

COLLUSION IN THE COUNTY

Exhibit 'A'

By Brenda Overall

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FOREWORD

I have become significantly incapacitated in my life due to stress, illness and poverty related issues over the past decade due to, what I allege to be, serious systemic oppression. I allege to be experiencing the effects of an ongoing conspiracy (or conspiracies) involving various 'professionals' from within the community of Prince Edward County where I have lived since birth. I feel that my situation has become fairly serious and that it is appropriate for me to bring my matters into a more public forum before further harm is caused in my life from the oppression and persecution that I allege to be experiencing. It appears that a network of 'professionals' are engaged in a conspiracy to bring false criminal charges upon me at the current time, as I move forward with my matters of accountability.

I've been advocating child protection and social justice issues in Prince Edward County (Ontario, Canada) since the early 2000's. My life turned into a literal nightmare, by the mid 2000's, when I began my attempts to inform society that children and their families were being systemically abused and that some children were actually being sexually assaulted in local foster homes. One of the main road blocks in exposing these crimes was the opposition that I experienced from my Minister. I have been persecuted, like so many others throughout history, for trying to speak out against systemic child abuse and other crimes against humanity.

This document is long and probably quite mundane to most. Still, this is a basic overview of my life and it is certainly not a full representation of the oppression that I've experienced. It's very difficult to wrap so many events that happened in my life into one simple review of events and this is my best attempt with the resources that I have. Only a specific audience will believe, and further understand, what I allege herein and I am hopeful that, at least a few people from that audience, will perceive of the things that I have left unsaid in this document.

I am not an author nor am I an editor and therefore spelling, grammar & format are what they are, with my regrets of course. I've tried to be cohesive, that's all I can say. I have several documents, emails, voice mails, eye witnesses, audio and/or video recordings to present as evidence to support claims that I make. Such evidence will be reserved for the time being.

I've been falsely arrested, jailed and committed to the psychiatric hospital repeatedly over the years. I've been severely beaten by the police and I do not trust them in my life on any scale. I do not trust the Crown Attorney and I do not trust the 'System' or it's employees. They have all failed me or have purposely wrought harm of some degree in my life. I have no use for 'the System' and I do not want help from it.

I do not claim to be an innocent person, for, indeed, such a claim would be laughable. Like every other person on this planet, I've made several mistakes in my lifetime but what I've learned by making those mistakes is invaluable to me. Experience has made me wiser. Suffering and humiliation has helped to enlighten me. Realizations birthed changes within me. I have nothing to apologize for nor to be ashamed of. In fact, my diverse experiences bring me all that much closer to my faith. I've mixed and mingled with many walks of life- from millionaires to homeless people and I've been from crack houses to board rooms. I don't regret a thing. Yes. I have a past. So what?!?! I haven't done anything close to what the elite do behind closed doors.

Whereas I currently abstain, and have now for a number of years, from alcohol, drugs (street & pharmaceutical), and all, or at least most other, sorts of self-damaging behaviours I think it would speak volumes to the intention of one's heart should a person speak ill of me today. Indeed, many who dare to speak about me know nothing about who I truly am or what my true mission or agenda may be in life. My past, as dark as parts of it may be, helped to shape me into the person that I AM. It was only in my darkness that I found the light. I will not apologize for the past that delivered me into the NOW. I have lived and learned and the one person that I hurt the most through the painful process was myself. I forgive myself, I try to forgive others and most often do, especially if they seek such, and I ask for the same grace in return.

I take full responsibility for my self in thought, word and deed. As necessary, I correct the errors of my ways. I expect the same from others and of society as a whole. It is no longer enough to blame phantom issues for the persecution that I have experienced and continue to experience.

INTRODUCTION

In 1998, only months after giving birth to my son I experienced my first visit to 'Qunite 3', the psychiatric ward, in Belleville General Hospital. I had a lot of stress going on in my life and the corruption was beginning to unfold in my life even if I didn't recognize it at the time. My Doctor was Dr. E.B. Conn. I would be locked up by Doctor Conn and other physicians periodically over the years. I feel that it's outrageous that Dr. Conn was in a capacity to determine my mental health status, to restrict my rights and freedoms and to determine my future with his diagnosis' while living the sort of life that he did! Dr. Conn was the adoptive father to Ty Conn (You can read the book called 'Who Killed Ty Conn' to learn more). As a result of knowing Dr. Conn in the context that I did, I've always felt a profound connection to Ty. At any rate, I was eventually able to sign myself out of the psychiatric ward after my admissions, though some admissions were for weeks, others for the standard 72 hours. I would later learn that the staff at BGH reported false allegations in 1998 to the CAS claiming that I was drinking up to '60 ounces of alcohol daily' while caring for my two young children though no other facts in my life supported this absurd notion.

By 2000 I would come to lose custody of my children to the CAS by way of an unjustified apprehension that was partially due to the direct influence of Mary Everall, my Mother-in-law. I swiftly regained custody of my children and re-stabilized as a single parent family. I did not understand why the CAS had predetermined that I was an alcoholic when they apprehended my children until I obtained my CAS file and understood the impact of the complaints made by BGH staff dating back to 1998. I could see how the well oiled machine that we call 'the system' truly worked even if others couldn't.

I began advocating for others who were caught up in the hell of the child protection system and/or family courts. I also worked and did various upgrading classes before eventually going to college for Medical Office Assistant and graduating with honours in 2003. I became employed as the secretary at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Picton where I was also the Sunday School Superintendent and a member of the Board of Managers. By 2004 I re-united with my husband after being separated for four difficult years because of CAS imposed court ordered conditions that made being a family difficult as well as our fundamental marital issues that revolved around my husbands alcoholism, which is a private matter that I will discuss no further.

By 2005 I was told by a child that she had been raped in foster care prior to being placed in my aunt's foster home. In 2006 my Father-in-law died suddenly. By 2007 I was being harassed by malicious police officers. By August 2007 I would require surgery and hospitalization after being assaulted by a government employee and whereby he was charged with several criminal offences that would never see a conviction. Early in 2008 I was severely beaten and abused by police whereby an investigation found no wrong doing on the officers part. By 2008 my husband and I separated again for the final time.

In 2009 I almost lost my children in a fire that was purposely set to the building they were spending the night in. In 2009 my wrist was broken after an arrest. By the end of 2009 the police and the CAS fruitlessly attempted to apprehend my children from my care.

By the end of 2010 plans were underway to implement a program called Reaching for Rainbows at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church for young girls, deemed to be at risk, in the community. By 2011 the truth about child rape in area foster homes was mainstream conversation in the community.

By 2012 I would personally be financially devastated and incapacitated with stress and illness while still being harassed by the CAS, the police and various other service providers. Throughout 2012 I was supporting a foster child who had been sexually assaulted by her 'foster' father as the matter proceeded through the trial. I was also experiencing oppression, alienation and persecution from the key players at St. Andrew's Church most definitely by 2012. By the end of 2012 the CAS would close my file before dissolving as a corporation and amalgamating into the newly formed Highland Shores CAS.

By 2013 my kids and I would move back to the severely damaged house at our off-grid property. In January 2014 I had to have all my teeth surgically removed. By September 2014 I would become a Grandmother.

In December 2014 Lynne Donovan would kick me out of a Sunday morning worship service. By the end of 2014/early 2015 I developed pneumonia that nearly killed me and taking a full year to recover from only to redevelop pneumonia again late in 2015/early 2016 from which I am still recovering, while trying to recover from chronic Lyme Disease under the care of a Naturopathic Doctor.

In December of 2015 I filed a claim to the Human Rights Tribunal of Ontario against Rev. Lynne Donovan, the Minister at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Picton, Ontario. Now, I attempt to move forward and to speak to my matters while actively being persecuted by Rev. Donovan and some of those within her 'circle of friends'.

CHAPTER ONE

THE JIST OF IT

My parents were married in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Picton, Ontario, Canada in 1974. I was baptized there in 1975. I faithfully attended Sunday School and was awarded for at least a decade of perfect attendance. I was married in that same church in 1995. My children were both baptized there, my Daughter in 1997 and my Son in 1998.

In the year 2001 I became a Sunday School teacher and further became the Superintendent of the Sunday School until I resigned in 2004. In 2002 I began to serve on the Board of Managers at St. Andrew's and I was appointed to various subsequent committees. I eventually became the Board Secretary. Shortly after graduating with honours with a Medical Office Assistant Degree in 2003, I became an employee of the church in the capacity of administrative assistant where I remained until 2005. When I stepped into the position I did so without a determined pay rate. I was simply there to help, though the pay rate did eventually get settled, the fact of the matter was that I was not there for the money.

During my employment with the church I was the assistant to Rev. Robert C. Jones who had ministered to St. Andrew's for 37 years. I had, and still have, a fabulous relationship with Bob. It was quite difficult for many of us in the congregation, myself included, to see Bob leave the pulpit, however; I assisted the church through his retirement and through the transition of welcoming our interim minister, Rev. Karen Hincke. I enjoyed a working, professional relationship with Karen, as well as a personal relationship with gift exchanges, dining out and shopping events. Karen and I shared intimate details of our lives with one another. Nearing the end of Karen Hincke's tenure at St. Andrew's I was invited by the interim moderator to join the search committee for a new long term minister. It was at this time that I began to suffer poor health and I eventually resigned from all of my duties at the church, thus, regretfully, I declined to join the search committee.

Although I was no longer employed or volunteering at the church, my family was still actively attending services as well as occasional fellowship events. My family was still very much a pulse in the parish when Lynne Donovan arrived as the permanent minister of St. Andrew's Picton.

Soon after Lynne's arrival at St. Andrew's, almost every dynamic about the church was changed or changing. Still, people tried to embrace the swift and challenging 'adventure'. As much as many of us tried, many of us were EXILED from St. Andrew's. Lynne left the credibility and integrity of some members in tact while actively campaigning to destroy that of others, such as my own.

