuse.

The letter to the ACLU came back as having the wrong address. It does not. Attorney Allred is not interested. I wrote her two letters, but I am not sure she even read them. Her answer shows she was not informed of the content. The letter to Innocence Project in Salt Lake came back as having the wrong address. Innocence Project in Los Angeles does not deal with inmates.

Many doors are slamming in my face... but I'll keep going.

I am going to read a bit, then relax and maybe sleep. This guard wakes us up around 3:45am. Sometimes, like yesterday, inmates carry on until 1:30am... it does not give us much time to rest.

Take care of yourself, eat for health,

With love,

Danielle

Excerpts from a letter written by my youngest brother, on **June 24, 2006**

Hello Lil' Sister,

Thanks for your letter... It's very hard for me to write to you in these circumstances. I have a holy horror of injustice... maybe that's why I went into the police force. To know that you are in jail because

you were protecting your children from an abuser is revolting. This kind of "justice" does not happen here. I realized not everything is a bed of roses, but we do have limits on corruption.

Our jails and prisons are overpopulated as well. We have two to four times the number of inmates they should hold. Guards are quite upset too, because work conditions are hard. Not enough guards for the number of prisoners. I visited a jail about twenty years ago. I remember that there was one menu, but that the diet of people was respected: some were vegetarians; Muslims did not eat pork, etc.

I did not realize you had so many digestive problems... and I can understand how you could see what they are doing to you as being the perfect murder. However, I also know that you are very strong, and that even if you only have oranges and sunflower seeds to eat, you can do it. I sure would like to hear that your life is turning for the better and that you are reunited with your children.

It's also good that you work at motivating your cellmate to get a better life. Say hello to her from a cop in Switzerland. Tell her there are some good ones.

*Keep courage, hugs and kisses,
Cary and family*

Sonia wrote on **July 8, 2006**

Hi Mom!

Evelyn came here the other day (on the 16th). She and Eugene got into a three-hour argument on his front deck. She brought some food, so we got to eat something. We had to have supervised visitation with Evelyn. When she wanted to take us to the movies, Eugene asked his boss and his boss's wife to take us and watch us.

I read the letter to Kendrick that you sent him. He drew the picture for you, and I wrote exactly what he told me to write. I didn't change it in any way.

Eugene has been using my computer for his own personal use. He put an account for himself on it and put tons of blocks on it, so I couldn't do anything with it. When he gave it back to me, I took it to Blake and he fixed it, and put wireless internet on it.

Everything I eat here makes me sick and I hate feeling so damn sick all the time. I want to be able to do something that doesn't make me feel so dead (like moving out of his place forever) or just normal things. I should be able to get my driver's permit in two weeks. I'm still working on my modeling. I've been watching the first season of "America's Next Top Model" and learning some stuff from it.

Amber came down here a couple of days ago; we didn't do that much, we just got to hang out for a little while.

Kendrick picked up a stray dog and Eugene hates it.

I really want to go back home.

I miss you and love you a lot!

Sonia

July 11, 2006 - Day 86

Hello Regina,

I finally finished what I had to say about the time we spent at Intake, the worst part of my life, which lasted six and a half years! I followed your recommendations and just wrote... I did not even re-read it. It is still quite stressful. I'll edit it later.

It's difficult to put words on emotions for me. I am a kinesthetic person and can feel the emotions. I could put them into a dance if I had choreographic skills, but words, especially in English, do not flow well. I cannot write it in French either; how can I relate this horror in my native language? I don't think it would have happened had I been with a French-speaking guy. I had one of the highest IQ in Switzerland; here, I was the dumb foreign housewife. I treated myself totally differently in my country: I had boundaries and did not allow abuse.

It's amazing. I have been fasting for five days now, on water and squeezed oranges, and I am full of energy yet peaceful tonight. I just spent half an hour walking (on concrete) in the so-called "yard room;" I had not been able to do so for a while. I usually spend between twenty-two and twenty-three hours sitting or lying down on my bunk. What a life for an active person.

Joyce told me that two of our cats had to be taken to the hospital. The fluffy, favorite of Kendrick and Joyce did not make it. It seems he died of food poisoning. The other one is home, weak but recovering. I will miss Nikki... he was the baby, the ragdoll, with a very small voice and big blue eyes.

Joyce has not been able to work because she has such a toothache. Her whole jaw is swollen and she cannot speak well. She lives on Ibuprofen as she cannot afford the dentist. That is not the first time it has happened to her. She expects to have to pull all her teeth out in the not-too-distant future. Her teeth started to crumble after we left Intake, where we had so little sunshine. Evelyn has the same problem of crumbling teeth, and Amber has strong teeth with hardly any cavity. Different genetics...

I was bummed last Thursday, and felt like fasting, which I started on Friday. I don't even feel like eating any of my sunflower seeds, and obviously not the disgusting slop we are served. Inmates give me their oranges against my tray. It helps.

I don't know what to do about the "fear factor." Corelia, who lives in the same town as Eugene, knows what's happening. She will not testify because Eugene has been stalking her and her family. Her husband works with Eugene and does not want any trouble. My ex-neighbor works for the county and is afraid to lose her job if she speaks up, and she is afraid Eugene will retaliate against her family.

The family of Sonia's boyfriend has been blackmailed by Marty Knight, the guy who makes himself out to be the D.A. Either her boyfriend has to stop seeing Sonia or he is going to be accused of statutory rape as soon as he turns eighteen.

The workers at Mountain Women's Services are afraid of losing their grant or funding if they speak up. Judge Polley also reigns on Child Protective Family and Marty Knight's wife works there.

Sympathetic deputies are afraid to lose their jobs. One of them told me that "Judge Polley is God in this county. I have a family with three children; I cannot afford to lose my job."

Obviously, when all the good guys are afraid, and for good reasons, the evil ones win. How could we change that?

Jackie sounded exhausted when I spoke with her. She's "been there, done that." She mentioned that she knows CCDC is SO bad. She has had other innocent people in the system.

Right now, we probably have about 35-40 extra inmates, sleeping on cots or mattresses on the floor, as there is no room in the cells. We are constantly yelled at, which is verbal abuse, for no reason... ok, sometimes for good reasons.

Some medical doctors now believe that most of our chronic problems come from food intolerance. I would not be surprised. Our bodies are not designed - or have not evolved - to eat the refined, industrialized, dead stuff we consider food.

God does not seem to have the keys to open doors in this jail. My cellmate is upset because she heard that our neighbor is on a salt restricted diet. She thinks that we should be allowed to eat whatever we want, and get meds to keep our system healthy, in this instance, keep her blood pressure down. She decided she wanted to go on a liquid fast to lose weight: Kool-Aid, coffee and Swiss Miss Chocolate Mix. My... what a healthy choice!

Maybe what I learned is that a lot of people do NOT want to change. They have no idea there is a different life. Even the gal who was with me before, whom I thought I was helping, chose to go back to the others, and barely speaks to me.

Religion is alive and well. "We will be free in the name of Jesus, Yes, Amen, when I get out, I'll kill the son of a bitch, hallelujah! That's not the way I understand the Bible. As Joyce mentioned, some people use religion instead of drugs. My cellmate said her son had three Bibles from his stays in jail and/or prison. He stays clean one day, and then goes back to the old ways.

Joyce needs encouragement... I would appreciate it if you would call her.

Thanks so much,

Danielle

Routine set in, and long days followed long days. I continued to write, read and play solitaire. One morning, the inmates gave me the newspaper, asking, "Isn't that the judge who put you in jail?" There was a picture of him and of the girlfriend he had beaten up. He had been arrested and was in jail. He denied it, and eventually, she recanted... yet it had not been his first incident of domestic violence.

July 12, 2006 - Day 87

Joyce,

This article was in today's paper. Since it's Wednesday, we are locked down for commissary and linen exchange, which means I cannot get to a phone to call Amber to tell her to get the newspaper.

Email, call and email and call again John L. Smith, the commentator of the article, until you get to talk to him personally. It is NOT the time to be bashful.

I wrote to him already.

Let's question how many mothers, victims of domestic violence, Judge Jones has put in jail and how many children have to live with their abusers.

Make copies and send them to everybody. Be sure to tell Cheryl (our attorney).

Thanks,

Mom

My cellmate, January (her name) wrote this poem:

County Blues

One day, I woke up in a dream! Chow's on deck!

Bed tight

Dress Right

Cup

Click

In Line

Eat

Lock Down

Back to sleep...

Wow, what a dream!m

One day I woke up in a dream! Chow's on deck!

Bed tight

Dress Right

Cup

Click

In Line

Eat

Lock Down

Back to sleep...

Wow, what a dream!

One day I woke up in a dream! Chow's on deck!

Bed tight

Dress Right

Cup

Click

In Line

Eat

Lock Down

Back to sleep...

Wow, what a dream!
One day I woke up in a dream!... Repeatedly it seem... for it wasn't a dream...
It was REALITY!

That kind of summarizes our days.

July 16, 2006 - Day 91

Hello Joyce,

My cellmate is mad; something was wrong with the computer, so she has to stay for a few more days. She was so sure she was getting out today.

I am going to write to Gloria Allred again. How about we do a letter campaign to her office? I don't deserve to spend thirty-two years in prison.

I am feeling insecure again. I heard from many inmates that the transfer was the worst day of their lives.

Where are the books from Amazon? I am done with another class for Sue.

Read the new article about Judge Jones, in the "B" section.

I am going to court on July 21, 2006 at 9:00am, in Department 7. Let Cheryl know.

Love,

Mom

My cousins in Australia wanted details, so I sent them this letter on **July 16, 2007**

Dear Josie and Family,

I received your letter of June 6 and July 12. So many letters get lost in this jail... You asked me how it is? I am sure you will regret asking after I tell you.

The cell: *about 2x4 meters, with a set of bunks, a metal toilet and sink, a board attached to the wall for a table, and a metal stool attached to the floor in front of the table, a mirror (metal), three hooks for our towels and two fluorescent lights.*

I am on the top bunk, which I like since there is a sliver of a window from which I can see some sky and the wall across the street (another part of the jail.)

It is dirty, moldy, with yellowish walls and grey floors. A heavy wooden door with a small window gives a view to the day room, where we usually take our meals, unless we are locked down, in which case we spend all the time in our cells.

The day room is a big area with tables and chairs, surrounded by two stories of rooms. No windows! The day room has a door leading to another room, where more inmates are found, either sleeping on cots or mattresses - the overflow for those who have no cells, usually about twenty-five to thirty girls. In that room is a smaller one, called the "bubble" where six guards sit in front of different control screens, when they don't patrol the cells.

Yard: *the "outdoor" is an inside concrete room, with windows from 2 meters to 8 meters high, which are covered by a heavy wire mesh. The rest is a depressing dusty grey.*

Sleep: *very little of it. I guess most inmates take sleeping pills. We usually get quiet time from 2:00am to 3:45am, at which time the guards wake us up for breakfast. When we are called out of our cells, we get about ten minutes to get our tray, eat and clean up. Then we can "sleep" until court call, around 6:00am, letting inmates know who has to go to court that day. At 7:00am, these inmates are taken out of their cells, shackled, then walk to the court rooms. Some days, the doors of our cells are open from 8:00am to 9:30am, so we can have "free time," which means we can go into the day room. With about forty inmates in there, it gets quite noisy. At 10:00am, we get ready for lunch, with the same routine as breakfast. Then, it's back to our cells until 1:30pm, when we get "free time" again, until 3:30pm. Around 4:00pm, dinner is served, with the same routine.*

Free time again between 7:30pm to 11:00pm, on lucky days. After 11:00pm, the helpers clean the day room, sometimes until 1:00 or 2:00am. Every other week, inmates are taken from this jail to prison, around 1:00am; it gets very noisy, as inmates shout their goodbyes. New inmates are transferred to the now empty cells.

Basically, you try to catnap whenever you have a chance.

Meals: They are served three times a day, and it's a lousy slop. Since I have so many food intolerances and reactions, I asked for special meals, which I don't get. I have not eaten a thing from my trays for over three weeks, at which time I had some slices of what looked like boiled beef. I order some sunflower seeds from the jail store and get an orange in the morning. Other inmates share their oranges with me, so I got to eat sunflowers seeds and oranges, and sunflower seeds and oranges... for the past twelve weeks. I think I lost a lot of weight.

Here are some examples of meals I get: dehydrated sliced boiled potatoes (no salt), peanut butter full of chemicals and canned apple sauce; dry white rice and a scoop of canned tuna, no seasoning. It's all canned or chemicalized.

Clothes: we are given four big underwear of a dubious white color, two things that look like loose sport bras, two pairs of pants and two shirts made of dark blue thick cotton/polyester material, a long turquoise tee-shirt and two to four pairs of bright orange socks. These are exchanged every week.

Bed: a thin mattress is put on a wooden plank; we get 2 sheets (of a dubious white color, and usually too short), a cotton blanket and a pillow. Both pillow and mattress are covered with torn plastic. The sheets are exchanged every week; the blanket every six months.

Commissary: this is the jail store, where we can buy shampoo, soap and toothpaste of very poor quality and outrageously priced, writing material, cookies, candies, sunflower seeds, and pain killers. We get to place an order once or twice a week. Somebody from the outside has to put money in our jail account.

Mail: we should get it every weekday, but we usually don't. It's passed at night, between 9:00pm and 11:00pm.

Noise: I think this is the worst. We are surrounded by metal and concrete, so everything echoes, from the smaller whisper to the TV. When you have the TV on, and some forty inmates try to hold conversations, it gets quite intense. On top of that, you get announcements on the loudspeakers every fifteen to thirty minutes, day and night. It's like carnival and a busy airport put together. I thought it would drive me insane the first few weeks.

Inmates: I am in the high security area, but with not-so-violent offenders. I share the place with murderers (several), drug dealers and gals who committed forgery or thefts. Joyce was in a less restrictive section, with mostly drug users and prostitutes. Amazingly, we have to stick together to protect ourselves from the guards.

Guards: they seem to enjoy controlling and abusing us. I saw one inmate being beaten up by guards. It was not a pretty sight, and it makes you feel so helpless. She spoke back to one of the guards, who grabbed her, and it escalated from there. The guards banged her head against the wall, then on the floor, and were pulling handful of hair (she is an African American young lady, quite sweet).

Court: when we are called for court, chains are put around our waist, with attached handcuffs from on each side. Some inmates also get their feet shackled. Then, guards take us through halls and elevators, and more halls, all underground, until we get to the court building. We never see sunlight. When we get back, we are stripped searched, before being allowed back in our cell.

Visits: Twice a week, for twenty-five minutes, across a thick plexi-glass panel - never in person.

Phones: We can call some numbers collect during our "free time." There are four phones in the day room, about one foot apart. It is so noisy that it is very difficult to hold a conversation.

Medical: I forgot to mention that a nurse comes three times a day to dispense drugs. If she comes during "free time," we get locked down in our cells.

My cell faces the north, which means I don't see the sun or get sunshine in the room. I have not had fresh air since I came here. No sign of nature. You asked about birds? Not in this environment. The only outside noise we hear is from police car sirens.

I usually spend about twenty-two to twenty-three hours sleeping, catnapping or reading on my bunk or sometimes sitting on it to write letters, like now.

There is a small library, containing about sixty books, which get changed from time to time. We can take two books at a time in our cells. The choices are: Romance (with some hot sex scenes), Crime, Horror and Science Fiction. I had not read a novel since being a teenager, and the ones I read were in French. I prefer to read non-fiction, which is not available here. After ten days of doing nothing, I started on the novels to make time pass. Joyce has tried to send me some non-fiction books, but I only got three out of the eight she sent, plus a Bible, which was not available in the jail.

I have a deck of cards and play solitaire once or twice a day, until I win.

I take a shower every other day; my skin is turning into sandpaper. It's quite private, thankfully. It has a plastic curtain which separates the shower stalls from the day room... and it's moldy. Where Joyce was kept, showers and toilets were in an open area... what my poor shy girl had to go through!

The judge in Las Vegas who refused to listen to us and to protect the children was arrested for beating up his girlfriend. It was not his first domestic violence charge. He is also involved in some shady real estate deals with some convicted felons. It was obviously not the best judge to have in my case.

The kids are back being abused by their father. Hungry, sick, and probably quite discouraged. The Consulate helped me financially, but refuses to do anything legally, hiding behind international laws. To me, these laws do not apply in our case. I have done nothing wrong (like murder, theft, drugs, etc.) I was protecting my children from abuse. This goes under international laws of "cruel and unusual punishment." I am truly disappointed by their stand, and it is useless to write to them again. They will just ignore you.

You wrote, "Night is at its darkest just before dawn comes." Every time I thought so... it got darker. Every time I think I see the light at the end of the tunnel... it's just another train. It has been a long tunnel!

Joyce comes to visit me twice a week and Amber once. The kids try to sneak some letters, but it's difficult. They have been threatened by the D.A., as have some of our witnesses. It is an insane story. The older siblings are now no longer allowed to contact the younger ones. I miss my kids so much... and they wrote how they miss me too.

The judge gave the father full custody of the kids until they turn 19. Eugene gets to choose if, where and when I get to see the children, under the supervision of a professional he chooses and whom I have to pay.

My kids, especially Sonia and Crystal are begging me not to die, and I will fight as long as I can. Some days, I get quite weak and discouraged. I truly need help in holding my arms up, or as someone just put it, to carry my cross. I am worn out.

Prayer is wonderful and I appreciate it. However, sometimes, action is needed.

Thank you for your correspondence,

Love and Blessings,

Danielle

July 16, 2006 - Day 91

Hello Regina,

I got the Governor's warrant yesterday. It's a bunch of bull, a big stack of papers stating that a judge is indeed a judge, the investigator is an investigator (Marty Knight), that the seals of California and Nevada are appropriately affixed, and that copies are true copies. NOWHERE do we find anything of concern about the children's well-being!

I am going to court in Las Vegas on July 21, to officially be told I will be extradited. Then, it can take two weeks from that date to be brought back to Tuolumne. I heard from several inmates that going from one jail to another was the worst day of their lives. I am not looking forward to it, nor to be away from here, where Joyce and Amber were such encouraging pillars.

I am discouraged today... and hungry. I did a 7-day fast, drinking only water and the juice of squeezed oranges, from Friday to Thursday. I felt empowered, but it did not last that long. I've had an encounter with bed bugs today and have itchy bites. We've been on lockdown so much. I am spending twenty-two to twenty-three hours on my bunk. This is no fun.

The maximum I could get is 32 years of prison and \$80,000 in fines. I think they will go for eight or nine years. until the kids are nineteen, so I cannot "kidnap" them any longer, and they can learn to love their father!

Also, according to the orders, Eugene has the say-so: he can decide if, when and where I can see the kids, under professional supervision, which I have to pay for. I have NEVER heard of something so restrictive and controlling.

This insanity has gone way too long. Some people need to be brought to justice: Amy Velasquez, Steven Carmichael, Judge William Polley, Mike Knowles and Marty Knight... among others).

Eugene stated that he found out where we lived by masquerading himself as a "friend of Sonia's" on MySpace (he was trying to date her... his remarks were disgusting). He had gotten her link to MySpace from her cousin in Florida. He was able to make her spill her guts, send him a picture, tell him where she lived, how the house was set up, etc. And he is proud of it. Then, he came to spy on us... and the court doesn't see anything wrong with this picture! I wonder if he is still dating her under a different name now. It's so sick!

He used Stacie's cell phone to send text messages to her friends, trying to get them in trouble, but they outsmarted him. He finally gave Sonia her computer back (actually, it was my spare one, which I let her use.) He erased all her schoolwork and my files, and locked down programs, so she cannot really use it. He had done the same to my computer when we were together. Same song... different verse.

I cannot stand this much longer. I sit on my bones literally. I've lost quite a bit of weight. I am so bored reading romance and playing solitaire.

Hopefully (yeah, like I believe it), this is the last stretch. My adrenals are so weak, I am having one hot flash after another. I guess it is a way to keep warm in this cold cell.

*Love,
Danielle*

I received this letter from Joyce; the amount of stress and work that was placed on her shoulders was unreal. Most 23-year-old would have crumbled under the load. She stayed strong. She was exhausted, yet kept going, day after day, working, paying her bills, my bills, her father's attorney bill, taking care of the animals, connecting with her siblings, and still visiting me twice a week, week after week, and writing to me in-between.

Hey Mom,

There really isn't that much to write. I just wanted to say "Hi" and send some jokes. I couldn't make it to visit you as I am working the 1 to 9 shift at work today, but I'll be in on Tuesday.

I just got a picture of Stacie off the internet. Her hair is SHORT!!! She cut it all about an inch long. Sonia just got her dance DVDs, so she is working on that when she sees Stacie or when Dad is out of the house.

I got to speak with Kendrick the other day. He was visiting Stacie, so they gave me a call. He is doing ok, but really wants out of there.

You need to come home. The dog really needs more people around to walk her. She tore up the trash today while I was at work. She is in her teenage years. She is tall and skinny but is going to be a pretty big dog once she fills out. She and the cats still don't like each other that much. I have the stairs blocked so that she has the downstairs, and the cats have the upstairs. However, she and Mia still get into growling fights between the fence, which usually ends with Mia boxing her nose.

The ferrets and the cats are getting to be friends. They will touch noses with whomever comes by their cage.

I will be working all day Saturday... I don't quite have the rent money yet, but Amber will come by to visit, and I'll be there on Tuesday.

Hang in there. You have to stay alive, and we have to beat all of them. We all love you!!!

Love,

Joyce

**"Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere."
- Letter from Birmingham Jail - 16 April 1963**

CHAPTER 11

FOURTH MONTH - ABUSE AND TRANSFER

I did not keep a journal, but wrote many letters, to many people, which I transcribed here. They describe my life in jail, the ups and downs my mood was following. Yes, it was BORING. I am a very active person, enjoying lots of variety... there was not much in the way of activity, and even less variety. Tony Robbins says there are six human needs that need to be fulfilled: Certainty, Variety, Significance, Connection, Growth and Contribution.

Was there certainty? In some ways, yes. We knew the routine and how boring the days were going to be. In other ways, there was a lot of uncertainty. Who was going to be maligned by the guards today? Would they turn on me? Will they beat me? Will I be put in solitary confinement, a hole in hell according to the inmates. We were certain the food was going to be crappy, the noise unbearable and that we would not be able to get the rest we needed.

On a more positive side, what I became certain of was my strength of character. I did not lie or compromise my integrity in this awful environment. I gained an unshakable (or almost unshakable) trust in myself. This awareness made a huge difference in my life.

How about variety? Not much here. Inmates moved in and out of this group of cells, but they were pretty much cut out of the same material. We got a banana or an apple instead of an orange a couple of times a month. Variety had to be sought. One day, I would read a crime novel, the next day a romance. I would escape to different worlds.

Significance? Tony Robbins said that when some people did not feel significant, they would commit a crime. That makes them "significant." Some got to be on the front page of the newspapers. I felt totally insignificant and wanted to be as transparent as possible. The inmates respected me. The guards did not seem to know what respect was.

Connections? Not really. I stayed connected with my family and friends through letters. I lost most of my connections to my colleagues. The only reason we connected between inmates was for the solidarity it created... almost a safety measure against the cruel guards.

Growth? I believe I made some strides in my spiritual and professional growth. Living in these difficult circumstances made me a better doctor on two fronts. First, I do not speak and teach from what I

learned from books and seminars only. I now teach from experience: the strategies, tools and techniques I used to survive are what I am using to help my clients go through the challenge they are facing. These strategies, tools and techniques were tested by fire and are solid. Secondly, I have much more compassion for people who face challenges: it's not easy. Telling people to "feel better," or "get a hold of yourself," or "just get over it," is not helpful. It often re-victimizes the victim. I learned to accept the fact that I am part of the human race, and that some days are quite challenging. I don't always feel good. I have down days, suicidal thoughts, depression, health challenges, etc. It is sometimes part of the human experience, and it's ok. What is important is to be persistent through the challenge until we experience a breakthrough. As Winston Churchill said, "Never, never, never give up!"

A few years prior to this challenge, I had decided to adopt the idea that I could be healthy, happy and successful. Anything that did not fall into the category of "healthy, happy and successful" had to go. It led me to do much research on how the mind operates, which then led me to study energy medicine and the Law of Attraction. More on that in the third part of this trilogy. My studies proved to be an invaluable asset in jail; I did not understand why this was all happening to me, and often felt depressed or even ready to die, yet there was an undercurrent deep inside telling me there was a purpose to this madness.

Contribution? I did not contribute in the manner I was hoping to when I was in jail. I am not sure I was able to "turn" some inmates to a better life. However, just "being" who I was seemed to have impacted some, as they respected me and considered me the "alpha" female of the group. Because of what I went through, my contribution as an individual and a doctor is now more impactful, and hopefully will lead to some changes in the way inmates are treated and pave the way for a return to true JUSTICE.

Let's continue with the correspondence.

July 17, 2006 – Day 62

Hello Regina,

Today is the third month anniversary of my arrest... oh well...

I wrote about my life at Intake, then stopped for a while. It's the hardest part: I remember that I was waking up from the nightmare I was living, yet still so much in it. Before then, I was living in a make-believe Pollyanna world, and the illusion had finally shattered. I had to face reality. A psychologist said that I had the "illusion of a marriage, and finally lost that illusion." Why did it take so long?

Time is l o n g here. I read one or 2 novels a day, or about 4-500 pages per day. Some books are ok, others quite boring. I just read a good one "Into thin air," an expedition on Everest. It's amazing the exhaustion and bad physical health these people were in when they did their last day of climbing to the top. By that time, they had practically no sleep for days for lack of oxygen, their digestive system did not digest food any longer but cannibalized their own body. They had lost between 20 to 40 lbs. from it and from diarrhea... and still persevered to reach their goal, and to eventually recover. The human body is so resilient! The temperatures reached wind chill factors of -100F at night and could be scorching in the afternoon.

As I got tired of murder novels, I started on the Harlequin Romance books... Mmhh... I should send some to Eugene... that's what he used to refer to as "stupid French sex," and disgusting French kisses. Yet, the Harlequin books are quite American. How blind and brainwashed I was!

I still don't know the exact charges against me, but according to a guard or sergeant here, Marty Knight wants me back in Tuolumne County, period. The last I knew was that he was a detective or assistant at the D.A.s office in Sonora. He makes himself out to be the DA. My neighbor, a very gentle,

mild-mannered lady, who works for the county, only had four-letter words to describe him. She said he was despicable and could not describe him any other way.

He is the one who "abducted" the children. I have a witness to our 4-way conversation, which took place between Marty Knight, Barb (Eugene's sister), my friend and me. Marty Knight told us that I had custody of the children, that the children would NOT be returned to the father and that it was only for their safety that he wanted them all together in Florida. Once they were in Florida, he put them on house arrest, had their phone and computer taken away, and the father flew there to pick them up, as he had gotten full custody.

Marty Knight is the one blackmailing Sonia's friend, wanting to accuse him of statutory rape if his parents continue to support her. Maybe we should dig into the past of this guy... he seems to have things to hide.

I am glad my first cellmate has moved. She sapped my energy, and I could hardly rest. She talked and talked and talked... and got upset when I was not listening.

A pregnant mother with twins was moved into my cell. She was quite nice... yet had already given custody of her other four kids away and, at age twenty-seven, was pregnant with the fifth and sixth children, which were to be born in prison. She was four and a half months along and started to have contractions two days ago. I banged madly on the door until a guard came. My cellmate was having heavy contractions and I needed to get some attention. I was scolded but she was taken to the infirmary, so she could be taken to the hospital if need be.

Yesterday, I got a new cellmate, a middle-aged African American woman. She did not talk... until a few hours ago. She is a certified nurse's aide and does home care. She was going from patient #2 to patient #3, on the freeway. Somehow, she clipped a pedestrian on the side of the road, a 67-year-old white gentleman, who had stopped his truck and gotten out. He ended up dead on or through her windshield.

She got three months of flat time in jail and has to pay a \$11,000 fine. She obviously lost her job and is still in shock. She expected house arrest or parole, as she had no record, no alcohol or drugs. She is shocked that some murderer got out with almost nothing and she is paying for a freak accident.

After a 3-hour wait and discussion, I was finally given sunflower seeds again on Wednesday. I've had another attack of severe bowel cramps, from food poisoning I assume, as well as bouts of diarrhea. Sometimes, I try to eat the food that is served, but I sure pay for it. Many other inmates suffer from the same problem. I think it may be from the plastic trays, or the lukewarm food that stays on for I don't know how long before it is served. The water tastes like mold also... and my burger-imitation had mold on it yesterday.

I have hardly gotten any mail lately... somehow, it's getting denied. I am missing eight letters from Joyce and a book. I am stuck not being able to study and prepare the courses to help Joyce financially.

Have you heard from the Consulate? ... from my uncle? I have written about 30 pages on my biography. I'll finish the part about Intake and then mail it to you.

Take good care of yourself. Take a bubble bath with candles for me... Kendrick used to like baths and candles... forget the bubbles. He used goggles and was enjoying the Roman tub. I miss my kids,

*With love,
Danielle*

July 26, 2006 - Day 101

Hello Regina,

I sent you a letter at least every week. I hope you got all of them. I just mailed my letter-journal to Joyce, as I don't want it to be examined in Tuolumne County. I finished writing about Intake and the sexual abuse. It was really hard to write. It is still very vivid in my mind.

I don't know that I want my story to be translated into French as is. I would prefer it to be transformed into a novel style, with different names. I don't think I can face it in French yet, and I am not sure I could face my family after they read it either. I know it's something I have to work on. It seems that if I think in French, I knew what was going on. After all, I had taken sexology classes and had studied sexual pathology... in French. I excused Eugene's behavior because he was an American, yet that does not make any sense anymore.

I will write an article for A Day in the Life of Western Prison and I'll send it to you. You can also write an article from what I sent you. More than one can be submitted.

You mentioned Trish Wilson, incarcerated because of PAS (Parental Abuse Syndrome). That's definitely like my case. You have my permission to send whatever to whomever if you think it can help.

I miss my kitties and puppy, who must be almost full grown by now. It's going to be harder to train her. I am so sad I will not be able to pet Nikki the ragdoll any longer. He was so endearing.

Did you know that Judge Jones here, who refused to grant us protective orders, was arrested on domestic battery charges, real estate deals that don't look too legal and starting a juvenile rehab program with an ex-convict whom he is also protecting?

I must be close to having read one hundred novels, escaping in alternate realities.

That's it for tonight. I still survive on sunflower seeds and oranges and have learned to catnap whenever.

*Love,
Danielle*

July 27, 2006 - Day 102 - ABUSE!

Hello Joyce,

This is in case I get locked down or put in the hole. I am not sure what happened today.

4:00am: Breakfast... there was kind of a piece of chicken on my tray, which I thought I could eat. The guards did not call my name for court, so I went back to sleep. If I had known, I would have stayed awake.

At 6:45am, a guard came to the door to wake me up from a deep sleep, telling me to hurry to get to court... my name had just been called.

So, I had a "heavy" meal, which probably contained some wheat, I was in shock from being woken up so suddenly, two things that get my adrenals down (and they are already weak) and then I was being shackled. Then... I am not sure what happened...

Maybe the guard jerked me or something and I had a flashback (Post Traumatic Stress), which I still get since being raped... My heart went into fibrillation and my knees buckled.

I heard the guard order me to stand up, which I could not, as I was gasping for air. I told her I was passing out and she dragged me to a cot to sit on, but I had to lie down, which upset her some more.

