

To Whom It May Concern

I feel it is time for me to tell what is going on with Patty and I. It started in October of 2005 when I called the cops on her for throwing stuff at me, as she had done for years. She had told me to be home at 5 because supper would be ready. Now we don't usually eat at 5, usually I got home and helped with supper. So when I walked in at 5:30 she started throwing again. She even has the kids trained to hand her something and say "here throw this at him." When the cops got there I was a little embarrassed and told them I only called because I had heard if she files for divorce this would look bad on her. How does a guy tell the cops she has been beating him up for 20 years. All evening she kept saying it was her fault and asking for forgiveness. So the next day she said we needed to go talk to someone. We went to our clergyman and told the story. He asked her what am I doing wrong? I come home after work and was helping out a neighbor as the bible says we should. When we got home she accused me of calling ahead and telling him to side with me, and she said he only sided with me because I am the bread winner and can put more in the collection plate.

So time went on and things weren't getting better. She demanded an apology from me because she said it was all my fault. She said I had exposed her to everyone, and she had everyone fooled until I called. I had warned her for years I was going to call the police on her. In the spring of '06 I was asked to help out at track meets, and I also help some at Teen Turf. I have always said a man is guilty until proven innocent, and never put myself in comprising circumstances. At this time the Duke University's lacrosse team was accused of raping a dancer, and I said those guys are sunk they will be ruined for life. So you can imagine how concerned I was when we were coming home from Dixon on an errand and she says "I am going to destroy you, I'll tell the coach and Teen Turf that you are a pedophile you will be done! This didn't make me like her any better.

On June 18 she was fishing at Woodhaven with Mathew, and I showed up. She said since I was there she would go home. When Mathew and I got home she told me there had been a guy named Phil from section 3 there and he had a 9 year old and would be back next weekend. After Phil left she said an older man fishing said he thinks you're available, and she said she told him "who says I'm not." The following weekend she said she was going out to see if her parents were there. When she got back she said she had swung by the lake, but Phil wasn't there. She said if he had been, they would've ended up at our camper. So I called Woodhaven and asked for the address of guy named Phil in section 3. I got his phone number from information, and put his name and number on Patty's pillow. Was she mad when she came out of the bathroom after one of her hour long soaks with a wine cooler. She told her friends I had done this, and they couldn't believe it. I asked if she had told them she went back to look for him, and she said no they wouldn't like that

She told her parents in August about what was going on. They were at our house a little later and I kept my distance. Kayla was at play practice and called to be picked up. I said I would go, but Patty said no her mom and she would. Her dad comes into the room I am in and says "boy let me tell you that you don't want a divorce. You will pay alimony, maintenance, child support, put her through school, all attorney bills, this house will be sold, and she will get her half and we will keep taking you back to court until your broke. You can't handle three kids, why she is gone right now." I said that was her first trip all week. I did all the other play practices, two trips for jazz band. picked up from art club and from science club. Talk about a parent being one sided. Reminds me of when his son got caught using his car to pull out the Shabbona superintendents bushes. That was the neighbors fault, because he shouldn't have been looking out the window at 2:00 a.m. I don't know whose fault it was when he brought home the guys mailbox, but Patty's dad went and threw it in the Kishwaukee River in the middle of the night.

On October 28 I get home from work and she says her dad will pay for her divorce and buy her a house. She had looked at a house in Amboy and called the realtor, and he was a real nice guy. She told him how bad I was and he was just so nice. She said he was turning her over to someone else in the office because he wanted to meet her, and that someone was coming to appraise the house the next week.

After that her parents and her would have little meeting when they were over. This brings us to Christmas. We had decided not to buy each other anything, but she bought me a top coat and I got her a certificate for a kitchen party. She and her parents head of into another room, I go in and say we weren't getting anything for each other. My 10 year old says "Dad you can't win, it's their daughter, they will never agree with you." I base my life on truth and honesty, wish everyone did.

Now we come to Dec. 27, 2006 Kayla wants to go to the school for a basketball game. I go to pick her up at 4:30 and she's not there. The kids said she left out the front awhile ago with her boyfriend. I circle the school and find her in my vehicle. She claims he wasn't there, she says he is at a wrestling tournament in Eureka, so I pull up in front and go in and ask the kids in front of her. She gets mad and calls them all sorts of names. When we get home she runs in ahead of me yelling "mom you won't believe what dad did now." Patty says you know your dad never trust you. I ask Kayla for her cell phone so I can get his parents phone number and find out where he is. She wouldn't give it to me, then she claimed to call, and said no answer. As she went to go down the hallway past me she hit me in the groin. I grabbed her left upper arm. Patty ordered Kayla to give me his parents number. I called and asked if he was there, they said no he is at the high school. The look on Patty's face, priceless. The next day, Patty goes and visits with her parents in Shabbona and then there are several calls back and forth after that. On the 29th when supper was ready I went to Mathews' room and told him supper, he didn't come. I said you have the count of three, but still no Mathew. Patty yelled "Mathew now" and he came. I asked why he came when mother calls but not me, he said "she's the one that hits us." I looked at her and smiled, she had a oops look on her face. That evening more calls to Shabbona. I knew something was up, so I changed the lock on the office door Saturday morning. That afternoon her folks came over and took the kids with them. We were suppose to go do something together, she told me I had better straighten up or else. I had kept notes of her behavior and showed her pages 1 & 2 of my notebook. There was an incidence back in 1993 when she was coming home from her parents and going to kill me. I had the pick-up headed out the drive, and when she came after me with a knife I ran and jumped in and took off. I called the hospital to see if a nurse we were close with was on duty, but she wasn't. The nurse wanted to send police out to get Kayla out of the house, but I said no. They called the nurse I wanted, and she called my cell, I just stayed gone for awhile. Patty was a little surprised at what I had. (the notebook is 60 pages and growing). Sunday afternoon I forwarded an e-mail with all my family's addresses on it to my work computer. Her parents brought the kids back and had a private meeting with her. On Monday (New Years Day) I painted a kids bedroom while they all went shopping, I kept my distance because there was more calls to Shabbona. On Tuesday I got a haircut and said cut it short I don't have time to come back. That afternoon Patty took the picture of Kayla's bruise on her arm and to an attorney and put an order of protection against me. I didn't take pictures of my groin, but I have had my hernia fixed.

I had a three week order of no contact., then we showed up for court. They wanted me to make a deal, and I said no way. I wanted to get on the stand and tell she had threatened to try to report me as a pedifile. Also that she watches C. S. I. and said she would get away with it because they would never find my body. She would have her cousins come up from Kentucky, do me in and drive my pick-up into the Ohio River on the way home. They would be home before anyone ever missed me, and she wouldn't report me missing.