By late 2006 to early 2007, The police began to harass me. The harassment would eventually evolve into periodic arrests, and/or detention, although in the end I would not be convicted of the charge(s) levied against me. More than once, I was victim to severe police brutality. In fact

I've been taken to hospital while in police custody twice, once by ambulance. Another unrelated time warranted an immediate visit to my family doctor after being released from custody. After examining me my doctor contacted the O.P.P to meet us both at the hospital for a forensic examination and investigation. For years I had to put up with police randomly showing up at my home in attempts to intimidate me. My wrist has been broken during an arrest where I was not even accused of resisting arrest. There was an incidence in 2010 where two police officers and a social worker aggressively attended my home to apprehend my children, though their attempts were thwarted. Then there were also the inconvenient traffic stops, frivolous demands, stalking, etc. I have no respect left, whatsoever, for the police!

In 2005 a foster child, whom my Aunt was paid to be a 'foster' through the corrupt child protection system, identified to us that she had been raped by her most previous foster parent before being placed with my Aunt. My Aunt reported this to the Children's Aid Society (CAS) and so did I. In essence, CAS convinced my Aunt to turn a blind eye, at least that's how it appears to me. I could not be so easily convinced to stand down on the matter. I swore to the foster child that I would help her attain justice in the matter. The foster child was moved out of my aunt's home and away from any contact with me. For years, CAS would actively alienate me from the child, essentially to no avail, nevertheless desperate attempts to separate me from the child were indeed concerted by CAS staff and their associates.

Although the system did whatever it could to keep the foster child and I at odds, our bond could not be broken and the foster child and I found creative ways to remain in touch with each other wherever possible. One day the child actively began a search for me, whereby she walked through my small town asking people where she might find me and further yelling my name down the main street until she found me. She did find me and we would both have to go through hell and back, her more so than I, to tell the simple truth, though we did eventually tell her story and see the conviction of the foster parent that raped her. This was only partial justice. The system that is responsible remains unaccountable and I further feel that the foster parent is still receiving protection from the system. The whole truth, in my opinion, has not been told in the matter of the Prince Edward County CAS!

Everything that has happened in my life is crystal clear in hindsight but I wasn't always enabled to see the true context of events or agendas. Context changes everything. I began to understand the system for what it really is and then I knew for a fact that particular people in my community were colluding against me to conceal child abuse. Had I known what I know now I could have certainly expected the malice and deceit that I received from the 'child protectors' and their systemic partners, but how could I have known at the time that there was in fact a method to the ludicrous madness? The belief system that I was holding dear to in those days enabled and supported my absurd conviction that the system meant well.

When my husband and I re-united in 2004, after being separated since 2000 (when my children were originally apprehended from my care) we were investigated one time, to my knowledge, by the CAS for potential child abuse whereby no allegations were confirmed. We were never investigated again as a couple and direct involvement between the CAS and my family did not resume again until 2009 when my husband would invite them into our lives, though he would come to regret doing so. Living with my husband between 2004-2008

allowed for reprieve from CAS harassment, not only for myself but for the children as well. At any rate, I found out, only days after moving back in with my husband in 2004, that the foundation of our relationship was built on dishonesty. The dishonesty broke my heart but I decided to harden my heart and to stick with our plan to re-unite as it was simply too much stress on the children to change plans at that point, especially so soon after moving in together as a family. I chose to lay in the bed that I made so to speak.

Even though my husband and I still had our marital issues to sort through, we functioned as a family and it worked for us for the most part, but it especially worked for our children. The children were much happier living with a mother and father who could be civil as opposed to the chaos of a split custody arrangement. The CAS had put our family through such hell in between 2000 to 2004 that we needed to heal as a family though we would never get that chance due to one crisis in our life after another. At any rate, it was our right to be a family. Issues surrounding parental alcohol use were more easily managed and the kids were at far less risk for emotional distress.

Although things were much better for our family after re-uniting, there were still issues that my young children struggled with. As such, I felt it appropriate to allow my daughter to speak to our family minister as much as she felt necessary. Reverend Lynne Donovan had befriended my daughter already by taking her to a music camp at a local christian campground and having her sing as part of occasional church services. My children most definitely felt at home in the only church they ever knew. At the time, I saw nothing wrong with my daughter discussing her life with our minister, especially if and when she was disturbed by any particular adult behaviour, regardless of who the adult may be. I had nothing to hide. I knew my children weren't abused.

I was becoming progressively ill by the end of 2005. There were several times that I was taken to the hospital showing obvious signs of medical distress. The doctors were able to treat me, but were unable to pinpoint the cause of why the attacks were happening. I began to lose a lot of weight. I had several symptoms, too many in fact, and one seemed to compound the other. I would have random swelling attacks in various places throughout my body that were debilitating, and still are to this day. My inability to predict an attack was really beginning to take its toll on my activities. I simply began to live my life one day at a time and I re-arranged my activities accordingly so I could continue doing the things that were important to me.

In May of 2006 my Father-in-law died suddenly. The loss of this very strong, special man changed our family forever in many regards. I have rarely seen 3 human beings suffer so much torment as when I watched my husband and our children transition through the monumental pain and suffering, especially while most of the rest of my husband's family treated him and the children as though they were insignificant mutant beings unworthy of genuine mourning. My in-laws acted so low and despicable towards my family during this time. At the time of his death, Ron Overall was actively opposing certain goals of the United Nations Agenda 21 and its effect on rural farming and associated food supplies.

I was advocating heavily for others from 2005-2007. I served clients ranging from Kingston to Port Hope, Ontario. I did not know why at the time, but I began getting pulled over and

harassed by police at frequent rates. I started receiving treatment from community members that was very contrary to their past treatment of me. People in my hometown shunned me. Systemic oppression was becoming evident to me though I couldn't possibly know why at the time. In hindsight it is clear to me that I was always dealing with professional collusion when I was actively and passionately assisting others to stand up to CAS oppression. My advocacy 'annoyed' certain people in my community but I feel that the intense collusion didn't begin until I initiated my campaign to expose that children were being sexually assaulted in local foster homes and that the CAS was aware of it. The time line of my life and the subsequent paper trails confirm this allegation.

My advocacy temporarily came to a grinding halt in August of 2007. I had met a Canadian soldier at a public establishment. He told me that he could no longer have access to his own children after returning from Afghanistan and that his wife was actively alienating him from the children. I told him I would attempt to help him. I drove him and his friend home to the Kingston Air Force Base. I went into the barracks with them. Before I left he brutally raped me. I had endured a recent hysterectomy. Therefore, damage subsequently occurred during the assault. I underwent immediate surgery at Kingston General Hospital where I was a patient for three days of post-op evaluation and counselling.

The day I was discharged from the hospital, I was due to drive my daughter to Toronto to visit with our cousin, a Presbyterian Minister. My aunt and cousin were aware of the sexual assault, however, they offered no empathy whatsoever and requested that I still drive my daughter to Toronto as planned. I was always loathe to disappoint my family so I decided that I would still make the drive. As we travelled down the 401, scores of people were filling the overpasses while waving banners to open the 'highway of heroes'. I can't even begin to describe my emotions of that day. For the record, I do not take issue with soldiers. Many of them are great people. I take issue with the government lying to the soldiers and for turning some of them into unaccountable animals. I further take issue with the way the soldiers are lied to and manipulated by their government, but I do not stigmatize the soldiers themselves. I believe that many soldiers have amazing integrity and honour.

I have never felt comfortable speaking out about the trauma of the sexual assault that I experienced not because I'm being dishonest in any way but because of public perceptions and the people who will merely exploit me and the situation to serve a misogynistic agenda or whatever the case may be. I feel as though I will be attacked for publicly announcing that a Canadian Soldier raped me and further caused me extreme injury requiring surgery and hospitalization but the time is coming where I must face this truth regardless of what it may cost my 'reputation'. I believe that there were fraternal affiliations that made all of the difference in how the criminal trial turned out.

The military police and the crown attorney knew how it was and they had all of the evidence, such as my broken finger nail found where the assault occurred, my ripped and bloodied underclothes, the testimony of an expert physician and nurse, etc., and yet he still walked. I believe that he is a dangerous offender and that the public should know what really transpired. He allegedly offended before my case and he has allegedly re-offended since. And still he is a free man. My reputation is pretty much destroyed from all of the hearsay and bullshit in my life already so I guess it won't really matter if I take another hit for telling the

truth. Whatever. I'm so sick of the world not being able to handle the damned truth!

Heading towards 2008 my Aunt hosted an 'intervention' in my honour and my Grandmother facilitated my arrival. My cousin, also a Minister, travelled from Toronto to be present. Reverend Lynne Donovan was also present. The parties present stated to me that I was attending my own intervention. They further stated that if I did not cease my advocacy efforts and leave my husband that they would have no choice but to collectively report me to the CAS for allegations that I'm failing to protect my children from emotional harm due to adult substance abuse, undue stress and whatever other nonsense they babbled on about that evening. Lynne Donovan stated that her conversations with my daughter led to her having concerns, some of which Lynne shared with my Aunt. My Aunt 'confessed' to allegedly sharing the same or similar concerns. That there was even an 'intervention' in the first place is very indicative of professional collusion in my life. I was absolutely blindsided by it all. Many of the people that I loved and trusted were literally about to 'feed me to the wolves'.

Though I could tell that I was being set up, I still couldn't or wouldn't know (all of) the reasons why for some time to come. At any rate, the choices presented to me at the 'intervention' were to either leave my husband and to cease my advocacy while having the support of the parties present or to stay with my husband and to be more or less guaranteed to lose custody of my children. I knew that things weren't the best they could be with my husband but I also knew that the system would seek to destroy me the minute we separated not to mention that my kids were stable in their situation, more so than when their Father and I were apart. My kids had already been through so much in life. My husband and I were involved in workshops through Kingston General Hospital for my son's serious anxiety issues and an upset in life was not in my young son's best interest at all. I was not willing to initiate that sort of upset in our lives, especially on the terms of other people and especially when those people truly had no clue about the dynamics of my life! I decided to ride the situation out and I knew that I would do the right thing at the right time as necessary for the best interest of my kids.