The other guard, Officer North, said I was a fugitive and did not want to go to court. They should have looked at my chest - it was quite visible - being knocked from the inside out by a heart gone wild. Eventually, my heart settled to an even racing pulse, usually starting at 160 beats per minute.

They were still yelling when I tried to say I would try to make it and they said, "No, it's too late, you'll get locked down forever."

They grabbed me under my armpits and dragged me to my cell, across the two dayrooms. I was too weak to walk. They were making comments, stating that I was looking for an Emmy award and playing drama queen.

They threw my mat on the floor and then threw me on it.

I asked them to get a nurse so they could see I was not playing games, they refused. They refused to let me see the nurse when she came in an hour later for meds call, although my heart was still racing. They told my cellmate Ora to turn the light on if I stopped breathing.

I wrote a kite as soon as I could. The answer was that I had never told the medical that I had problems and that I am locked down in my cell until after a physician sees me. I don't even get to go out to get my meals or shower.

My heart raced for about two hours, after which I was very weak. I wrote a quick note to Regina, but I don't know whether she will receive it, as the same guard took the envelope.

In my kite, I said the guards' behavior had been abusive and dangerous, but the sergeant protects them. It's all my fault, because medical did not get informed.

It sucks!

I was hoping to go to court, to hear that there had been a mistake between the judges, and that I would be released, or that the charges had been dropped.

I was doing quite good and did not expect that to happen.

I gave my cellmate Ora your phone number. She will call if they come to take me away.

Love,

Mom

July 28, 2006 - Day 103

Hello Regina,

You are welcome to just rip this letter if you'd rather... I am so angry I could pound some nails (Regina's husband built a house and invited me to help "pound some nails" if I needed to pass my anger on something). On the other hand, going through my moods may be helpful when writing my biography.

Did I tell you that I had met Dr. Dube in March I believe? He was the last MD who checked me. He was the physician of the King of Nepal, is supervising the medical in the military in India, as well as twelve clinics around Bombay. He travels to the United States a few times a year, where he has some patients... and I was lucky to be invited to meet him. I was intrigued by his diagnostic tool: the Ayurvedic nine pulse system. It's quite amazing that taking the pulse in nine different ways gives you a quite accurate history of someone's health.

He had to take mine three times, as what he was reading did not make sense. Here I was, dressed business-like, looking strong and healthy, and his reading did not match what he was seeing. His ending comment was that I had an incredibly strong will, or I would not be alive.

Well, I am tired of comments like these! "You are so strong... so resilient... etc. Why can't I just be born under a lucky star, instead of cursed for some unknown "karmic" reason?"

My back is hurting, I suppose from being dragged and thrown on my mat. Did you know that I had a car accident in January, which totaled my car and messed up Stacie's and my back? We were still getting osteopathic care when we were arrested. I did not do too badly until today, when I had pain sitting, just like after the accident.

I am not allowed out of my cell at all, so I cannot even shower. I gave myself a sponge bath from our little sink and was losing handfuls of hair. I don't get to pick out books, and my neighbor passed me one on witchcraft, another science-fiction, neither one I was interested in reading. I just finished a historical novel on the Wild West, which related very yucky war deeds, sodomization of young boys, etc. What trashy entertainment we have!

I got a letter from my friend in Switzerland. She was my best friend in High School, and she wrote to my other classmates, especially the ones who became attorneys. Same story... nothing can be done... America has strange laws. Maybe, but the laws are not even followed.

I really have had it. I am not even allowed to be on my bunk. I have to sleep on my mat on the dirty floor. From there, I can see under my cellmate's bunk: , disgustingly filthy with streaks of yellow and brown down the wall, an accumulation of dirt and mold along the walls, yuck!

Please, don't come up with cliché scriptures. I know them. I felt good and strong after my fast, but being punished like that because my heart went into fibrillation is so totally insane.

Why am I on a mat on the floor? Yesterday, I was woken up early and abruptly to go to court, although I knew it was a mistake. My court days in Las Vegas are over; I am just waiting to be transported to Tuolumne County.

As the guards were placing the shackles on my waist, my heart went into fibrillation, and I almost passed out on a cot... I sat down, and was too weak to stand, which infuriated the two guards,

who kept ordering me to stand. I could not. I asked them to take my pulse, which was very irregular. You could even see my heart bumping on my chest. They would not take my pulse, nor call the nurse. As I would not (could not) stand they grabbed me by my underarms and dragged me across the two day-rooms and threw me on my mattress, which had been put on the floor. I was ordered to stay down there. I asked for a doctor or a nurse. None was provided. Even when the regular nurse did her round for meds, she was not asked to check on me. After a while, my heart got out of fibrillation, and was just racing for a few hours.

I am not getting my mail either. I am missing at least fifteen letters from Joyce, all the artwork that Sonia sent me and four books.

My cellmate and I realized that it's worthless trying to sleep at night. The workers get to watch TV at night, which is blaring, and they are chatting and laughing... and it's 1:30am. The last time, they were noisy until 3:30am, and then we had to get up for breakfast at 3:45am.

I am soooo tired of rancid sunflower seeds: I have been eating them for fourteen weeks. I don't eat anything from the trays anymore. Today, we had canned carrots, shredded iceberg lettuce, chemical peanut butter and canned fruits. How balanced is that? The jail handbook says, "You have the right to three nourishing meals a day." We also have the right to be treated in a humane manner and with respect according to the book. None of that is followed.

Ranting and raving, I want to kick that door and knock my head against walls or shred myself with a staple... all of which would make matters much worse.

*From a mad, outraged and discouraged inmate,
Danielle*

From Evelyn, July 29, 2006

Hey Mom,

For now, I am just reading and doing tests for the scuba certification.

The one thing I like about Florida is the storms we have, thunder and lightning storms once or twice a week. I love to go out and listen to the thunder or watch the lightning over the ocean. When you guys come visit, I'll take you out there.

We all love you and are trying to get you out.

Evelyn

July 30, 2006 - Day 105

Dear Regina,

I am surviving. It's amazing the solidarity among inmates. They were sneaking oranges into my cell so I would get something to eat and were going to write to the sergeant about how the guards were keeping me in my cell, with no medical help.

Yesterday, the same guard, Officer North, came into the cell, asking me if my heart palpitations were over... or if I still needed to see a doctor, as he had been quite busy. She allowed me, at my own risks, to get back up on my bunk, and acted just as if nothing wrong had happened. Oh, and by the way, I did not need to go to court... it was a mistake.

I submitted another "kite" (that's a grievance sheet) and just got it back. I had put two issues on one kite and, according to them, I will have to re-submit it, as only one issue per kite is permissible. Paperwork! I thought about dropping it, but I think I will leave a polite paper trail.

Life in jail... why do people have to be so mean?

At the dinner table tonight, one inmate was complaining about how heavy she felt and that she could hardly move. I feel the same way, like we have been injected with lead. Is it from lack of food? Sun? Movement? Sleep? Living 24/7 under fluorescent lights? Constant noise? Probably a combination! Everything is so contrary to natural laws and well-being.

Still waiting to be transferred.

*Love,
Danielle*

This letter from my uncle and aunt in Switzerland was written on **July 30, 2006**. My family was doing everything they could on their side, without much success.

Very dear Danielle,

As you can imagine, we were all so very shocked by the news we received from Joyce regarding what happened to you last Thursday. These inhuman treatments have to stop, and we have already contacted the Swiss Consulate. A secretary took note of our indignation regarding the unspeakable attitude of the guards and their refusal to call on a nurse or doctor.

We realize that Mr. Obert is not very prompt in reacting, which is why we will call him back personally tomorrow, hoping to put some pressure. It is unthinkable that the Consulate would let a Swiss citizen be treated in this manner without reacting.

We will also contact the former attorney you worked for, so that he can let his colleague know. We hope that something will be done one way or another. We all realize that we need to work in every direction to get you out of this unbearable situation as soon as possible.

We have been talking about your case here and there. We met a young couple who just moved to the United States. They will inform her parents who work at a University in Michigan. Maybe they will have some friends who will be able to help.

Francesca is outraged as well, and very worried about you.

After our call to the Consulate, we talked with your parents. They wanted to immediately contact Joyce. They are very worried.

Ian just called Amber, to whom we are sending this letter, so she can mail it to you rapidly. Amber also told us you would soon be transferred to Sonora.

Be certain that we are all thinking about you and that we feel both apprehensive and at the same time keeping a firm belief that things will turn around. We keep you in our hearts and prayers,

Frances and Ian

An excerpt from a letter written by my parents on **August 2, 2006**

Very Dear Danielle,

We are so sad that we cannot find a way to get you out of this hell. Your brother is talking with somebody from Amnesty International. Ian spends much time talking to people at the Consulate. Somebody there seems to finally take your case to heart...

...

*With love and big hugs,
Mom and Dad*

August 4, 2006 - Day 110

Hello Joyce,

The paralegal at the law library was dumbfounded that U.S. Marshals arrested us. That should only happen if there is a federal lawsuit. Oh, well, our case is a bit particular.

According to him, if people from Tuolumne County do not pick me up, I am free to walk and don't have to hide... except again, that our case is a bit particular. Being arrested again, as I had been told would happen, is not a likely scenario.

Apparently, they only take Habeas Corpus if there is an identity theft. I don't understand that. Judge Jones is making the news again. Be sure to check the papers.

*Love,
Mom*

I WAS TRANSFERRED TO TUOLUMNE COUNTY JAIL ON AUGUST 10, 2006

Another "trick" to bring me down... Joyce explains, on orange paper, to brighten my jail cell...

Hey Mom,

Of course, they had to come get you a day before you would have been released. Ms. Killman from the Swiss Consulate was not too happy when she got to the jail and found out that you were gone.

She had made plans with the jail so that she would be able to see you face to face. She had talked to them on Wednesday, and they had said you would be there.

She called me a couple of days ago and said that she should be here to see you later this week or next.

Regina and Nancy have been keeping in touch. From what I hear, Nancy has been able to keep in touch with Stacie as well.

The dog managed to get herself stuck up on the counter by the stove last night. I don't know how she got up there, but she was too scared to jump down and finally made enough noise to wake me up. I had to pick her up and set her down.

She and the cats still aren't getting along too well... Horus (one of the cats) is doing much better. He is back to talking all the time. Even Diego (another cat) and Honey-Bunches (still another cat) have started talking as well. So, when I get home, all five cats have to voice their opinion about no one being home.

The ferrets also sort of talk. They have a high pitch cheep or a couple of times, I've caught them purring.

Other than that, not much has been happening. I've been picking up as many shifts as I can at work, but it has really been slow these past few weeks, and I have not made much. Hopefully, it will start picking up soon.

Evelyn is doing good; she is enjoying living on her own for the time being.

Stacie will let me know what's happening with the court in Sonora.

I am going out to walk the dog and clean the house.

Talk to you soon,

Love,

Joyce

August 13, 2006 - Nancy wrote this letter after visiting me at the jail.

Hi Danielle,

SURE WAS GLAD TO SEE YOU TODAY! You were looking really good.

I saw all the girls today and took Stacie and Sonia to lunch and brought back a big sandwich and salad for Crystal, who was very, very hungry. She said she had only eaten a few bites in the past three days. We had a good visit, and we are going to try to do this every Tuesday since I am in Oakdale on Tuesday. I will swing by Sonora and take them all to dinner. Stacie said she would try to pick them up (uncertain about Kendrick) and meet me somewhere on Tuesday.

I will wait to see what happens next Sunday. Stacie is going to try to come and has a couple of plans on how to do that. I will wait and give my spot if Regina or someone else wants it.

Anyway, contact with the girls is made and I think we can work something out to keep seeing each other each week to compare stories.

I will let you know if I hear something from Jim Webster (an attorney in town) or the Consulate.

Love ya,

Nancy

August 13, 2006 - Day 119

Hello Joyce,

Nancy came today as Regina was sick. I don't know if she had time to call you before getting too sick, so here is the information I shared.

I was awakened at 6:30am for "kick-out" on Thursday morning. I went through six fish tanks until I got dressed and was taken out at around 11:00am by Tuolumne County Jail deputies, Stacey and Rusty, a young married couple, who spent last night in Las Vegas.

The trip was better than I anticipated, although quite long. They stopped about eight times for bathroom and snack stops. I did not get to eat, as fast food is still not my thing, and they would not buy me something I could eat. They gave me some water. They came with a white unmarked police car, with hard plastic backseats. I had ankles and wrists shackled all the way. My ankles were bloody at the end, because it was tight metal shackles rubbing on bare skin. I had no socks. We arrived around 9:00 pm and by 10:30pm, I was locked into one of the few cells, again with the worst inmates.

I tried to call many times and was finally able to reach Regina. Calls are EXPENSIVE! To call Amber is \$5.32 the first minute and then \$0.69 a minute. I'll call only when necessary. We'll do the rest by mail. I can call from 7:00am to 11:00pm.

All incoming and outgoing mail is read. No postcards and no greeting cards are allowed. They take the envelopes away too, so put the addresses IN the letter. No third party mail is allowed, i.e. you cannot send me mail for Ian or my attorney. It must come directly from them.

Here is the address:

Danielle J. Duperret, PhD - 175 Yaney Ave - Sonora, CA 95370

Visits are only one hour a week, on Sunday at 11:00am for my cell group. The visitor must call that same day between 6:00am and 10:00am to set up the appointment. Once again, it's across a plexi-glass and only two people a week are allowed.

Money orders or cashier's checks are accepted for the jail account. Make it out to Tuolumne County Jail and put my name. Nancy said she already put some money in, so I have enough for now. Commissary orders are on Tuesday, and we receive the merchandise on Thursdays. I don't think there will be any food I can order. No sunflower seeds here. I'll order paper, pencils, envelopes and stamps. No pens and no coloring pencils are available here.

*I had video court on Friday afternoon for arraignment. My cellmates expected the bail of \$100,000 to be dropped as it is outrageous for Sonora. Instead, Mike Knowles asked for a **1 MILLION DOLLARS BAIL!** ... because I was Swiss and the risks thereof ??? Although I have not seen an attorney yet, a public defender was able to lower it to \$700,000!!! If the same applies to the trial, I'll get 24 years instead of 32 with that bozo.*

Mike Knowles is playing the card that I don't obey any court orders, whether civil or criminal, and that I have total disregards for American laws!

Prelim is on Friday, August 18th at 8:15am in Dpt 3 (I don't know which Judge it will be). DO NOT COME! It's only about stating whether I am guilty or not guilty and setting a date for trial some sixty days later.

I will need a good, no, an excellent attorney.

The cell is much worse than the one I was in Las Vegas. The color is a pale surgery green, and it's about eight feet by six feet, with a metal bunk bed, a metal toilet and sink, and with enough room to have two inmates stand. I am on the top bunk. There are NO WINDOWS!. One side is all bars, with a door that gets locked from 11:00pm to 5:30am.

There are two of these cages side by side, and a "day room" which is about five meters by two and a half meters, with a metal table and two benches, a small shower stall, a TV and a telephone. One of the "holes" is a cell on the side, so we are five inmates sharing a shower, with a black curtain. No window in the day room either.

It's dark! The ceilings are high with four forty- or sixty-watts incandescent bulbs, one in each cage, and two in the day room.

TV is on from noon to 11:00pm during the week and from 9:00am to 11:00pm during the weekend. Usually, it's set on comedy shows... are they supposed to be funny?

Clothes: the "blues" are replaced by large horizontal black and grey stripes. The tee shirt is now electric green (do you remember Amber's old socks? ... it's the same green). Same type of bras, polyester panties and orange socks. They are exchanged twice a week and linen is exchanged once a week. The sheets are better, and we get a wool blanket and a cotton blanket, which are exchanged every three months. We don't get pillows.

The food is better. We get 100% orange or grape juice in cartons. Sometimes, the inmates get homemade pancakes, apple cobbler, etc. It's cooked right here. I am supposed to get a beef patty this week, for proteins.

They took all my books away, except for the Bible and "The Keys of Jeshua." They took all my documents. I don't have addresses or phone numbers anymore. I don't have my old mail, pictures or cards.

I am not going to write as much. It's difficult with these tiny pencils.

My cellmate sleeps all day and all night. The two in the next cage are NOISY. They would benefit more from being in a psych ward as they take a lot of psych medicines, are drug addicts and may or may not have Hepatitis C, depending on whom you talk to.

Ah... the noise! The TV is on; I'll have to get used to this. Chatty cellmates on and off. However, there is NO loudspeaker! Quite time is between 11:00pm and 5:30am, except that they wake us up around 2:00am to give us our mail and receipts.

The air conditioning unit is quite loud, and not quite adequate. I feel the need for more air. The temperature is ok. If I get cold, I can buy a sweater.

We get to go on the top of the roof for fresh air, twice a week for ninety minutes each, weather permitting. There is a high fence all around, but you get to see the sky, trees and rooftops. You even can hear birds.

The guards are much better than those in Las Vegas. It's more a little town mentality, with less Gestapo style control. They don't seem to have a chip on their shoulders, and are more related to the human race, so far.

I don't know how you will do it, but if you can, keep the house and car until the trial. Try to get the insurance money to help you. Maybe we could ask the Consulate. I don't know anyone who could bail me out for \$700,000. After the trial, we'll make plans. One can see Mike Knowles vindictiveness with this ridiculous bail.

After the initial shock of the new cage, my mood has been ok. I am suffocating with no windows, and I don't like to hear the TV on all day long. The lack of light makes it difficult to read but I am ok. Tell my parents that I am still hanging in there.

Please send news of the kids, pets, Las Vegas... and jokes. Thanks.

I love you all. Someday, this WILL be over.

Mom

Here is another excerpt from a letter written by my parents on **August 15, 2006.**

Very dear Daughter,

This is so beyond belief... for us from Switzerland, it's like living with Martians.

Please keep writing to us. Without news, we would worry even more. Remember too, we are two to support each other.

*Ms. Killman from the Consulate was very upset about how she was treated in Las Vegas.
Let us know how things are in this new jail. Your health is important. Do your best to maintain it.
Love and hugs,
Mom and Dad*

"If a slave is unwilling to go with his new master, he is whipped, or locked up in jail, until he consents to go, and promises not to run away during the year."

Harriet Ann Jacobs

CHAPTER 12

FIFTH MONTH - TUOLUMNE COUNTY JAIL

August 17 – Day 123 - 4 months after my arrest

Hello Regina,

No pens here, only 4-inch long pencils, so my hand gets crampy writing and we constantly have to ask the guards to sharpen our pencils.

I am paper and envelope restricted until next Thursday. The money Nancy put in my account did not clear for this week's order.

I got two letters from you - one from August 4 and the other from August 14. We get the mail between 2:00am and 3:00am. Yes, you read that right, it's A.M. They wake us up for it. Can anybody explain the necessity of waking us up in the middle of the night so we can get our mail, which we cannot read anyway, as the lights are too dim.

However, I sleep better at night here. It is more "peaceful."

All the mail is photocopied, and probably delivered to Mike Knowles. Phone conversations and visits are taped and again, probably delivered to Mike Knowles... that's according to Clay Bedford, the assigned public defender who came to visit me yesterday. He wants another two weeks to study the case, before preliminaries. He will have one chance to examine Marty Knight, during preliminaries. If he can demonstrate foul play, I would be released. If not, my case will come to trial within two to three months.

I get to experience something new: solitary confinement.

I had to go see the nurse, who was going to give me another TB shot. I mentioned that my heart reacted to the one in Las Vegas, so she ordered a chest x-ray. I am not supposed to get another TB shot so quickly anyway. I should get the x-ray within a week. Until then, I am in solitary confinement, in a filthy cell. The guard said he would bring cleaning products but has not yet.

We have asked for the library cart for the past three days but have not seen it yet. I asked to take a shower before being confined and I was told I should have taken one earlier. Whatever...

I wrote a 20-page summary for Clay Bedford, including forty-one witnesses he can count on to testify: the children, you, expert witnesses, Nancy, the people at the theater where the kids work, my colleagues, medical doctors and psychologists, etc. I will see him again tomorrow morning.

I think my skin is raging. If a client came with such an angry rash, I would look for rage and anger, although I don't feel angry at the moment. I keep writing and writing to dissipate that anger or rage. I will be writing again to more organizations once I get envelopes. The nurse did not want to look at the rash... she had a set of questions to ask... and rash is not one of them. I only lost ten pounds in Las Vegas, less than I thought.

Nancy came last Sunday... she has a hard time getting a hold of Joyce too. I am quite concerned. My daughter has way too much on her shoulders with all the bills and pets. Try to contact Amber.

So, what do they feed me here:

Breakfast: baked potato, 1 cup of chickpeas, 1 tomato, 1 banana or apple and 1/2 cup of juice.

Lunch: we get a bag for lunch, with the same ingredients. The potato is cold though.

Dinner: The same, but I get 1/2 frozen 1/2 micro-waved vegetables instead of fruits.

There is practically no meat. It's difficult for me, since I am a protein type, i.e. I should eat lots of protein and good fats, and not so much carbohydrates. Without the proteins and with a lot of carbohydrates, I get depressed. I am going to have to use my mind control techniques. I am bloated, constipated and constantly hungry.

It would help if I had some interesting books. Would you check on biographies, like Jefferson's Nelson Mandela, Gandhi, Churchill, etc... in soft cover and not too small prints. The forty to sixty yellow light bulb gives dismal light, especially when it is hanging from a 10-foot ceiling, in a 7 x 5 feet solitary cell. The walls are surgery green with graffiti, the floor is grey and there is a five inch by five inch "window" to the hallway. There is NO window to the outside.

I don't know if I'll get to go out at all this week or if I will get visits. There is NO telephone.

I believe you can send me pictures, but not Polaroid ones, no third-party mail is allowed and no postcards. Envelopes are taken.

I am hanging in there... If only I had a rope ;-)- Actually, it would be possible in this jail...it was not in Las Vegas.

Thanks for all the writing and fighting on my behalf.

Danielle

August 18, 2006 - Another letter from Nancy, following a court hearing.

Hi Danielle,

It was good seeing you this morning. We left because Stacie wanted to introduce herself to the Public Defender. His attitude was kind of like "and your point is?" She needed to go on as she had some things to do, and I wanted to drop by Jim Webster's office (he was not there.)

He called me on my cell phone while I was still in town, and he knows you are here and what is going on. He did say that you will never get this moved to another area (no change of venue). So, at least he knows.

I am trying to set up a routine to make sure enough food is getting to the kids. This letter won't arrive until after I come on Sunday. We were going to meet on Tuesdays, but since the kids start school on Monday, that will be impossible, so we are going to try to arrange it for Sundays since that is your day of visitation. I will take a back seat if there are others who want to visit you, but I will still come and try to meet the kids to take them to lunch or something. I will make sure that Stacie has enough money to get food for them during the week if necessary. At first, I thought I would try to set up an account for her to draw off, but that is not a good practice. I will send her money orders if I don't see her. Since I will see her tomorrow, I will give her some cash for next week. She has promised to get food for her siblings if they need it. I am concerned about Crystal as she really stuffed a lot of food in fast and really gives the impression she is very, very hungry. I am hoping Kendrick is getting fed by the woman who takes care of him. I encouraged Sonia to include him in any salads she makes as he loves salads so much. I gave them a choice of where they wanted to eat, so we went to El Jardin, which was very nice. They all ate well.

Love ya,

Nancy

August 19, 2006, my brother the cop wrote me this letter:

Hello Lil' sister,

Thank you for writing. I finally have the energy to write you back. I sure hope that your case will be useful in changing some things. I met a reporter from Amnesty International; we did not have much time to chat, but she seemed interested in your story. Maybe she'll write an article about it. In my opinion, the more we expose injustice, the more the world will react.

What is revolting to me is practically no interest is shown as to the well-being of the children. They are not heard; not even the older ones' opinions are taken into consideration. This seems unreal. Here we have specialized psychologists who listen to even what young children have to say... and their opinions are taken into consideration.

It's quite obvious that I would not enjoy being in the police force in the United States, unless I would work against corruption. There's got to be one or two honest deputies in such a big country?

Mom told me what happened to you on July 27; that tops everything. If you only knew how careful we have to be with inmates here, especially when it comes to medical care. Not helping somebody whose heart goes into fibrillation is considered endangering a person and it's a crime.

What reassures me is that my sister has the same "never give up" character I have. As long as we are alive, there is hope. Continue to fight!

I just heard that you got transferred. I sure hope you will be treated with greater respect in Sonora, and that you will be out soon. You need to come visit our new house.

*Hugs from
Cary and Family*

My cousin in Australia wanted many details about my "new experience" as a prisoner in this new part of the United States of America.

August 25, 2006 - Day 131

Hello Josie,

Chemical potatoes + chemical meat does not equal food! Only one bite of that slop triggered painful cramps.

What allowed me to get over the problem was fasting, for seven days. I only drank the squeezed juice of oranges mixed with water. THAT made me stronger. Then I started with sunflower seeds again, but with more packs per day. One pack of sunflower seeds contains proteins, fats, iron, etc., and enough calories to survive. I regained enough strength to be able to walk half an hour again, when we got to go to the "yard."

So far, I consider that I am doing the best I can, for the kids' sake. Remember, "Man (or woman) does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God." I felt led to do this fast, which helped settle my upset system. Moreover, it helped me to get rid of my terrifying fear of having to go back to Sonora and of seeing Eugene again. "These only come out by prayer and fasting." Indeed, they did. I don't feel I am afraid of the father any longer, nor of the court system. That is a great victory. I still don't like what's happening, but that is a different story.

So, let's leave Las Vegas and move to the jail here. The food, which seems to concern you so much, is better, although not yet balanced for me. The regular trays, which contain lots of gluten and dairy products, are well balanced for the inmates here. It is mostly home-cooked American meals, and BIG servings.

They are still working at balancing my trays, as I don't get to order sunflower seeds here. In the morning, I get a baked potato, a real one, one cup of chick-peas or garbanzo beans, one tomato and either an apple or banana, and sometimes, some carrots. Yesterday, I got a little bit of butter to use on my potato.

They wake us up at 5:30am, bring breakfast to the cells at 6:00am. We also receive a sack-lunch at that time, which we can eat whenever. For me, it's the same as what I get in the morning. Dinner is served at 5:30pm. I usually get the same with some cooked vegetables. I do eat what's on these trays. Although it's not balanced for my body type, which requires 45% proteins, 35% fats and 20% carbohydrates - and their meals are 95% carbohydrates - it is some kind of food, and not a chemical concoction.

The cells have three walls of concrete slabs, painted a pale surgery green. A yellow light bulb surrounded by a wire cage gives some dim light, from the 3.5- to 4-meter-high ceiling.

The lights are dimmed during the night. The mail is delivered at 2:00am in the morning and the guards wake us up to receive it.

To summarize, better food, better guards, a much worse environment. It's difficult to read with such dim light, and one never knows what time it is, as there are no windows... and the days are LONG.

We don't have a post office in the jail, and I am guessing how many pages and stamps I can use for each envelope. I have to count on friends or family to help now, as my hands are pretty much tied here. My mail is photocopied, my calls are recorded, and we are under camera surveillance 24/7. I sure want my kids, my pets, and my life back.

I have not seen my children for over four months and can no longer receive or send them mail, as everything is photocopied and sent to the D.A.

The safe house here would not take us, as the judge had already made his orders. Safe houses in this country are not "safe." Women and children seek refuge, and then family court judges put the children back with the abuser and punish the mother. This is happening everywhere in the United States. I miss Joyce- and Amber's visits. They prefer living in Las Vegas and do not want to return to Sonora. Tuolumne County is a Middle-Age, forsaken place. There is no future for anyone. Mostly retired people live here, and there is a lot of unemployment. I need a good lawyer for me AND to set a precedent, to make a difference for others.

Love and thanks for all the prayers,

Danielle

August 26, 2006 - Day 132

Hello Regina,

I received your documents but had to wait to get stamps and envelopes to answer. My comments are added in the back and are numbered. Also, I added a chapter on how the courts and Eugene focused on little irrelevant details to discredit me and did not look at the whole picture. Nobody is perfect and it's always possible to find a flaw.

I got your secret "good news" letter around 4:00am this morning. It's like a Christmas present. I am hopeful but cannot guess what it is. I miss my kids so much. As I was walking in the yard yesterday, I was "bracing" myself to having lost them forever, especially Kendrick, since batterers concentrate on keeping the boys, to teach them their ways. He has been so isolated from his siblings. Will he remember me? Will he get brainwashed? He is such a great kid.

Ms. Killman from the Consulate came to visit me last Saturday. It was good to speak French with her and to feel the support. This whole thing has been so crazy, going on seven years in September. I sent her a long letter a few days ago to forward to Ian and my Swiss attorney, regarding the plea bargain. It was the only way not to have it photocopied. I hope she got the documents and that she will forward them ASAP. There are many concerns with this plea bargain. Also, none of my witnesses has yet heard from my public "pretender" nor from his private investigator... and the prelim is on Wednesday!

I am tired and have a hard time concentrating. From Tuesday to Friday, I was woken up at 2:00am for the mail, and the guards made sure I was awake. Today, they woke us up at 4:00am. I could not go back to sleep and now, I am tired. I fell asleep after breakfast, but was woken up to take a shower. Yesterday, I was given half an hour.

Today, I stumbled out and got back to my solitary cell two hours later, as I had to wait for the guard to come back. I fell asleep again after lunch, but the guard knocked on my door to check on me, so woke me up. Oh well, hope my notes do make some sense.

I am really wondering what your good news are about. Should I rejoice? Is it the proverbial light at the end of a long tunnel?... or is it just another train? I want to rejoice.

I am still in isolation although I had the x-rays on Thursday. They are shuffling people around... maybe they'll transfer me too.

Thanks so much for your help. Nancy cannot be at the hearing on Wednesday. Will you be there? I just would like to have a witness at each hearing. Maybe Stacie can bring a friend. I know Eugene will be there... again. His gloating will not last forever.

*Love and Blessings,
Danielle*

P.S. Wow... I just got moved - probably in the biggest and cleanest single cell. It's about 8 x 12 feet. It has a metal table and a stool, a toilet and a sink, and a TV. It also has TWO light bulbs! There is a wooden door with no bars, but still no window. I hear voices from nearby cells, all listening to different TV channels. I am also close to the guards' quarters - they laugh a lot, loudly.

August 27, 2006 - Day 133

Hello Joyce,

This is in answer to your orange letter.

I've been "in the hole" since the 17th, until I get a chest x-ray. Initially, it was for seven days, and I got the x-ray on the 23rd. I don't know why I am still in solitary confinement, but I won't complain, because it's not so bad.

I was transferred to a bigger "hole," i.e. a better cell, last night. It's about 8 by 12 feet, so I even have room to exercise. I also have a table and a stool to write on and a TV. I may watch a movie tonight, as I am done with the reading, writing and exercising I had planned for today. Ms. Killman came to visit me on the 19th... We talked through a glass window.

I am now in "tank D," but still go shower in tank B. The four inmates there think I am so lucky as I can now talk to sixteen male inmates through the vent (like I would know), and another male inmate in solitary through the electric box and to tank F under the door. Wow, really? I have TWO light bulbs in this cell, which makes it easier to read.

I get more fresh food, although it's still mostly carbohydrates: carrots, bananas, apples and tomatoes. I am constantly hungry because of the lack of protein, and I am bloated. I'll turn into a blimp if I don't get out soon... but at least I am eating something. Nancy is great. She met Stacie and gave her some money so she could buy food for the little ones.

