

January 30, 2014

To whom it may concern:

I have thought quite a bit about what I want to say in this statement. As the victim of this (these) crime(s), the fact that I even get to have a voice is huge and I have pondered extensively whether or not I even wanted to express that voice. The conclusion I came to is obvious. I do not write this statement out of revenge or bitter feelings. I feel that this is one of many ways I can gain closure and I also want to ensure that in the future I have no regrets or misgivings about choices I made today. I do not believe that I will ever regret speaking up once more on behalf of myself and my family. We have suffered enough to deserve the voice we have been blessed with—I have suffered enough. What exactly I suffered is something I want to briefly address just in case any person reading this has any confusion about the nature of the above mentioned crime(s).

██████████ was dropped off at his home in the early morning hours of August 10th, 2013 by Security Forces as a courtesy after attending a party here on ██████████ Friday August 9th, 2013. An acquaintance of his (who was also a witness at trial) testified that he was not acting any different the night of this party verses other parties he had attended in the past. After being dropped off at home, ██████████ chose to pick up his keys, get into his vehicle, and then drive a mile across base to my previous home. Once he arrived, he chose to make his way to my back patio and force his way through the screen covering a window next to the sliding glass door. He then chose to open the window (that I had unfortunately forgotten to lock many weeks before this) and entered my home without my permission in any way, shape, or form. ██████████ went up the stairs and into my bedroom. When I woke to his dark figure standing over me in my pitch black room, screaming and crying, he said nothing. Instead, he proceeded to punch me repeatedly in the face. He hit me so hard that my gums were blackened, and if I had not been wearing a night guard and retainer, I probably would have lost a tooth or teeth. My lip was split and bleeding. I had a headache that lasted days. This was just the beginning of what ended up being the longest morning of my life. While my estimates are not a hundred percent scientific, the nature of what happened next tells me that he had to have stayed in my home, in my bed, for at least an hour if not more. After punching me, ██████████ pulled off my garments (“Mormon” underwear) and forced me to get on my hands and knees while he had sex with me from a standing position behind me. During all of this he repeatedly told me to “shut the fuck up” and/or that he would kill me. The initial sex was excruciating—I have never felt so much pain while having sex, ever. During the trial, the forensic nurse who examined me later that morning mentioned that the damage to my vaginal walls, cervix, and other feminine reproductive parts was more extensive than any other victim of rape she has treated in her years of nursing. I was prescribed a numbing gel by my obstetrician a couple of days later because the pain did not subside. In fact, it did not subside for several more weeks. After that initial sex, ██████████ made me switch into varying positions. I had no vaginal fluids to help the process along, so he had a difficult time continuing to have sex with me. It was at this point that he made me have oral sex with him. At first he told me to spit on it, but when I moved to use my hand, he forced my head down on his penis so violently that I was gagging. This further angered him and spurred more threats of violence and/or death. In between all of the violence and sexual acts (there were many more than what I can describe), ██████████ would suddenly be calm. He would pull me down

next to him and make me lay with him in a way that would have been snuggling had it been voluntary. He would talk to me, ask me questions, and compliment me. There were many times when he would tell me that I was perfect, that he loved me, and how amazing he thought I was. When I asked him if he had a wife or girlfriend, he said he did not. He told me that many of the things that I enjoy in life (which he had asked about) were qualities and attributes he looked for in a girlfriend or spouse. He asked me deeply personal questions such as whether or not I shave "down there" and my sex life with my husband. He never once said he had a child even though I told him about [REDACTED], my [REDACTED] girl. He did not even mention his daughter when I told him about the loss of my daughter [REDACTED]. He only once said anything about a wife, but he quickly corrected himself as though he had misspoken or was trying to cover up the fact that he has one. When I told him about struggles I've had in the past, he would get upset and tell me to stop telling him those things, that I was cruel. He continually said that he was planning on killing himself and that his life was over. I told him that he did not have to do what he was doing. He could leave. I told him I did not want him to die. I sincerely and truly meant that. He does not deserve to die, and I certainly did not want to be the one responsible for him making that choice. I cannot express in writing how very little of this horrific morning that I am covering.