Brenda Sokolowsky and/or Lynne Donovan, being 'professionals', had a duty to report their concerns to authorities. Professionals are required to report their concerns to the CAS under the law in the case where genuine child protection concerns exist as opposed to calling in other professionals to give me ultimatums at a secret meeting. I was so overwhelmed. If my former minister and my aunt attempt to deny the nature of the intervention then I beg of them to know their version of events. My aunt and Lynne Donovan do not like each other as far as I can tell. My aunt left the church and never had anything nice to say about Lynne, to me at least, so I would hope that they wouldn't begin colluding in response to my allegations at this point.

Until Lynne Donovan began her campaign against me no one, to my knowledge, at St. Andrew's had EVER expressed concern with my parenting abilities. Beyond that, my virtues and integrity speak for themselves given the trust that was bestowed upon me throughout my deep and rich history with St. Andrew's. I was an integral part of the congregation until, seemingly, I continued to demand accountability from CAS regarding a rising number of issues, some of which were affecting me personally, but most importantly and urgently about young children being raped in foster care. This is also where I feel that the Clerk of Session at St. Andrew's Picton, Susan Law, has joined in the conspiracy against me as I believe her

husband has affiliations with the former Picton CAS.

Although I fully understand now, in retrospect, how and why my family and our truth was rejected by some of the key players within St. Andrew's, I did struggle to understand the implied stupidity of their mindsets. Alas, it was not possible to know until almost every resource that I had ever worked to accumulate was taken from me by corrupt hands! Beaten, raped, starved, persecuted, humiliated, exiled and abandoned is how society, and the church in particular, left me to fend. Excuse me if I had nothing better to do than 'lift the veil' in my recovery. You see, once stripped down to NOTHING and assaulted by CORRUPT AND MALEVOLENT CHRISTIANS, a new understanding emerged to me concerning the very nature of the church and the subsequent nature of its key players. Deeply disturbing yet welcome truth continues to emerge!

Just in time to compound my life the pretrial date arrived regarding the sexual assault from 2007. The Canadian Soldier that raped me was charged with 1) Aggravated sexual assault 2) Sexual assault 3) Forcible confinement 4) Uttering death threats and 5) Breach of recognizance. I had to go to Kingston for the pretrial.

After the pretrial I was an emotional mess. My kids were with loved ones for the day and overnight. The long day of court nonsense had taken its toll on me. My husband rented us a motel room, much to my relief, as the drive home, to me, seemed as though it would be eternal. I wish now that I had simply returned home where I would have been much safer. My husband talked me into going out for a bite to eat. I didn't feel up to it but he insisted as he was worried that I hadn't eaten all day. We went to a quiet little pub in Kingston, not far from the motel. We ordered dinner and some drinks. My husband met a fellow and they began a game of pool. I couldn't handle the stress of the day mixed with the alcohol. I felt as though one of my 'attacks' were going to affect my health and so I told my husband that I felt sick and needed to rest in the car until he finished his game of pool. He unlocked the car for me and kept the keys in his pocket. I got in the backseat of the car and locked the doors.

After only a few minutes of resting in the car, there was an abrupt knock on the window and I saw two male police officers. They demanded that I open the door immediately. I had no idea where they came from or why they were there. I opened the door. There was no warning when they dragged me out of the car. They pushed me around, soaking my clothes because they were repeatedly pushing me down into the snow. It was dark, however, I couldn't believe how abusive they were being in a public area. I could not ascertain what their issue was. I believed that they must have thought I was someone else. I couldn't imagine why I was being assaulted by police for no reason whatsoever. I was in shock. At any rate, the officers threw me down on the ground to handcuff me. To my surprise they also shackled me. It totally blew my mind when they pulled out the extra security chain to run down my back between the cuffs and the shackles. When they pulled me up forcefully by the chain down my back they pulled my shoulders out of the sockets. It was unimaginable pain! After getting out of the car in the garage at the police station I was pepper sprayed. Shock, fear, pain, anger, were mingling together in my brain. When they threw me in the cell I thought the police brutality must be over until the thugs re-appeared with a big power washer unit. They aimed the power hose at me and sprayed me down with ice cold water while laughing hysterically. I was so horribly freezing cold as I was wearing only jeans and a thin dress shirt. They kept my coat when they

processed me and they most certainly didn't provide any towels after the cold 'shower'.

On top of the nightmare I was trapped in I was picturing how out of his mind my husband would be when he returned to the car to find me gone. He did end up calling various places in Kingston, such as the police station, until he found where I was and he was there to pick me up from jail in the morning. As soon as he arrived and saw that I was one giant bruise he went directly into the police station and spoke to the chief. The chief would not tolerate our demand for instant action and handed us a complaint package. I had a scheduled doctors appointment that morning which I attended. Upon seeing me and hearing the story, my doctor phoned the O.P.P and asked them to meet us at the hospital for forensic photographing.

I filled out the complaint package and formally initiated an investigation. Apparently, the police were acting in a completely professional manner, doing nothing wrong on the evening in question, according to the outcome of the investigation. Strangely enough, I was charged with 'public intoxication' and issued a fine upon my release from custody. I wasn't intoxicated I was sick, but the truth never seems to matter to the police in my experience. That night was pure hell!

The stress in my life was intense at this point. My husband despised the fact that I was a social justice and/or child protection advocate. He said it was causing our family too many problems. Now he was starting to sound like my aunt and my minister had at my 'intervention'. He eventually demanded that I choose between him and my advocacy. At that point in my life I was far more interested in and committed to the truth about my life over the lies in my very complex marriage. My husband and I were on different pages. Our fundamental personal differences were becoming irreconcilable. I began to truly struggle at this point. I myself had started drinking more often and going out more than I should have been to avoid the stress at home and I started doing various drugs. I was cheating on my husband and partaking in risky behaviours. It wasn't the healthiest way to cope, but it was the only way, at that time anyhow, that I was able to cope, for whatever reason(s). Something obviously had to give soon.

In July 2008, my parents were driving me home after I was involved in a car accident. During the drive my Mother told me that the effects of the stress in my life were becoming very evident. I couldn't have agreed more! She said that people were talking about me and/or my husband and that it was probably best if I just separated from him. I agreed, but re-iterated my extreme fear of systemic collusion and harassment such as what I had endured in 2000. I could not allow my children to be swallowed up by the system, especially after everything I had learned through my advocacy. I was so controlled by my fear of having my children placed in foster care. Despite my fears, I stated that it was indeed time for me to get my 'ducks in a row' in preparing for a divorce, a separation at the very least, though I didn't know when it would occur.

By the end of July 2008, I secured a rather substantial loan with the help of my Grandmother. I used the loan to pay off all debts that were associated with my home. I paid up all of the utilities to the current date and even prepaid a month or two on certain other bills. Just before I received the money from the loan, I had a chance encounter with Lynne Donovan. Lynne asked me if I was separated from my husband yet. I said that I was in the process and that wouldn't happen overnight. Lynne informed me then that I was 'out of time'.

At the end of July I left for a prearranged getaway at a motel for a weekend. Throughout the weekend I made the decision to split up with my husband. I phoned my husband and told him that we would have to split up, at least temporarily, and I tried explaining the many serious issues that I was concerned about. He was so disgruntled with my advocacy and all of the problems that it had brought into our lives that he simply would not even attempt to understand what was going on. I told him that he would have to make plans to move out since the house we were living in belonged to my parents, however, he simply chose to become hostile and uncooperative with that notion. I attempted to work things out with the people in my life via telephone over the weekend.

My only real concern was preventing the apprehension of my children and keeping them out of the clutches of the CAS. This was very difficult to do because I knew I was on the CAS 'hit list' and that they would once again attempt to apprehend my children while making my husband think that he would get custody of the kids if only he would work with them on discrediting me. I knew that the CAS had built a file on my husband and that they had no intention of giving him custody of the kids. If the children were apprehended I knew in my heart that they would be forced into foster care so I had to fight back at all angles and be constantly vigilant about our situation.

Despite what I figured was to come, I resolved to speak my truth. I was determined to be fair and honest despite what others intended for me. I have never used my children as a weapon, never applied to court to strip my husband of access nor did I ever unreasonably deny access arbitrarily. I've never made false claims about him on court paper or to the CAS and I have never asked for or received child support payments. I have always encouraged the children to love their father and to forgive whatever faults they perceived of him. I have never otherwise alienated the kids from their dad or any other member of their family.

Although I had been repeatedly assured by my Aunt and also by Lynne Donovan that I would be supported every step of the way when I actually took the action of leaving my husband, my timing seemingly was not on their terms and they weren't so keen to 'assisting' me as they were when they ganged up on me in their failed attempts to silence me. I felt that they were retaliating against me for not succumbing to their bribery and for handling my own affairs without their 'advice'. I moved forward without their help.

Thankfully at the time, I had the support of a close friend. Kevin turned out to be a boyfriend for a short period. He was there for me through all of my indecision and chaos and at the time, that was all that mattered. I was very alone without him. I stayed between Kevin's place and motels for the next couple of days until I could figure out what I was doing with my life. The next weekend came along where I had to take my daughter to summer camp in Muskoka, Ontario. My Son was being cared for by my sister and/or his best friends mother and his father during this time. As Kevin only rented a single room in a boarding house, the landlord took issue with me staying over for extended periods so for the week that my daughter was at camp we stayed at various motels in Toronto after f. I was paying for motels and whatnot out of surplus funds from my insurance payout after buying a new car after the accident that I was in earlier in the month. I simply borrowed this money out of the bank account that was holding the funds from the loan until I received my other incoming funds via

a cheque from the Insurance Company.