Did you take a picture of the dog on the counter? She may think she is a cat. Remember the movie "The Ugly Dachshund?" So, the cats sing a symphony now when you get home? It's bad that they don't get along with the dog. I read that ferrets make a lot of different noises, even bark.

I wanna go home!!!

Have you heard from Clay Bedford and/or Bill Ferreira? I don't think I trust them.

I prefer the Swiss system for public defenders. They are young attorneys, just out of college and work hard to get noticed by a firm where they can spread their wings. Clay Bedford told me he became a public defender so he could take paid vacation and sick leave, get medical insurance, which he knows he will need as he is quite obese, and retirement. Whether or not he works, he gets paid.

I miss seeing you... but it's not worth you driving all the way, until we know something is happening.

Tomorrow, I'll start my 20th week. Nancy sent me a book from Martin Luther King Jr. He talks about how incredibly irrational hateful people become. Indeed, it is so true in our case. Keep books coming please. Thanks.

These little pencils are not fun to write with. Inmates used to make tattoos with pens and coloring pencils, so we don't get those anymore. There is such "creativity" being developed here. They pierced their skin, so the tattoo would last, ouch!

Write soon...

Love,

Mom

August 30, 2006 - Day 136

Hello Joyce,

I just spoke with Clay Bedford. He has not done much yet, except reading the 300+ pages of the Discovery the D.A. prepared to accuse me. He was busy with attempted murder cases. He says he will get on it now.

The KEY according to him so far is Cheryl Smith, our Las Vegas attorney. He thought the trial was over in Las Vegas and had been decided as "fraudulent" and that we had to pay \$7,500.00. He was surprised to hear it was NOT over.

He does not think the plea bargain was a good idea. If I accepted to plead guilty on a felony charge, there is a good chance I would be deported out of the United States and would never be allowed to come back.

I am not sure he thinks I have a good chance at the trial. The main concern, or "word" is "withhold." I withheld the kids from the father, which is a felony. Unless we can prove that there was a reason - i.e. danger, which there was - I would be found guilty of a felony.

I should be arraigned in Judge DuTemple's court by September 11th and then go on trial in about seventy-five days. Clay wants me to "waiver time." The law says the trial has to happen within sixty days after arraignment. If I waive time, it could take one year, but Clay says that DuTemple does not like to wait and it's usually seventy-five days. Clay wants as much time as possible to prepare. I don't know whether it's good or bad.

That was this morning. I'll let you know what happens this afternoon. Only Marty Knight will testify. Clay wants to know what he has in his sleeve.

You keep writing that you don't have much work and/or money. Are you waiting for me to tell you to let things go and take a small apartment that you can afford? Let me know if you are too worried about trying to keep the house, the car, etc... OK?

If some people want to help, ask them to send me a book from Amazon. I have to survive three more months. I'll send you a list of books.

If some people are still trying to raise money, I would like to have these three expert witnesses at the trial:

1. Bob Geffner, from San Diego - he has years of experience working with children, abuse and batterers. He can testify that it is NOT in a child's best interest to be with an abusive father.

2. Barry Goldstein, who review the Velasquez and Carmichael reports in our case; he can testify that they did not follow guidelines.

3. Linda Barnard read the reports as well and met with the kids. She teaches how to prepare true reports "in the best interest of a child," which means witnesses should be contacted and the parents should be interviewed separately.

...

Afternoon... Guess what? The hearing was continued. Judge Boyack did not have the time to hear the six cases in one hour and Clay Bedford wanted to drill Marty Knight for an hour.

It's amazing how Clay Bedford changed from this morning to this afternoon. He had gotten a call from a big attorney firm in Los Angeles. He was so polite and accommodating. Suddenly, he was willing to speak with Stacie and to give me a copy of the 300-page Discovery, i.e. what the D.A. relied on to arrest us. He was also willing to reconsider a bail hearing, etc. He will get on the case "right away."

My former Swiss attorney did good. Clay Bedford also said he contacted our attorney in Las Vegas.

I had a long conversation with Stacie on the phone this afternoon. I will send her a list of books I am interested in. She seems eager to help and it would lighten up your load.

I spoke with Ms. Killman this evening. The new consul just arrived in San Francisco. She will ask him about a special demand for financial aid for you until we go to trial. She is skeptical, but our case is so unusual, it might go through.

What else... my itchy skin seems to be getting less itchy. It's less bloody. I did some imagery... the results always amaze me.

Did I mention they moved me again? I am in my fourth cell, with a manic-depressive. I am learning a lot, like patience and resilience.

I heard Kendrick wants to "go home," as do Sonia and Crystal.

Is the "Phantom of the Opera" still on? I believe it was at the Venitian in Las Vegas. I want to see it.

*Love,love,
love,
Mom*

August 31, 2006 - Day 137

Hello Stacie,

It was SO good to speak with you again, and to see you. I am going to get a jail haircut, but probably not as short as yours. You look good spiked like that though.

Ask Ian if he can have Amazon send me some French books.

I need funny stuff. It's not so easy to laugh here. Joyce sent me some pages of jokes, which I tried to share with the other inmates. They don't understand jokes... it just was over their head. They are into slapstick comedy shows. Did you know that the average IQ in the United States is 100?

Nancy has a copy of Roxanne's letter AND what Eugene's answer to it was. I did not remember I had emailed that to her for safe keeping.

Let me know what's happening with Clay Bedford. I guess there is now another attorney who is interested in my case. That makes the 6th one.

Tell the little ones (we keep referring to them as "the little ones" but they were actually 16, 14 and 12 years old).

I am so glad I heard good news from Evelyn. Tell her NOT to tempt a hurricane though. She does NOT need to learn to fly, my "super-woman."

Let's plan on celebrating Christmas at home. I am not sure that we can make it for Thanksgiving, but why not dream? A full meal would be such a change.

*Love you,
Mom*

September 3, 2006 - another excerpt from a letter written by my parents

Dear Danielle,

We thought that if you plead guilty about something, you would get out of jail immediately, however we were quite skeptical. We do not trust the strange justice in that country. It would be good if your public defender would agree to speak with the older children.

We are happy that you are getting better food and regaining some strength. Keep up exercising every day.

We so would like to be able to comfort our grandchildren...

*Love and Hugs,
Mom and Dad*

September 4, 2006 - Day 141

Hello Regina,

I am starting on my 21st week and am not in the best of spirits.

I woke up discouraged last Thursday and decided to "ride the wave." on my own. Well, I am still under, so maybe I better write. I guess Martin Luther King Jr. also had waves of discouragement, so I feel ok to dip sometimes too.

Have you seen the movie "Pirates of the Caribbean?" In some ways, I feel like the cursed pirates... I have no feelings. What I have learned is that knowing about psychological states does not prevent one from experiencing them. When I spoke with Dr. Braak, a psychiatrist and specialist of tortured victims in prison camps, several years ago, she suggested I read an excellent book on chronic Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, which has a different physiology than regular PTSD. She specializes in taking care of victims of abuse in concentration camps. After a certain time, people "pass out" emotionally, which happened to me in September 2003, when they forced Kendrick to have a surgery he did not need, just to spite me. However, it seems to be getting deeper.

Right now, the "no-feeling" is quite acute. I imagine that "hopeless despair" would appear on my QX-device. I don't feel a thing. My cellmates should upset me, but I don't feel a thing.

Once this is over, there are some specialists who help victims to recover and reconnect with feelings, but I understand that it's not an easy process.

Of course, seeing Eugene and the kids on Sunday was not easy. I expected to see Nancy, and there he was, with a tee shirt I had bought him years ago, which he did not like or wear at the time. He is now wearing it and forcing the kids to visit their mom in jail.

Sonia and Crystal were crying so much that we could hardly talk. They needed a hug so badly. You could sense they were having a hard time with the glass barrier. Sonia complained that her father keeps coming in the bathroom while she is showering. Crystal wears a bathing suit when she is in the shower, for the same reasons. They looked so hopeless and helpless. They are not allowed to contact their older siblings, neither our friend Lilian and her children, with whom they grew up. They are so isolated in Moccasin, and I am helpless to do anything. All the feelings I should have... I don't feel them... I don't know where they are.

So, that's for my emotions. Now, I've got a hard time focusing my mind. It seems there are so many thoughts flying around, but I cannot grasp any. I read a novel yesterday, with a story happening in the 1800s in England. I enjoyed it, and re-read it today, as I could not remember much of it.

I wonder where everything I should be feeling/thinking is or is going?

Spending twenty-three and a half hours on a two by six-foot upper bunk is not conducive to health and vitality. It might be the food too. They are making a sincere effort to provide me with what they can, yet it's mostly carbohydrates, which leads me to chemical imbalances. Maybe I am picking up on the despair here too. We got a new cellmate who is quite loud and goes from up to down quite easily. Alas, she is apparently going through withdrawal.

I was trying to talk about my case: their solution was for me to stop being selfish and to re-marry the father, for the kids' sake. Ok... no more sharing.

The TV in the background is quite annoying. I am not used to it. I like peace and nature sound.

This is important. You know that the hearings have been continued in family court, over and over from the beginning. It seems it's following the same pattern here too.

Deputies came to get me in Las Vegas the day before I was to be released... actually, hours before my release. I was supposed to have a prelim within 10 days of arriving here. I was asked to sign a time waiver, as my attorney got a three hundred plus page document the day before and did not have time to read it. It was understandable. They continued the hearing for another twelve days; the judge then did not have time to hear my case. I guess Eugene knew about it, since he did not show up. Now, the hearing is scheduled for September 8, at 8:15am.

Then, I will be arraigned in front of Judge DuTemple. My attorney already wants me to sign another time waiver. The trial should happen within sixty days, but he says he cannot be ready in such a short time. He wants to ask for seventy-five days. According to him, he will need all that time to prepare

and be ready. The caveat is that I don't believe him. If I sign the time waiver, the hearings could be continued ad infinitum.

My kids are crying... I am tired of my bunk... What should I do? Give my attorney more time and risk to stay here indefinitely? If I don't sign the waiver, I take the risk of my attorney not being ready.

Clay Bedford does not believe in my innocence. He said my case was awful. The word they are concentrating on is "withhold." I need an attorney I can trust, who works for ME.

Could you see if you can get advice on that from the Los Angeles firm? Thanks,

Life seems to be so busy for people on the outside world. I faintly remember. Here, it's one long minute at a time. Lately, I've tried to sleep as much as possible.

I cannot even watch a movie. The gals keep changing the channels or go into animated conversations so I cannot hear a thing.

Maybe the diet, which is so totally against my blood and metabolic types, and thus clumps my red blood cells, is what makes me feel so sluggish and heavy, like I have lead poured in my body. That might also explain the feeling of suffocation which could come from the AC releasing too many positive ions.

I am dizzy, nauseous, heavy... and very constipated, which is a major problem too. I am sure if they read this, they will be really happy. I sound quite defeated. Did Eugene finally succeed at destroying me? Maybe writing about it will exorcise it.

Did you get my letter explaining how Kendrick was used? Crystal is still making A+... and they say that I neglected her education!

I called Amber briefly. It cost people \$6.00 for the first minute I call, then \$0.69 for every minute afterwards. What a rip-off! Amber was wondering why she did not hear from Sonia anymore. They had a lot in common, both liking modeling. Eugene is not calling her anymore either.

The more I think about this situation, the crazier it seems. It's insane what they are doing to us. I want out... I want my kids.

Yellowish lights and surgery green dirty walls are not the cheeriest colors either. Why is everything done against healthy common sense? Answer: to keep inmates coming back, and the system works quite well.

Ok... I think I am done with my depressing letter.

Another thing I noticed is that I cannot seem to be able to focus on the future anymore. I am re-visiting childhood places, happy places.

I'll call sometimes next week. Nancy will not be at the hearing, as she is meeting with the QX group in Sacramento. I so miss my colleagues there.

Thanks for standing with me,

Danielle

On September 4, 2006, my uncle sent an encouraging letter. Nobody knew what to think about this "plea bargain" that was being offered.

Dear Danielle,

We would like to focus on the positive points in your situation, and to encourage you. We realize there are a lot of negatives, but you are all too well acquainted with those.

It worries us that your public defender is not too keen on you accepting the plea bargain. It shows there might be some risks.

We are so happy that Ms. Killman from the Consulate was able to come visit you, as well as speak with Joyce and Stacie.

The attorney that was contacted in Los Angeles, although not interested in taking your case, still did talk with your public defender. It might have some influence.

We are so happy that you now are getting some fruits and vegetables, unlike the diet you were getting in Las Vegas. Our daughter Mary (she is a judge in Switzerland) did some research on American law; it's a real labyrinth!

...

*With Love,
Ian and Frances*

This letter was immediately followed by another, as mail often crossed over.

September 5, 2006

Dear Danielle,

This is in response to your strong reaction to our suggestion that you accept the plea bargain. We did take counsel with many people, and what we decided was that it might be a good idea, under two conditions:

- 1. that it should not hinder you from working as before, in your field and in Las Vegas*
- 2. that it should not cancel your right to see your four younger children.*

However, if you did not agree, we would understand; you can trust that we are all with you in your decision. You can trust in our support and love.

Regina was quite preoccupied by the fact that you could be deported, should you accept the plea bargain. We immediately reacted by saying then Danielle should not accept the plea bargain. Ms. Killias at the Consulate is doing some research into this matter with her attorney.

Your former attorney went to speak with the Department of Foreign Affairs in Bern, to see if they would intervene in your favor. His colleague is also in contact with a legal firm in Los Angeles.

However, we do feel so helpless from such a distance. We are doing everything that is possible from here. We will continue to fight for you until justice is rendered.

*With love,
Ian and Frances*

September 5, 2006 - Day 142

Hello Regina,

Well, writing to you seems to have alleviated some of the gloom. I woke up this morning, did my crunches before my potato breakfast then fell asleep in a deep slumber. I dreamed I was in a jail, and they were wanting to force meds on me. I was a different jail thought. Jail dreams are quite frequent, as well as dreams of having another baby?!?!?!?

I re-woke up and I have no clue what time it is. The three others are still sleeping. There is some kind of heavy equipment working outside, as the walls are shaking, and the bars are rattling.

I got up and did some Chi-Gong and was actually able to think. Since I am hungry all the time anyway, I decided to cut down on the amount of carbohydrates I eat, which will cause less imbalance. My lungs are screaming for fresh air. The last time we were out was on Saturday.

A thought struck me while doing Chi-Gong: the reason they got down to one felony charge on the plea bargain is probably the best they could argue: I was withholding Kendrick from seeing his father. It is so preposterous to accuse me of withholding Stacie, who is seventeen years old (Actually, the plea bargains WAS that I was withholding Stacie, a 17-year-old smart and mature teenager, who took the risk to run away with her siblings twice, to protect them.)

Stacie had to go to the Emergency Room. She was in so much pain and has pleurisy. From what I heard, Eugene wanted to go visit her and she refused to see him. Will he sue the hospital for withholding visitation?

When Stacie wanted to go live with Eugene, she was eleven years old. The court let her decide. I had visitation, but the father would not allow her to see me. That lasted for eight months. I did not see Amber for two years, until she got a car and was able to come see me on her own. Why do they apply such a different standard now?

There are some loud 4-letter words screaming going on between an inmate and the guards. That's only the second time it has happened here. Usually, things are pretty mellow. Inmates and guards

know each other; they often have attended the same school or know each other from being drinking buddies. They are on friendly terms. This is a strange social club... I don't belong... and I don't care to get a membership!

I don't really think my attorney needs extra time. The charges are clear, the defense is clear. It has been a long case, but it's all the same. I've got a great list of witnesses. He just needs to know how to examine and cross-examine. He says he is the best trial lawyer there is...

I also did some tapping techniques this morning, which may have helped to get a different outlook.

How do they justify putting me in with people who commit murder or attempt to commit murder? There was a gal here last week who had charges of attempted murder. She had to wear a red outfit, instead of the striped one. That means every time we are served a meal, or a guard had to come to the cell, there had to be a second guard on stand-by. Every time she had to go out of the cell (across the hall or to the yard), she had to be shackled and cuffed, and accompanied by two guards. She was just released on a \$1,500.00 bail. Does it make sense to you?

I ache for my kids. They so want their mother back. I hope you will give an ear full to Clay Bedford and his Bill Perreira, his investigator. You are the one who has the longest experience with our case. I lost contact with quite a few colleagues and friends over the years. I was often too discouraged to write them about more bad news, so we drifted apart.

I'll be continuing to write my bio. If you have a chance, read some of what I sent you and ask questions, to fill in the gaps. Do you already have a chronological document on what happened when the court hearings started? I know I wrote several, and they would probably be more accurate as they were written in the moment.

Love and Blessings,
Danielle

My dear friend Brenda wrote to me once or twice a week, from the onset of the drama. She sent pictures of her Malamutes, many wonderful and colorful cards, describing her life in Alaska, and the health challenges she was facing in California. She encouraged me; I encouraged her right back.

September 6 - Day 144

Hello Brenda,

It's interesting you went to Sitka. Eugene was considering Sitka in 1986-87. It sounded like a gorgeous, frightening place. Gorgeous because of the countryside, frightening because of the isolation. At the time, I was living in Vermont, isolated in the middle of a forest, with two kids and three dogs. There was no neighbor... for miles, and I had no car. I was living in a tiny (800 square feet) little house, with practically no insulation. It was freezing in winter. He used to drive me to church when he was not working overtime. With Sitka, I was afraid of being ever more isolated.

Then, he changed his mind and wanted us to move some 400 miles north of Montreal, in Canada. I did not want to get lost in the "north pole," and said so. He got really mad because my need for socialization prevented him from making a lot of money.

I would love to go visit Alaska, from Anchorage south... or the north on a sunny day.
We ended up coming back to California.

Stacie was taken to the emergency room for pleurisy two weeks ago. That must have been quite scary. It is very painful, and often related to stress. She sounded better when I spoke with her.

I am so sorry to hear your back is giving you so much pain. Here is a list of books that might help to get to the root of the problem... When pain hits, it's amazing how quickly we can change our mind from "no surgery" to "please do anything to stop the pain."

After spending thirteen days in solitary confinement, I was released back to a 2-cell with two people in each cell compartment. My chest x-ray was clear, so I was allowed to "socialize" again.

I have been fasting today. I hit a slump from which I did not seem to be able to get out. I would call it mental exhaustion. Again, I believe it's due to the food imbalance (way too many carbs), lack of nutrients and lack of sunshine. We only went out for one hour and forty-five minutes this week, although the rules state it should be a minimum of three hours. The guards just do not have the time. The almost monochrome pale dirty green paint in our environment is not very cheerful.

The court hearing proved to be very disappointing. Once again, the abuse is being pushed aside and they are trying to prove that I "maliciously concealed" the children. In the meantime, the kids are still being abused. The father told them that he and the D.A. could "prove" that they were behind a bomb threat, and if they don't behave, they will go to the penitentiary for twenty years. It sounds insane, but he seems to always win - he forced Kendrick to have a surgery he did not need, put Sonia in a mental institution and me in jail. What more can he do?

Some people say that I have "won." The kids love me and hate their father, but I am starting to feel the price. I am feeling better today, probably because of the fasting, and now answering your three last letters... but this situation is far from being enjoyable.

Last weekend, Eugene came with the three younger ones. It was a shock to see him; I expected to see Nancy. Crystal and Sonia could hardly talk as they were crying so much. They suffer from constant headaches, tummy aches, earaches, and nose bleeds. They sounded better today. Again, I expected to see Nancy, but the father wanted to show he is a "nice guy" and brought the kids to the jail again. Kendrick swallowed his tears, like a little man. Sonia and Crystal said he was pretty depressed the whole week.

We talk to each other through a thick glass, using telephones... and the father is right beside them to listen to the conversation.

I don't know about that public defender. First, I don't think he cares. Secondly, I think he would prefer to defend the "poor father" rather than the "malicious mother." He is concentrating, in my viewpoint, on the wrong thing. Nobody wants to confront the father's abuse! That guy just slips through everything, from raping his sister, raping me and beating the kids. When will justice prevail? The so-called justice system has been replaced by a legal system of laws and technicalities, which do not make any sense to the "normal" person.

I so miss my backyard with the nine palm trees, the wonderful sunrises from my bedroom balcony where I used to exercise. I miss my puppy, who is now about nine months old. I miss the weight of my cats on me when I slept, and the antics of our two ferrets, who were babies then, and now must be full grown.

I so want to give a hug to my kids and erase this nightmare.

My mental strength is being challenged right now. I don't know if I can (or want to) go through another round of false accusations and cover-ups. The father does not even have to pay for an attorney any longer as the D.A. is doing his dirty work. This is so sick!

I do appreciate all your prayers, and certainly need them more than ever. I have at least another seventy days in jail; bail has now been set at \$100,000.

*Love and Blessings,
Danielle*

September 7, 2006 - Day 144

*Dear Regina,
"High Crimes"... just venting*

Dr. Joyce Braak, MD, psychiatrist specializing in working with victims in concentration camps, or victims of torture, suggested I watch the movie "High Crimes," so I could start to understand what I was up against, with Eugene.

I kept telling her that Eugene was sick and needed help; she would stop me and tell me that he was not sick but was consciously and coldly plotting every move.

I got punched again in the stomach this morning during a phone conversation with Stacie. A few years ago, there was a bomb threat at the courthouse in Sonora. Apparently, Eugene managed to convince Sonia and Crystal that he could "prove" that they were the originators of the threat and that if they did not behave themselves, he would go to the D.A. and my kids would spend twenty years in a penitentiary.

No wonder Crystal and Sonia looked so helpless and hopeless when they came to visit me and could not stop crying. They are living the same nightmare of constant threats I did for twenty years.

Since Eugene was able to have me thrown in jail for something I never did, it is easy to believe he would do that to them too.

I mentioned that I grew up in Switzerland, with a loving family. I never heard my parents, grandparents or anyone for that matter raise their voice. We were loved, not beaten. We had several family picnics on tops of mountains with my parents, grandparents, uncles and aunts, and cousins several times a year. My childhood heroes were Pollyanna and Heidi. I was happy and naive.

When I met Eugene, he lived with a loaded gun on his nightstand. Eventually, we would have loaded guns throughout the house as, according to him, "America was a dangerous place."

We used to go visit his friend Steward in Oakland every weekend, where they would reminisce about their exploits in the Navy. One Navy Captain made a mistake; because of Eugene's relentless letters, that captain lost his career. Eugene held another officer at gun point and said he would not have hesitated to shoot him... same with a tourist that came on board during an open house. I heard these stories over and over and over again.

Eugene told me some of his childhood stories, which were confirmed by his mother. At age twelve, he was found hiding with a loaded gun, ready to shoot his stepfather. He loved to build bombs... one that exploded was heard five miles away. He installed a mini-bomb, which blew up, in a classmate's car, causing minimal damage, but warning him to "behave or else." He was known for the many bombs he built and exploded around where he lived. When we went to visit his family, his uncle Frank welcomed us onto his property with a shotgun. As my children later mentioned, the whole family is dysfunctional.

After violently shaking me up for having raked the yard and hurting my back doing it, he told me he would always try to keep a table between us, so he would not beat me up. He beat Evelyn to a bloody pulp when she was eight years old. After seeing her bloody face and her bruises, which lasted for over two weeks, we all knew what he was capable of.

When he threatened to have the Hells Angels (whose services he had used previously) teach me a lesson, I took it seriously.

Amazingly, history, facts, witnesses and circumstances are not taken into consideration in our case. Only what he says or writes counts.

Although I would meet board certified medical doctors (including a pediatrician and two orthopedic surgeons), psychologists and psychotherapists on an almost monthly basis, and often took my children with me for the potlucks we held, Eugene convinced the court that I would have nothing to do with the medical world. He refused to take us to get medical care when we needed it while we were still married.

After the separation, I had the cell phone numbers of several medical doctors, should I ever need to contact them. I consulted with the best board-certified specialists when I had a problem with the children. Eugene would take them to local doctors, untrained in the matters at hand. Eugene took Kendrick to local non-specialists, who subjected my child to 45 minutes of unnecessary x-rays as Eugene wanted them to order braces for Kendrick's legs, braces he did not need.

Kendrick is a dwarf, a happy, healthy dwarf, according to a dwarf specialist at UCSF and a professor of pediatrics there. I had read some of the problems that dwarves can encounter to Eugene, and he took Kendrick to one local doctor after another, making false claims about his health, trying to make him fit a potential pattern of problems.

During the court proceedings in Mariposa, Eugene kept requesting that the court allow him to take Kendrick to local doctors, because he needed braces for his legs. The case was then moved to Tuolumne County and suddenly, according to Eugene, Kendrick needed his tonsils removed or he was going to die from congestion, which he only had when he was with his father. Despite contrary medical

doctors' reports (specialists), Judge Polley ordered Eugene to take Kendrick to the hospital, and to proceed with the surgery, which was unnecessary, and which left Kendrick greatly traumatized.

Eugene did not take care of the children's education. He signed the affidavits once a year, and that was about it. Joyce did extremely well on her SAT, proving that my system of education worked. After the separation, Eugene managed to convince the court that I was neglecting the children's education. He forced Amber to work full time scrubbing boats instead of going to school, which was against child labor laws. The court laughed at me for mentioning it. Joyce helped Amber prepare for the SAT, and Amber did well. The Court decided to believe Eugene, and he got the say-so on the children's education. Eugene put Sonia in a school for delinquent children (she is not), and Kendrick in special education, which he did not need.

When Sonia called 9.1.1. for help during an argument Eugene had started with her, deputies came, spoke with him, handcuffed Sonia and took her to Tuolumne General Hospital. They insisted that she needed to be put in a mental institution, where she was taken. She spent a week there, and was only allowed to speak with her father, per his orders.

Eugene threatened to put Crystal there too, and to put Stacie in Juvenile Hall, for trying to visit Sonia at the mental institution.

Eugene raped one of his sisters and molested another one, for eight years. He raped me for twenty years and sexualized Sonia, yet he managed to accuse me of having Sonia be molested in front of me and the other kids... and convinced the court of it.

This manipulation and ability to convince is typical of psychopaths, yet still quite amazing.

He shot our 4-year-old healthy German Shepherd to death. He forced Sonia to let her baby birds die. He shot and wounded the neighbor's cat (he had to pay some \$1200.00 in veterinarian bills, after the neighbor took him to court), caused the death of Joyce's rabbits, would not allow the children to feed and take care of their ducks, and shot numerous other animals. Once again, Eugene turned things around and Amy Velasquez, the court appointed evaluator, stated that I was the one abusing animals, as I had wanted Amber to pay for half of the food for her ducks by doing chores.

I became extremely sick after Sonia's birth, and unable to get out of bed after Crystal's birth. I was weak and lived in pain, with terror and panic attacks, isolated at Early Intake. Although the kids were hardly ever sick when I was there, they are now constantly complaining of having sore throats, headaches, earaches, tummy aches, and lately, constant nosebleeds. History is repeating itself. They are afraid to speak up because of his threats.

The children are left alone often; Eugene goes about his business and forgets to pick them up after school, or just disappears for hours or days. I was accused of neglecting the children because I took them camping (for 3 weekends for a total of eight days). It was cold the last night... and that was neglect enough to mention seven times in a 13-page report written by Amy Velasquez.

I allowed Stacie, then 16-years old, to spend the night at a friend's house during a show in Columbia. The show ended at 11:00pm and I did not want to take the younger ones for a forty-five-minute drive at this hour. Stacie had worked at the theater for quite some time, and really wanted to do the sound system during that show. We arranged for her to stay with one of the actresses during the 4-weekend show. Eugene hired a detective to follow Stacie... who decided to spend the night at the theater during one of the weekends, as she loved the quietness of the place. I was accused of child neglect, as I did not pick her up after the show. I would bet I would have been accused of neglect if I had picked her up, taking the younger ones out late at night. Doomed if you do, doomed if you don't.

Lundy Bancroft, who worked with some three thousand batterers, wrote about how batterers manage to convince the court system to punish the victim for the crime they themselves commit. It has proven true in our case.

Love,
Danielle

September 10, 2006 - Day 147

Hello Regina,

Please read the "High Crimes" report/article I just sent you when you have time, and decide whether it would be useful to type and send to Ian or if I am just venting. I will write a letter to the Consulate with similar material, but shortened.

I have been fasting today. I just could not get out of my slump. I cried quite a bit yesterday, had sharp pains like electric shocks in my liver, heart, stomach, bowels and fingers. Just like I had at Intake. I was so cold, from the inside out. I obviously don't have any homeopathics or supplements here, so the next best thing I know to do is fasting. Since I feel hungry all the time anyway, it does not change much.

It was a shock to see Eugene last weekend, instead of Nancy, and he came again this weekend. Playing "concerned father" who wants the kids to see their mom? Last weekend, Sonia and Crystal were crying so much, they could hardly talk. They were better today. Eugene was right behind Kendrick, listening to the conversation. However, I did not go into a PTSD (Post Traumatic Stress Disorder - Panic Attack) episode, and felt no fear with him towering over me across the window.

I told you about the bomb threats he was going to accuse Sonia and Crystal of having committed, to put them in a penitentiary for twenty years. It may sound ridiculous, but he was able to force surgery on Kendrick, put Sonia in a mental institution and in a school for delinquent children, Kendrick in special education and me in jail. Why is Tuolumne County standing for this guy's delirium?

Another shock came during the hearing on Friday. I had spoken with Stacie after she had her talk with Clay Bedford's private investigator. She was pleased that he seemed to have gotten the idea about what was going on. When I saw Clay Bedford on Friday, he said how much Stacie's testimony was going to hurt my case and how bad that was. Once again, they are concentrating on the fact that I knew about the children wanting to run away, and that I did not do anything to prevent it. They do not want to focus on the abuse, and the reasons the teenagers wanted to run away. Clay Bedford said that he hoped the D.A. could not prove things. Arrrrgh!!! Technicalities, not justice, once more!

The hearing was a joke. I don't know if Marty Knight was playing dumb or if he is really like that. He messed up dates, locations, and had the judge thoroughly confused about whether the kids had gone to Florida, Reno or Las Vegas, and when and who had custody. Apparently, I had custody when they came back from Florida, which did not make sense since I was paying child support, but I never got the paperwork. Then, Judge Boyack suggested that my attorney in Las Vegas may have advised me to battle the custody in Tuolumne, but that I insisted on her filing it in Las Vegas.

The thing they want to prove is that I maliciously concealed the kids... on eight felony counts. The public defender's argument is that I was following my attorney's advice, who had contacted the sheriff and the hearing was going on in Las Vegas, and that it has NOT been dumped because of "lack of jurisdiction."

Judge Boyack decided there were enough questions to be answered to warrant a full trial.

I will be arraigned on September 18th in Department 1 (I hope it's not going to be with Judge Polley), by video conference from the jail, and the trial date should be happening within sixty days from then.

The private investigator asked Stacie to have people contact him. He said he often get the phone slammed in his face when he introduces himself. His name is Bill Perreira, and his contact number is 209-532-2282. His office is located at 99 N. Washington Street, Sonora, CA, 95370.

Would Gary be willing to call too? Thank YOU!

Would you mind contacting my colleagues, the medical doctors and psychologists, and give them Bill Perreira's contact information? Let them know that I am in jail, wrongly accused of a crime I never committed, and that my kids and friends are trying a last push to get the matter resolved once and for all. They had mentioned they would be character references for me... but that was a long time ago. I have been keeping in touch with some of them.