I know there are details I am forgetting. There are some I have included that I had forgotten for months, but that returned as I was typing. What I want to say in this portion of my statement more than anything, what I want the world and what I want [REDACTED] to know is that I did and said almost everything because I was scared to death. I thought I was going to die. I saw him standing over me when I first woke up and my first coherent thought was that I am not ready to die. I do not want to die. My next thought was that my baby is not safe, and I cannot die because I need to make sure she is safe. I did what I had to so I could protect her. She is my world. My husband is my world. I love them more than life itself. Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ are the only beings in existence that I love more than them. I would have this happen to me a thousand times if it meant I could protect her from men like [REDACTED]. I cooperated. I did not fight him. I even helped him to have sex with me many times. Not a single part of me wanted to do anything with him, even when I faked enjoying it because he told me to.

[REDACTED] testified that he knew what he was doing when he made the choices above. He testified that he entered my home with the intent of forcing me to have sex with him no matter what it took. He testified that he knew what he did was wrong. [REDACTED] testified that he knew he could have left at any point, made different choices at any time. The crimes he plead guilty to are not crimes of opportunity. They are crimes of malicious intent. Decisions that he was capable of making. He is a member of the United States Air Force. Airmen are expected to uphold a high standard of behavior. Airmen are held to the oaths they made when they chose to join the military that represent the values and freedoms of the citizens of this nation. Airmen are representatives of their supervision, their leadership, the base they are stationed at, the Air Force they serve in, and America. Every airman, including [REDACTED], knows this when they join. They are also trained extensively on sexual assault and the zero tolerance level the Air Force has for that kind of behavior. [REDACTED] knew what he was going to do was wrong as he made the choice to do it and before. The charges he plead guilty to are more than appropriate. They are as follows under the UCMJ: One charge and two specifications of rape under Article 120; one

charge of forcible sodomy under Article 125; one charge of assault under Article 128; one charge of burglary under Article 129; one charge and two specifications of wrongful communication of a threat under Article 134.

My whole life has been affected because of what happened. I cannot sleep, I am terrified of the dark, and my fear for [REDACTED] safety increases daily. If I am in a hallway or room and the light is turned off by my daughter or husband, I panic. I cannot breathe. My heart races. The shaking continues for many minutes until my husband can calm me down. At night while we are trying to sleep, any noise is cause for this same reaction. I have to have my husband get up frequently just to check that the doors and windows are locked even though he has already done it at least once before. I cannot even be alone once it gets dark out.

My husband's career in the military is over. He is finishing his bachelor's degree currently, and the original plan was for him to apply to go to Office Training School once he graduated. While I may be a little biased, I still feel I can confidently say that my husband would have made an amazing officer. He would have made a difference in the Air Force. He could have contributed so many things! He has had to give that up though because of [REDACTED]. He can never deploy again because I cannot handle it. He cannot handle it. Instead of following his goals for a career, my husband is going to finish his enlistment and get out of the Air Force. If he does deploy again, I will have to go stay with my family. I cannot even sleep at night without him, let alone be in the vulnerable position I was this past summer when [REDACTED] took advantage of me.

On top of all of this, I have had to endure STD testing which is embarrassing at best and utterly terrifying at worst. We had to be concerned for pregnancy as well. [REDACTED] did not use a condom. My husband and I have had to delay trying for the baby we so desperately want to add to our family. After losing [REDACTED], we suffered a miscarriage in June of 2013 just before everything happened. I have had to watch as my friends have gotten pregnant and moved on with their lives while we have had to watch in the distance wishing for our lives be even a little bit as happy as theirs. While, I was fortunate enough to test negative for all STDs and pregnancy, the time we lost enduring that can never be given back.

For the duration of the first three months of STD testing, I was not able to be intimate with my husband. However, even if the testing had not been a concern, there is no way that I would have been emotionally capable of anything along those lines. I was scared of my own husband when he first returned from deployment. I could not even hug him. I could not kiss him. Now, months down the road, we struggle to maintain even a semblance of sexual intimacy. It has to be scheduled and planned, almost forced in a way. I find it difficult and distasteful most of the time. The thought of doing anything along any sort of sexual line creeps me out and makes me feel like vomiting. I do not normally announce the intimate details of my marriage, but what I have described is not what my relationship with my husband was like prior to August 10th 2013. The most I can do with my husband that does not make me uncomfortable is hug him and kiss him on the cheek. If we do manage to make it further, I struggle with the memories and feelings that [REDACTED] created and that I will always have to live with.