The money that I received from the loan just prior to leaving my husband was used to pay off any debt that I had and to pay rent and security at a new place to live. I understand that my time in Toronto was a source of speculation, and seemingly even envy, for some, but it was really nobody's business. I only state this for the record because it affects the claim of certain people that I mismanaged my loan which was certainly not the case and where I can account for every penny. What money I spent was mine and I was not in any sort of parenting capacity while I was in Toronto.

Because the community campaign to discredit me was well underway my family started to believe rumours that I had mismanaged a substantial loan because I was doing drugs and that I was simply a dysfunctional and dishonest trouble maker looking for sympathy and handouts. It would take years for my family to see that this was not the case, though so much damage would be done in the time that it was being thought. I do not blame my family for the opinions they formed of me simply because the campaign against me has been so effectively orchestrated and accomplished by many people in my small town. Gossip, gossip, gossip. Add in some convincing criminal charges and a forced admission to a psychiatric facility and people do start to wonder what to believe I'm sure! At any rate, most of my family stood by me to the end to see it all unfold as I promised them it would. They believe in me now and that gives me amazing inner strength.

My second-born sister, who I rarely speak of because of her contempt for me, was helping to watch my kids before and after my daughter went to summer camp. During this period, there was nothing that I could say to please this particular sister, she seemingly believed anything and everything that my husband told her and, well, she started judging me and treating me contrary to how she always had. She accused me of abandoning my kids, even though I had set up their care, and took my daughter to camp myself. I did not abandon my kids, and she is a very mean person for saying that I did. In the end, it was this sister who would join the entourage of adults promising to never leave my children and to always be there for them, only to harshly and ever so coldly turn their backs on them.

As I needed a home for me and the children and with school beginning within one month, I had to secure a house quickly. I rented a house in Cherry Valley, Ontario and used the last of my personal funds to do so. The lease was for six months. I rented the home on a short-term basis believing that I would be able to move back into my home well within six months. I was also required to start paying back the substantial loan that my grandmother co-signed for me. Kevin moved in with us. Within one month, we unfortunately realized that our living arrangement would not be feasible and that Kevin and I were not suited as a couple. The children and I moved out and with no other place to go, we came to my family home where my husband was still living to figure out our next step.

At this point, my husband triggered an episode where I became very upset about the collusion in my life and whereupon he telephoned the police to report that I'm 'unstable'. The police arrived and took me to the local hospital where I was subsequently held against my will and legally formed to the psychiatric ward in Belleville Hospital for 72 hours whereby I was further chemically and physically restrained. I told the police and the hospital staff in Picton and

Belleville that children were being raped in foster care. They laughed at me. I've met a lot of people during my random trips in and out of the psych ward over the years and a lot of those people are locked up for reasons that I was.

Upon my release from the psychiatric hospital after the mandatory 72 hours, the children and I moved in with my (previously mentioned) sister. Behind my back she had discussion with someone, presumably my husband, and without asking me for any truth, she assumed that malicious information given to her was factual which it most definitely was not. My sister came home one day and verbally attacked me for quite some time before leaving for a midnight shift. She angrily and adamantly refused any attempt at resolution. I took her abuse right up until she was leaving and then admittedly, I did somewhat 'snap' and finally 'got in her face'. I did not become violent however, and I calmed myself down for the children's sake as my nephews and my own children were present.

Obviously living with my sister would not be viable. I decided that I would move out of her house the next morning. I was packing my bags early the next morning while I was on the phone with my Aunt (the one who hosted my 'intervention'). I had called her to tell her of my dilemma and that I would most likely have to stay with my Grandparents for a while. While I was on the telephone with my Aunt when my sister and the police pulled up to the house. The police were there to escort me out of the house. I left without incident. My Aunt arranged for my grandfather to pick me up from the end of my sisters drive-way as soon as he could. It was just before Christmas in 2008, and my Grandparents were becoming increasingly confused with my situation so thankfully they let me and my children stay with them. We had nowhere else to turn. I feel that my sister betrayed me and failed to support me when I needed her most. My sister and I have a few more unresolved issues and therefore remain at odds, however, just like everything else in life, I'm sure the truth will find it's way.

As my husband was still refusing to leave the marital home, the kids and I stayed with my Grandparents. I couldn't make plans to pay rent somewhere else and make the loan payments for the long term. I stayed with my grandparents until my Grandfather kicked me out (because I didn't know who snowplowed the driveway when he asked me so he called me a liar, told me that I had mental problems and that I wasn't welcome in his home any longer).

No one cared about the police brutality that I was enduring by this point, in fact, I doubt anyone believed me but around this time I was arrested once again and upon my release I had my x-rays revealed that my wrist had been fractured and I required a cast. Life was very difficult. My medications were not agreeing with me and I didn't feel like I was in control of life whatsoever. I moved into a temporary one bedroom apartment at the local woman's shelter by the end of May 2009. The whole experience was something else to say the least! The living conditions were intolerable as particular females at the shelter were abusive and attempted to dominate other tenants. People that lived in the building were committing crimes and attempting to use my address and/or phone number to do so. I was being deemed guilty by mere association. I had to cut ties with the other tenants. It seemed that the shelter staff only cared if women were abused by men and that they could care less if the abuse was by other women.

I moved to a 3 bedroom apartment on Main Street Picton by July 1, 2009 though the move

meant that I would not be able to make long-term loan payments. Because of my inability to pay the loan my Grandparents started treating me like I had purposely reneged. The situation really did put my loved ones in a tight spot I'm sure, however; they never discussed it with me and simply treated me like a loser. The guilt I felt was intense. I would never purposely screw my grandparents over and yet the situation nevertheless continued to spiral beyond my control. My relationship with my Grandparents began to suffer significantly at this time especially with my aunt offering her version of my life's events to them, which I'm sure they can see now was far from an accurate version. All I ever wanted to do was pay off the loan and live a quiet and humble life in my family home... I just couldn't... at that time.

By this point in time, the Canadian Soldier who had sexually assaulted me was found not guilty and released from prison. I went through the trial. I don't even want to discuss it. Corrupt is the only thing I have to say. The whole damn situation is as corrupt as corrupt can be. He allegedly had prior offences similar to the charges he faced in my case and I learned from the Military Police in 2010 that he had re-offended and was being held in Ottawa. The last I heard he was free again and beat the charges. He was dishonourably discharged from the army but he is still free to do as he pleases and God only knows where he is.

In the early months of 2009, my husband stayed overnight with his new girlfriend in her apartment above Angeline's Inn and Restaurant in Bloomfield, Ontario. There with them were my children, My husband's girlfriend's son and my daughter's close friend. After everyone went upstairs to bed, an individual broke into the establishment, cut the phone lines, then intentionally set fire to the place. He stole several goods and then fled the establishment. The police found him fleeing the scene and arrested him. The fire department put out the fire. My children went to the hospital for evaluation and were subsequently released without injury. Thank God!

When the pre-trial date arrived regarding the fire at Angeline's Inn and Restaurant, I met my daughter and my ex-husband's girlfriend (Lynne Underhill) at the courthouse to support my daughter as she had been called to testify as a witness. Upon entering the court house, the girlfriend of the accused was sitting in the waiting area. The girlfriend of the accused was the only one sitting in the waiting area and she sighed and muttered something as we walked past and so I simply uttered 'You're here supporting a piece of shit so shut the fuck up!' and I walked directly into the next room without delay with Lynne and my daughter where a lawyer was waiting to speak with my daughter (and perhaps Lynne as well) and the door was immediately closed. Within minutes there was a knock on the door. The police asked for me and told me that they had received a complaint that I was being potentially violent and that I needed to leave. I argued with police for a few moments until I realized arguing was fruitless. Their minds were made up. I had to leave. The accused could have the support of his girlfriend but my daughter was not allowed to have the support of her mother while testifying. It was far too unreal for me to handle!

The obvious (to me) collusion was too much at this point. My daughter would have to testify without my support against the seasoned criminal that attempted to take her life. Clear messages from the system were being sent to me that told me my children, their rights and their very lives are of no consequence. I disagreed. Whether it was right or wrong, I acted. By the end of that evening I had consumed a bottle of whisky while 'stewing' and I paid a visit to

the woman who had me removed from the courthouse that morning. After I left she was picked up by an ambulance and taken to hospital for alleged head injuries. I was later charged with assault with a weapon. Though I do not defend my actions, I do defend the fact that a person can only take so much, especially where their children's ongoing rights and safety are continuously jeopardized and/or disregarded. Much to my surprise, the charges against me were later dismissed by the court and the officer that arrested me actually shook my hand in front of several witnesses before we left the courthouse.

Sometime soon after October 1, 2009 my husband abandoned the marital home. He moved in with his girlfriend and took with him anything useful or of value from the marital home. I've lost many of my life's possessions as I had never really had access to take the things that I wanted or needed while my husband lived in the home and then he just up and moved out without warning and took almost everything. Although there was no debt associated with the home or the utilities when I ended the relationship in July 2008, the hydro company came and removed the meter for service due to an incredibly outstanding amount owing. There is still no hydro running to the property. Doors were taken out of the walls and covered with thin boards. The hot water tank was removed. All of the plumbing was ripped out. The wood stove & chimney were removed. The front of the house had been opened up for renovations and then covered up with bits of wood, leaving gaping holes that wild animals were coming in and out of. The contents of the kitchen and refrigerator were strewn from one end of the house to the other. Rodents had been living among the mess. It was a write-off!