I want the focus to be on WHY the kids felt they had to run away (i.e. the abuse), not on some silly legal technicality to send me to prison and then to be deported.

Thank you for all your help.

Hopefully, this will be over and I won't feel like such a burden to everyone.

I was NOT concealing the children. We were living in the open. I was NOT malicious, I was protecting. WHY!!! That is the question which needs to be answered.

I had a long talk with Stacie and feel a bit better. She said that the children were so scared of the father's driving on the left side of the road, passing at dangerous places. How I remember these days... He has not changed. He loves to frighten people.

Love and Blessings,

Danielle

September 15, 2006 - Day 152

Hello Regina,

Rage... that is what I feel tonight. Rage at the way I am treated. I now have been in jail for five long months, and no end is in sight.

I am sharing my cell and the dayroom with the adjoining cell, with three gals who should be in a psychiatric clinic as they desperately need help. My cellmate considers herself manic-depressive. She screams at times like "2x2=6, 2x2=6, 2x2=6... Nobody loves me... 2x2=6!" It's very difficult to have any conversation. She was abused as a child and started with methamphetamines at age fifteen. Another hears voices all the time, from neighbors having sex eight miles away, or from suspects, or deputies. She believes she was raped by an officer in June and was pregnant with twins. She could feel them move within her belly... yet her pregnancy tests were all negative. And I heard her argue on the phone with her mother about where her babies were. The third one is a young drug addict, who already had four kids. Two of them pace the 7-step long day room for hours, back and forth, back and forth, in front of the bars of the call, like lionesses in too small a cage.

Somehow, I must keep my sanity.

Danielle

September 15, 2006 - Day 152

An excerpt from Nancy's letter,

... I called the investigator yesterday and he kept telling me that if the children are being neglected, they must keep calling in about it. I tried to tell him that the father would take it out on them and they are afraid of him. Anyway, I am going to call in the lack of food to Child Protective Services because you can call in without leaving your name. However, the children must start doing that. He did tell me that if the phone at the home is cut off, that is a federal offense, and he cannot do that. So, I thought I remembered Stacie telling me once that they did not have a phone... will follow up on that.

Love ya,

Nancy

So many people, including psychologists and therapists, contacted Child Protective Services. Nothing was ever done, as there was a court order which, according to them, trumped everything they could do. When the Consulate called them, somebody went to the father's house and left a business card on the door... nothing was done. I don't know how many times the children were without a phone at the father's house, yet I was the one accused of not allowing the children to call, even though I had a working phone right on the kitchen counter, as was observed by Deborah Bennett, the only evaluator who did a real report. Eugene spoke and the Court believed, even when facts and witnesses testified to the contrary. It was always amazing to see it happening.

September 16, 2006 - Day 153

Dear Regina,

I woke up feeling like laughing hysterically... the situation is so beyond ridiculous. The wicked indeed prosper while I am kept in a cage not legal for animals in zoos.

Nancy sent me the Narrated Bible in chronological order. I've been going through ten lessons a day, to cover hunger pangs and discouragement. By the end of the month, it will have been seven years since I filed for divorce, after spending twenty years with Eugene.

We are all so cold - I stay in my bunk wrapped in a blanket and a sheet. Some guards are wearing jackets, so it's not figment of our imagination

The cook seemed to have been making an effort at balancing my meals for a week or so. I was getting a piece of meat for dinner. That was a week ago. I am back to carbohydrates only and eating less and less. I first gave up on eating the second cup of chick peas or garbanzo beans I was getting every day. I was so bloated that my back was hurting and then passing gas all day, which is not the best in the cramped environment I am in. Then, the tomatoes started to give me cold sores on my tongue. I cut down to one every other day. The three potatoes I got were too much. Anyway, I should not eat so much in the nightshade family. My esophagus and ears started to burn, so I am down to one potato a day with one tablespoon of butter. I get a handful of carrot pieces and usually two fruits. Today, it's two apples; yesterday, it was two bananas. Sometimes I get one orange. I also got one cup containing Romaine leaves, a slice of cucumber and a radish. Calorie-wise, I must be getting between 500 and 800 calories. I stopped drinking the juices, which gave me acid reflux. My cellmates are happy: they enjoy the juice and gulp antacid after every meal. They are hungry too. Although their meals are varied, they are all wheat and dairy based. They buy cookies, candy bars and Kool-Aid for snacks in-between. In Las Vegas, some inmates spent \$80.00 a week on such snacks. One inmate said she gained 100 lbs in seven months.

Leslie, my cellmate, was joking that she looked four months pregnant; she has been here for five months. As for drinking water, it's not appealing when one is so cold.

The jail is in need of funds, or better administration. Some days, they are out of garbage bags. It took us one week to get some Comet to clean our toilet and shower, as they were out of detergent. The head of our broom disappeared, and no broom could be found. Today, we were told that they are out of shampoo.

Nancy put some money in my books. I think I am going to buy some long sleeves thermals, even though they are part polyester. I may also get some socks. We get one pair every three to five days. The problem is that we have to wash whatever we buy. My cellmate washes her clothes in the toilet... not too appealing. I'll try the shower.

I am ready to escape back in a historical novel of the Norman's invasion of England - a love story. There will be no mail tonight, as it is Sunday, i.e. we get to sleep until 5:30am.

...

Well... it's 5:30am, and we did not have mail call. Leslie gets to go home; it took her all of five minutes to get out. She left me her thermals, so I won't have to buy some. I am angry and frustrated. A few days ago, another inmate was let go, who had two and a half more months to go. Leslie was supposed to leave at the end of October, after ten days of solitary for misbehavior. They need room, so they let them go... and I am stuck, in the worst cell, with the worst people! Waiting for breakfast, which I don't eat any more. I have an arraignment today at 1:15pm. I finished my 400+ pages book last night. Onto another one.

Things are so different from the "normal world" I know. This gal was so upset because one of her "friend" cashed and used her SSI check. Then, she tells us how easy it is to do, because she had done it so many times herself (cashed and used someone else's Social Security Check). She was disheartened because a guard told her God did not like tattoos and that she had defiled herself. I mentioned that God's two commandments were to love God with all our mind, soul, spirit and strength and to love one's neighbor as ourselves.

That evening, she asked me where to find the scriptures stating that God would give us what we ask in Jesus' name. I encouraged her to read the whole chapter, not scriptures out of context. She said

she knew, and God would do what she asked (i.e. no prison!) because she had always followed his commandments. Moreover, God had told her she would not go to prison, but to a drug rehab program.

Last week, she was in tears about being offered seven years in prison (she has been in and out for years and is only twenty-eight). Today, she was given almost ten years in prison and is now saying she has mental illness, and that burglary is a therapy to her. She needs help. It's far beyond me.

I am upset with the financial situation. Eugene gets everything. He kept his retirement, the IRA, our savings, which should all have been divided. He owes me some \$12,000 in past child support. My bail is \$100,000 because I am Swiss and Mike Knowles stated that the "Swiss Government could pay," yet gals on attempted murder charges get out paying \$1,500.00.

Cognitive dissonance? What's wrong with this picture? It does not fit my mold.

Last night, my cellmates were sharing the worst deed they had done, "I think the worst was when I was stealing urns in a cemetery." Another had done a hit and run and read in the paper that the guy she hit had two broken legs. The third one set fire on a homeless guy in San Francisco. She does not know whether he was burnt or able to get out of his sleeping bag. I kept my mouth shut. The worst I remember was lying about a broken potted plant I had crushed. I told my parents that my brother had done it; he got punished. Years later, I talked to him about it. He had forgotten... I never did. I never lied after that. It was too painful.

I remember I misplaced a letter when I was working for an attorney in Switzerland. He was quite upset. Also, I took too long to type a letter at my first job and my boss scolded me.

Yeah, I made mistakes raising my kids and certainly in my choice of a husband.

And, oh yes, I snitched some cookies from the cookie jar, but only when there was an open package.

What a sheltered life I had.

My new cell mate had a hard time breathing. Her first sentence was, "I just got out of here." The system is definitely not made to help people stay out of it.

I was arraigned today. The pre-conference trial is set for October 16, and the trial starts on October 25. Please, would you help raise money to get a professional expert witness? Thanks.

Love,

Danielle

After that, Regina and I stopped writing. She would come visit me. She stayed a strong support along this quite stressful situation. The same happened with Nancy.

"Among those people lucky enough, if you will, to have actually been brought to trial as a political prisoner, several historians have said there has not been one acquittal since the Bolshevik Revolution."

Barbara Amiel

Chapter 13

SIXTH MONTH AND BEYOND - RELEASE

September 19, 2006 - (Day - 36)

Hello Brenda,

I have recovered from my slump. I cut down on the carbohydrates and did some tapping techniques about the lack of sun.

As you may have noticed, I am now counting down (-36) to the days of the trial, set for October 25-27... and longer if necessary.

You are right about my ex pushing (or trying to push) my buttons, but he is losing ground. I have lost the dread I have lived with for so many years; just seeing him or hearing his voice could trigger a panic attack. I now just have a total disgust. At the kids' second visit, we had a good time, joking and laughing... that's probably why he did not show up last Sunday.

I would NOT want to be a public defender. What a thankless job. Most inmates believe they are innocent and have very choice words letting guards and attorneys know about it. However, they do not consider theft, drunk driving, fraud, drugs, etc... to be anything wrong. So, I understand why my public defender does not believe me. That is why I want people to call for me, so my "innocence" does not come from me proclaiming it.

One of the guards said that she just visited Yosemite a few months ago, for four hours, after spending her life in Sonora. How strange... I've gone half around the world. I saw lots of beautiful sights and met with fascinating cultures and went to Yosemite many times.

I am watching "Dancing with the Stars" tonight, as best I can. The inmates cannot keep quiet for a whole show, and I like to listen to every word. Oh well... I love to see couples dance or skate. Someday, I'll learn ballroom, a dream of mine.

One inmate cut herself up with a razor blade. She wants to be taken as having mental problems, rather than face nine years in prison. Her tee-shirt is quite bloody. She was in solitary a couple of days ago for getting into a fight with another girl. What a strange culture this is...

Sonia and Crystal are taking lots of notes and writing a journal.

Love and Blessings,

Danielle

September 19, 2006 - Day 156

Hello Joyce,

I am starting to count down.

Did you contact Bill Perreira? Nancy did. He does not understand why the little ones do not complain to Child Protective Services... obviously, he does not get it. You may want to explain:

- How many times we have tried, to no avail*
- How many other witnesses tried, to no avail*
- Cops were afraid to lose their job*
- Child Protective Services were not interested*
- Things were turned around*
- and on, and on, and on...*

Let's see what the Judicial Commission will do. Thanks for sending the paperwork. Have you heard what happened to Judge Jones on his hearing of September 13th, in Henderson? Is he back acting as a judge?

Apparently, there will be another offer by the D.A. on the 16th... which I don't anticipate taking. So, the big days are October 25, 26 and 27... and more if needed. Let's win!

The second time I saw the kids was much better. There has not been a third time.

Someday, we'll go back horseback riding, I'll learn ballroom dancing, do some snow and water skiing, get to wear my sexy black dress, see a few of Las Vegas shows, eat some delicious food... I think I am maxed out on potatoes.

Somehow, we need to support Crystal for her birthday. She is so upset to have to spend it with her dad. Maybe we'll take her to the Stratosphere for the rides when we are back.

Is anyone planning a birthday party for Amber's 21st birthday? It's important for Americans. In Switzerland, we celebrate 20th birthday most.

Rest when you can and start preparing for the next Oklahoma show.

Love,

Mom

Joyce wrote me a letter on **September 19, 2006**, too. She was now writing her letters on colored pages to brighten the cell, as I was not allowed to receive cards or postcards.

Hey Mom,

I just got a letter back from the Commission on Judicial Discipline. They said they got our complaint, and it will be submitted on September 13th, as they got it in time. It also says that the complaint is to remain confidential until they have made their decision. Anyway, the complaint is # 2006-115. I guess they have a few complaints to go through.

I've been letting the cats out on the back porch lately. The dog makes sure that they don't go anywhere, but at least they are outside a bit.

Love,

Joyce

Her letter went on to explain some of the misadventures that happened at the restaurants where she was working, even to the point of a food fight with a drunk woman in a quite high-class restaurant. People are bizarre.

People were busy on **September 19**, I was writing... and people were writing to me. Here are short excerpts from letters written by my parents on September 19 and 27, 2006.

Dear Danielle,

We are worried as we have not heard anything from you for the past three weeks. Did you receive our letters? Neither Ian, nor Regina, nor Joyce knew much about what is going on...

We were able to get in touch with Caroline (the young lady who spent six months with us at the onset of the divorce. She had firsthand knowledge and was an eye witness to the father's behavior). She will immediately fax a letter to the Public Defender. We hope he will be able to find a good defense. The letters you are sending us seemed to have been opened, then re-taped.

*Love,
Mom and Dad*

My uncle Ian and his wife Frances kept in touch regularly. This letter was written on September 22, 2006.

Dear Danielle,

We got your letters dated September 19 and 13th and thank you for them. News from you helps us understand what you are experiencing, thinking, hoping, resenting and are afraid of.

We were quite worried about your depression, which ended a couple of days before you wrote these letters. We pray that you will keep strong and not give up, even though your circumstances are so tragic.

It seems the guards are totally disrespectful. Waking you up at 1:00am to give you a Bible, then again at 2:00am to give you the mail... It is unimaginable!

We are sure that, with your intelligence, you will be able to, when the time is right, testify in writing about your experience about being incarcerated in these two jails. We are sure that your- and your children's stories will captivate an audience of readers for whom the words "abnormal" and "revolting" still means something.

We heard from Ms. Killman that the trial will start on October 25; it concerns us that it does not give much time to Clay Bedford to get ready. On the other hand, you have suffered enough in these horrible jails.

We got the contact information about Bill Perreira, the private investigator. I will be contacting him to see what we could do. I do believe that the testimony of Caroline, who spent six months with you, will be very useful, as she can describe Eugene's behavior toward you and the children.

We also emailed Stacie, just asking about her siblings, as we know that Eugene tends to check people's emails.

...

*With Love,
Ian and Frances*

September 25, 2006 - Day 162

Hello Josie,

I just got your second letter here, so I'll go back to writing. I was down for a while... I don't think I am far from hell. Below is a diagram of my cell unit. I use the top bunk...

We have two gals with schizophrenia as cellmates, Chris and Claire. Chris has it badly and paces the seven steps hall back and forth, back and forth, for hours, speaking and yelling at voices she hears. Claire is not that bad, but very hyper. Ann sleeps under me. She is 53-years old, and talks, mumbles and complains all day and all night long. Fifty percent of her vocabulary is cussing, if not more... and LOUD.

From 12:00pm to 11:00pm, the TV is on, LOUD! Even when plugging my ears with toilet paper and saliva, I can hear it all and it is very difficult to concentrate on a book, even when interesting. Today was especially loud and crazy. On the right of our cell is a solitary cell with a 28-year-old who is manic-depressive and who screams at times. It's a zoo. I thought I was going to get mad, but thankfully, I was able to go out to the rooftop, which is our "outside yard." Since nobody else wanted to go, I had 90 minutes of peace, watching the sun set, the crescent moon rise, and I saw one star through this caged yard. I walked the periphery (53 steps) 120 times, changing direction every twenty laps. I do breathing exercises, gratefulness toward whatever I can think about, affirmations and pray while I walk. That takes a little less than one hour. After that, I do some Chi Gong, yoga and meditation. It did calm me down.

I have a hard time accepting all that I have lost and the hell my kids and I are going through, and the kids who continued to be abused. This is INSANE!

Apparently, I am accused of not obeying a court order which I did not know about and that seems so much more important than all the abuse Eugene has subjected us to.

At times, I get to regret the Las Vegas jail. At least, I had windows and not quite so crazy characters.

I feel drained and mentally exhausted. I filed for divorce seven years ago, and life has been insane ever since. I am not sure I see an end to it. The public defender does not seem interested in properly handling my case. His investigator has not contacted my witnesses. To those who contacted him, he said how bad my case was, since I did not obey that court order (I did not know about)... and I have already spent five months in jail because of it.

I am so glad I am on the top bunk, which is closer to that light bulb. It got changed to a regular bulb, instead of a yellow one, and it's now easier to read.

Guards are not as brutal here but are more passive-aggressive. They ignore us. It took two weeks of daily asking to get a broom. We have asked for the library cart for the past five days, with no result. It makes the inmates angry. One started to cuss at the guards, and ended up shackled, handcuffed and thrown in the rubber room. Another could not handle being ignored and cut herself. She needed some twenty-one stitches.

I've lost hope that I will get help. As mentioned, at times, I don't even want to write or call. I like to lift people's spirits up and be helpful... but when I describe my situation, it's pretty miserable. People get discouraged... they want to help, but constantly hit walls. I have lost many friends, therapists and psychologists who could not handle what was happening to me.

No cards, no postcards, and no third-party mail is allowed, i.e. the Consulate cannot send me mail from other parties. My daughter is sending me mail on colored paper... that helps.

The 9-hr trip from Las Vegas to here was so much better than what I expected. It's usually a nightmare on a bus with many inmates going from jail to jail, with hardly any bathroom breaks. I was shackled all the way, and my ankles bled from it, as I did not have any socks, but it was in a private police car... very uncomfortable, but much better than what I anticipated.

Both Tuolumne County and the State of Nevada owe us much for the damages IF I can find an attorney to file the charges.

My TB test was clear. I stayed in solitary for 13 days and actually it was better than this crazy cell. It makes me want to "disobey" so I am put back in solitary.

My left brain is not working too well. When I told my private doctor prior to going to jail, he said he was surprised I had any memory at all, in my circumstances. Once upon a time, I was so good at math and science. Now, I work kinesthetically, "feeling" energy; most of my work is right brain stuff, except for some of my teaching. I remember you were good with languages.

I never wanted to move to Tuolumne County, as I did not feel comfortable in this area. We moved here when Sonia was 3 months old. She is now 16 years old. I thought I had finally escaped... and was pulled right back.

*Love and Blessings,
Danielle*

From Amber, **September 26, 2006**

Hi Mom,

Just so you know I can receive your calls. I just happened to be out of the house every time you called. If I don't pick up the phone, just try again.

The only thing going on in Vegas is a lot of heat... 105F every day.

Don't worry... I don't think any of us is going to turn to drugs to try to solve our problems.

I talked to Evelyn the other day; she made some friends at the shop she is buying her diving stuff from. One of the guys there is going to give her a price break and work around her schedule so she can get her diving certificate.

Amber

Letter from Joyce, no date... my kids were talking to my public defender's private investigator.

Hey Mom,

I just talked to the investigator for your case. I was on the phone with him for about a half hour and hopefully gave him an earful. I know Stacie had just talked to him a couple of days before I did. Hopefully they are getting the idea. I don't remember if I told you that I got a letter back from the Judicial Commission saying that they got your complaint and would be looking into it. We'll see if anything comes from that.

Horus (one of the cats) got out the other day and was just sitting on the top of the fence looking down at the dog who was going nuts. We had a major thunderstorm the other day. It messed up a bunch of the construction that was going on at Blue Diamond and knocked down the trellis in the back yard. I rigged up a dog house in the backyard so the dog can get out of the rain.

Love,

Joyce

October 1, 2006 - Day 168

Hello Dear Brenda,

I just visited with Nancy this afternoon, and I also wrote her a very discouraged letter, hoping that putting my dark thoughts on paper would help exorcise them.

I feel so mentally exhausted, drained for not finding any good reason to continue to hang on.

I am dreading the 25th... it's going to be in the same court room that I lost the custody battles... and before the last one, I ended up in the emergency room of the local hospital. Tapping does not seem strong enough. Spectators are allowed. The trial is supposed to last at least three days.

I hope your back has recovered. Having pain is... a pain. I couldn't fall asleep last night because of arthritic pains in almost all of my joints, which means I have developed antibodies to the nightshade family. My blood type should not eat vegetables from the nightshade family, and I have gotten three potatoes and two tomatoes a day for the past seven weeks... a bit too much.

In some ways, I am glad I know "so much" about food intolerances that I can easily pinpoint the problem. On the other side, I would rather not have so many sensitivities.

It is true that I only have one hour of visits per week, and the children are not coming any more. I guess we had too much fun the last time. According to Nancy, the kids were informed by their father that children are not allowed. What a lie!

*Part of the solution is love and trust and positive attitude BUT it's only a part of it. When the whole thing started, and for two years, I **only** had positive thoughts toward the judge, attorneys, evaluators, even toward my ex. Where did that lead me? I trusted my first attorney, my second and third one. We are told to be as harmless as doves and as shrewd as serpents. I certainly lack in the shrewdness department. Apparently, my public defender has been called out of town; his father has cancer. Karen Woodall is supposed to get all his cases and she has the reputation of being good.*

If I make it, I am going to have to survive after... and I don't want to think about it presently. The future is quite dark.

Thanks for your on-going support, your letters, your prayers. Hope to see you at the QX meeting in November.

*Love and Blessings,
Danielle*

From Evelyn, **October 2, 2006**

Hey Mom,

Sorry I haven't written in so long. This past month has been insane; I finally got my own place. It's a one-bedroom; it has a full kitchen and a living room. It's nice to be able to go home and have some peace and quiet. It is just empty; it doesn't feel like home.

I finally got certified for diving and I love it. I love the peace of the ocean. It can be trashing at the surface and once you get down to the bottom, you cannot tell.

...

My cell phone decided to go swimming yesterday. I had to get another one, but I lost all the phone numbers I had. Thankfully, I remembered Stacie's, so she is getting them for me. I still miss home and the family like crazy. The more people I seem to meet out here, the more I wish the family was here. At least then, we could have fun and I would know they don't want to date me, go drinking or do drugs, which people seem to think that it is all there is to life. I happen to think differently.

How is everything out there? Is that investigator doing his job? This mess must end somewhere.

I love you and miss you all!!! Vacation time when you get out!!!

xoxoxoxoxo

Evelyn

October 9, 2006 - Day 176

Dear Brenda,

I am so glad you keep me in your heart and thoughts... and letters.

I had a couple of real bad days, feeling cursed and brining bad luck to everyone... then I realized I had been reading a lot of Israel's bloody battles, deportation to Babylon, disobedience and punishment, as well as all the Law and bloody sacrifices. Parts of the Bible are definitely not cheerful.

I don't know if I mentioned the new cellmate. She is 55 years old, and her husband committed suicide a few months ago. She started drinking, with anti-depressants... She clipped a pedestrian with her car and killed him. She is very traumatized. I did about two hours or more of tapping techniques with her, and then another session today. She really caught on to it and is tapping away mornings and evenings. That helped me a lot. She is one of the most educated inmates I have met; she worked as a medical transcriptionist at a hospital.

I am glad you don't put me down for being discouraged. I think, as a good female, I am still trying to live up to impossibly high standards... Ah, the curse of being a perfectionist!

Things don't seem to be shaping well for the trial. The first attorney, Clay Bedford, kept the case. He has been gone for weeks and will not be back till late this week. His father died of cancer. My next court date is on October 16, i.e. next Monday for a pre-trial conference. Trial starts on October 25. As far as I know, the Private Investigator has not contacted any of my witnesses, and he has been rude to the witnesses who were able to get through to him.

They don't want to address the "why" the kids keep running away, i.e. the molestation and constant threats and abuse. It's quite unbelievable that people have their hearts so set on damaging children.

I had a good call with Stacie yesterday. She went to Las Vegas to celebrate Amber's birthday. I am glad she did. Apparently, Joyce is still hurting emotionally from her stay in jail. I'd love to do some therapeutic work with her, and all the kids.

Our animals are doing good.

Stacie mentioned that Eugene has a hard time understanding Kendrick. My kid is SO wise, beyond his years. He decided, all on his own, that if he was not in bed by 9:45pm, he did not do good in school the next day. So, he goes to bed at 9:45pm... and refuses to stay up till 2:00am watching movies with Eugene. I am so proud of him.

I did not set bedtime for them when they got older. I wanted them to learn to make appropriate choices... and it's working, even though I am not around.

Stacie took Crystal to a restaurant for her 14th birthday last Wednesday, and Joyce and Stacie bought her an iPad so she can listen to music and keep her spirits up. What great kids I have!

Evelyn sent me a long letter. She passed her scuba diving certification and helped a gal get rid of her fear and prevented her from being taken by the underwater currant. She is lonely though, missing pets and people to welcome her home when she gets back to her 1-bedroom apartment.

I keep hearing good stuff about that woman public defender... bummer my case was not given to her.

I am waiting for that past-due BREAKTHROUGH!

One of the inmates here - the 55-year-old woman - had a Malamute... a very destructive one. I shared that you had some very well-behaved ones. I wonder what kind of a brat my puppy turned out to be. Joyce is not a disciplinarian and was way too busy to do training with her. She would be more the aunt that would help get her sister's kids in trouble... Well, there is no kid yet, but I am sure that's what she would do.

By next Monday, I will have been in jail six months. Unbelievable! I used to have an interest in learning psychiatry... not anymore. I would be the first to prescribe a LOT of drugs to the psychotic inmates... to have some peace.

Thanks again for all the prayers. I will need a lot these coming days. It is time for an end to this madness. Jails are overcrowded and protective mothers don't belong there.

*Love you,
Danielle*

October 9, 2006 - Day 176

Hello Joyce,

I am glad Stacie came to celebrate Amber's twenty-first birthday. She sounded cheerful when I talked to her.

(I did not know at the time, but the way they "celebrated" Amber's 21st birthday was to pack the house and move to one which was less expensive, as Joyce could not afford the cost any longer. They only told me after I got out of jail. I arrived in a house full of boxes, from top to ceiling, so my first chore was to unpack.)

I will need clothes for the trial. Please send them UPS and insure them for \$500.00. Send them to Stacie's address. (I drew pictures of the clothes I wanted her to get for me, with descriptions.)

I don't remember what clothes I have. I just need something decent, which is somewhat warm. I have my white winter coat here, but I don't know if I'll be allowed to wear it.

I regret I did not get to wear my summer dresses. I was looking forward to it. I don't even think I have much in the way of winter dresses. Luckily, Las Vegas is quite warm, even in winter.

So... we missed my parents' visit (it had been planned for over a year that they would come in September-October 2006, to visit us from Switzerland). I understand they will be sending you chocolate instead, to share among your siblings.

I don't know what the future holds. If I get out, I will need my driver's license, credit and debit cards, and then we'll see. But it is a big "if." Eugene wants to keep me in jail forever, so he may bring some new witnesses with more lies. Let's hope for the best.

Stacie said Dakota is staying small... I so miss my puppy.

Well, I will have been in jail six months next week. Who would have believed it? I would not have minded if it would have brought some justice, but it does not seem that it is shaping that way. They still do not want to go to the "why" the children ran away. They don't want to hear about the abuse, the molestation, etc.

I am still reading novels, mostly about Old England. I read a Western novel yesterday.

Do you still take the time to practice gun twirling and knife throwing? Do NOT give up. Go for the top for the next Oklahoma convention.

I am just bored... and you are too busy. It's so unfair.

Stacie mentioned that you had been badly traumatized by your jail experience. It sucks. We are going to have to work on it. It's definitely a downer.

Anything happening with our attorney in Las Vegas... and Judge Jones?

Ok... enough rattling. Please send the clothes right away. Thanks,

Love,

Mom

Another letter from my uncle Ian, **October 9, 2006:**

Dear Danielle,

We had a meeting with your family, and we all exchanged the letters you have been writing to all of us. We will be compiling the information and will send them to your brother, who met a reporter working with Amnesty International. She seemed very interested in your case. She is shocked by the way you and the other inmates are treated, and she would like to publish some information or write to whomever could assist in these matters.

I contacted the private investigator twice. The first time, I asked about the children's testifying in court, as well as your attorney from Las Vegas. We insisted that Caroline send a written testimonial. He said that none of that would be useful to the defense. They only want to focus on the fact that the children were with you from Christmas 2005 to Easter 2006, and on the fact that you did not show up for a hearing.

We understand that the criminal court does not want to come back to what was discussed in the civil court. However, there are several things we do not understand. You mentioned that the trial could take two to three days, and that you never received anything regarding the so-called missed hearing.

Why are they going to debate why you did not show up in court... if neither you nor your attorney received any notice of the hearing. Why will the trial last for two to three days for something that is so evident and transparent? Is there anything else they are accusing you of? Why would the testimony of your Las Vegas attorney not suffice to prove that you were not informed of the hearing? We just have a hard time understanding what is going on.

As you keep us informed about the conditions of your detention, we seriously question the meaning that "human rights" is given in your situation. It's unthinkable! If we could afford it, we would go on a crusade (peacefully but with determination) against such abuse.

We rejoice that you are getting a different public defender (as yours was called to the side of his sick father). Maybe the fact that she is a woman will help.

With love,

Ian and Frances

My family, friends and friend of friends were doing all they could to get the word through to my public defender.

October 11, 2006 - Day 178

Hello my Dear Brenda,

I just watched "Dancing with the Stars," and it does make me feel good... forgetting where I am for an hour. I have not watched TV since I came to the US in 1979. I just cannot enjoy so many commercials and my life has been too busy. So "Dancing with the Stars" is the first program I've watched. As for the rest of the programming, I prefer to read. I don't enjoy soap operas, comedy shows, sex shows, rap videos... whatever the other inmates like.

I read a good historical novel yesterday... a romance between an Irish convict and an English landowner in Tasmania. I learned a lot about the conditions of convicts and what the British Empire did. Very enlightening. Prisoners were so degraded... and still are, in a more modern world. The convict's feelings helped me understand my own. Anyway, the story ended up well... hope mine will too.

I have felt totally helpless. My kids did not send me the addresses I needed to write to expert witnesses. Stacie is sick, so she did not contact them. Regina's father had a heart attack, so she is out of town and could not contact them either. The private investigator does not contact anyone, and the few who were able to get through to him have been rudely treated. My public defender has been out of town for weeks, and the brief hope of having another one did not materialize. So, somehow, it seems to be all in God's hands, and I prefer not to think... just go through one day at a time.

The name of the good public defender is Carolyn Woodall. Also, I guess people can still write letters to the judge. As I said, I don't want to think about the whole mess any longer. I am just hanging in there..." and hope I will not "hang."

Love and Blessings,

Danielle

October 15, 2006 - Day 182

Hello Brenda,

I am SOOOO happy you came. Time flew so fast. I was going to write you not to come because of your back... but you really perked up my mood. Thank you.

I was telling you the "Antonio Story," another crazy story, but that might shed light as to why I am in jail now.

Once upon a time around May 2002, there was a pool party in Moccasin, where Eugene lives and works. Sally, Eugene's neighbor, was a married Marriage and Family therapist. According to some people in Moccasin, she had a crush on Eugene. Kendrick also mentioned that she was "Dad's secret wife."

Eugene and the kids were invited to the pool party, as was Antonio, a friend of Sally. After the pool party, Eugene and Sally took Sonia, Crystal and Kendrick to contra-dance every other week. Sally's husband would also go, as well as Antonio. What I heard from several people is that Eugene would drink wine and stay in his car or go for a walk. He does not like to dance and did not take care of the kids. Antonio loved children and children loved him, including my kids. He was fun to be around.

My kids eventually wanted me to meet Antonio, their new friend. "He is such a great guy, Mom." I said, "No way." He is part of Eugene's group, and I did not want to stir any problem. We had enough as it was.

In the fall, Sally contacted me. The contra-dance group had a solstice potluck on the weekend when the kids were with me. Would I bring them? I reluctantly accepted.