My faith has suffered intensely. I have gone to church maybe five times in the last five to six months since August 10th. I have what is labeled a "calling" in our faith. That is, I have been

called to a position within our faith of responsibility for girls ages 8 to 11 during activity nights that happen the first and third Wednesday of every month. I have not been able to fulfill that calling in all this time. I cannot stand to be around these amazing little spirits because I feel too dirty and unworthy to be their leader and example. I cannot go to church because I cannot stand to see everyone's happiness there anymore than I can with my own friends. I question why God would allow something like this to happen. Many times I come to the conclusion that it's because there is something wrong with me. In my head, I know that this was not God's will, but the choice of another human being. My heart screams something else though when I am left alone with my own thoughts. I am confused and conflicted. I feel alone and betrayed. I wonder why my Savior has left and forgotten me. I wish I could cease to exist so often that if it weren't for [REDACTED], I think I would never get out of bed.

Again, none of what I write can truly express all of the details of what I have gone through and what I am going through now. There is too much to type out. I have managed to find positives in everything, but I should not have to do that! I should never have had to go through this in the first place! My family should not have to suffer the way they are! My husband should not have to give up what he is or deal with any of this! My daughter [REDACTED] should never have been put in the danger that she was! The fact is all of these things and more are the new reality for me and for my family. This new reality will never, ever go away. I will never be able to change or forget what happened to me. I will have to live with this for the rest of my earthly life. Daily, I have to work through all these struggles just to get through the passing moments. I do not get a choice. My choice was taken from me. I just get to survive with the consequences or give up. Giving up is not an option. That is why I am writing. That is why I am using my voice. Whenever and wherever I can make choices and have this voice, I am going to.

I keep using that word choice for a very specific reason; it's not to be redundant. There is one more thing I have to say about choice before I conclude this statement. [REDACTED] got to make lots of choices as I have stated before, but he also got to make one more choice before the trial. That choice was the pretrial agreement. He and his legal team created that agreement. They presented it to the prosecution with [REDACTED] signature on the appropriate portions. They decided on the 20 year cap that is in place on his sentence. He chose that number as the maximum number of years he would potentially have to serve. Once again, this choice was an informed one. He knew there was a chance that he would be sentenced to more than 20 years. This was exactly what happened. The judge heard both sides, looked at all the evidence, and determined that his crimes were appalling and severe enough to warrant a 34 year sentence. She did not know about the 20 year cap that was in place. She only knew that there was an agreement, and this judge made sure that [REDACTED] knew it too. She questioned him vigorously about the validity of his plea. She made him go over every detail and explain to her what he did and that he knew what he was doing. She also questioned him about his willingness to plead. She made sure that he was testifying of his own free will and admitting his guilt because he truly believes he is guilty. I know this because I was there. I heard her. She was the most thorough person I have ever encountered. She was even more detail oriented than the OSI agents who questioned me. Even with the DNA evidence that was found by OSI that proved [REDACTED] was guilty of this/these heinous crime(s), the judge still made sure that he was sure of his guilt. She gave him opportunity after opportunity to change his mind, to plead not guilty. [REDACTED] chose to plead guilty. He chose to move forward with the agreement.

Now it is time for clemency. This is one of the opportunities that [REDACTED] has to get a reduced sentence. I say opportunities because this is not the only one. He will get time off for time served. He will have the ability to participate in programs while serving his sentence that can help him earn time off and parole. This is all without including the fact that he automatically received a 14 year reduction in his sentence when the pretrial agreement was accepted and the sentence given by the judge.

I was given the chance to weigh in on the pretrial agreement. I agreed to it. The prosecution agreed to it. Finally, the convening authority agreed to it. Why? I cannot speak for the other parties who gave their opinions. For myself, however, I agreed to the pretrial agreement for several reasons. The two major and most important reasons that are relevant to this point in the process were as follows: It guaranteed that a guilty man would face justice. It showed an appropriate amount of mercy. I stand by what I said before. [REDACTED] does not deserve to die. He does not deserve life in prison. But he does deserve to face the consequences of his actions and choices. He does deserve to serve the time that he agreed to. If he is really sorry and if he really wants to be a better person, then he will honor the agreement that he wanted and offered, the agreement he chose. He will do the right thing and take his punishment like the airman he should have been on August 10th: a wingman; honest and honorable; a representative of the United States Air Force. He should not receive any more time taken off of his sentence or any change to the sentence that was given by a fair and just judge. His sentence is a small fraction of the time that my family and I will have to endure the lingering consequences of his choices and actions. He has been shown mercy. Now let him face justice.

[REDACTED]