I was living in the Main Street apartment paying \$1000.00/mo. I could not afford to fix the house all on my own. My parents and grandparents had heard so many lies and were so full of doubt about me that they were fairly skeptical about my intentions. Until the dust was to settle many of my family members would remain confused about my situation and therefore reluctant to get involved. The lies that have been told about me have affected every aspect of my life, but most importantly it hindered any available supports that I could have had during some of the hardest days of my life. My parents did try to have my husband held to account regarding the state of the marital home, however, there were several 'catch 22's' in the matter and it all boiled down to be a civil matter that would be fruitless if pursued. The house would remain in a state of disrepair for 3 long years to come.

Since the break-in and subsequent fire at Angeline's Inn my children were understandably very afraid, especially at night time. Adult alcohol consumption and supervision of the children was a concern. I attempted to address these concerns with my husband to which he responded with hostility and allegations against me as a parent were forged onto family court documents and a suit for full custody ensued. The actions may have been initiated by my estranged husband, however, he has since told me that it was at the encouragement of particular community members and/or CAS. Agents. The CAS needed a weapon against me and he was the perfect one. They used him against me so terribly, however, I didn't respond with retaliation as I knew it would only complicate my matters. I merely defended myself from the silly claims against me and continued to try working with my husband throughout the mess of our lives, knowing that he was being used and that he couldn't see the big picture.

At or about the time that family court proceedings began in 2010, allegations were filed against me to the C.A.S. The false allegations included: chronic drug and/or alcohol use,

criminal violence, serious mental illness such as schizophrenia and my 'relationships'. According to the reports that I've read that were issued to me by C.A.S, it seems that C.A.S was far more interested in confirming an allegation, any allegation, against me than they were in actually protecting my children. The desperation on the part of C.A.S to discredit me is evident upon reading their reports. Reading between the lines of said reports indicates that my parenting was never an actual issue, and the actions of C.A.S employees indicates that no one at C.A.S was ever truly concerned for the safety or well-being of my children. Most of the community members who once embraced and supported my children began to leave my children to hang in the balance while they either looked the other way or actively participated in the smear campaign against my family.

During this period I was in a relationship but CAS forbid the relationship and ultimately destroyed us by the new year of 2010. They accused him of being a pedophile, which he most certainly was not, and they attempted to apprehend my children one time as a result. As the CAS threats intensified I had no choice but to choose between him and my children. He was a great guy. I loved him. I hope he forgives me.

Jeannie St. Germaine, an unregistered social worker employed, at that time, by the Prince Edward County CAS was assigned to our CAS case. She interviewed my children twice, I believe, before submitting documents to my husbands lawyer on behalf of the C.A.S. My children were very clear in their wishes that they wished to live with me and to have access with their father when Jeannie interviewed them. The kids love their father tremendously and I would never unjustifiably interrupt that bond as I know that he would never intentionally cause them harm and that he loves them will all that he is. There was a lot going on at the time and until all of the adults were on the same page, the kids wanted to remain stable in one environment as much as possible. My ex-husband was never stopped from seeing his children, he could see them whenever he asked to in fact. We were reducing access and Jeannie had completely agreed with us on the reasons why we were doing so. There was no malicious intent on my part to unfairly restrict access. My children merely wanted to work out some issues and resume their access as soon as they could. I was supporting my children's wishes. My ex-husband and his girlfriend would not listen to what my children wanted and simply blamed me for attempted to alienate the children from them for no good reason. My children chose to audio record these interviews with Jeannie St. Germaine.

As our case proceeded through the motions of the family court, my responses to the allegations against me were put forth. I also submitted a plan of care that was created in the best interests of my children, involving their direct and active input. With the proof that I had to counter the allegations against me, the wishes of my children and the verification of the childrens wishes by the C.A.S, I assumed, with cautious optimism, that the family court matter would be resolved quickly and effectively. After all, there was no child abuse occurring in my home and the children were clear in saying that until issues were resolved in their father's home they wished to temporarily reduce access visits, at least until they felt a sense of security and belonging after their father entered into a relationship with Lynne Underhill and subsequently moved into her home with her.

There had been so many changes in their lives, and their fears about the break-in and fire were not being adequately addressed, in fact, they were being minimized and the kids just

weren't feeling secure when adults were impaired. My children were genuinely showing true signs of trauma and they not being taken seriously. It seemed that alcohol was almost always a contributing factor to the negative goings-on at Lynne's home.

For the record it needs to be further mentioned that when my children started communicating to me that alcohol use by the adults in their lives was negatively impacting them, I quit drinking alcohol with absolutely no difficulty whatsoever and I choose to remain alcohol free to present day. I also 'passed' a court ordered hair follicle drug test! My children's security and their perceptions about me as their Mother have always been, and continue to be my fundamental concern in life! I gave up alcohol and any form of drug use by the summer of 2010.

I attempted to represent myself through the matters, however; my husband's corrupt lawyer complicated the application, claims and motions to the point of utter confusion. Ultimately the lawyer that I hired through legal aide, Joyce Melbourne, turned out to be unsurprisingly corrupt and far beyond the definition of unethical. My husband's lawyer had served me paperwork whereby a new file number was issued and whereby I was a respondent to his application, however, we had already had a court file number whereby I was the Applicant and he was the Respondent and therefore the whole case was perjured from the very start. This is why I hired my lawyer. My lawyer simply facilitated my husband's lawyer to amend the paperwork and to straighten it out and then my lawyer told me that the problem had never existed in the first place and that I was 'confused'. I have evidence of the changes because the request for involvement of the Office of the Children's lawyer bears one court file number and the acceptance letter from the Office of the Children's Lawyer bears the other court file number. There is definite corruption within my court file(s).

At any rate, my next family court date should have been resolved simply and a final order subsequently should have been issued, but alas, CAS had found a way to manipulate the situation, as they always seem to do. Upon arriving at Court I learned that Jeannie St. Germaine had forwarded a letter to my Husband's lawyer indicating that I was not being honest about the children's wishes and that I was arbitrarily restricting access between the children and their father, and that there were still pending allegations against me. Jeannie St. Germaine is a straight up liar in this regard! Jeannie had interviewed my children and she had agreed completely with my kids and their decision to reduce access but now she was actually twisting words and creating confusion. Of course, the implications of the scenario suggested to the court that the involved parties would need to mediate the issues. Although there was nothing to mediate underneath the enormous lies told my Ms. St. Germaine, the court 'suggested' and highly favoured the prospect of Alternative Dispute Resolution methods.

The confusion that I hired her to correct only spiralled further out of any scope of understanding. My lawyer manipulated my words, facilitated perjured court documents and proceedings while further failing to act in my best interest to any degree. My lawyer set me up! My criminal charges did not help. Where my history clearly shows that I am never violent towards children, the courts now had, just as I knew they would, a hold on me via my criminal charges. My lawyer should have been able to swiftly and clearly separate my criminal charges from my family court matters and represent this to the court. The fact that CAS had no concerns about the children being in my immediate and ongoing custody should have been a

clear route to assist my lawyer in this regard. My lawyer did not fairly represent me. She allowed Justice Elaine Deluzio to use my criminal charges as a weapon against me (even though the charges would later be thrown out) and off to mediation we went with, what I perceive to be, a scam artist from the Ontario Office of the Childrens Lawyer, Heidi Breier in tow.

Although no one is ever supposed to feel 'forced' into mediation by anyone in any fair situation, I can certainly confirm that I felt forced to do so. Besides, where the judge herself stated that 'the court needs further clarification to the CAS letter', how difficult would it have been for the justice to obtain that clarification with her almighty powers? Seems pretty simple to me. At any rate, it was facilitated that my family would spend the next several months enduring 'child protection mediation'. Mediation was for no reason, other than to seemingly attempt to control and stifle me for a period, while on the taxpayer dime, but at the real expense of my family. Before I knew it the matters were pressing forward and Vicky Visca was the mediator for the 'closed child protection mediation process'.

Now our family court case would be tied up in the mediation process for months to come as my lawyer helped to facilitate severe collusion against me. Funny thing. I wasn't involved with CAS in court proceedings, they were merely intruding into my private life and refusing to follow their own rules, not that they ever do really. In effect CAS had managed to slip a letter into my PRIVATE family court proceedings, and then poof, here we were, involved in CHILD PROTECTION MEDIATION. (What a farce! Yet, the taxpayer allows it and then screams at me for being forced to remain on a basic provincial disability after working and paying taxes all of my life, since a young age, only to have it all raped and pillaged by the system. Here we go 'round the mulberry bush..the monkey chased the weasel.....anyhow...). I believe that Justice Deluzio had a duty to stop this nonsense before it began but here she was in all her glory facilitating my abuse and potential demise while failing the safety, well being and best interests of my kids.

Though my grandparents were upset with me for financial reasons they were still attempting to support me and the kids when and where they felt they could. They even showed up to court in 2010 to bail me out of jail after the police arrested me on New Years Day for no good reason whatsoever. My Grandparentss were confused and upset with my situation but they evidently loved me and could not 100% turn their backs on me. As family court proceedings intensified the kids and I began spending a lot of time at their home again. I had no one else to protect me and I was fearing that serious false allegations would be made against me as I could tell that the system was trying to seriously fry me. My parents and trusted siblings lived in Belleville and most of my friends and other family members had forsaken me by this point. Meetings were held between my children and their lawyer in my Grandparents basement.

Sometime in 2010 John and Linda Whiteford, members of St. Andrew's, had entered the scene to 'support' my kids. They knew my kids from church and claimed to have a growing attachment to them because they were unique kids with big hearts. I attempted to make arrangements to move out of my apartment and in with my grandparents at this time for two reasons. The first reason was to pay back the loan that my Grandmother helped to secure for me and the second reason was for my own protection against false allegations. Moving in with my Grandparents didn't work out for several reasons but mainly because my

Grandparents were being given misleading and false information from, presumably, my Aunt (their daughter) as she amped up her campaign against me and also from my husband who was still in overdrive to speak ill of me and God only knows who else was hating on me back then. I was getting broker and sicker. I maintained the apartment that I had on Main Street, but had to take a break and stay in Belleville with my parents at this point. The kids and I stayed for a short time and then we went back to the apartment with no resources and no choice but to face the music head on.