It was a very awkward meeting, me in the middle of all of these "friends of Eugene," whom I was sure he had thoroughly informed about my "inadequacies." I briefly met Antonio, who seemed to bring life to the party for everyone, kids and adults alike. He was 33-year-old at the time.

I happened to have custody of the kids for the next solstice. I was asked once more to bring them, and I did. Then I was asked to bring them to a potluck-picnic at Pine Crest Lake.

During the same year, I also took the children to the "concerts in the park" on Wednesday evening, so they could be with the contra-dance children. I got to talk to some of the parents, who were

also home schooling their children, and started to make some friends in that group. Eugene had stopped attending dances, but Sally was still taking the kids every other week.

My children wanted to have a pool party where we were living, in Ponderosa Hills, by Sonora. as we had access to a community pool. Sally would take care of the invitations, as she knew the contra-dance group well... or so she told me. She, her son and Antonio came. It seemed strange that only three people from that large group came. Sally and her son left early. Sonia and Crystal wanted to invite Antonio to come see where they lived. After hesitating, I agreed it would be ok. I knew Eugene would be extremely angry, but I did not want to spend the rest of my life in fear.

Antonio spoke about his frustration at not being able to finish his projects. He was an inventor, going from project to project, and jumping from one to the other without finishing anything. He was a mechanical engineer and seemed quite bright. Because he had been so nice with the children, I offered to put him on the QX device for four sessions to see if I could find something that would be helpful.

Antonio came four times. After the session, he would usually play with Kendrick. He brought a old vacuum cleaner and a printer to disassemble. Kendrick was in heaven. Antonio was his "cool friend."

Antonio also spoke with Sonia and Crystal and was trying to help them through this messy custody situation. The girls soon lost interest in Antonio's conversations, as he liked philosophical debates, which they did not.

I thought that when they were with Eugene, Antonio looked like a great guy because they had nothing to do, and Eugene did not take care of them. Anyone giving them some attention was great. At my house, they had lots of things to do, and Antonio did not seem so great here.

Twice after a session, we went to a river, once with a friend of Antonio, and once with all seven children.

October 1st was Crystal's birthday, and the last time the children invited Antonio. The "love affair" had died.

I think it was around the end of October the following year that Sally called me to inform me that Antonio had been arrested for molesting one of the kids from the contra-dance. I immediately told my children about it and inquired whether Antonio had ever been inappropriate with them. We talked about it... Antonio had never touched them, and we had stopped seeing him a long time ago.

I had realized during the QX sessions with Antonio that I could not help him. Although he may have been brilliant as an inventor, he had some major problems, like being bipolar, for which he received treatment. He did not want to take any steps to change his behavior; he wanted society to accept him the way he was. He also constantly spoke about Helga; it was clear that something was going on there. I thought he was waiting for her to turn 18 to marry her... but he was also attracted to Sally. What a mess!

The children went to spend their regular week with their father; it must have been around November. When they came back, I got an email from Eugene telling me how tragic it was that Sonia had been molested by Antonio, and that, if we gave her the proper support, she would be able to recover. What a shock! I called Sonia and asked her about it. She told me that Eugene had told her to get ready to go to town with him to "go shopping." However, he took her to the Sheriff's office and told her she had to help Helga, who had been raped by Antonio. Sonia was drilled for about 90 minutes. She told me she tried to find things to say that would help Helga. She was also afraid to anger her father if she said nothing.

I was quite upset. I left a voice mail for the three females who questioned her, as well as for the detective, Todd Blankenship. I did not get called back by any of them... until six weeks later when Todd Blankenship called me back and spoke with me for about an hour and a half.

I was devastated. I had lived with a psychopath for twenty years, not realizing it, and now, I had been blinded by a child molester... and I still did not know what he had done to Sonia.

Jim Webster, Antonio's attorney, wanted me to contact his private investigator, and a meeting was set for 4:00pm on a Wednesday afternoon.

At noon of that Wednesday, I was attending a meeting with Tuolumne Child Abuse Protection Group... something like that, I don't remember the exact name. I happened to sit beside... Todd

Blankenship. I saw his name on the roster. We shook hands after the meeting and I told him I was meeting Jim Webster's private investigator later that afternoon. He asked me to NOT do that, until I had first spoken with the D.A. I agreed, and met Mike Knowles, the assistant D.A., the next morning. Sonia was with me.

According to Mike Knowles, Antonio was a serial child molester, had used many children, had a collection of children underwear and pornography. Mike Knowles needed Sonia to testify about her molestation. According to the videotape made during Sonia's interview, they had retained two instances of child molestation in my house. I was stunned!

The first incident happened while I was going to my mailbox, some thirty yards from the house, which took me two to three minutes. During that time, Antonio tried to help Sonia hold herself between two of the ceiling beams. Crystal had tried but was not strong enough. Sonia was sure she could, if he helped her up there. However, Sonia happened to be too heavy for Antonio to hold her overhead. As she was falling, he grabbed her on her thigh, close to her crotch to break the fall. That was considered MOLESTATION # 1.

As we went to the river with the seven children and Antonio, the latter rubbed some blackberry juice on Sonia's chest.

As Stacie mentioned, it was a silly prank. All the children love to swim in a river, except Sonia. She likes chlorinated pools, where she can see the bottom and where nothing else swims. She did not want to get in the river. To "force" her to dip in that "disgusting" water, Anton rubbed blackberry juice on her. That was considered MOLESTATION #2.

It did not matter that Joyce, Amber, Evelyn, Stacie, Crystal, Kendrick and I were present and did not see any molestation happening. The testimonies of Eugene and Sally prevailed. As Joyce stated, if Antonio had molested Sonia, he would still be in the river... or would have had to hike a long way home.

Mike Knowles did not want me to speak with the defense attorney, nor his private investigator, so I did not speak with them. I took the blame for having been blind.

As I was shopping at Walmart one day, I bumped into John and Antonio, who had been released on bail. Interesting isn't it, that a serial child molester can be released on bail, but that a protective mother cannot.

Anyway... John was a close friend of Antonio, who could not talk with me. John asked if I would meet him to discuss certain points. I said, "No, I don't see the point." He then asked me, "Do you realize that the first defense attorney Antonio went to was also Eugene's attorney?" Wow... that opened a whole can of worms.

Stacie and I met John at Starbucks the next morning and chatted for about an hour. I learned interesting "facts."

Antonio had known Helga for some seven years. The parents, who were school counselors, encouraged the relationship. They would take Antonio with them on vacation, and reserve one room for them, and another for Antonio and their daughter. They would go camping: one tent for them, and another one for Antonio and their daughter. The relationship was believed to be very "spiritual" and "intellectual," until Helga became a teenager.

She wanted more and Antonio succumbed to her advances. That was wrong, but again, there were a lot of strange circumstances. The mother was supposed to be "in love" with Antonio as well, fantasizing through her daughter. Antonio was always encouraged to go say "good night" to Helga in her bedroom, etc...

Apparently, Helga became jealous of the attention Antonio was giving to my children and, though the molestation had taken place in the past, she now decided to reveal it to a friend of hers, who told the parents.

Antonio's trial was constantly continued because he admitted to having molested Helga but would not agree that he molested other children or Sonia. He was just not attracted to Sonia that way. Mike Knowles insisted that he was a serial child molester and told me it was my duty to protect children in the county by having Sonia testify to the molestation. It was a mess.

At Starbucks, we also talked about Sally's infatuation for Eugene, which was quite well known.

From Starbucks, I went directly to Jim Webster's office. He was Antonio's defense attorney, and I

wanted some answers. I told him I was thoroughly confused and needed to hear what both sides had to say.

I asked about "all the other children." According to Jim Webster, there was none... only Helga. I asked about the collection of "children underwear." There were two which belonged to Helga, and which were given to Antonio by Helga. I asked about the pornography. It was all adult pornography - not child pornography. Except for Helga, Antonio was not interested in children. There was one picture where he put Helga's head on a normal woman's body.

Jim Webster called Mike Knowles on the spot, to inquire about my questions. I was furious. I felt that I had been lied to.

A few days later, there was a conference, in Jim Webster's office. Present were Jim Webster and his private investigator Dennis, Todd Blankenship and a female from the D.A.'s office, Sonia and I. The guys asked Sonia over and over where Antonio had rubbed the blackberry juice. Jim insisted it was on her collar bone, Todd said it was on her breast. On and on it went... for an hour. I realized that should Sonia testify during the trial, she would be in the witness stand, in front of a full court room, with two guys (defense attorney and D.A.) debating about her breast / collar bone connection. It sounded ridiculous and would have traumatized my 13-year-old. Furthermore, she did not have much in way of breasts at that age anyway.

After the conference, she asked me, "Aren't these guys married? Don't they know the difference between a breast and a collar bone?" Antonio had definitely rubbed the blackberry juice on her collar bone.

At one point, there was something like a pre-trial conference, where Sonia was supposed to testify. Sonia and I were waiting in an enclosed room for victims. We waited for a couple of hours, then were dismissed. I had to cancel a dental appointment because of that conference. I did not get to receive the proper care and ended up losing that tooth.

After that conference, I went to the D.A.'s office. I wanted to speak to somebody about my problems.

Mike Knowles was not there so I spoke with "Pat" for ninety minutes. I spoke about Sonia coming home when she was eleven years old with a black G-string... about how Eugene showed R-rated movies to the kids. Crystal mentioned she was tired of movies with naked couples flopping on the floor. Eugene had bought Sonia a woman's bikini which was too big for her, so it flapped open to show her private parts. Antonio had mentioned it, as she wore it at the pool party in Moccasin. I had seen it... quite indecent for an 11-year-old. Eugene was showing posters of women with G-strings to the girls, telling them that it was a woman like that he wanted for a wife. I spoke about the abuse and the rapes I was subjected to during the marriage; I spoke about the kids being beaten, the constant verbal and emotional abuse, the killing of the pets... I contrasted all that to the two so-called molestation incidents which were so insignificant in comparison.

It was during the same time that my Consulate had written a letter to the D.A.'s office, asking that an investigation on my case be conducted. The consul was coming to tour the area and asked me to see if Mike Knowles would be willing to see him, since I was already in contact with him. Mike Knowles told me that if I insisted on an investigation, my kids would be put in foster care. Did I want that? He was furious that I had spoken with Jim Webster; I was ruining his case. He wanted Antonio to be convicted as a serial child molester.

I got scared and called my brother, who works for the equivalent of the S.W.A.T Team in Switzerland. I asked him what he would do if he was being blackmailed by the District Attorney. My brother had no answer; he simply could not see it happening in Switzerland.

The D.A. did not see the consul, nor did he answer the letter, so the Consulate wrote a second letter. This time, the D.A. answered, stating that an investigation had taken place and that there was nothing to worry about. NO INVESTIGATION WAS EVER CONDUCTED.

Eventually, Antonio's trial took place. He was charged with having molested Helga (the parents' involvement was not brought up). Antonio was accused of having assaulted Sonia (he pushed her in the pool!!!), so she could get some counseling for the molestation I would not allow her to testify to.

I thought Helga was 14-15 years old when she was molested. That is what I was led to believe. Afterwards, I heard that she was only been 11-years old. I still don't know.

Many people were not allowed to be in the court room, but Sally and Eugene were. I believe they even testified... on facts they just made up in their heads, as they were not present during the so-called molestation episodes. Later, I met with Helga's parents; they mentioned how mean and vicious Eugene was. Antonio was sentenced to ten years of prison, and Helga went on to attract other victims... so I heard.

Although Sonia and I were supposed to get some \$10,000 worth of therapy, the D.A. would not release the funds to pay an excellent psychologist I had found in Sacramento. They wanted me to go to some local therapist.

During a custody hearing, Mike Knowles testified about how I was not protecting my children, how I had obstructed justice and had not taken Sonia for counseling. Sally testified that Sonia had been molested in my house. As a therapist, she is also a mandated reporter of abuse, yet she accused me of something she had never seen.

During one of the custody hearings, I asked to watch the video that was taken when Sonia had testified privately. It was very controversial. The worst "touching" incident happened while we were at the "music in the park" with the contra-dance group, where apparently Antonio touched her private parts. She never mentioned it to me, and that was never brought to the court. Only incidents in my home or in my custody were the focus of the accusations.

What truly happened? I may never know. Usually, Sonia tells the truth when she is asked about something for the first time. After that, she tends to embroider, or to say what she believes people want to hear. Why was Crystal not interviewed? Eugene allowed her to go for a 4-hr long walk with Antonio during a camping trip. Crystal is not so easy to persuade. Was Sonia trying to protect Helga?

Sonia is my most emotionally sensitive kid. She used to make up stories. According to a psychologist, she had pre-verbal trauma, which is still bothering her. After the birth of Crystal, Sonia started to show signs of stress. She was two years old; she had nightmares and would scream at night. She would cut her clothes, furniture, her sheets, tapes, etc. She had been a sweet girl until then. I did not know yet that Eugene had raped his 3-year-old sister and molested another one. Most of us think that he did something to Sonia at an early age, before she was able to talk.

Some incidents apparently happened during the contra-dance, under Eugene's and Sally's supervision. When I asked the children, they said Antonio was touching them (not sexually), and that they had told Sally, who said it was just Antonio's way. He was a touchy-feely kind of guy, who liked to hug everybody. Even his attorney mentioned it. I considered him somewhat like somebody with Down syndrome, despite his intelligence.

So, there in a nutshell, you have the "Antonio Story." Why did the D.A. choose to believe Antonio was a serial child molester, although he did not follow the usual pattern of child molesters, is unknown to me. Why did he choose to focus on two incidents with me, rather than the many with the contra-dance people, is another mystery.

The whole Antonio incident turned the D.A.'s office against me. During arraignment, Mike Knowles told the judge that I did not obey any judge's orders and obstructed justice. He wanted the \$100,000 bail to be raised to \$1,000,000... stating that the Swiss Government would pay for it.

Interestingly, I had NO public defender that I knew about during that hearing and there is NO transcript of it. Once I got a public defender, I asked him to have a bail hearing; he refused.

Martin Luther King Jr. said that hatred brought unbelievable irrationality. It seems quite true in my case.

On one other occasion, Sonia refused to speak with Mike Knowles. She could not stand to be in his presence, so she stayed in the car to listen to music. Mike Knowles testified that I forced her to stay out in a car on a "scorcher" day, which was another neglectful aspect of my parenting. It's so crazy to be constantly accused of one silly thing after another, which never happened.

After my hearing, I turned to Jim Webster and said, in shock, "Mike Knowles lied." He looked at me surprised. "Yes, and everybody knows it." What do you make of that. (I read an article lately that says

it is called "testilying" and is a quite common and acceptable practice among deputies, attorneys and prosecutors.)

If you don't understand my story, it's probably because it does not make sense to rational people.

Thank the whole group for writing letters. I so appreciate it.

Hopefully, see you all soon,

Danielle

I had spoken with a reporter after the trial... she told me she did not really understand what went on with the Antonio/Helga story. Nothing made sense to her. Between my story and Antonio's, it's been living in a twilight zone.

Before Sonia was to meet Antonio, a neighbor had already told me about her daughter confiding to her some of "Sonia's secrets." Sonia had told her friend that Eugene was making her, scantily dressed, serve beers to some of his male friends. He definitely had a sexualizing influence on her, showing her pictures of almost naked women and letting her know that it was what he liked. He bought her some women's underwear, including the woman's bikini she was wearing during the pool party.

After the Antonio story, it was difficult for me to see a therapist to complain about Eugene's influence. Everything would have been put on Antonio's account, and my reluctance to let her testify.

PRE-TRIAL CONFERENCE 1

To the best of my recollection, a pre-trial conference took place on Monday, October 16, 2006. Clay Bedford re-appeared in court out of the blues, after having spent weeks back east because of his father's sickness and death.

Although all the other cases had been passed on to another attorney, mine was not. Although Clay Bedford had told me it would take him about two months or more to prepare my case, he just "re-appeared" on it on that day. He yelled at me that if I did not accept the plea bargain offered by the D.A.'s office, I would spend "7 years in prison, no questions asked." To say that I was in shock is an under-statement.

I remember that statement, as another inmate from our group was also present when he said that. I asked her to repeat what Clay Bedford had said, as I still could not believe it. She repeated it verbatim, "7 years of prison, no question asked."

I jumped on the phone and called Ms. Killman at the Consulate, who was in shock too, as Clay Bedford had promised her that I would not get any more jail or prison time than what I had already served.

Everybody was alerted. We did not know what to think, as Clay Bedford had different stories for different people.

He still had not given me a copy of the Discovery and I kept insisting on it. The trial was going to start the following week, and I did not know the exact charges nor how they had come to the conclusion that I had abducted the children and was a fugitive from justice. How was I to fight my case without having the facts?

On **October 22, 2006** - it was a Sunday - Clay Bedford came to meet me in the special cubicle reserved for inmates and attorneys. He handed me the 300-page copy of the Discovery. He yelled at me again, saying that I was a vicious, mean woman, who just did not want to obey her husband. When I asked him about my witnesses, he interrupted again, saying, "See, there you go again, you just don't want to cooperate."

"I gave you the name of forty witnesses... did you contact them?" According to him, there was no need to, as they were all irrelevant. The ONLY thing that was going to be taken into consideration for a conviction was whether the children were in Las Vegas or not. The D.A. had one witness: one of the U.S. Marshals who had arrested us. There was no denying that the children were in Las Vegas, and that they lived with me.

Clay Bedford wanted me to agree to the plea bargain. I refused. I was going to take my chances at the trial, even though I had no witnesses. I wanted to testify, and he told me I could. "BUT," he said, "Judge DuTemple will not allow you to talk about domestic violence or child abuse."

I went back to my cell, stunned. I read through the Discovery, grateful that I had learned to PhotoRead, which allowed me to quickly go through this 300-page document.

The Discovery contained the notarized letter from Eugene's sister, describing the rapes she had been subjected to, and the molestation her sister had been subjected to. It contained the letter of Cheryl Smith, the Las Vegas attorney, who had described some twenty-one instances of child abuse during the three months the children had been with their father.

It contained many other documents which, to any reasonable person without an agenda, demonstrated that the father was abusive, reason for which the children ran away. Many of these documents will be shown in Book 2 of this Trilogy, and demonstrate, without a doubt, that Legal Abuse and maybe even outright corruption was taking place. Documents were forged to get the Governors of California and Nevada, as well as the Attorney Generals of both States, to sign an extradition warrant.

PRE-TRIAL CONFERENCE 2

On Monday, October 23, 2006, I was driven, shackled in the back of a van, back to Judge DuTemple's Court Room. Once again, I told Clay Bedford that I would not lie. I had NOT abducted the children. They had run away from a very abusive situation, because they were afraid. I had NOT set foot in California since September 2005 and was NOT a fugitive from justice.

He interrupted, stating, "You don't have to lie... you can sign a West Plea. It means that you did not commit the crime, but that you realize it's not worth going to trial." That was news. If I signed such a document, I would not be lying. I had not committed the crime... and it did not make much sense to go to trial if none of my witnesses were allowed to testify, and I would not be allowed to speak up about domestic violence and child abuse. I would just be allowed to agree that the children were indeed in Las Vegas, which I did not deny.

If I signed that West Plea, I would get out of jail the same day, and could continue to fight on the outside. My parents and children would be relieved.

I was in shock though and I had nobody to confer with. It seemed that signing that kind of a Plea would not violate my conscience. The extreme stress of the past six months, the lack of food and sleep, Clay Bedford showing up again without any preparation, the shock of last week's revelations (not allowed any witnesses and not being able to testify about the rapes, domestic violence and child abuse),

my public defender calling me a vicious and mean woman, and refusing to hold a reasonable conversation, and now this West Plea story coming up... all of it had taken its toll. I was in a daze.

I was given paperwork to sign and initial. I saw other inmates doing the same thing, so I signed whatever they wanted me to for that West Plea. I was told that during the hearing, I would just have to acquiesce to what Judge DuTemple was saying. What was he saying anyway? I just said, "Yes, yes, yes..." or "I do, I do, I do..."

I had never heard of a plea bargain in Switzerland. Does that even exist? It did not make sense to me. I later learned that it was done to lower the number of cases going to trial.

The West Plea was a deception. I was told later on by other people who understood the law, that the legal system in Tuolumne County knew they did not have a case against me, so they had to wear me down, and even deceive me, so that I would sign that Plea Bargain, for a crime I had never committed.

RELEASED

I was brought back to my cell, and went on my bunk, to finish the book I was reading. It was mid-morning, and I had seen how the other cases had been handled; it took several hours to do the paperwork for release, so I did not expect to be out of jail before late afternoon. Within 10 minutes, a guard came to unlock the door and told me to get my stuff. I was getting out. I left the thermals for the next inmate and walked out of the jail.

It ended as abruptly as it had started... but was it the end?

I was to go see a probation officer, as I was being put on probation (I had no idea what that meant) and would have to return to court the following month, for the sentencing, which again, I did not understand. Had I not just been sentenced? Wasn't it over?

Nancy and Joyce were there to greet me. We had to go to the Public Defender's office, which we did. I was allowed to wave at Stacie across a window but could not hug her. She was almost 18 years old by then, but the father still had full custody, and I had supervised visitation... and he had not given me the permission to hug my daughter.

She was happy. She had just brought her stuff to Las Vegas, as her father had decided to allow her to go live there with her older siblings. However, when he learned that I had been freed, he relented. Although Stacie had a written document from Eugene that she could move to Las Vegas, she was now told that if she did, she would be sent to juvenile hall, and Joyce and I would be put back in jail.

Stacie had been living with friends; when she told them she was leaving and going back to Las Vegas, the friend had rented her room out. She now had nowhere to go.

From October 2006 until March 2007, when she turned 18, she lived mostly in her car, and worked day and night to pay her bills and continue to provide food for her younger siblings. She did not attend school, so did not finish High School. Nancy bought her blankets and a coat, as it got very cold during the winter.

The Court knew about the situation yet chose to ignore it. She was told she could have gotten back to live with her father, which was not really an option.

I had to spend a couple of days in Sonora, to make arrangements with the probation officer. Inter State probation documents needed to be prepared so I could be supervised in Las Vegas. I still had no clue what that probation entailed. Joyce came with me; it is there that I learned that Joyce had to let go of the home we had when we were arrested. There was a new address.

Joyce and I finally made our way back to Las Vegas, where I entered the new house she had rented. I had looked forward to going back to the beautiful home we had when we were arrested, and to pick up my life where I had left it. It was not to be. This house was nice... but nothing to compare to the "dream home" we had. I set up to unpack the dozens and dozens of boxes that were stacked in the living and family rooms. I was then told that Stacie's trip to Las Vegas for Amber's 21st birthday had been to move out of the dream home to this one. They had to move quickly, so did not have time to organize the boxes. Unpacking kept me busy for about three weeks, before I had to go back to Tuolumne County, for sentencing.

“Within a system which denies the existence of basic human rights, fear tends to be the order of the day. Fear of imprisonment, fear of torture, fear of death, fear of losing friends, family, property or means of livelihood, fear of poverty, fear of isolation, fear of failure. A most insidious form of fear is that which masquerades as common sense or even wisdom, condemning as foolish, reckless, insignificant or futile the small, daily acts of courage which help to preserve man's self-respect and inherent human dignity. It is not easy for a people conditioned by fear under the iron rule of the principle that might is right to free themselves from the enervating miasma of fear. Yet even under the most crushing state machinery courage rises up again and again, for fear is not the natural state of civilized man.”

Aung San Suu Kyi, *Freedom from Fear*

Chapter 14

PROBATION

Between the time I got out of jail and sentencing, I was to write a letter to the probation office in Tuolumne County, regarding my side of the story. The children were to do the same, and any person who wished to write on my behalf. Since none of my witnesses were allowed to testify, this request for letters opened a window of opportunity. Letters poured; we were finally going to be heard... or so we thought.

I sent a 15-page statement to Sierra Grohl, Deputy Probation Officer, explaining the isolation, the abuse, the rapes, etc. Many of my friends and colleagues sent letters as well. For example, our local family physician wrote this brief letter on November 7, 2006.

Local Physician- and Nurse Practitioner's Letters

I have known Ms. Duperret since 2003 in the capacity of her physician and friend.

It has been my experience with and observation of her that she is an extremely dedicated and loving parent. I have no reservations about her ability to provide quality care to her children. She has exercised solid judgment regarding their medical and social needs, and I have been impressed with her loving care toward them. Dr. James, MD

The following letter was written by a nurse practitioner on November 2006:

To whom it may concern:

This letter is in reference to Ms. Duperret. I have known her since 2002 when she treated my family and friends with her healing skills as a naturopath. I found her to be very conscientious, knowledgeable, thorough and compassionate. She is truly a person who has found her natural calling in the healing arts.

At the time, she was also rearing six of her seven children, who still lived at home. She approached her responsibility as a parent with the same compassion and conscientiousness as she did her healing practice. Her dedication to their welfare was always impressive to me. She gave them the very best in terms of education, nutrition, overwhelming love and health care. She knows each of her children and all their needs thoroughly.

Even with trying to establish a healing arts practice and organizing and teaching classes here in town, she still took it upon herself to home-school her children, because she felt that this was in their best interest. I remember coming to her home to find her sitting out on the front porch with her children gathered around her, reading to them, holding discussions with them and helping them with their studies. I know her children, and each of them is unique, wonderful and special, each with their own interests, which Danielle did all she could to foster and encourage. The children are remarkable beings and appear to be very comfortable and attached to their mother, and aware of her love for them. Despite her ongoing challenges with their father's resistance to her care for them, she has always been dedicated to providing them with the best she could offer, and they have always appeared to be very happy and stable in her loving and conscientious care.

*Sincerely,
Candy, ...*

The two letters above were written by a board-certified physician and a board certified nurse practitioner who lived and worked in Tuolumne County. I emphasized the "board certified" as Eugene kept telling the court that I would not have anything to do with the medical system, even though many of my friends were medical doctors.

Letters from some of the children

Here is the letter written by my daughter **Joyce to Officer Grohl**:

To whom it may concern:

This is in regard to my mom's case (Danielle Duperret) and the ridiculous charges of kidnapping or of preventing the children from seeing their father. My sisters and brother ran away from their father. He has been continually mistreating them and they finally had too much. They almost never have more than a can of beans or some pasta in the house for food. All the kids are constantly sick from the lack of healthy food. Dad had just put Sonia in a mental hospital for a week over something he started, and that was the last straw. When Stacie and I went to visit Sonia, we were thrown out. Soon after, we got a call threatening to arrest both Stacie and I for kidnapping and running away. The kids had recently found out that Dad had raped two of his sisters for nine years, and on, and on. They snuck out of the house and ran away to Las Vegas.

During the whole time that they were in Las Vegas, all four of the kids had access to a phone and to the Internet. Stacie had her car. They could have gone back to Dad's house or called him at any time if they had wanted to. They did not.

Once the kids were down here, we got a hold of our attorney and filed everything that was required by law to protect the children from their father. Unfortunately, we got stuck with Judge Steven Jones, who has been taken off the bench for the myriads of illegal practices he had maintained, such as beating up his girlfriend and shady financial deals.

Obviously, he has a rather jaded view on helping women and children in such situations. Also, Dad's attorney is now facing charges on several issues including theft and missing files, like the ones that should have been sent to us, telling us that there was a court date.

We were finally getting back on our feet. The kids were getting back into their routine of schoolwork. Mom was starting to have a good base for her practice, and we were preparing to go to court for a custody hearing as we were supposed to. This never happened. Instead, the US Marshals showed up and arrested both Mom and me and took the kids back to Dad's house. The kids are right back in the hell hole that they were in before, and my Mom has spent the past six months in jail.

Things have not changed at my dad's house. The kids still don't have decent food. Dad's still "accidentally" walks in on them when they are changing. Sonia was being sexually harassed at school and she had to get some friends to file a report with the school because Dad refused to do anything about it. The kids all want to come home to Las Vegas.

Mom is now trying to rebuild her practice here in Las Vegas and set herself back up. I hope the court will look into the reasons that the kids ran away and hopefully do something to help. It is sad that things had to go as far as they have and still no one seems to get it.

*Sincerely,
Joyce...*

Evelyn faxed a letter to Officer Grohl. Some of it was distorted during the process and is missing, but here is most of it:

To whom it may concern:

This mess has been going on too long as you know, and I'm sure that you have all heard this before. Well, I am going to repeat it. My father is abusive; my mother isn't perfect but to us, she is a million times better than my dad. He beat me black and blue when I was seven. He denies it or tries to tell me that I'm exaggerating the circumstances. I'm sorry, but it's not exactly something that you can forget very easily. Not to mention the fact that there are enough lies in this whole mess; I don't need to add to them.

Things haven't really changed. No, he has not hurt any of the other kids that bad. Part of the reason is that we are not nearly as naïve as we once were. That doesn't mean it has stopped completely. He is a control freak.

A few years back at Thanksgiving, his mother was there at the time, and he wanted to impress her. We have never really all sat down and eaten a meal together since this mess started and we never did at his house. We had to eat salad first. If we didn't want it, we had to watch everyone else till they were done. Stacie was not hungry and didn't want to sit at the table to watch everyone eat, so she went to the bedroom. My dad went and told her dinner was ready. She told him she wasn't eating. He didn't care, he wanted her in the kitchen. Some of us were straddling the bench, which we do all the time. All of a sudden, that was not acceptable. Stacie at that point decided that she had had enough of listening to him suck up to his mom and headed out for a walk. My dad grabbed her and threw her on the couch. He told her that she wasn't allowed to leave the house.

Theater was always a fight. We were supposed to buy our own clothes and anything else that we wanted. It didn't matter if we needed it or just wanted it. That is fine with all of us, most of us like it better. The only problem is if we were not allowed to work for money, then we wouldn't have it. We all fell in love with the Theater (SRT-Sierra Repertory Theater - some of the children worked there on the weekends). It was an escape from the mess... We have quite a reputation around the Theater. We actually got put in their newsletter. I'm sure my dad still has that clipping. He loves to go on about how good we are, and how Theater has been so good for us. Then, the next day, it's the same fight about going to the Theater.

He made a list of rules that are quite good, until he decides to change them and not tell us. For example, one of the rules was that everyone was to be in bed by ten. We had been in Theater for at least a year and a half at that point. We generally didn't get home till eleven at the earliest, and that was to finish the show and run out the door.

Another rule was that no one was allowed to eat before 5:00pm. If we didn't eat then, well, we didn't eat. We had to leave by five to get to the Theater and got home late. He made sure no one was allowed to eat by putting a lock on the laundry room door, which also had the refrigerator.

Things got so bad that at one point, Amber had a fever of 104°F, Stacie had one at 102°F, and we didn't bother checking mine. We still went to the Theater. Amber was on pain killers for a migraine; Stacie and I were too young to drive at the time. Before we were allowed to leave, we had to clear all the dishes out of the living room. We did, and then tried to leave a second time. He came out of the house after us and told us to get back in the house and get the dishes. We told him we did. He told us that there were still dishes and that we weren't leaving till they were in the kitchen. I went in, and there weren't any dishes. I got pissed off, went back to the car and told him so. We left.

...

I asked if I could go to Blockbuster to see if they had a movie I wanted. Stacie came with me. I didn't find a movie, but Stacie found one she liked and I hadn't seen it. He asked me if I found my movie. I told him I had not... Back at the house, Stacie and I decided to watch her movie. He said we had lied to him and he wanted the movie. We told him it was on our mom's card, and we did not want to get fines, so did not want to give it to him. We stopped the movie and went to the bedroom.

He kept asking for it. By the next morning, he still wanted it, and we told him, "no" for the same reasons. He went in the bedroom and tore everything out of our duffle bags and backpacks. He took all the videos we had. Some were our mom's; others were from the library. We did not want to get stuck with fines we could not afford, so we tried to keep the rentals away from him. He threw me against a wall. Stacie came after him. He shoved her against a wall, dragged me to the living room and threw me on the couch. Stacie had followed him, yelling at him. He turned on her and threw her on the couch. She tried to get back up and he threw her back down. He told her to stay put. She snapped back at him that she would rather spend a night in jail than another night in that house. He told her that could be arranged. The cops got called and we got lectured for an hour about obeying him. We were also told that he could break our arm and claim it was discipline.

He knew weeks in advance that we were going to be techs for "My Fair Lady" at the Theater. Because of the argument (regarding the movie) of the previous day, he told us we were not allowed to work it, the day before it was supposed to start. I wrote him a note; because I did that, he allowed me to work it. Stacie, on the other hand, would not be allowed to work. That night, I went downstairs to talk to him about our boss not having been able to find anyone to cover Stacie's place. After listening to him lecture me for two hours, I finally convinced him to let her work the show. He came and tried to hug me. I snapped at him not to touch me, that I was still hurting so bad from the day before, which was the truth. I also did not trust him. He said, "Fine," but I could tell he was upset so I turned to leave. I blacked out.

It was midnight; he had everyone get in the van and we went to the Emergency Room. Before we left, I asked Amber to call Mom to ask her to meet us at the hospital. We got there and he was livid about my mom being there. It was two hours before I asked if I could just spend the night at my mom's. She lived a block away from the hospital. He would not let me. My parents started arguing... and I was checked out. In the meantime, my mom had called the cops, because I didn't want to go back with my dad. The cop arrived and we went through everything again. I ended up having to go back with my dad.

Last November, I went on a vacation to Florida. I got a call one night saying that Sonia had tried to commit suicide. My dad had taken her to the hospital and then had her put in a psycho ward. Nothing was done.

The kids have run away twice. The second time, they ran to Vegas, to my mom. No, my mom did not turn them in. They would have run again before they got back to his house. If that had happened, the parents would not have seen the kids for a long time. My mom did what she thought was right. I would have done the same.

No one is listening to the kids and they have been hurt enough. They ran away, and my mom was supposed to stay and fight it out in court. Her friends told her to run, so she did. The kids were tricked to my aunt's house. My dad's family is a piece of work! The kids were ordered back to my dad's house. They stayed for a while. Nothing changed. They were being hurt again, same old story: you don't ever know

where you are at with him. So, they ran again. In Vegas, they tried to get a protective order. That did not work.

At that time, I was the only one left in Sonora. After a while, I decided that the kids were safe in Vegas. Since my life wasn't going anywhere there, I moved to Florida, where I had a better chance. Things haven't been easy, but I finally got over the revenge and hate. I just want it all to end.

I can guarantee that as long as the kids are FORCED to live with my dad, it will not end. The fact that my siblings aren't allowed to see my mom is ridiculous. If people would listen to the kids, things would have been over; we would still be talking to both parents. I have spoken to my dad on three occasions in the last five years, only because I had to fight to see my siblings.

...

All I can really say is do what the kids want. ... Trust me, if you got to know them away from this mess, you would either love them or hate them. For the most part, people love us. Just go to the Theater... we have quite a good reputation.

Evelyn...

My daughter **Stacie wrote this letter to Officer Grohl** on November 7, 2007

To whom I hope it concerns:

Hello, my name is Stacie. I'm 17 years old. We have been in the court system for the last 6 years in Mariposa and Tuolumne Counties, California. I have 6 siblings, 5 sisters and 1 brother; the oldest is 24 and the youngest is 11 years old. My parents' names are Danielle... and Eugene...

When our parents were together, our mom would take care of us. We were home-schooled by our mother. We lived at the bottom of a canyon. We had a small Mitsubishi truck and a 32-foot Blue Bird motor coach. The truck was my father's, and my mom could not drive the motor coach. Most of the time, our dad had its engine in pieces in his garage. Our dad worked all day, came home for meals, complained, and disappeared into the garage to work on his projects, which he never finished.

There were no children in the canyon, so we did not have any friends. None of us kids ever had friends until our parents got divorced.

Our mom became very sick in the canyon. Our oldest sister had to take care of us (she was 10 at the time), and we all helped one another. One time, my sister Evelyn (she was 8 then) had just finished cleaning the basement, when our father got home; he blew up, at her especially. Evelyn went downstairs and started to pull the shoes off the rack, which she had just cleaned. In a fit of anger, our father grabbed her from behind. She elbowed him in the stomach. He spun her around and hit her in the face, dragged her to the stairs and threw her up them. She landed about halfway up; he went up to her, grabbed her hair and threw her again. For the next week, Evelyn was not allowed to be seen by anyone and we weren't allowed to tell anyone. We had to act like nothing had ever happened. Evelyn's face was bloody, her lips were swollen, and her forehead was black and blue.

When our parents split up, we were constantly going back and forth, every few days. We weren't allowed to say who we wanted to live with. One day, our mom took us to a shelter for abused women in Marin County. We went home after about a week to get clothes and feed the pets. Our father met us at the house with the police. The deputy had court orders giving our dad full custody of us; it also gave him the house that we were living in with our mom (he had a house twenty minutes away); the van we had was also given to him. Our mom had to leave the house within 18 hours, with all her stuff. Our mom had her practice in our house (she is a doctor of natural health). She lost her clients. She had no money, and no car, and lost the one thing she cared about more than anything: her kids.

For the next month, our father's mother came out from Florida. It was horrible; we weren't allowed to go outside because we might get freckles. We sat in front of a TV screen all day. Our dad got worse by the day, but he played the "good father" around his mother. During that time, our mom stayed with anyone who would let her sleep on the couch. She borrowed money from her friends. When we finally got to go back with her, we were forced to sell the house. We were forced to get rid of our pets.

We lived in the family room of a client of our mom's for one year, because we were too poor to have a home. Her client had a daughter our age, who got us to work at the live theater, which we love.

The theatre became an escape for us; we could get away from our father for most of the time that we were forced to go to his house. Our father hated the fact that we had found something we liked. He complained that we were never there. When the theater shut down for a few weeks, and life went back to "normal," he did all he could to avoid us, so we took up theater again and he started to complain again. We would go even if we were sick. Our dad never did anything for us when we were sick or hurt.

I remember one time when a friend and I were riding a bike, and we had an accident. I had amnesia for hours and he did nothing, but if my brother had a stuffy nose because our dad fed him wheat and milk, which he is allergic to, he would rush him to the emergency room. Our father lied to doctors and forced our brother to have surgery, which did not help him. My brother is a dwarf, and my father can't seem to accept that.

The first court appointed evaluator, Amy Velasquez, turned everything we said against us to make it look good for our father. The one thing that I really remember is that one time, our mom took us camping and the last night was cold, so Amy Velasquez turned it into "the kids were forced to live in tents and they were freezing." The whole report was like that. She said that our mom was alienating us. Now our father gives that report to everybody: doctors, lawyers, schools, and anybody that he meets to try and make them think he is such a great guy, and my mom is somehow defective.

We later got appointed a lawyer, Debra Bennett. She was a children's lawyer, who also twisted things. She made us go to our father one week a month, plus two weekends. At his house, us kids were separated: the three younger ones went to a babysitter they did not like, and my two older sisters and I would stay at his house.

We watched videos, played video games, and were bored most of the time. We were not allowed to do our homework. A few years ago, another psychologist was appointed: Dr. Carmichael. He too twisted things that we said He would say that we had all been brainwashed into saying everything that we had said, because we all had the same view of our father. When we told him about the fact that our father had beaten us, he said that we were probably just over exaggerating and probably wasn't half as bad as we made it sound.

Our father hired Cassie Akers from ICES (Infant Child Enrichment Services, who caters to children 6 years old and under; we were between 8 and 17 years old) to help him set up rules at his house. Although we usually did not have much to eat there, he would fill up the refrigerator before her visit. We had to scrub the house, hide the R-rated movies and the guns. He would lecture us to "behave or else." One of the rules was that we had to be in bed by 10pm. One evening, I was working on a puzzle that my mom had bought for me (because there was nothing to do at his house). He was hammering, trying to repair a door. When he saw me, he messed up my puzzle and yelled that it was past bedtime. Two days later, he got upset at me because I did not want to watch a movie with him, at well past 11pm. One other rule was "no bad language." Of course, it did not apply to him, who taught us that language. Cassie Akers wrote a nice letter for him to the court.

One day at our father's house, we got in a fight with him, which ended with Evelyn being thrown into a wall and dragged out to the living room. He then hauled me out to the living room and threw me on the couch beside her, and called the cops saying that his two teenage daughters had just assaulted him. A deputy called Dickson came to the house and proceeded to lecture us about listening to our father. He didn't listen to the fact that we were the ones that were hurt, and that it was not the first time that it had happened.

There was another time during September when we got into another argument that lasted for a few hours. In the end, our father said that we were not going to the theater again, and left. We were working there, and were needed. After awhile, my sister Evelyn went down to try to talk him into letting us go the next day, because we were supposed to work; she spent the next two hours arguing with him (he did most of the talking). When it stopped, it turned out that my sister Evelyn had gone into shock and my father yelled at us to get in the car, and we went to the hospital. Our mom met us at the hospital, as Amber had called her. We were there for hours before a deputy showed up (his name is Sak Badge). He told our mom that our father could break our arms and claim that it was an accident or self-defense, and

he refused to do a report. Evelyn wanted to go with our mom to recover, but our father refused to let her go.

We hid weapons throughout the house to protect ourselves, should our father have another fit of rage.

A few months later, Evelyn finally said that she wasn't going to our father's house any more. A cop came: it was Dickson again. Evelyn was almost forced to go, but his superior (Hunt) came and talked to Evelyn, and then to our father. Hunt told our father to go home, and that Evelyn was staying with our mom. He was the first one who really listened to what we said. A few months later, I did the same thing. Not that long after that, my younger sister Sonia stopped going as well. Deputies Serrano and Champlin listened to her. Our younger sister and our brother would have liked nothing better than to stop going as well.

Our mom wrote to the D.A. to ask for help. She was concerned because of the guns and the beatings. She was told that nothing could be done until there was a "body." Our mom's Consulate (she is Swiss) wrote a couple of times to the D.A. (Donald Segerstrom) to ask for an investigation. The answer seems to have been that an investigation was conducted, and that there was nothing to worry about. We don't understand how they could have conducted an investigation without our knowledge. We were hoping that they would listen to us and our witnesses. The D.A.'s assistant, Mike Knowles, told our mom that if she insisted, we could be put in foster care.

Before we ran away again in December, our sister Sonia had just gotten out of a mental hospital; it was said she tried to kill herself. I was at the theater that night, finishing up a show when she called me crying and told me that he had accused her of stealing a purse from our aunt's house. I could hear him in the background yelling at her. She begged me to come back as soon as possible. I told her I was on my way. When I got there, she was sitting in the back of a cop's car; the cops told me to stay away from her and I was to come in the house and things would be explained. I got in the house and was told she had tried to kill herself. She was taken to the hospital and held under suicide watch. We got there about forty minutes after she did. My sister Crystal and I got in to see her after awhile. We asked what was going to happen and they said she was probably going to be sent home before the end of the night.

After my dad talked to the doctor, we were told she was going to be transferred to a hospital in Vallejo, where she spent the next week.

One night, my younger sister Crystal got into an argument with our father, and it ended up with him telling her if she didn't watch her mouth, he was going to get her a bed right next to Sonia (in the mental hospital). I was not there at that time, but Crystal told me after it happened, and I knew it was true because he had threatened me many times. That was the last time that I wanted my sisters and brother to be threatened by someone they were supposed to trust.

Nobody in our family likes our father anymore. We call him our "ex" father. He can play the very concerned parent when he wants or needs to, but as soon as there are no witnesses, he will stab you in the back. He keeps messing up our mom's jobs; she had finally had her practice up and going, just before we all got picked up in Las Vegas. I'm not saying she's perfect, however she is a boat load better than our father, any day of the week.

Stacie, November 7, 2006

This was hand-written by **Sonia to Officer Grohl**; Sonia was days shy of being 16-years old :

My name is Sonia, my mom's name is Danielle Duperret. My sister Crystal, my brother Kendrick and I are being forced to live with our father, Eugene. At our father's house, we have reason to say there is child abuse and child neglect. All three of us wish to live with our mom. She has always been there for us, and what we needed was always available. We also feel safe living with our mom. We have good, healthy food there 24/7. We hardly ever got sick there, and if we did, it wasn't for very long. At our mom's house, we always had things to do. When we were down there, I had a baby-sitting job that paid \$12.00/hour. I was making good friends. I was starting to organize my own fashion line. I started working on my acting and modeling career and finishing my high schooling. We were very happy living

with our mom. We had a very nice house in a good, clean neighborhood. We had all our pets, and we had a good life for once.

My oldest sister Joyce was getting me started in acting, doing small part in movies as extra. My sister Amber was working with me on my fashion line and modeling, and my mom was helping me get my high schooling done. She would take us to the library every couple of weeks to get books for school. My mom and I would talk about everything that was going on with me and my life. I loved talking and spending time with my mom and sibs. Every time I needed anything, she was always there.

My mom never knew we ran away until we showed up in Vegas and told her. She never ever held us against our will to see our father. We didn't and don't want anything to do with him. We were allowed to leave at any time to go back to our father's if we wanted to.

I was told that the only big problem there was the way we were doing our home schooling and that it wasn't being recognized by the state (i.e. by Eugene and Tuolumne County Superior Court). If so, I'll agree to any schooling to live with my mom. We did a lot of school with our mom; if we hadn't, we wouldn't be doing good in school now. My mom took us to dance classes, voice lessons, horseback riding, theater (SRT-Sierra Repertory Theater), and a lot more. Our father never did. The only thing he lets us do is sometimes work at SRT, but he always threatens to take us out of it, or just simply not drive us there.

My sister Crystal is working there right now. I used to go with her sometimes to hang out. Now I'm not allowed to go there anymore because a friend of the family's filed a complaint to my school about the sexual harassment at the school. Our father told me I was not allowed to hang out with that person and his wife anymore. When I told our father about what was happening at school every day, he didn't do anything about it. I told him more than once. It stopped when I told my friend and my teacher about it. They took care of it immediately.

When my sister and I got to play basketball, he would sometimes be hours late to pick us up. One time, he went into town when he was supposed to pick Crystal up from practice. When we get back from school, we don't get to do anything because there is NOTHING to do down here. There aren't even other kids our age here.

One time, I brought a friend here and our father started violently yelling at my sister. Now, my friend isn't allowed to come over anymore. When our father gets back from work, he goes straight down to his basement. He doesn't come back up until he's going to watch a movie and go to bed.

My mom would read Kendrick stories every night before going to bed. No one cooks meals here. We have to make with whatever there is. That's usually not very much. Almost all of the food we get makes us sick. I've gotten sick about six times since I've been back here, and I have lost 10 to 12 pounds too. My sister and brother have also been sick a few times since we've been back here too. When we get sick here, we stay sick for a long time. I've also noticed my little sister has lost weight too, and we get nose bleeds all the time. We never did when we were with our mom. When my two older sisters were forced to live here, our father put a lock on the door to get to the refrigerator; we only got food when he said and unlocked the door. I don't get to be with my brother very much because of our father.

The only time I get to talk to Kendrick is when he comes in my room. He is always telling me that he misses our mom and the pets, and how much he wants to go back home with our mom. Sometimes, our father will leave without telling us and when we need to get a hold of him, we never can. When other people are around, he puts on a facade as "Mr. Perfect Father/All Around Great Guy." As soon as they're gone, he goes right back to being the way he is when there aren't people around. Anybody who he knows that has tried to help us, he refuses to let us see them. I've heard from a lot of my adult friends that he's been telling them a bunch of lies about our mom.

He also talks bad about our mom to us. There were two times he let us see our mom in jail for about 20 minutes. When we asked if we could see her again, he said the Sheriff's Office didn't want us in the waiting room for the jail. Our father also told Crystal and I that the D.A. was looking at us for a bomb threat on the court house that happened years ago, the same day my mom and our father had to go to court. He said if we told anyone about it, we would go to jail for 25 years. Our father has also threatened to put Crystal and I in a mental hospital and juvenile hall. He plain out told Crystal if she wasn't with him, she was going to be in juvenile hall.

All the time, he says he doesn't have money to buy us clothes, but he buys my 11-year-old brother real and fake guns. Just recently, he's let Kendrick sleep in his own bed in his own room (and he's almost 12). One morning when Kendrick still had to sleep in the same bed as our father, I saw him repeatedly kissing Kendrick on the head. Later, when I asked my brother about it, he told me that he did that every morning to get him up for school. He also just stopped having Kendrick take showers with him.

One time our father came into the bathroom when I was in the shower and asked me if I knew where the cat was. My little sister takes showers in her swimsuit because she's scared our father might be watching her. He also comes in our room when we are getting dressed.

For a while, the only thing he would buy me was underwear. When I was younger, my brother and I, and our father, were in Wal-Mart. I was looking at the posters when he came over and showed me one of a half-naked girl and told me she was hot.

I don't sleep very well when I'm over here because I have nightmares about our father, either killing me or raping me. I woke up puking and I couldn't go to school that day. Not that long ago, I found our father letting Kendrick watch a movie called "Blue Thunder" and it was R-rated. When I walked in the living room to see what they are watching, I saw a completely naked girl doing yoga. Nothing was covered. When I asked why he was letting Kendrick watch that, he said that he didn't know it was in the movie. It had been playing well before I came into the room, and when I left, he continued to let Kendrick watch it.

I still have a lot more to say but I didn't have enough time to write everything and send it to you in time.

Sonia

Neither my doctor, nor my nurse practitioner, nor my children's letters portray me as an abusive and dangerous mother, who needs to be jailed and kept under surveillance.

Colleagues, clients and friends wrote to Judge DuTemple and Sierra Grohl.

Here are some of these letters:

From a Doctor of Naturopathy, whom I worked with in Las Vegas.

Dear Ms. Grohl,

I have known Dr. Duperret for approximately a year. I have found her to be a genuine professional human being. During the events we have worked together, I have found her to be a responsible and committed person. We both work on energy medicine and, in my opinion, people do need to be educated on this kind of treatments. I believe Dr. Duperret is a good educator in this kind of treatments.

Dr. Putin, ND

Nancy wrote a first, then a second letter to Judge DuTemple. Here is her second letter:

Honorable Judge Eric DuTemple,

Re: Danielle Duperret

Your Honor,

As I mentioned in my last letter, I am now a 70-year-old woman who has known Dr. Danielle Duperret for the past 3-4 years, both professionally and personally. I have worked with professionals of various kinds throughout my career as a Legal Secretary, Administrative Secretary in a Scientific Laboratory, Medical Transcriptionist and Biofeedback Technician with a Nutritional Consultant Certificate.

I can attest to the fact that Dr. Danielle Duperret is a dedicated Naturopath, in addition to being a very dedicated, loving and affectionate mother. I have witnessed her interactions with her children. I have eaten her food that she prepares for her children (which is always very nutritional with lots of the

good foods that the children can digest properly) and I have just last night witnessed her interactions over the phone with two of her children which was a beautiful conversation of closeness that the children have with their mother. They did discuss the things the father is doing to them, but then they went on to discuss different things that were positive and sometimes funny. I witnessed and heard over two hours of interaction between her and two of her children while traveling back to my home in Jackson. Not once did I hear them voice dissatisfaction with their mother.

I have also witnessed, seen and heard her children personally, especially with regards as to how their father treats them. I have heard their stories while speaking with them and am appalled at the way this case has been so slanted towards the father, that the children have not been allowed to speak or be heard, that CPS ruled that they are "too well adjusted" to do anything. I feel that Danielle's side, because she has not been given legal counsel and was kept too poor (by destroying her practice 4 times) to afford an attorney, and also because of her French accent, has not been heard at all. The lies and deceit that the father practices have influenced this case immeasurably.

Before Danielle had to leave the Sonora area last year, I witnessed and heard from the children in their home that the older children (Sonia and Stacie) were not forced to go to the father's for visitation on weekends and they always chose not to go, wherein Crystal would say that she would go to protect Kendrick in case the father got mad and violent again (Kendrick cannot run fast to get away.)

I witnessed the fact that when Dr. Duperret went to the final court date, she experienced Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome and her heart was fibrillating at a very fast pace, starting with pains in her chest. Her daughter took her to the Emergency Room at the Tuolumne General Hospital where she was stabilized, while I went to court and described what was happening to her so that she would not be arrested for not appearing. I believe the extreme stress of the constant harassment of legal matters by the father (with no representation for her) has finally taken its toll, especially with the witnessing of the children's ill-treatment by oppressive and hateful, venomous tactics pursued by the father.

While Dr. Duperret was with me this week, I was able to witness how well she interacted with my clients as she taught them to overcome their emotional and physical traumas. Her expertise in this area has been invaluable to many people who experience ill health, traumatic situations, phobias and other dramatic problems that occur during lifetime experiences. This is the only way she has been able to keep herself balanced emotionally and psychologically throughout these past 10 years of abuse by her ex-spouse. Believe me, she is an expert in this area.

I turn now to Jeremiah 22:3, which says, "Do justice and righteousness and deliver the one who has been robbed from the power of his oppressor." I strongly encourage you to please exonerate Dr. Duperret totally, or at least shorten the 5-year sentence as much as possible as this woman is not guilty of kidnapping her children. The discontentment and unrelenting depression of living with the father has always and still is forcing the children to want to leave and be with their mother who showers them with love, affection and particularly healthy foods so they don't get sick like they do at their father's home. I heard Sonia say yesterday that she has lost 16 pounds since she has been here and is very weak and cannot do her normal workouts.

Sincerely,

Nancy...

CC: Clay Bedford, Public Defender

Five of the children and I lived with Beverly for one year. She was one of my first clients, and she became a dear friend. When we had to sell the house, she offered to take us in for a few months... which turned into a year.

Dear Ms. Grohl,

I am a friend of Danielle Duperret and would like to let you know a little bit about what I know about her.

I originally sought out Danielle, as she is a Naturopathic Doctor, for help with my daughter's allergies and mine. She treated us for quite a while and was able to help us all with our problems. Through this, Danielle and I became good friends.

I am a Real Estate Broker, so Danielle and her husband later hired me to sell their home when they were going through their divorce.

When their home was sold, Danielle did not have anywhere to go with the 5 kids that were living with her at the time, so after talking with my children, we decided to open our home to them for a while. They lived with us from January 2002 until February 2003.

During that time, I had the opportunity to observe Danielle with her children and I have nothing but praise for how she handles her kids. The kids are all intelligent and well behaved. Danielle was home schooling the kids, which I think is a huge commitment, and they seemed to thrive under her tutelage. Even during the difficult times of moving and being without their "own" place, they did schooling almost every single day. I also remember that the movies that she allowed them to watch were always wholesome family movies.

My oldest daughter was at the time very much involved with the Sierra Repertory Theater, working back stage and performing. They were looking for young people to work back stage, so she suggested a couple of Danielle's children, Evelyn and Stacie, for the work. The management at Sierra Repertory Theater was very grateful and pleased with the girls. They are dependable and hardworking, which is a reflection of Danielle.

I had some of her kids with me on a few occasions, running errands and in restaurants, and I remember, more than once, strangers commenting and complimenting me on how well behaved the children were which is, once again, a reflection on Danielle as a mother.

Danielle and the kids prepared most of the meals while living with me. She always prepared healthy, nutritious meals. I have rarely eaten as well as when she lived with me. And I have rarely seen kids with such good appetites. My youngest daughter, who was 6 at the time, was not one to eat well when it came to vegetables and such. Danielle's kids had a very good influence on her eating habits.

In closing, I think Danielle is a good mother and I think most of her kids are old enough now to have a say in where they want to spend their time, and if you ask the kids, I think you will find that they all want to be with her which is evidence enough.

*Respectfully,
Beverly...*

Jim- and Lillian's children spent a lot of time with our children, as both families were home schooling; we met in Groveland, California and did not live far from each other for several years.

*Probation Department
Attention Sierra Grohl*

We are writing this letter in hopes that the courts will be able to hear the character or any kind of witness for Danielle Duperret and her children.

We first met the entire family: Eugene, Danielle, Joyce, Amber, Evelyn, Stacie and Sonia while they were living in Pine Mountain Lake in the mid '80s. The whole family was very hard working and very committed to their belief(s). Danielle was very informed about nutrition and health education aspects; she did an extraordinary job home schooling her children; they were very well educated with a broad and varied basis of knowledge. The children were a joy to be with.

Though they have had many difficult times towards the end of their marriage, and actually, horrific times since their divorce. Danielle, when allowed, continued to meet her children's needs far beyond the norm; in nutrition, health, schooling and their overall welfare.

We have many times asked why the children, perhaps the oldest three girls, have not been given the opportunity to speak on their behalf in court We have been told over and over that it is not in the children's best interest, and that they will not be allowed to tell their side. But from all our observations and times spent with the children during this divorce period, they have voiced their desire for the opportunity to talk and, if allowed, choose the parent to be with.

Just the fact that the children have taken the risk of running away across the country to get away from their current living situation and again ran away to another state to be with their mother tells us that we need to also consider their heroic attempt to rightly correct a sad and dangerous situation.

We have had the opportunity to visit and speak with the children with their mother in Las Vegas, and once again, when Danielle had brought them to our house for a visit. At the end of our visits it became clear the children have been living good, healthy lives, full of hope and a desire to move on with their shattered lives.

We have called Eugene on various occasions and have never been allowed to speak with the children. From our discussion with the eldest children and Eugene, it became apparent that Eugene intended to hold the children as trump cards in his quest to manipulate not only the court system but continue to hold the children hostage in his embittered battle with Danielle.

We believe that there are always two sides to a story, and with respect to the administration of justice and the overall well-being of the children, we feel that the unspoken stories will bespeak volumes of the tremendous emotional tragedy that this family has had to bear over the past years. We would request that each child have an opportunity to honestly express, in their words, what the past, present and future mean to them. Hopefully the simplicity of their testimony will enlighten or stir our thinking patterns to open our God given ability to reason with a common sense approach to such basic human needs of a stable family life.

*Respectfully submitted,
Jim and Lillian...*

We met with a group of home schoolers on an almost weekly basis in Las Vegas. One of the mothers wrote the following letter:

To Sierra Grohl, Deputy Probate Officer

*To whom it may concern,
My name is Penny... and I am writing in support of Danielle Duperret.*

I have known Danielle as a friend, a client of her Naturopathy Practice, and as a mother of three children.

Danielle is one of the exceptional women I have met since moving to Las Vegas two years ago, and she has been an inspiration to me. In spite of the difficulties she has experienced in her life, it seems that Danielle's purpose in this life is to help others. As my Naturopath, Danielle aided me in healing myself of Major Depressive Disorder and instilling confidence through mental techniques that have helped me to manage a difficult period in my life. She is a talented and reputable practitioner with only the highest of character.

As a friend, she has also excelled in displaying the types of qualities that I aspire to attain: patience, gentleness, enthusiasm for life, compassion, and love for her fellow humans.

I have seen her as a mother and respect her immensely. I, too, am a mother and I understand the challenges that accompany that choice in life. Her demeanor with her children has always been one of respect and compassion and her children show an extraordinary responsibility for themselves and respect for others.

I chose two of her children as caregivers for my own children because of that responsibility and caring, and I am very cautious in selecting only very few caregivers for my children.

While I do not fully understand all the events that have led to Danielle's current situation, I am confident that she will be the upstanding compassionate woman that I have known her to be during her period of probation. In light of the highly moral person I know her to be, I ask that the conditions of her probation be lenient and allowed her to rebuild her life, allowing her contact with her children, whom she so obviously loves and respects.

*Respectfully,
Penny...*

A colleague and friend of mine wrote:

*Dear Court, Judge and Probation Department,
I have known Danielle Duperret for four years.*

She is an honest, caring woman of integrity. Danielle has helped me several times with her skills as a health coach.

She has a deep love for her children and has always cared for them with the highest regard.

Danielle is a woman of highest moral character and I trust her judgment completely.

She is an asset to the community, and I am proud to call her my friend.

Sincerely

Charmaine...

Another colleague, a psychologist, wrote:

To: Officer Sierra Grohl

Re: Danielle Duperret

Please allow me to introduce myself. I am Will... a Psychologist writing on behalf of a woman who is well known to me, Danielle Duperret. I have been in the licensed practice of Clinical and Counseling Psychology since 1982. I have worked extensively with children and families, as well as adults. I have worked with the severely mentally ill in community mental health clinics and also in the private settings.

I met Danielle in May 2002 in conjunction with her continuing education in health physiology and biofeedback. I have also observed her interactions with her offspring. In Danielle Duperret, I observed a woman who has the characteristics of a nurturing parent. She has demonstrated in my presence the following capacities and skills: (1) the ability to know what it is like to be in the situation of another person; (2) emotional awareness of self and others; (3) good moral congruence in thought and action; (4) creative ability to enter into the mental world of a young person; (5) ability to model appropriate emotions, thoughts and actions; (6) persistence; (7) ability to suspend judgment and look beneath the inappropriate behavior of a child for the real and legitimate need; (8) unconditional favor balances with the capacity to motivate improvement and growth; (9) instructive (not punitive) orientation to discipline; (10) ability to read non-verbal behaviors; (11) ability to recognize and also to seek out and accept feedback on better ways to respond to situations; (12) ability to contemplate and reasonably predict likely consequences of decisions and actions. Danielle is a nurturing, protecting and wellness-effectiveness-promoting parent.

In person, I have not seen any evidence, nor do I know of any fact, nor do I have any experience that would cause me to conclude that Danielle Duperret has any mental, emotional or social disorder. It is foreseeable that no adverse consequences will occur as a result of her being in contact with or caring for her children.

I solemnly affirm the foregoing to be of my firsthand knowledge, observation and belief, Will...

California Licensed Psychologist...

A client wrote:

To: Sierra Grohl, Deputy Probation Officer

To whom it may concern:

I am writing this letter to tell you about my dear friend Danielle.

Her words, actions and state of being are of sound mind. She is very balanced. Her outward feelings, emotions and love for her children are genuine. She is a most wonderful parent. She is also conscious and deliberate as well as focused when it comes to her work. Her family is her love, her life,

and her first priority. She is health conscious and very responsible for the well being of her children. I have made these statements of facts based on first-hand knowledge, as I have had the pleasure to bear witness personally, as well as repeatedly.

It's been a remarkable experience knowing Ms. Duperret; through her help and guidance, she has brought much joy and well-being into my life, both mentally and physically. It is through her that I have healed. Ms. Duperret is a wonderful person with a big heart. I will cherish her friendship always.

I sincerely appreciate the time you have taken to read my letter, as I have written it in good faith and from my heart. It is from my heart that I ask that you be considerate when you address her case.

Thank you deeply,

Respectfully,

Jennifer...

Common theme

Most of the people who wrote these letters did not know each other, yet there is a common theme: Nowhere do we read that I am a dangerous felon, who had to be incarcerated in maximum security for six months and who needs to be kept on probation (all at taxpayers' expenses) to keep society (and my children) safe.