The mediation process was a joke. I understood after my first meeting with Vicky Visca that justice would be unattainable at that time. I would simply have to make it through the mediation process and then back to court where the memorandum of understanding (written mediated agreement) would be endorsed as a final order. I would have to find new avenues to obtain justice, if there was any to be had in the first place, but first I had to manage to get everyone involved in the matter 'off my back' for a period. I knew at this point, though still not knowing why, especially from my past run with CAS apprehending my children in 2000, that I was up to my ears in corruption and that I would complicate my matters by trying to find others to help me.

I needed to buckle down and come out swinging on my own. I needed to understand that the laws were not necessarily applicable in my case and that a network of powerful people, seemingly above the law, were colluding against me. I documented everything that I could and found ways to dodge (almost) every bullet the system would come to shoot at me. I knew that I was the only one who could save myself at that point. I had seen from my days of advocacy how so many people's lives turn into a 3-ring circus the moment they ask others for help in their matters. I knew I would only be able to speak out after the fact and that the most important goal at that time was keeping my kids out of CAS custody, which was indeed a constant and prevailing threat in our lives! I tried to focus ONLY on my case, what was important to me and my children, and I kept my eye on the prize. I knew I was in deep, and that my priority had to be getting out intact the best I could.

Suddenly, after months of the mundane and tedious mediation process it became obviously imperative for all of the parties to expedite a resolution of my matters at hand though they all denied any haste. I sensed the instant rush on wrapping my matters up, though I couldn't know yet, that it wouldn't be long before the truth began to be public knowledge about the foster care sex scandal that Picton CAS was actively covering up. The lawyers and CAS had been unsuccessful at proving any allegation against me throughout the long process.

It seems to me that the 'system' 'expected' to see my matters compound throughout the mediation process and coinciding systemic collusion so that by the end of the mediation process my matters would be so convoluted that the judge would see it 'their way' and punish me for being the lunatic they were making me out to be. Though I believe Justice Deluzio already knew how it was. Anyhow, I feel like I was always two steps ahead of them and that I was able to thwart much of their bullshit simply by being so perceptive to their very own actions and agendas. Until I perceived the rush on the mediation process, we had been stalled for some time waiting on results of my drug test, my criminal charges and whatever other nonsense allegations there were at the time, but in the end they were all left with no leverage against me. When my charges were dismissed and my drug test results were

revealed, I could almost hear the sigh of disappointment issuing from the lawyer and Jeannie St. Germaine, but their looks revealed the disappointment well enough. They would have been happy to prove that I had even a simple addiction to cough drops at that point, but alas, I outsmarted them at every angle and I was about to be railroaded for doing so.

Vicky Visca concluded the mediation process with an agreement that was as satisfactory as I could have possibly hoped for, though not satisfactory to me at all! I think she knew, however, what would transpire at a meeting that she helped to facilitate between me and my lawyer, my husband and his lawyer and the childrens lawyer. The meeting occurred just days after all parties signed the final agreement reached in mediation called the Final Memorandum of Understanding. In hindsight I can clearly see that the after-the-fact-meeting was nothing more than professional collusion and intimidation at it's finest! At said meeting, the terms and conditions of the Final Memorandum of Understanding were 'amended'. I found it absurd and downright corrupt! I refused to entertain the lawyers notion that an agreement that took months to mediate should be 'amended' within mere hours, especially without the mediator present to facilitate such changes. After at least three hours of coercion tactics and threats were heavily employed against me, I agreed to the proposed changes. I succumbed when my own lawyer looked me directly in the eye and said "We're sick of the shit Brenda, you sign this new agreement or you ARE going to lose those kids. I guarantee it!" Of course there was a bit more dialogue involved but the end result is that I was coerced into signing a corrupted agreement!

The proposed final court date was to be within a week or so of the meeting and the lawyers stated that they would be washing their hands of my matters on that date with no ifs ands or buts! I had no way of foreseeing that the truth about local children being raped in foster care was about to explode at this time yet looking back it seems that the professionals involved in my matter did know and wanted my court case finalized before the news hit, leaving my voice no access to the court record. Nevertheless, I had spent months mediating an agreement only to have the agreement dissolve within hours. The lawyers kept insisting trying to shift custody to my husband and I presumed that they were doing this so that they could apprehend the children from him once I did not have custody. At any rate I managed to hang on to a 50/50 custody agreement when it was all said and done. When the parties returned to court for the final order and appearance on the matters, the Justice Deluzio said that there were too many errors in the order for it to be made final. It was evident to the Court that things weren't right with the proposed final order. Justice Deluzio almost remanded the case to another date when the lawyers successfully pleaded to be granted just a few moments to make the necessary amendments. Deluzio granted the lawyers a few minutes to re-work the proposed final order. That there were so many ridiculous errors (to the point of the document being somewhat illegible) indicates how seriously expedited things became at the 'private' meeting where I allege that I was blackmailed to sign papers against my will in order to retain any amount of custody of my children.

At this point my daughter arrived at court to attempt to speak to our family matters. It was clear to everyone present that my daughter wished to speak with the judge. The lawyers told her that her request was not within her rights and that she was to leave the property immediately, though she adamantly refused to do so. When the lawyers were finished amending the amended memorandum of understanding, the justice endorsed the document

from her chambers and never did return to the court room to hear my daughters voice or my own. We were told that it was all over by the lawyers and to take our court order and to be happy with it. According to the courts and the lawyers, that was that! I received news from CAS that a new worker would be assigned to my CAS case. We would wait weeks to meet him and it would take weeks after that for him to receive a full transfer of my CAS file, or so the reports indicate.

The collusion that went on in the education system because of all of this nonsense had a drastic and negative effect on my children. A teacher at my daughters school, also the wife of a police officer, made attempts to convince my daughter that she was in danger while in my care and insisted that my daughter consider living with her. And yet, at the very same time our family doctor was writing letters, two letters overall to my knowledge, to the C.A.S. citing that my children were presenting to him with symptoms of preventable illness that he believed were owing, at least in part, to stress. Although my children attended the same school since they began kindergarten, they were effectively alienated from their teachers and peers directly because of the misinformation that was purposely being funnelled to school staff by certain members of the police force along with the C.A.S. It was beyond shameful to watch the system attack my children and their continuity to serve a sick cover-up agenda. It cannot be conveyed how detrimental this collusion was to my children, especially with the Ontario Office of the Childrens Lawyer facilitating so much hearsay and misinformation about the childrens genuine situation to particular school employees. Various teachers, principals and counsellors at Pinecrest School should be ashamed of themselves as they contributed to the demise of my childrens overall stability by colluding against me.

My aunt was a 'professional child care provider' to many of the Pinecrest school staff and I allege that a lot of gossip and hearsay went about me through my aunt's 'professional' services. I will speak more to this issue one day as I believe that school staff need to be far more accountable in so many ways for the effect that their actions have in a child's life. The stigma that was generated in Pinecrest followed my kids to high school. When I tried to work with the Principal I was met with further negativity and an unwillingness to understand our situation. As a result I simply quit working with school staff over time due to repeated misunderstandings about our family life.

As per the final 'family court' order, the children were to live with me while having access visits with their father, though he still had technical 50/50 custody. The court order was so ridiculous. Access visits were to be arranged by Sharon Sibthorpe of Childrens Mental Health between the children and their father during the court ordered counselling sessions. The childrens father and I were to continue a working relationship with the C.A.S on a voluntary basis and our new case worker was to oversee the progress being made. This was all part of the agreement that I was blackmailed to sign.

Essentially, the lawyers and the C.A.S transferred all of their responsibility regarding the children having access with their father onto Sharon Sibthorpe while 'washing their hands' of my matters. Sharon told me personally that she was offended by this course of action and that she would speak to CMH senior management about being named, without permission, in a court order to provide services that she was uncomfortable providing. Alas, Sharon Sibthorpe's promises to do the right thing never manifested into anything beyond words and

she allowed far too much unethical nonsense to occur on her watch..

Sharon Sibthorpe knew that my children were in a precarious situation and she failed to act in their best interest. Sharon seemingly did whatever the C.A.S wanted of her, in my case at least. Sharon eventually discontinued her therapy sessions with the children, though I have never received any correspondence that would indicate why or when the file closed. Sharon has since retired from CMH. Sharon Sibthorpe admitted that she was not a registered social worker at the time that she was providing services to my children. I further verified this fact with the Ontario College of Social Workers and Social Service Workers. Why then, did Sharon refer to herself as a social worker?

At the end of it all, every professional that could abandon my children and their justice did just that. We were left with Ron Genereaux to address the original issues of access and child protection. Ron stated that familiarizing himself with my case was difficult as he still didn't have complete access to our file at the CAS and what he did have access to indicated serious dysfunction on the part of Jeannie St. Germaine and an obvious 'witch hunt' against me. Ron promised to assist me with correcting my CAS file and to set my matters with the C.A.S straight. He further promised to help me with returning my matters to court for a fair and appropriate court order, though it would all be a 'process'.

I could no longer tolerate the obvious corruption going on within the child protection system. I held a protest rally in August of 2011 to inform the public about many issues, mainly the blatant corruption, but also the unlawful apprehension of children and the further sexual abuse of minors in foster care. Press releases, citing foster care sexual assault allegations, among other serious claims were sent to local and surrounding newspapers. My CAS worker Ron Genereaux did, however, attend the rally. Ron further confirmed to me that my efforts were paying off. Ron told me that CAS was definitely colluding against me and that I was about to blow the lid of something 'real big'. Though Ron had to seem as though he was acting in the capacity of a CAS worker to his colleagues, he befriended me and began giving me inside information about the CAS. Ron encouraged me to continue my attempts with exposing the CAS and he further insisted that if I could hold it together through the coming months that I would see the fall of the PECAS. The prospects of Ron's words and support were a huge motivator, however, I really had no idea how close the CAS was to being exposed for facilitating and further covering up child rape.