These testimonies cannot all be lies. It was not the first time that the court was made aware of this. I filed the divorce paperwork in September 1999. The children were taken away from me on July 20, 2000, for the first time, because of a string of lies from Eugene and his attorney, who decided to accuse me of parental alienation syndrome. More on that will be exposed in the second book.

At the time, I was working as a naturopath, was mentored by medical doctors, and was attending monthly meetings with medical doctors, psychologists, therapists and other professionals. They wrote affidavits to the court, as did some of my clients. Their testimonies were never taken into consideration.

It was a witch hunt, from the beginning.

Eugene's Letter to Judge DuTemple

With a totally different tone, this is what Eugene wrote to Judge DuTemple on November 7, 2006:

Your Honor,

My greatest concern in this matter is how to best care for my children in both the short and long term. Danielle Duperret has obstructed and frustrated that care by refusing to cooperate or even communicate with me in any manner. She has interfered with enrolling them in school, getting them medical and dental care (even when that medical neglect had life threatening consequences) and visitation. Many of these events have been in direct and deliberate violation of clear, and often very specific court orders. She has repeatedly shown her contempt for the courts and their authority. Danielle is an intelligent woman and understands what she is doing. She simply refuses to obey any will but her own. When she was released I was concerned that she would in time regain her nerve and start undermining the children and custody orders again. Within days of her release she sent my daughter to me with a stipulation to modify the custody order. She has disobeyed the visitation orders the first week she was out of jail and I am sure she will continue to do so at will. Danielle's next attempt to run with the children is only a matter of time. Her success or failure will depend on my vigilance as a parent and the courts willingness to enforce its order. For these reasons I'm asking the court to make the following court orders a condition of her probation.

1. *That she be required to strictly observe all court orders, both here and in Nevada.*
2. *That she be ordered not to come near my home, my vehicles, or place of employment. (I got a restraining order because she threatened my life but could not serve her while she was in hiding)*
3. *That she not be permitted to come near the minor children's respective schools or place of employment. This sentencing is the result of the second run away/ concealment.*
4. *That she be ordered to pay restitution for the cost of travel, lodging, meals, and miscellaneous expenses that I incurred while searching for the children. That she be ordered to pay restitution for the vacation time I spent looking for the children and the sick time I took to be treated for high blood pressure and anxiety over the loss of the children.*

Pages of bills and his work calendar, showing his many trips to Las Vegas, and even a trip to Florida, followed.

Court Hearing for Sentencing: November 20, 2006

On November 20, 2006, I was back in Tuolumne County Superior Court for sentencing, in Department 1, with Judge Eric DuTemple and my public defender Clay Bedford. I don't remember much, but that I got sentenced for "time served" of 159 days (they miscounted; I was in jail 189 days) and I got 5 years probation. I vaguely remember the judge saying that if I did not follow the probation agreement, he could put me in jail for up to three years... so where were these seven years my public defender threatened me with?

The court order for probation followed Eugene's demands to Judge DuTemple almost verbatim. I was to pay \$22,782.63 to Eugene for his expenses and \$1,845.00 to the Court, for its expenses. I was to be kept on probation for 5 years, from November 20, 2006 until November 19, 2012, without possibility of getting out early.

Part of the agreement was that I was to obey the probation officer's orders, was subject to searches of my home, car and person anytime he or she decided to, had to see a psychologist or therapist, and had to obey the Family Court orders regarding custody.

Who does not follow court orders?

Even though I was back in Sonora for the court hearing of November 2007, I did not have a chance to see my children. No supervised visitation, no visitation, nothing was arranged by the father. I did not get to see my children for almost two years.

When I complained about it to Judge Polley in Family Court, his remark was that I could then not ask for child support for the days I did not have the children. Nothing was said about the father NOT obeying the court order, which stated that *he* had to arrange supervised visitation.

It was even turned around. Eugene mentioned several times that I had done nothing to see the children, therefore was not a caring parent.

Probation in Nevada

When I contacted the probation office in Las Vegas, and met with my first probation officer, he first stood in the middle of the room holding my file in one hand; he looked at me and said, "What's

wrong with this county? You don't need to be supervised!" Then he added, " Off the record, it really angers me that we have to waste our time and money on you; we have other things to do."

I could not agree more... I was passed around to different probation officers during these five long years. One of them was really nice: a man who treated me with respect and as a human being. Unfortunately, I reported to him for only a couple of months.

Except for a short period during which I only reported every three months, I had to physically go to the office every month to see my probation officer. The first probation office I had to report to was in a very rough part of town. There were two sides to this office: the Nevada side, for felons on probation from Nevada, and the Interstate side, for felons from other states who were living in Las Vegas. I had to pay my monthly supervision fee of \$30.00 in the Nevada side; I felt like we were a bunch of cattle, waiting to get a monthly stamp of approval (or disapproval). The Interstate side was smaller, and it is where I had to then wait to give my report sheet to my probation officer.

A new facility was built, and the last year, I had to report there. It was nicer and cleaner, but the feeling was the same. A herd of humans, waiting on long metal benches for their name to be called, to report to other highly armed humans, or semi-humans, behind glass windows. I understand that some of these felons might have been dangerous, but the yelling and the contempt often shown did not make things better for either side.

Loss of Certification and Opportunities

I so wanted to continue my career. I had studied for years to get my ND (Naturopathic Doctor) and PhD (in Natural Health) degrees and to become a board-certified naturopath. It did not come cheap, neither in time nor in money invested. To keep my certification, I had to continue my education and get CEUs (Continued Education Units). To do so, I needed to attend a certain number of hours in training and workshops. Most of the classes took place in California... and most probation officers would not allow me to leave the State of Nevada. Because of the restrictions of the probation, I lost my certification.

As an example, one time, I was asking one of the secretaries at the probation office, how to go about requesting a travel permit to attend a conference for my education. I needed to book a flight, and wanted to make sure I was going to be able to go. I was in-between probation officers, so did not know whom to contact. She called one of the officers to come speak with me. I explained the problem and was told to go ahead and book the flight... the decision to let me go or not was going to be made afterwards. He then left. I tried to explain to the secretary that I needed to know before, since the flight would not be reimbursed. Another officer, an Asian woman, stepped in and yelled at me, saying she was going to handcuff me and take me to a judge. I was speaking calmly and tried to explain once more. She did not want to hear it. She told me she had heard me make a scene and threaten the secretary (which was a lie) and was going to cuff me and bring me to a judge. Period. I did not book my flight and did not attend the conference.

As I had not been able to get the books I needed to continue preparing courses for the School of BioEnergetic Sciences I was working for when I was arrested, I lost the position as master teacher, and the school closed down, overtaken by the competition.

Friends and Family: Probation = Restrictions

Life on probation is somewhat better than jail, although maybe just as frustrating.

Friends would call me and invite me for a weekend of camping at Zion National Park. I could not go as it was outside of Nevada. I was invited to go camping in Death Valley; I could not go as it was outside of Nevada. I was invited for a canoe trip down the Colorado River; I could not go as it was in Arizona.

Many trips just outside of Nevada were scheduled on the spur of the moment. For me to potentially go, I had to present a written request at the probation office at least five days in advance. I would then be called to get a travel permit if my request was approved.

Eventually, my friends stopped asking me to come with them.

Joyce, my oldest daughter, eventually went back to stunt training and shows. I could not attend her shows, as they were not in Nevada. I could not go visit Evelyn, my daughter, who had moved to Florida.

My children love to go camping and hiking; one of their favorite spots was at the hot springs in Arizona, just outside of Nevada. I could not accompany them.

My aunt in Switzerland was dying of cancer; I could not go support her, nor help her. I did not have a chance to say goodbye. I could not attend my nephews' graduations. My parents did not celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary because I could not be there.

My parents came to visit, for a last trip to the United States. They are aging and traveling is getting to be too demanding for their state of health. For that last trip, we were confined to Las Vegas, as they did not want to "vacation" without me, although they had dreamed of visiting the Saguaro National Park in New Mexico. I was not allowed to leave Nevada.

Jobs: Probation = Restrictions

When I got out of jail, I was still hoping to just pick up where I had left off... after all, I had been gone for only six months. As mentioned in the previous chapter, Joyce had to move to a different house, so the "just pick up where I left off" was not there. The school I had been working had all but disappeared as I had not been able to prepare the courses.

I had no money to advertise a practice, did not have an office, and was facing bouts of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). Because I could not travel out of Nevada, thus could not get my CEUs, I lost my board certification as a naturopath.

I thought I could potentially be hired to work at a hospital or hospice: I could not work there as I was a felon.

I thought about teaching classes at the colleges: I could not, because I was a felon.

I thought about teaching French or tutoring students: I could not, because I was a felon.

I decided to totally change fields. I was going to become a Real Estate Agent: I could not take the test, because I was a felon.

Even working for a cleaning company was not possible, because of that felony charge.

I found NO work that I could do, so my children took care of my immediate needs.

Post Traumatic Stress

I did not feel "clean." I remember calling my uncle after I had been out of jail and telling him that I wanted to go back. He was stunned. In jail, I had become a zombie, with a daily routine and no expectations. Life was now so different. I hit walls everywhere I turned and could not meet my obligations. I could not buy food, could not afford gas nor pay my bills. My credit cards had not been paid since I was arrested. My credit report had gone down, etc. I knew I truly did not want to return to jail, and that it was just a passing feeling, but it gave me some perspective as to why criminals return to their life and friends and cannot get out of the system. I had strong support from a loving family.

Every month, I had to go to the probation office, mingling with dozens of ex-inmates who were waiting for their probation officers to approve their monthly report. One of the probation officers whom I had to report to was notorious for his moodiness. I never knew whether he was going to be human, or yell at me for some reason beyond my understanding. Fortunately, I had found a great therapist (as therapy had been court-ordered), who was sending him timely reports.

I mentioned several times that I had problems with my heart, caused mostly by extreme stress. Fortunately, I only had one incident with my probation officer where the dreaded "report day" brought about an incident of PTSD (Post Traumatic Stress Disorder), which led my heart into fibrillation then tachycardia, that lasted for hours. I had chest pain for three days because of it and was unable to focus on any task.

A few months later, my heart went into overwhelm again and I passed out. I was taken to the emergency room by ambulance. The doctor stated that my heart was not receiving enough electricity, and that I needed to be kept under observation. Also, the doctors wanted to check whether my heart had been damaged. Because of the three days of chest pain I had after that visit to the probation office, I agreed to all the tests they wanted me to go through, as I wanted to know the state of my heart as well. Luckily, I have a strong heart, and there was no permanent damage.

Although the requirements of my probation did not state that I had to be drug tested, my probation officer decided he could subject me to the test, at his discretion. If I did not cooperate, he would send me back to California, as he did not like to waste Nevada's money on me any way. It was a shock to me. I had never taken drugs, did not smoke, did not drink, yet there I was, being drug tested like a criminal. Eugene raped his sisters, beat us up, smoked pot, killed our pets, got drunk and drove, committed perjury with the court, etc... and he was free. At times, the unfairness of it all was beyond frustrating, and I felt it deeply the first time I was drug tested.

The probation officer could show up at my place of residence any time of the day or night. I must admit that he did not come too often, but it was always stressful, as I was living with my children during my probation time. They did not appreciate this invasion of privacy.

Because I was a felon, I was not allowed to touch a gun. The children I was living with were not allowed to buy guns, because of me, and they had to keep their guns hidden and locked. This added some stress, as my daughter continued to attend gun spinning and knife throwing competitions. She needed to practice; she did when I was out. She needed to replace her guns; she could not.

End of Probation

During the last few months of my probation time, I was allowed to travel more often. My probation officer allowed me to attend my daughter's wedding in Wyoming, and to even travel with the young couple for two weeks, through National Parks, on our way back to Las Vegas.

Moreover, he allowed me to attend two workshops in California, to learn about marketing. These workshops were instrumental in helping me to focus professionally again. Although I had not been able to attend workshops to keep up with my certification, I had continued to study through books, internet programs and webinars, and by listening to many CD programs. I was an avid learner, and I needed to get myself back in shape, physically, mentally and emotionally. I was motivated and turned my successes into programs to help others.

The Last Reporting Day

I paid my last \$30.00 of supervision fee (for a total of \$1,800.00) on November 10, 2011. My probation officer had contacted Tuolumne County several times, letting them know that my probation time was expiring. He never got a response from them. I knew he had been frustrated working with that county on many occasions, as they did not follow up on his requests.

He wished me good luck and said, "They are supposed to send you release papers, but I would not hold my breath."

“Don't condemn me, remember rather that sometimes I, too, can reach the bursting point.”

Anne Frank The Diary of Anne Frank: And Related Readings

Chapter 15

Sonia's Journal

Sonia was 16 years old; she kept a journal for about two years after I had been released from jail. Here are some excerpts she sent me: cries for help which went unheard. Teachers knew... Therapists knew... Deputies knew... Shelters for abused women knew... The hospital knew... Child Protective Services knew... Because of a judge's orders and fear of losing job or grant, nobody stepped up to the plate to respond to the children's pleas.

The children went from enjoying life as a family, with their mother, siblings and pets, receiving a good education in a beautiful home, doing lots of activities they enjoyed, preparing for their future, to a life of isolation, abuse and neglect.

Imagine if you were a mother (or a father) and you received such letters from your children. I knew Sonia was not lying... I lived through the same type of isolation, abuse and neglect. I had seen Eugene do exactly what she described. Yet, my hands were tied, as were theirs. If they ran away again, Joyce and I would be put back in jail.

Sonia often uses colorful language, so be forewarned.

November 13, 2006: *Hi Mom, I am on lunch break at school right now. School sucks. The classroom is freezing cold. We got a little bit of food last night. When we were shopping for food, Eugene had to complain about everything. He got mad at about anything we tried to put in the cart. Crystal tried to get apple sauce and Eugene said she could not have it because it was organic and more expensive. When I was going to get eggs, I had to get the brown ones, even though they were more expensive, because he liked them. By the end of shopping, we still didn't have very much food. I must get back to class.*

Well, I am back from school. Eugene was 50 minutes late to pick me up. I am so tired. I kept waking up during the night with nightmares, but that's nothing new.

As soon as Eugene got back, he started a movie. Right now, I am in my room because there's nothing else to do. I am doing some sketches while I am writing, but I feel really weak.

I have been sick for the past two weeks. I miss dance; my room here is too small and I don't have any of my stuff for dance. I want to go back home to Las Vegas.

At school today, one of the boys was showing me porn on his phone. While waiting for Eugene to pick me up, I helped Nina clean the classroom. It's so gross. The boys spit on everything; they throw food all over the room, and destroy as much as they can.

Crystal takes showers in her swimsuit. We both still feel like we are being watched and listened to all the time.

It's fucked up that Eugene buys Kendrick a quad and gas to run it all the time, guns and ammunition and other stuff, but he can't buy Crystal and me food and clothes. We never get to be with other people or friends.

He gets furious when I ask to go anywhere. I can't use the phone without Eugene listening on the other line. I can't use the computer; I can't go to the movies. I can't do anything, period.

Crystal always has so much homework that I can't spend time with her. Sometimes, she'll go to bed at midnight and gets up at 4:00am so she can get it all done. If she doesn't, she gets in trouble and isn't allowed to go to work. I barely ever get to see Kendrick, as Eugene always has him. The very few times I got to talk to Kendrick is when Eugene is in the shower. Kendrick comes into my room. A couple of times, he was crying and said he misses you a lot and wants to go back to Vegas. Eugene just watches army and war movies until he goes to bed around 2:00am. I have to go to sleep, as I have school in the morning.

*Love you,
Good night.
Sonia*

November 14, 2006: *I am so tired right now, my eyes are burning and it's freezing cold. Eugene was watching movies until after midnight and it kept me awake until he turned the TV off. After school, Eugene went to an IEP meeting with Kendrick. Crystal and I had to wait in the freezing cold van for well over an hour. When we got back to the house, there wasn't anything to eat, like always. Eugene has been in a bad mood all day. Every time we try to ask him something, he snaps at us. I got in trouble the other day because the toilet paper wasn't stacked right. And as always when he gets to the house, he goes down to his basement and then watches movies. Eugene is still letting Kendrick (Kendrick was 12-years old) watch R-rated movies with naked girls in it.*

Love you, Mom!

November 15, 2006: *It's Evelyn's birthday and we can't see her or even wish her a Happy Birthday. Crystal wasn't even able to have a good birthday. We weren't able to be with Joyce or Amber for their birthdays. I don't even want to know what bad things are gonna happen for my birthday this year. Eugene was in a really bad mood this morning. He was yelling at us to hurry up, although we had plenty of time. He is taking the day off, and I didn't get anything to eat before I left for school. Nina usually brings me food at school during lunch break. I hate living here and having to survive on whatever I can get. There is so much of nothing here, it could kill you. It's depressing!*

Love you!

November 16, 2006: *I had a really long day. I went to school, didn't get to eat and right after school I had to go to work. The boys at school are calling me a bitch, slut, whore, and whatever else they can come up with. Eugene's been snapping at me about working with Crystal. He says if I don't do what*

he says, I won't be allowed out of the house. I haven't had anything to eat all day and I am also really tired. Eugene still watches movies well past midnight.

Love you!

November 17, 2006: *This morning, I got yelled at because I said "freaking." Eugene came up to me and said I needed to watch my DAMN mouth. We can't say one little bad word when we are in a really bad mood, but he always curses when he says anything to us. Plus, the movies we watch are nothing but cursing. I also got in trouble for sharing some Chow Mein with Crystal, because it wasn't mine... but it was the only thing there was to eat. My teacher bought me a coffee this morning. Later tonight, I have to go to work with Crystal. I can't wait for lunch break when Nina brings me food.*

I can't wait to be back in my own room in Vegas and be able to get food whenever I need or want it. I'd be able to go back to my schooling, my hip-hop dancing and start ballroom dancing. I always feel depressed, sad and pissed off here.

November 18, 2006: *Crystal and I went to work all day. This morning, I got chewed up because I had to work at the theatre again. Eugene keeps saying I can't go and at the last minute, he snaps at me to get my ass in the van. I get in trouble for everything. I got yelled at for washing my own dish, I get in trouble for being in my room, but if I come out, Eugene says I have to clean the house because I am the one making it a mess. When he was driving us back from the theatre, he wasn't really on his side of the road the whole way.*

Well, I have to go take a freezing cold shower and go to bed. It's almost 11:30pm.

Night Mom... I love you!

It continues the same... day after day after day: Hardly any food, being yelled at, movies on so the children cannot sleep, cold showers, cold everywhere, no attention...

November 19, 2006: *I hate how much, how bad and how long I get sick here. ..*

November 20, 2006: *I like doing school but not with seven boys constantly trying to get in my pants... I am so tired... We hardly ever get food... Eugene gets food every day at the market on his way to and from work, for him.*

November 21, 2006: *I am always alone. I never get to be with Crystal and Kendrick, and we hardly ever get to see Stacie. I don't have friends, no one to talk to or anything. It's not like we could go or walk somewhere. I hate it here. I feel so dead!!! I hate crying myself to sleep every night, being sad, depressed, pissed off, and sick. We can't see or talk to any of our other sisters; we can't see you, we can't see our pets, nothing!!!*

My birthday is coming up which means living hell for me, times two. We never get to travel anywhere.

November 22, 2006: *Today I didn't do anything, like every day. I just got to sit in my bedroom. I woke up really sick. I tried drinking some water, but it just made it worse. I puked four times and still felt like I was going to do it again. I've been getting the worst headaches ever. I am still having really bad nightmares and I can't sleep. I want to go back home to Vegas! My hair is falling out like crazy ever since we've been here. Crystal and I still get nose bleeds.*

Night Mom... Love you!

November 23, 2006: *Well, we are all confined to the house. We're not allowed to go anywhere, and Eugene keeps checking to make sure we are still here. I am just sitting in the room doing nothing. We can't ever do anything. No trips, no vacations, no activities, no anything! Never! Earlier today, I saw Eugene rubbing Kendrick's back in kind of a gross way. He's so sick! I want to be back home where I feel safe and happy. This place and Eugene just make you want to die. Eugene is watching movies right now. Well, I'm gonna go clean or organize something in the room, since it's the only thing to do.*

Night Mom, Love you!

November 24, 2006: *Well, I didn't do anything or go anywhere. I sat around in the bedroom all day. Eugene went somewhere. None of us know where he went or for what. He was gone for a few hours and as always, his cell wasn't working so we couldn't get a hold of him. It's totally unsafe to be in the van or car when Eugene is driving. He goes all over the road; he drifts into the other lane when there is cars coming; he passes other cars when he shouldn't and he speeds... he's crazy.*

Love you Mom!

November 25, 2006: *I sat at the house all day. Nothing to eat, do, and it's way too cold to go outside. I want to go back home to Vegas, where I have a family, responsible parent, sisters, brother, my cats and ferrets, places to go, things to do, all my stuff, my friends, good meals, clothes and happiness.*

Eugene has been in his basement all day, like he was yesterday and all the days before that. He keeps us locked up like prisoners. I hate Eugene and I hate this place. Well, I am going to go walk aimlessly around the house some more.

Love you Mom!

November 26, 2006: *Another day full of nothing... Eugene said he had to go to a doctor's appointment (on a Sunday? I didn't ask), then he told Crystal he had an appointment to get pictures developed. I said, "I thought you had a doctor's appointment?" Eugene barked and snapped, "I didn't say anything about a doctor's appointment." He left at 5:00pm and it's 10:00pm and he is still not back. I talked to Kendrick the other day. He said he'd do anything to be back home in Vegas. Crystal says the same thing. They miss you and home.*

We love you and miss you!

November 27, 2006: *I just got in the classroom... I was waiting in the cold pouring rain for thirty minutes. I am so pissed, cold, wet and hungry. My hair is soaking wet, and my whole body is frozen.*

Well, I am back from school. What do you know? There is nothing to eat...

Love you!

November 28, 2006: *School sucks... everything is covered in ice. Eugene was really late to pick me up from school... My birthday is tomorrow... I wanted to do something big for my 16th birthday.*

Love you!

November 29, 2006: *Well, today is my birthday. I wanted to be back home with you and the others for my 16th birthday. Corelia called the house today at 7:25am this morning and sang 'Happy Birthday' to me. She also invited me to go down to her house to have dinner. I wonder what Eugene is going to do to me this year for my birthday. I don't know... maybe he'll put me in another mental hospital or maybe even in juvie. I could have had my driver's license by now...*

We are watching a movie about Hitler at school. They do nothing but rape people, torture them, and shoot people in the head or they use them for target practice. When someone gets shot in the head, they show the blood squirt out of their head. Now, they are gassing them and burning them in furnaces. It's a pretty sick movie.

Now, it's lunchtime... great... the boys decided to use my lunch to throw at each other in the classroom. The boys here are always talking about fucking girls. They don't have any respect for anything or anyone.

December 6, 2006: ... Yesterday, Eugene had another doctor's appointment. When he was gone, Kendrick, Crystal and I got to play a board game together for the first time since we've been here. That's also the first time I got to hang out with Kendrick since we have been here.

School was a real bitch today. The boys smoke, chew, pass drugs, call me a bitch, slut, cunt, whore; they throw food all over the classroom and they do whatever they can to destroy everything. There is no one to make friends with here. I hate going to school every day. I could do all my school and more in less than half the time I have to be at school. I am still the only girl in the school. There's seven other boys and the only thing they like talking about is fucking as many girls as they can, which girls have bigger boobs or ass, which girls' pussy is better to fuck. The only things they say to me is, "show us your boobs, pull down your pants and show us your %\$^\$&," etc... "Hey, Sonia, bend over so I can fuck you in the ass... Hey, Sonia, suck my dick... Hey, Sonia, lick my balls... Let me suck your boobs... suck my nipples." It never ends. I told Eugene and he replied, "Too bad, you are not changing schools. The D.A. is not going to let you." He is telling people what a bitch I am and that I am trying to run away again. He talks shit about all of us to everyone. I could be doing so much good stuff, but I am stuck here. This place is horrid. It's the same thing every day: school, then nothing. In Vegas, there are too many things to even write them down, and they are all fun and things that make me happy; even school with you is fun, although we get a lot of it.

Eugene is watching movies right now, like he does every night. He told Crystal and I to clean the kitchen, while he watches movies. I try to stay in shape, but the room is too small and I am too tall. I want to go back home with you, to Vegas. Anywhere is better than here with Eugene.

Kendrick says Eugene still kisses him if he doesn't wake up before Eugene does.

The other day, I asked Eugene if I could get some body soap for me. He said I have to use the bar of his soap in the shower. When I looked at it one day, there was black pubic hair stuck to it. There's no way in hell he's going to make me use the same bar of soap he does... that's just GROSS! I am so sad and depressed here!

My hands are starting to hurt from writing so much today. I'm gonna go clean something in this room. I'll write tomorrow and tell you how the day went.

We love you Mom!

December 7, 2006: I'm at school right now. My eyes are burning; they hurt so damn bad right now. Eugene has been talking shit about you to us and to other people.

Eugene hasn't been going to work and he was 45 minutes late to pick me up from school today... but then again, he always is.

Stacie just gave me a birthday present from you and Amber. THANK YOU!

I've been so mad having to go to school every day. I can never get any of my school done. The boys are so loud and irritating, it's impossible to get anything done. When I ask to be on home study, Eugene says the D.A. said, "no." It's not up to the fucking D.A. where and what I do for school. He always uses the D.A. to hide behind. I'm gonna find something to do.

Love you Mom!

December 8, 2006: We watched "King Kong" in school today. Most of the time, we're not doing anything in class or we're watching movies. I could learn so much more at the house.

December 11, 2006: *I have been so stressed out and pissed off I haven't been writing.*

Eugene got Kendrick two more guns.

Today, the boys were insanely crazy. They threw hot dogs at me because they thought I told on them for stealing cigarettes from our teacher. They were calling me a bitch all day, jumping off desks, and they threw my salad all over the room so I didn't get lunch....

Stacie wanted to take us to the movies to see "Happy Feet," but Eugene won't let all of us go together. He really won't let Kendrick go anywhere with us at all.

I feel really sick right now; my stomach's been hurting and feeling gross lately. I wish we could be home with you for Christmas. I got so mad and depressed today my eyes started to tear. One of the boys here handed me a scalpel and told me to go slit my wrists. Tempting, but no. I went back to the house. Eugene wasn't there. He had Sally pick us up from school. Eugene spent the day in town. I boiled two pots of water so I could take a warm bath. Five minutes after I got in, Eugene got back and wanted me out, so he could use the bathroom.

Other than that, Crystal got in another one of her bad moods, and Eugene was yelling and cussing at me for washing clothes at 8:00pm, but it's ok for him to do it at night. It makes me so sick to live with a person like him. I want to go back home to Vegas with you so fucking damn bad.

I have to go to bed, I have school tomorrow

We miss you and love you a lot. Night Mom.

December 12, 2006: *School was a real bitch today... My back's been hurting real bad because of the chairs at school. After school, I went with Crystal to see "Songs of the Season" at the theatre. I got to hang out with Stacie for a little bit. When we got in the van, Eugene was in a bad mood, but that's nothing new. Because of the boys at school, I spend the day pissed off, stressed out, feeling like I want to cry and scream and break everything in sight, and rip these fucking boys' head off. Then I have to go back to Eugene's house where I get even more bullshit.*

December 13, 2006: *Today, the boys have been ordering me around like they think I'm their little bitch. I am not even going to school tomorrow. I also told the teacher that. They made another food fight out of my lunch today. They're a bunch of pigs. They have no respect for girls or anything.*

There isn't even a word for how bad I want to go back home to Vegas. I swear I 'm gonna have anger problems when I get older because of this bullshit.

Stacie is supposed to be able to take us to the movies to see "Happy Feet." Let's see if that actually happens.

I was really tired today and last night, I cried myself to sleep. I was also throwing up yesterday.

December 14, 2006: *I'm in school right now. It's about 10:20am. The boys were throwing salt at me. Now they are poking holes in the ceiling with scalpels, while the teacher is outside on the phone. I really didn't want to come to school today, but if I didn't, I wouldn't get to see Stacie today. She was not able to take us to the movies.*

When the boys got their lunch (which was chili) they slopped it all over the tables and floor. They were throwing giant spit balls through the classroom. They're cussing like crazy and yelling at Nina, the helper; they take her food and throw it on the floor, then blame it on me.

December 15, 2006: *Eugene made Kendrick stay at the house today instead of going to school. He said Kendrick was tired and didn't feel good. I asked my brother and he said he was perfectly fine. Eugene was also taking the day off.*

My teacher had a long talk with the boys at school this morning. Hopefully they'll get better. I'm sick of having food thrown in my hair and having to clean up their food fight messes after school. I have to wait out in the rain every morning because there's nothing to stand under at school. The teacher gets here late so we have to wait for him to unlock the door. It's gonna be snowing soon, and it's gonna get really cold.

When we got back from school, Eugene was in a real hurry to get us to the theatre. He had Sally pick us up from school; she also picked Crystal and me from the theatre the other night. When we got to the house, Eugene was watching TV. He let Crystal and I stay the night at Stacie's house. Last week, it was forever out of the question. But since he needed Crystal and I out of the house so he could go to a party, it wasn't a problem. We helped Stacie feed the animals, so now we are going to bed.

We love you... Night Mom!

December 16, 2006: *I stayed at the theatre all day. Eugene had Sally pick us up. He didn't tell us she was picking us up; when we asked why Eugene didn't get us, Kendrick told us Eugene said he didn't feel like it. Crystal was crying the other night. When I asked her what was wrong, she said she's so sick of Eugene and living here, and that she'd do anything to go back home with you. Kendrick told me he'd give up or do anything and everything to be back home with you. I've been pretty sick. Whatever I eat comes back up and I'm getting skinnier. Not good!*

Well, we have to go. I'll write tomorrow. Love you Mom!

December 17, 2006: *Eugene was really late picking us up at the theatre. We were the last ones to leave. Our fingers were so cold that we couldn't even move them. My lips were blue, my teeth were chattering, my whole body was shivering. It was fucking cold!! Other than that, we didn't do much else. Oh, yeah, we only got a small smoothie for the whole day. It's pretty fucking shitty!!!!!!!!!!!!*

I never get to be with Kendrick. I have to go to "school" tomorrow. I hate it. We just watch movies and goof off. I want to go to school to learn something. I have to make up my own school by myself. At least when we were with you, we did school and learned stuff. I'm going dumb just being here.

I have to go to bed. We love you. Night Mom!

December 18, 2006: *Yeah! Another shitty day at school. Like always, we didn't do anything. Eugene went right to watching movies when I got back from school. I just stayed in my bedroom and read my book called "Latina Beauty." I'll write tomorrow. Love you. Night!*

December 19, 2006: *I am at school right now... My stomach feels like I ate needles or something. I'm really weak and I've been blacking out a lot. When that happens, a lot of the times, I fall down and hit something. The other night, I blacked out and hit my head on the faucet.*

It was so hard dragging my ass to school this morning. I want a homemade meal again like we had every day with you. I wish we could have Christmas with you. We're not going to get or do anything here.

December 20, 2006: *I was sick this morning. Eugene was watching movies late last night and a lot of nights before that. Sometimes he watches movies until 2am. I can never get to sleep. I'm always tired. Crystal and I can't watch movies when he wants to sleep, but he always does it to us on school night. Today at school, we watched "King Arthur." On Friday, our teacher will be playing Santa at Tioga, so for the day, we have to sit around and watch him. I am wasting so much time here. I could be with you and do some real school. When I got back from school, I tried to get some sleep, but Eugene decided to use his table saw right outside the bedroom window. After he was done with that, he watched movies until 11:30pm. Well I have school tomorrow... We love you. Night Mom!*

December 21, 2006: *My eyes are burning from being so tired. I am sitting in the living room waiting to be driven to school. It starts at 8:00am and it's already 8:06am. The lady who gives me a ride to school is always late.*

The teacher said all we're doing today is eating breakfast, watching some action movies and cleaning the classroom. All the boys and the teacher are complaining because I'm doing my school instead of making food. I said I didn't want to eat because I was not feeling good. The teacher spends most of his time on the computer playing games. If he knows that I tell anyone what he or we do in school, I will get in trouble. I am so sick of this bullshit every day. Everything I am eating, I am throwing up. I hate throwing up.

We are watching "Stealth."

I am back at the house. I don't have anything to do. I sketched another picture today. I also made some school for myself, since we haven't been doing any at school. I have one more day of going to school until we get out for break. I am glad I get a break from the boys and the teacher, but then I have Eugene instead. I'm trying to go spend a couple of days with Stacie. I'm gonna go do some exercising, to see if it will help me from being so sick.

We love you and miss you a lot!!!

December 22, 2006: *I was the only one at school today. The teacher played Santa over at Tioga High School for a couple of hours. I was forced to play "Santa's Helper." If I didn't, I would have failed for life skills. I hate it when people force me to do thing I don't like. I wasn't even supposed to do it. Just when we got there, he said I had to do it. Eugene picked me up from school an hour late. When we got back to the house, he started cussing at me for not throwing his soda bottle away. When I went to get something to eat, there was nothing but Eugene's and Kendrick's stuff to eat. Eugene gets special stuff for him and Kendrick, but not for us. If we eat any of their stuff, we get in trouble. After Eugene was done yelling at me, he went to the basement. After that, he watched movies until midnight.*

December 23, 2006: *Today, Stacie took Crystal and I horseback riding. Kendrick really wanted to go, but Eugene would not let him go anywhere with us. When we got back, Eugene was in the basement, so Crystal and I started watching a new movie she got. Before our movie was over, Eugene came and said we had five minutes because he was going to watch his movie. So, we went to the room. That's all that really went on today.*

December 24, 2006: *All I did today was some exercises and some writing. Eugene had his friend over and they spent the whole day in the basement. Eugene got Kendrick another gun. This time, it was a machine gun. Kendrick said he is sick and tired of being here and he wants to go home with you. I am in the worst mood because I've been so tired and hungry. I miss all my friends over there too. There's nothing here at all. I walked in the kitchen and found Eugene looking at teenage girls' pictures when he thought I could not see the screen. He clicked it off.*

CHRISTMAS - December 25, 2006: *Very little happened today. Crystal and I are ordered to clean the house, then Crystal and Eugene got into a yelling argument. There is nothing for food in the house, so we didn't get to eat at all today.*

We love you and miss you a lot!

KENDRICK'S BIRTHDAY - *December 26, 2006: Today, Stacie came over for a little bit for Kendrick's birthday. Eugene put Eric at John's house while he went to work. Kendrick was not allowed to leave the house, even for a couple of minutes to see Stacie. When Eugene got back, he had Kendrick clean his room. Stacie brought us the 5th season of CSI-Miami, so we got to watch some movies. Stacie*

took Crystal to get some food, that we had to pay for, of course. That's pretty much it. We did not even get time to spend with Kendrick for his birthday. I hate living with Eugene and everything about him.

We love you and miss you! Kendrick was really sad and upset he wasn't with you for his birthday. He misses you a lot.

December 27, 2006: Eugene went to work and put Kendrick at John's house again. Crystal and I didn't get to do anything but walk around the house.

I miss you and love you a lot! I wish I was back home with you! Good night, Mom... Love you!

December 28, 2006: Well, today was boring like it always is. All I did today was work out, but with being sick, hungry and weak, it didn't work out so well. Kendrick gets put at John's house every day and isn't allowed back with us until Eugene gets here. There's nothing to do and we're stuck at the house all day. I miss home so bad and being with you and all the others. Eugene fucked up your computer so bad that I can't do anything with it. Kendrick's really been missing you and home. He hates being here just as much as Crystal and I. This is bullshit that we are being forced to live here. I hate it!

We love you Mom and miss you a lot!

January 1, 2007: I haven't been writing for the past couple of days because I've been with Stacie. Eugene never lets us go anywhere, unless he needs us gone. He did not have a problem with me leaving. It was basically, "Get out of here." Yesterday, he demanded that I "get my ass back to his house." Ever since I got back yesterday afternoon, he hasn't said a single thing to me, and I've only seen him when he got back from work today. Right after he stormed out of the house and left. He didn't tell us where he was going or when he was going to be back. I wanted anything but to come back here. As soon as I got here, I fell sick again. It was nice at Stacie's. I got food, unlike here! The only thing that bothered me was leaving Crystal and Kendrick here. I ate myself sick at Stacie's, but it was good. Maybe I'll get something other than skin and bones on my body.

January 2, 2007: Today, Stacie took Kendrick out for a while. He had been begging to go somewhere with her. Yesterday, Eugene said it was fine if she took him. As soon as Eugene came back from work today, he stormed out and did not say anything about where he was going. Crystal and I couldn't do anything all day as it was too cold outside. Eugene got back late.

We love you and miss you!

January 3, 2007: Crystal and I had to stay at the house all day; it was too cold to go anywhere outside. There wasn't food in the house so I drank water all day. I got Eugene to go in town so we could get some food when he got back from work. He said, "no" to almost everything I tried to get.

We love you... Night!

January 4, 2007: I got yelled at because I went to the bathroom at 12:40am last night. One time, Crystal got in trouble coughing at 5:00am. Today, Crystal told me there was no reason to live is she's gonna spend it here. I am really worried about Crystal and Kendrick. I am scared they might do something stupid. I keep getting new body pains every day. Eugene put Kendrick at his friend's house again until he got back from work. Crystal and I just got to walk up and down the hall all day. It's 11:40pm... Eugene is still watching movies. I'm gonna listen to music until I fall asleep.

Love you, good night Mom!

January 5, 2007: Eugene left early this morning and took Kendrick with him. They didn't get back until 4:00pm. Kendrick got a new tent. Eugene gets Kendrick tons of new expensive things all the time.

Yet he tells Crystal and me that he doesn't have money to buy food or clothes. Crystal and I watched my season of "America's Next Top Model." We must have watched it about 15 to 20 times by now.

School starts in three days. I am dreading having to go back there. I did more school on my own when I was homeschooled.

We never get to have fun or be happy.

January 6, 2007: *We didn't do much today... I miss you Mom. Kendrick was in the room and wasn't very happy. He said he hates being here and wants to go home to you. He also drew a cartoon bird for you. We love you and miss you.*

January 7, 2007: *I got woken up by Eugene coming in the room and yelling at me to get out of bed and clean the bathroom. Five minutes later, when I was getting dressed, Eugene walked in the room and snapped at me to hurry up and clean the bathroom.*

January 8, 2007: *When I went to school today, my teacher was acting really different. When Eugene came to pick me up, he was twenty minutes early. It was because they were having a meeting about me going back to Tioga. Eugene had gone in my email and got the letter I wrote (to be put on the Courageous Kids Website). He made copies of it and gave it to my teacher and Mr. B... and I don't know who else. My teacher went in my bag and was going through it to get my cell phone. I got up and told him I'd get it. When I got it, I broke it in half. I tried to take the memory chip out of it, but he took it from me before I could. They decided to send me back to Tioga. Eugene kept my cell phone.*

I don't have any of my friends' numbers written down anywhere. So, I lost all my numbers. I talked to Eugene for a couple of hours when we got back to the house.

One of the things he said is that he is going to sue Stacie if she doesn't take her letter off that website. I feel like I have destroyed everyone's life again. I can't even come close to tell you how sorry I am. It hurts so damn bad, I wish I could do something right. I feel so sick. I'm so sorry. I need all of you in my life. I can't live without you. I miss you and love you so much.

January 9 2007: *This morning, I went to school at Tioga and got all my classes. Last night, I never fell asleep. I felt like I killed you guys and put you in an all new hell, and fucked any chance of being all together again. I feel sick, caged, alone, non-existent and do nothing but fuck your guys' lives up. You guys are already under enough stress and now I put you in even more. I don't want to lose any of you and have any of you in jail. Mom, I love you and am sorry. Please don't forget me or disown me as your daughter. I am beyond sorry I messed up. I love you Mom. Please don't leave us. We love you and will always need you.*

January 10, 2007: *I've cried so hard for the past two nights my eyes are swollen. I haven't slept or eaten anything. I feel so sick the thought of food makes me want to throw up. I'll do whatever it takes to fix this. I feel like there's no reason to live. I never knew I could hurt this bad.*

I talked to Eugene last night again. He said he would see if I could talk to someone at the D.A.'s office to see if they would agree with something so we're able to be with you. I don't know if he's really going to do it. I need you in my life so bad. It's so hard not to hear your voice or be able to talk to you. My sisters and friends kept me alive. Now it feels like the pain is bad enough to kill me. I feel like the person I was is dying into a new person. I am scared of it. I am going crazy without my phone. I need you so much. We miss you Mom.

January 11, 2007: *It was very cold at school today. Tomorrow it's supposed to be in the teens during the day and below zero at night. I miss you, Mom. I'm sorry I screwed up again. I still remember a*

a couple of days before Kevin came over. I was sitting in the kitchen, and you came down and hugged me and said, "I love you" to me. I miss the times you and I would drive to San Diego and make jokes about the guys. Remember our private car-pooling lane in LA? I hate that for the last ten days with you I was in my room. I remember the last day I saw you. You were wearing a Winnie the Pooh tee-shirt and those multi-colored shorts. And I miss my computer time, and when we drove down the Strip, going to the malls. I'm sorry that I fought with you so much. I should just have shut the fuck up and been happy I had you. I still feel sick as if I killed you guys. It hurts. I've emailed you a couple of times but you haven't written me back. It hurts not to hear your voice, and not being with you. Crystal and I are working on getting a job. I want to be able to hug you and cry until I can't cry anymore, and tell you everything. I don't want any of this to get any of you in trouble. Stacie is supposed to come over tomorrow. We can't see her unless she's here and Eugene is with us. We are not allowed to go anywhere with her. We miss you, need you and love you. Please don't let us go.

January 12, 2007: *It was unbelievably cold at school today. Some people were saying it was the coldest night in California records. They say it's global warming... I say it's ice age. When we got back from school, Crystal and I mixed some stuff together to eat. I was going to take a nap, but Stacie came over. She gave me my "8th season" and "Ocean," Crystal had ordered me for Christmas. Eugene let Kendrick stay overnight with Stacie at her house. He also expected Crystal and I to go, but we didn't know we could. He let all that happen right after he told me the only way we were allowed to see Stacie was if she came down here. While we were at the house, Eugene was on his computer and every time one of us came around, he would click or close out of something so we couldn't see it.*

I still feel really sick and alone. We really miss you Mom and love you a lot.

January 13, 2007: *Eugene went to work at 10:00am and got back around 3:00pm. Stacie brought Kendrick back at about 1:30pm. Crystal and I spent the day watching movies. I organized all my stuff in the room and my backpack so it's not so heavy. When Eugene got back, Crystal asked about working at SRT (the Community Theatre in Sonora), which really re-started an argument. Eugene said, "NO!"*

After that, he went downstairs to his basement. Crystal got a real bad nose-bleed after the argument. When Eugene came back up, he told Crystal he was going with Kendrick to some 4H thing at the Fairgrounds in Sonora. They didn't get back until 9:45pm. Eugene went straight to watching movies. It's 11:07pm and he's still watching movies. Crystal is sick and lost her voice. And that's about all that happened today other than I still feel sick.

We love you and miss you a lot. xoxo

January 14, 2007: *Today, Eugene went to town for a while. When he got back, he was in a bad mood. Last night, he was sandpapering one of his engine parts in the bathroom at 11:00pm. Yesterday, one of Kendrick's fish died. Crystal and I stayed at the house. She has been sick and got another bloody nose today. It's 11:44pm; Eugene is downstairs working with his machines and making a lot of noise, and it's right under my room.*

It hurts so much; I can't believe how much having my cell phone really helped me. I feel so alone, confused, and lost now. I still feel sick like I killed you guys. I love all of you, and I need my mom and sisters and brother. ALL OF YOU! I want so much to be back home with you. We miss you so much. I need to get to bed; it's 12:00am now. We love you Mom! Night... xoxo

January 15, 2007: *Today Crystal and I just walked up and down the hall, literally. After a while, I went to sleep until Eugene woke me up by pounding the door down. Crystal's been really sick. She has not been able to do very much. When Eugene got done with some of his stuff, I asked him if we could go in town to get some food. At about 5:40pm, we went in town. We didn't get much. I could carry all of it in*

the house in one trip. Eugene was working and sawing downstairs until 12:30am. I've cried myself to sleep every night since that day at the school. I feel so alone. I don't know what to do. I'm sorry all this happened. I just don't know what to do. I don't know what's true and what's not. I was told that it was legal to talk to you and send you letters. We love you and miss you.

January 15, 2007: Crystal had a really rough night. She's really sick and got a bloody nose that bled for an hour. She did not get much sleep and neither did I. I was really hard getting out of bed this morning. I was yawning in class all day.

The Algebra classroom was colder than outside. Crystal stayed at the house and skipped school. She also got another bloody nose. Because some of the boys on the bus got in a fight, no one is allowed to talk on the bus and all the High Schoolers must sit in the front of the bus. Eugene went straight down to his basement when he got back. Last night, I was up crying and had to listen to the TV until 12:30am.

Well, it's late and I have to go to bed. We love you and miss you Mom!

January 15, 2007: I was so tired today I didn't give a shit about my tests. I'm also sick. Crystal, Kendrick and Eugene stayed at the house today. I miss you guys and home. I want to go back home with you so bad. I need my phone back. That was the thing that got me through every day. I'm so sad. I can't even talk to my friends anymore. Crystal got two bloody noses today. I still feel really bad and alone. It scares me because I don't know what's going on or how anyone's doing. We love you and really miss you.

January 19, 2007: I didn't write yesterday because I was gone all day on a school trip. We went to Dodge Ridge, and I got to go snowboarding. We got back in town around 6:30pm and we left at 6:30am. I was really sore and tired and hurting really bad. Eugene insisted on going to eat out. I also had a cold, and still do. I was wet and freezing, but no... out of all night we had to go eat out tonight. When we got back to the house, I passed out and dropped about five times before I was able to get to bed.

Today I was hurting so bad I couldn't get out of bed to go to school. So, I just stayed in bed for the most part of the day. Crystal got two bloody noses last night. Other than that, all three of us are sick. It is 11:10pm right now and Eugene just started watching "Stealth."

I got to talk to Stacie for a little bit today. I had not been able to in a week. She's going to try to come down here tomorrow. I'm getting tired, so I'm gonna go to sleep. We love you, Mom.

January 20, 2007: Hey Mommy, Stacie came over today and took me back to her place for the night. I got to go on MySpace and talk to a couple of my friends. Who knows if Eugene is gonna go on it to find out what I was saying to my friends. That's about all that happened today. Not much.

Kendrick, Crystal and I are still sick. Eugene has been saying he's going to make an appointment for me to go to DMV. Every day, it's another excuse. He also said a long time ago he'd let me read the court orders. That hasn't happened either.

Anyway, we love you and miss you. Please don't forget us... please.

January 21, 2007: Well, I had to go back to Eugene's house today. All three of us are still sick. My nose is really stuffed up. Eugene just left and it's 8:30pm. Don't know what for. Eugene showed me the court papers. It doesn't say anything about us sending you stuff or even calling you. Eugene wants to put me in Columbia College now that Crystal would be going to the same school as me.

Kendrick came into the room and started telling me he'd do anything to be back home with you. Crystal says the same thing. We want to be out of here and back with you more than anything. We're still sick too.

We love you Mom. I have to go to bed. Love you, miss you, Mom.

January 22, 2007: *Hi Mom, I stayed at the house today, because I'm sick. I didn't do much today. Eugene told me I had to clean the kitchen, so I did that I also cleaned the room a bit, but that's about all there was to do. Kendrick wasn't feeling too good when he got back from school and Crystal is still sick. Eugene went to his basement when he got back then went to watch movies.*

Last night, he was watching movies until 11:30pm, then went to his basement.

I don't know what to say; it's the same thing every day. We never get to do anything. I'm working on learning French now.

We love you and miss you Mom. Night.

January 23, 2007: *Yesterday, some public health nurse came to the house, but no one was here, so she left her card. When Eugene found it, he thought I called her and still does. This morning, the new rule is that we have to clean the house every day, on top of school and homework.*

When we got back from school, Eugene was in the basement. Crystal and I went straight to homework, Kendrick went outside. We did homework until 9:30pm then Eugene stopped us and told us to clean the house. I stopped at 10:00pm and didn't get all my homework done.

Aurelia asked me to go to winter formal with her on the 27th. I can't go because someone called that person, and he thinks it's me. He said he's sick of my bullshit and he'll think about letting me go next year, if I am "good."

Eugene also started arguing with Crystal because she said she'd clean the kitchen so I could finish my homework. That wasn't ok with him. We don't get to spend any time with each other anymore.

We want to fucking go home to you. This over here is bullshit. He doesn't give a fuck about us one bit. Well, I have to go to bed.

We love you Mom and miss you.

January 24, 2007: *It's 9:00pm and I am just done with my homework. Crystal and Kendrick are still working on theirs. Kendrick, Crystal and I are still sick. When we cooked dinner last night, Eugene had some and the only thing he had to say was, "I would have preferred a bowl of chili." No "Thanks," nothing.*

I still can't go anywhere. We can't even talk to Aurelia on the phone. I got a bloody nose today. As always, Eugene was in his basement when we got back from school. I don't think he went to work at all today. And again, like always, when he comes up, he goes to watch movies.

He'll spend some time working with Kendrick on his homework, but movies usually or always come before homework.

It's been so lonely here. We don't get to be with or see Stacie much at all. Lately, we've only seen her every other weekend for a couple of hours. I was lucky I got to go with her last weekend, but it was still just over night.

I feel asleep in English class today. Even if I go to bed at 9 or 10, I don't get enough sleep. Most nights, I am half awake. I can't completely fall asleep.

Besides that, it's been deathly cold.

Well, I am going to try to get some sleep. We love you and miss you Mom. Please don't forget us. I know this family's been fucked over mostly because of me. I'll make it up to the family some day. I doubt it's possible, but I'm still going to try to. Night Mom.

January 25, 2007: *I am in biology class right now watching a movie. I stayed awake in English class today. After this class we have a lunch break. After that, I have office TA where I don't really do anything. Then I have math class which is my last class of the day. Then I have one hour bus ride. One of the girls here invited me to go to her friends' dad's house in Turlock for the weekend. I doubt I'll get to go. He's says "no" to about everything else.*

I am still sick. My nose is full of snot. I've had to suck it back all day. It's been like that for the past week.

January 28, 2007: *I haven't written in the past couple of days because I was in Turlock. Eugene let me go to Turlock with people he doesn't know and didn't talk to, but I couldn't go to a dance for a couple of hours with someone he knew, and I'd be back that night. That's fucking stupid!*

He only lets us do stuff if it benefits him. We basically sat in their house all day, but it was nice to get out of here. Not much happened.

My eyes are burning, I'm so tired. It's 9:44pm. Eugene's in the basement; he just got done watching movies.

I've been really confused; I don't know what to do so I don't get people in trouble. I miss home. I miss Vegas. I miss my cats. I miss my family. I miss you a lot. I miss my friends. I miss my room. I miss my stuff. I miss all of it.

We love you Mom and miss you so much. I need to go to bed. Night Mom... love you.

January 29, 2007: *Well, I went to school like I do every day. Same thing as almost every day is. Go to school, starve through the day, get back, do homework, take a cold shower and go to bed, while Eugene is in his basement or watching movies.*

My backpack weighs forty pounds. Imagine packing that around all day.

I want to go home to Vegas so bad. Crystal and I were looking at my pictures of home. I miss it so bad.

Not much happened today other than Eugene left early for work and came back at 6:30pm.

We love you Mom and miss you tons. xoxoxoxo From all of us.

January 30, 2007: *It was really cold at school today. I was also really tired. School sucked as always. Eugene got back from work late, went to his basement and is now on the computer. Kendrick left to go to the Casino with Jamie and his dad. Earlier, Crystal and I were going to watch a movie, and as soon as we sat down to watch it, Eugene came and told us we had to clean the house. The only time we get our homework done in time to hang out, he has something more for us to do. I hate him beyond words.*

My back has been in a lot of pain. It hurts really bad. I also landed on my wrist wrong three weeks ago and it still hurts. Anyway, it's getting late and I'm gonna try to go to sleep. We love you and miss you. Night. xoxoxo

Her journal continues for several months, following the same pattern. She felt lonely, sad, isolated, depressed and hungry most of the time. Life was boring to her; she learned minimally in school and could not go on pursuing the career she had started to look into in Las Vegas. She was sick and weak most of the time, as were Crystal and Kendrick. They got to visit with their sister Stacie once in a while, but never together, to bond as a "family." It took her months of asking to get her driver's permit. Day after day, she begged to return to me and her siblings in Las Vegas. Kendrick spent hours watching CSI Las Vegas... his own way to "stay in touch."

Eugene ignored the children when we were married, except when he abused them. He was interested in his own projects (working in the garage or the basement) and watching movies or working on the computer. Things did not change because we got divorced. He did not have a good family life and was surprised when he met my family, as we played together, traveled together, worked with each other, laughed with each other, etc.

My children love "grandpa", my father, and see him as a role model of a good husband and father. My parents have been in love with each other for over 55 years and are a good model of a happy marriage. Unfortunately, the children did not get to see them very often, because they live in Switzerland.

"The Framers of the Bill of Rights did not purport to "create" rights. Rather, they designed the Bill of Rights to prohibit our Government from infringing rights and liberties presumed to be preexisting."

Justice William J. Brennan, 1982

Epilogue

Today is June 14, 2012: I am putting the finishing touches on this first book.

I filed a motion to regain custody of my children in September 2007. They were sick, miserable and getting suicidal. The motion was heard in February 2008 and on March 15, 2008, I regained custody of the children, as Judge Boyack decided they were unhappy and not thriving with their father.

We rejoiced... yet what ensued was a new custody battle. Little by little, the children had to spend more and more time with Eugene, so they could "build a relationship with their father." That elusive relationship never happened. The girls suffered their fate until they turned 18, never to speak with their father again.

Judge Boyack ended up micro-managing our lives. Eugene did not have to file motions any longer; the judge set up status hearings at his discretion, for his "review." It meant that almost every month, I was subjected to his scrutiny, threats and control, in addition to having to report to the probation officer.

I asked for my status as a felon on probation to be revised, in order to allow me to work and provide for the children. My request was denied. I am apparently the only mother who was charged with kidnapping her children, who then got custody of the same children, because the court decided they were unhappy with their father.

Kendrick did so well in school, going from being in 6th grade in special education with his father, to 8th grade, not needing special education, with me, in ONE YEAR, i.e. he even skipped a grade as he was doing so well. Judge Boyack decided, during one of these status hearings, that the State of Nevada must have cheated on the tests, and custody of Kendrick was switched back to the father, on the spot. On this Friday afternoon in court, Kendrick lost siblings, pets, friends, hobbies and educational opportunities, once more.

He was returned to isolation and spent the next year attending school as a "special ed kid" two and a half hours a week. The rest of the time, he was alone in a house in Moccasin, as his father was working all day. Kendrick slept and watched movies. The school received special funds for "special education."

The second year, Kendrick went to school three half days a week. I was ordered to make a report of all the material I had studied with him and to send it to the school the father enrolled him in. I did.

Following my report, it looked like the school decided Kendrick had done most of what he needed to do for High School. He stopped studying math (i.e. no more algebra and geometry he had started with me, no calculus); he stopped studying history. His ability to write essays went from one page to one paragraph. His spelling and reading abilities have greatly diminished. There, he is a special ed student, considered unable to achieve much. The school continues to receive funds.

Kendrick is now 17 years old. He has asked many times to be allowed to come back to his family, friends, pets and education. AB 1050, a bill which came into effect on January 2012, states,

"This bill requires the family court to consider and give due weight to the wishes of a child in making an order granting or modifying custody or visitation, if the child is of sufficient age and capacity to form an intelligent preference as to custody or visitation. The bill would require the court to permit a child who is 14 years of age or older to address the court regarding custody or visitation, unless the court determines that doing so is not in the child's best interests, and, in that case, the bill would require the court to state its reasons for that finding on the record."

When I reminded Judge Boyack of the bill, he reminded me that a judge had discretion; he would overrule Kendrick's choice. According to Judge Boyack, a teenage son's best interest is to spend time with his father, to learn the manly things of life.

Eugene told Judge Boyack, in August 2010, that Kendrick would get his driver license, that he would have a car, that he would take college classes, that he would have extracurricular activities, etc. None of these happened. Kendrick is isolated, bored, doing very little in ways of education, yet ordered to spend his teenage years with his father, a man who raped and molested his sisters, who raped me, abused and neglected his children, killed their pets, who lies and connives. Kendrick is to learn the "manly things of life" with his father, until he turns 18, at the end of 2012.

In April 2007, a knowledgeable "friend of a friend" found out about my case. He was disgusted by what had happened and decided to help me redress it.

We filed different motions, first to request a different public defender. We learned that exculpatory documents had been kept hidden. The next public defender, who was appointed by the court, was on vacation; he did not have time to prepare for the hearing. There was a status of limitation, and with the continuation because of the vacation, the case could no longer be heard. "They" found one loophole after another, so that I could not clear my name. I was to remain a felon.

I filed a Habeas Corpus; it went all the way up to the First District Court... after that, I did not have the money for the photocopies requested by the US Supreme Court, nor for the postage.

Neither I, nor my daughter, should EVER have been arrested. We did neither kidnap, nor conceal the children. They ran away to escape the abuse and threats they were living under. This is NOT a crime!

The California Penal Code states:

278.7. (a) Section 278.5 does not apply to a person with a right to custody of a child who, with a good faith and reasonable belief that the child, if left with the other person, will suffer immediate bodily injury or emotional harm, takes, entices away, keeps, withholds, or conceals that child.

(b) Section 278.5 does not apply to a person with a right to custody of a child who has been a victim of domestic violence who, with a good faith and reasonable belief that the child, if left with the other person, will suffer immediate bodily injury or emotional harm, takes, entices away, keeps, withholds, or conceals that child. "Emotional harm" includes having a parent who has committed domestic violence against the parent who is taking, enticing away, keeping, withholding, or concealing the child.

Unfortunately, my case is not unique. As Barry Goldstein's forward states, it is quite common.

I believe though that there is a strong movement in this country to return the legal system to true justice, to protect the innocent, especially children, and to condemn the perpetrators. It is gaining momentum. When will the scale tip back in favor of justice? Hopefully in the not-too-distant future.

In the meantime, let's keep educating the public and take action. Most people are ignorant of the abyss into which the legal system has fallen. It is often only when faced with injustice that people's eyes are open.

***"All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing."
(Edmund Burke)***

The second book of this Trilogy will address how the brainwashing I was subjected to took place. How did I, an independent world traveler and strong-minded woman, with degrees in psychology, fall prey to a psychopath? What were the tell-tale signs or red flags I ignored? Was there corruption? Was there fraud? You'll decide at the end of the second book.

The third book of this Trilogy reveals the "Secret" I found during my quest for meaning. Is the Law of Attraction, so prominent nowadays, real? Does it work positively as well as negatively? How? Can we turn it around? What tools did I use to keep my sanity in the midst of this insanity? What is a "gift shift? You'll find out in "The Gift," the third book in this Trilogy.

**"A champion is defined not by their wins but by how they can recover when they fall."
— *Serena Williams***

Addendum

It is now July 2024. I just re-read this book. Wow! This nonsense still makes no sense. I was so fortunate to have the amount of support I did, even though it did not manifest into something more significant in the legal battle.

I was told that, if I had found the right attorney, the judge and the D.A. would have faced fifteen to twenty-five years in prison, for lying to the Governors of California and Nevada, and to the District Attorneys of these states.

Over the years, I've worked with other victims of legal abuse, part-time with the late Dr. Karin Huffer, who coined the term Legal Abuse Syndrome. We offered a support group in Las Vegas for people victims of injustice and protracted litigation, whether it be in family courts, probate courts, civil courts, for elder abuse, wrongful termination or HOA challenges. Legal abuse is found everywhere!

I am still a felon, for "child stealing" my 17-year-old daughter, who had her own car, a cell phone, and all the means to return to her father, had she chosen to do so.

I still pay a heavy price with this "felony:"

- Just last year, I embarked on a training course to become an internationally certified hypnotist. I paid for the course, finished the course... and was denied the certification because I was a felon.
- Again, last year, I took a training course to become a certified catastrophe appraiser, following the suggestions of a friend. I paid, finished the course... and could not get my diploma because I could not produce the legal documents the board requested. These documents simply did not exist.
- Not being allowed to be near children restricted the potential for employment. Even Walmart refused to give me a job.
- Have you tried to be approved for an apartment with a "child stealing" felony on your record? Good luck!

I mentioned that I had become numb. My emotions flat-lined, which means I could describe a sunset: yellow, red, orange colors, yet did not "feel" anything. No music touched me. There was no smells or aromas in my world. No taste in food.

A psychologist friend of mine did not think I would recover, as I had “gone too far down.” I would have to learn to live like that, which was not an option for me.

I attended many workshops, worked with professionals, and my emotions resurfaced after about two years. One day, quite suddenly, I could smell flowers. I was elated. I bought lots of flowers and scented candles. I started to feel again, beautiful scenery and music touched me deeply. Food became tasty once again.

Initially, I wrote a 900-page book, which I thought I would condense into a trilogy. This is the first part. The third or “Gift” part has become another book *Yes, You Can Recover from PTS(D)/LAS*.

I’ve spent years studying dark psychology, dark hypnosis (there is a good side), mind control and mass manipulation. Someday, I may write the 2nd part of this trilogy. There is a dark side, which is pervasive in our society.

Thanks to the challenges I went through, I am now a better doctor/teacher. I can help people who have gone through many types of traumas, from rape victims to veterans. A meaningful and fulfilling life is possible, and I love to put a smile back into their lives.

You may wonder about the children. They are healthy and independent, scattered in different states, following their calling and talents. Some are still upset by the constant court hearings and custody battle they were subjected to, which was far from the idyllic childhood they longed for.

Many laws have been passed to protect children yet are not followed by the family court actors. An unfortunate situation has developed. Mothers rage against fathers, and fathers rage against mothers. The Fathers’ Right Movement is on one side, and Mothers Fight Back is on the other side. Until we realize that it’s the judicial system with its greedy cottage industry that is at the heart of the problem, I don’t see much chance of it changing.

You are welcome to contact me for a complimentary and confidential consultation at <https://daniellejcoaching.com/calendar>

My websites are:

<https://daniellejcoaching.com> for group and private coaching and

<https://hha-usa.com> for books and training

<https://daniellejcoaching.substack.com> for newsletters

**“Staying positive does not mean that things will turn out okay.
Rather it is knowing that you will be okay no matter how
things turn out.”**

—Garth Ennis