The collusion against me became very intense during this period. The police were constantly harassing me and my children. The collusion became so intense that I felt I could no longer leave my home. I didn't leave my apartment unless it was imperative to do so. I kept my door locked 24/7 to avoid the unlawful intrusion by police. I did not allow for chance encounters with anyone. I set up video cameras in my home and set my phone to record any and all incoming phone conversations. If I did have to leave the house for any reason, I had at least one video recorder on my person at all times. I ceased communicating with the key players in my life by telephone and requested that all communication be documented in writing so that I could have a record of statements to hold professionals to account.

Then, the planets finally aligned and the news hit.!The towns people, the local radio stations, the newspapers, were all bustling with the news of children being sexually assaulted in local

foster care homes. Once that can of worms opened it never closed. Several charges against several people in the foster care system kept coming. The scandal eventually ended the 'official' operations of PECAS. The Highland Shores Childrens Aid Society (HSCAS) absorbed the burden of PECAS through amalgamation and is now responsible for child welfare and protection matters. I feel that only a tip of the ice burg was exposed before the amalgamation occurred. I further feel that some innocent people were used as scapegoats while other guilty parties slipped away unnoticed. Unnoticed by the general public that is.

The court trial date came along in the summer of 2012 for the foster child that I was supporting. The foster parent was convicted of sexual assaulting kids in his care. Though I had direct involvement in the matter since the beginning I was never called as a witness, never once asked for even a simple statement. It was only at the demand of the foster child that I was supporting that I was allowed into the court trial as a support for her. In fact, she stated that she would refuse to testify if I couldn't be there to support her as I had been the only one in her life who had consistently attempted to protect her, much less help her to tell the truth about being raped in foster care. It was also at this time that I was trying, to no avail, to work with David Remington, with the Ministry of Child and Youth Services, while the Ministry performed a review of the PECAS. I submitted a report. David Remington from MCYS shunned me and ceased communicating with me when I asked to cease verbal communications and to communicate instead by email to establish a record of our communications. I was also attempting to work with Todd Smith, the local MPP, around this time but he too would entertain me but never actually act on what had been relayed to him throughout our discussions.

Over the next couple of months, though still being oppressed by the Minister at St. Andrew's church and some of the key players from the 'circle of friends' at St. Andrew's, I could literally feel the cloud of collusion lifting away from me. All of the extreme harassment ceased and I was rarely confronted by the threats and intimidation tactics of professionals. I felt that I was finally being 'left alone.' Ron Genereaux confirmed my suspicions one day when he was visiting my home. He said "Brenda, I've got to warn you. Bill Sweet (CAS executive director) wants your file closed immediately. I'm not allowed to help you anymore. I know we were going to head back to court and that I was going to help you straighten out this mess they put you in, but I can't now. They don't want me to have anything to do with you or your family. Your file is closing ASAP." Ron was not joking. Within Days I received the letter confirming that my file had closed. Within months, Ron was dead. I'm told he died from cancer.

I've never dealt with my family court matters since then as I've been far too incapacitated to do so. Unfortunately, in March of 2012 I had to serve Ron a cease and desist letter as he had closed my file with CAS but was still involving himself in my life. Ron had said that he would help me with my matters and never did. At first, Ron seemed to be helping me and then he seemed to change gears. I feel like someone was attempting to control him. He told me flat out that someone needs to stop the madness at PECAS. I don't feel like Ron was being purposely malicious in my life, I just feel like he was stuck within his role as a long time PECAS worker and was doing what he had to do for whatever reasons. I was very confused with Ron's role in my life at the time, but in hindsight, it seems like he was trying to help me while appearing to others like he wasn't. I wish I could have seen things more clearly back then.

By the spring of 2013 I could no longer afford the apartment on Main Street. I had lined the pockets of my Landlord, Austin Gaber, with \$42,000.00 during my tenancy and the building seemed to get worse instead of better. It definitely was not worth living there when I could live in sub-standard conditions in my old house. I really had nothing to lose, myself, it was my kids who were being forced into a whole other reality with the move back to our old home. We were so poverty stricken that we didn't really have a choice and they knew it, but still, they didn't protest. They weren't thrilled of course, but they're both realists and they know that it is what it is and they try to make the best of the worst situations. They're so amazing! My kids have had to go without a lot. And I mean a lot! It's been so tough to watch it all happen. We used to be so middle class and free and then we were slowly forced into extreme poverty losing supports the whole way. My kids have truly learned about what really matters in life, though they had to learn it in the most difficult ways. My kids are beaming beacons of hope in this chaotic mess of a beautiful life.

I still face many challenges with my living conditions but I only have a very small amount to pay on the loan that has controlled my life for the last 7 years. The house is being repaired slowly but surely. Though my health continues to deteriorate I am still alive. Although I go without a lot, I've learned that I don't need a lot. I appreciate all that I do have in spite of my losses. I am grateful.

I have many outstanding issues that are so difficult to advocate due to the complexity of the situations in my life. Everything in my life becomes compounded with my poor health. Despite the hurdles in my way, I continue to seek justice for the hell that my community has put me through for my attempts to protect the children in my community as well as my own family.

There are ongoing smear campaigns against me. These smear campaigns are discussed in detail in further chapters/attachments available with this document. Lynne Donovan claims that I am abusive and has even gone as far as to threaten to call the police on me for not leaving a public church service at her demand. Lynne needs to back up her claims about me. Mary Everall, my Mother-in-law, allegedly claims that I've made threats to her and caused her bodily harm. Mary also allegedly claims that I harass her with loan requests. All of this is untrue. Mary, too, needs to back up her claims. I allege that Sue Law, Clerk of Session at St. Andrew's, has engaged in a slander campaign against me. My Aunt Brenda Sokolowsky continues, in my opinion, to speak about my family in ways that make her look like a victim or as someone who has 'fruitlessly attempted to help me' and she further paints me in a picture contrary to my true nature.

Historically I've been accused of corrupting the kids that have come to me for help. Well the truth is I was giving them a place to sleep and a hot meal when they were kicked out of their houses or had runaway from abuse in the system. Both the police and the CAS have placed kids with me for emergencies. The truth of this matter is that while I was improving myself as a person I watched several other people in my area fail their own children by choosing to maintain their own party lifestyles. People wanted to blame their own mistakes on me when their kids gravitated to me for support. When those kids came to me I offered them a non-judgmental and safe place to stay. Kids will be kids and I can't control what they do, especially when they're not my own, however, I was not giving kids drugs or alcohol, I wasn't allowing

them to be promiscuous and I wasn't encouraging them to be anything but solid people with morals while they were facing their respective adversities. I will never apologize for loving those kids!

I've been called to the hospital, by 'professionals' themselves, to help foster children and other vulnerable people who are in crisis that the system couldn't handle. To say I corrupt these young or vulnerable people is a lie! I never received one red cent from the system for looking after the kids that it couldn't manage but somehow I always found a way to make a meal stretch to feed any hungry belly that came my way. Others can speculate all they wish but I know that I kept those kids fed, warm, safe and feeling supported and as positive as possible. Period! Even at the height of all of the corruption in my life, CAS themselves placed a foster child in my care because they knew how it really was and that the kids trusted me to keep them safe. I was used by the CAS many times in this regard. Again it was such an absurd 'catch 22'...they were trying to take my own kids from me to destroy me but would let me have care of children that they couldn't control. It's all so mind blowing really!

I've been incapacitated, which will be quite simple to demonstrate and I hope that the other professionals that have adversely affected me understand that a state of incapacity extends my statute of limitations. I would suggest that these 'professionals' govern themselves accordingly which, in my experience with 'professionals', translates to 'here comes the shit storm...cover your asses!'

CHAPTER TWO

BRENDA SOKOLOWSKY – MY PATERNAL AUNT

Brenda Sokolowsky is my paternal aunt. We were always very close. I never had any reason to distrust my aunt, though I should have seen the writing on the wall from the way she treated my parents throughout the years. Nevertheless, I trusted my Aunt and loved her very much.

My Aunt operates a daycare and my children spent a lot of time in her care when they were younger. My children and I were actively involved in my Aunt's life as well as the lives of my cousins. We travelled together, shared in each others life events and special occasions. We were about as tightly knit as a family could be. My aunt, uncle and cousins have hurt me very deeply and I do not believe they have can offer a valid reason for such betrayal. It's overwhelming at times to think about how deeply connected we all were and then how it all went to shit for for what? I don't know. When deducing the reasons why, it simply appears that it was all because of my aunts affiliations with the CAS.

My Aunt was providing daycare for some prominent people and she began to climb the social ladder rather quickly or so it seemed to me. One day, despite what I had clearly conveyed to her about the corruption with the CAS she dropped the bombshell on me that she had decided to become a foster parent. I was beyond shocked, but believed whatever bullshit she fed me at the time in regards to her motives and I remained supportive of her. Though I couldn't understand her motives, I did not believe her motives were simply to help unfortunate kids. It seemed like there was a motivator much more than that to me. I'm still confused in this regard.

When my Aunt's foster daughter revealed to us that she had been raped in foster care in the foster home prior to her placement with my Aunt, I truly believed that my Aunt would support this girl until the bitter end just as I had planned to do from the moment I hurt the painful truth escape the young girls lips. My Aunt did not help the foster child as far as I can tell. In fact, my Aunt allowed CAS to move the young girl and her sibling away from her home and then she either lied to me or refused me details when I would inquire about the children or their status. I didn't know it then, but that was the shifting point in our relationship.

By 2007 my Aunt seemed to be actively colluding against me and setting me up for various things that are difficult to explain. She was always trying to paint me as a 'poor' 'abused' 'hot-tempered' 'violent' 'bad ass' that would be nothing without her love and support. In retrospect, her love and support was always my pitfall and the thorn in my family's side where she was always seeming to pit me against my own parents, siblings, and/or grandparents for her own amusement and/or agenda. I have personally watched her drive a figurative knife into the backs of my mother and my father respectively. My father identified my Aunt for what she truly is long ago and he simply shut her out of his life. My father was far smarter than I was, and in fact he tried in subtle ways to warn me, but I had to learn the hard way.

Sometime in late 2007 to early 2008 my dear Aunt hosted an 'intervention' in my honour at her house. Reverend Lynne Donovan and my Aunt made it very clear to me at this meeting that they would call CAS on me if I didn't cease my advocacy and leave my husband. They told me that my marital relationship and my advocacy efforts were too stressful on my children and that they were concerned about my priorities in life. If Lynne or My Aunt or anyone else at the 'intervention' had enough reason to suspect child abuse or neglect, such as they were alleging, they were all required under the law to respectively report their allegations to the CAS instead of playing 'social worker' themselves. They had no business attempting to intimidate me into silence. If they had genuine concerns they should have immediately reported those concerns to CAS instead of blackmailing me to cease my advocacy, and let's be honest, no doubt they would have reported me to the CAS in the case of genuine child abuse/neglect concerns! Lynne and my Aunt were coercing me into silence. BUT WHY? Perhaps more people in our community should be asking 'BUT WHY!' I feel that corruption and community collusion should be a community concern. An injustice to one is an injustice for all....remember?

My Aunt continued to meddle in my life as long as I let her. By the time that she posted a status to Facebook thanking my current CAS worker (at that time) for a great evening the night prior, I was more or less finished with her, but I was nevertheless grateful to receive confirmation from her in her own words that she had indeed sold me and my kids out. This made it far easier to shut her out of my life for good. My Aunt's Facebook status indicated that she had welcomed the worker who was trying to put my kids into foster care into her home and had hosted the worker for a fun evening of fellowship. It was so disgustingly appalling. My Aunt knew the CAS was trying to put my kids into foster care to shut me up and she wouldn't do a damn thing about it. She allowed the systemic attack to happen to me and my kids when she could've stopped it by standing up with me and telling the truth. That's all she had to do. Instead, she kept pretending to help, only complicating my matters with CAS further until I had enough and permanently rejected her from my life.

You shall know them by their fruits...labours...deeds...aspirations...whatever!

If the allegations were that my dear aunt and her friends and family were so concerned about the well-being of my children then I beg to know why they left my kids in the dark. Why didn't they keep fighting for my children's safety instead of turning their back on them if they claim they were so worried about them? Why did they just give up on them if they were concerned enough to make allegations about me? Why? I think it's pretty safe to say that child protection allegations were used against me as a control technique and when the technique didn't work the professionals and family members who said they cared about my kids turned their backs on my kids. So either the allegations were never genuine in the first place or all of these people failed to protect my children. Which is it? Either way I think we can see a problem unfolding here.

I have never done anything to my Aunt that would warrant her cruel treatment towards me and my kids. She sold me out. Period. I was always welcomed and further actively involved in her life until I wanted to publicly tell the truth about kids being raped in Foster Care. I never, ever, expected that my own Aunt would play such a ruthless game and hurt me and my kids so deeply in the process. My cousins ought to be ashamed of themselves as well with the

games they willingly played with my heart and the emotions of my children. We loved these people beyond description and we they sold us out. But for what really? I wish they themselves could tell me! If they're petty claims involve anything to do with 'my poor choices in life' or 'mental instability' then I say "Oh please. Cut the shit!" I have pictures showing how I was deeply involved with many of the kids in my Aunt's daycare and if I was even questionably unstable I would not have been trusted with the kids the way that I was. Come on!

My Aunt and many within her family and their circle of friends brag about their good will, random acts of kindness and social justice contributions. I say it's all a show. I was in need. I was alone. I was desperate. I was hungry. I was scared. I was hurt. Yet, Instead of helping me I feel that my Aunt and her legion of elite jerk friends only determined to hurt me further. It is impossible for me to forget my Aunt's role in the facilitation of the witch hunt and subsequent execution of my former self.

My oppressors literally killed the person that I used to be with all that they put me through. I'm not the same person at all. I need my Aunt to know and to understand that as painful and nearly unbearable as my life became, partially because of her actions and/or words (or in-actions), it did not break me in the end, though I did, indeed, feel broken at the time. It was only through the profound suffering and indescribable turmoil that I could have experienced such an epic self transformation. The darkest night of my soul delivered me into the bright morning light where the deepest and most peaceful truth awaited me, just as it awaits everyone who seeks wisdom, truth and peace. I AM grateful to know the glory of agony for it has most definitely delivered me from evil.

My Aunt continues her attempts, in my opinion, to provoke family tensions. I'm sure that my Aunt further continues on in her attempts to discredit me, because without discrediting me she discredits herself by default as I see it. The bottom line here is that I have nothing to hide. My aunt knows what she has done. One of us is being untruthful and time will tell all. I'm willing to discuss the issues in an open forum but I seem to be the only one. It's all or nothing.

In my opinion my Aunt should be ashamed of herself for what she has done in her life while only caring to look like a saint. Looking like a Saint and actually being a Saint are two different things Aunt Brenda. God knows the difference! At the end of it all that's all that matters. I hope the money and social status were worth it!

CHAPTER THREE

REV. LYNNE DONOVAN AND THE ST. ANDREW'S 'CIRCLE OF FRIENDS'

When Lynne Donovan came to St. Andrew's as the new minister in 2007 I was eager to meet her. I had heard that she was passionate about social justice. How thrilling I thought, this could really be the help I need in exposing the harm being caused to children by the system. I mean what Reverend wouldn't want to expose the fact that children were being raped in foster care, among other horrible crimes? Lynne Donovan Apparently!

People at the church that I had known my whole life began to avoid conversation with me. The change in the congregation was becoming evident. I felt misunderstood and alienated. I ceased going to church for a period of time.

Next came the intervention at my Aunt's house that I spoke to earlier. Before the actual 'intervention', Lynne contacted Reverend Karen Hincke, the former interim minister at St. Andrew's who I served as administrative assistant prior to Lynne's arrival, to fish for information about me. Karen betrayed me by telling Lynne that I had been having an affair on my husband. Indeed this was true at the time that I shared the details with Karen, however, the affair was long over by the time she passed this information on to Lynne, seemingly to use as a weapon against me. Still, I didn't recognize that Lynne was actively going against me at this time, I simply felt that she had been misled by my Aunt and that she was mistaken about my true character and situation. I had much to learn.

For the most part, I avoided the church and Lynne Donovan for quite a while. My kids continued going to Sunday school as they always had. At some point, around 2010, John and Linda Whiteford befriended my children. John and Linda promised to help me protect my children and they seemed to be genuinely confused and concerned about our situation with the CAS and were offering to help my kids wherever they could. At the time, I did not realize that Linda Whiteford was as connected as she is through Loyalist College. This one really blindsided me as I believed that Linda was actually quite socially impaired due to her personality but in hindsight she seems to be well connected. In the absence of my common sense, I eventually allowed Linda to be the support person for my children at CAS appointments and with appointments with the Childrens Lawyer, Heidi Breier. Linda was most definitely part of the problem but I couldn't see it at the time, nor did I understand the term 'handler' way back then as I do now.

By 2011 I slowly started going to church again and was attending regularly by 2012. As time went on I invited Lynne to my apartment and she came and visited with me and the kids. I told her that I was in crisis because of CAS involvement, family court proceedings and the overall effects of systemic collusion and that I wanted to clear up any misunderstandings that she may have had about me, such as what was discussed at my 'intervention' a few years prior. I began to engage with her to either get her support or to find out why she was refusing to support me. After I made a request for financial assistance from the church, Lynne Donovan had threatened that she would be in a tight spot if I wouldn't allow her to meet with my caseworker to review my finances and to be satisfied that I could provide for my kids. I took

this as a threat. I remained very cautious about Lynne Donovan's agenda hereon. Too much had occurred and not enough was making sense. In all honesty I was simply hoping the situation would resolve itself and that I was imagining the conflict with Lynne Donovan. I wish that had been the case, but it most certainly wasn't.

One day after church I remained in my seat after the service and Lynne approached me. We had a conversation whereby I told her that I was suffering the extreme effects of poverty and that I felt the she and the church had an obligation to help me to find long-term solutions for my crisis. I was indeed looking for immediate assistance with some groceries, however, I was seeking for Lynne to commit to supporting my family long-term throughout the CAS crisis in our lives. Lynne invited me to walk over to the manse with her and she provided me with a grocery card. While in the manse, our conversation continued, all of which I recorded, and I pressed to know why Lynne was so pro CAS in light of all that I had made her aware of. Lynne tiptoed around the issues but then finally agreed to be my support person with the CAS. I left her house relieved to have received some financial assistance in the way of grocery vouchers and some much needed support with my CAS matters but also very perplexed in trying to understand Lynne Donovan and her position in the community and in my life.

It was clear to me that Lynne was not misunderstanding me as a person, she was simply choosing to align herself with the CAS regardless of the prevailing obvious CAS corruption. Just before the scheduled CAS appointment where Lynne promised to be my support person, she emailed me to tell that she didn't feel that she was skilled enough to be my advocate, although she had been willing to 'advocate' my financial matters for me, and that she felt 'cornered' by me and found my line of questioning towards her to be 'accusatory' and that she trusted it wouldn't happen again. I was shocked, but very glad that my intuition and common sense told me to record my meetings with Lynne for my own protection.

Lynne tried to rub my nose in the fact that the church had helped me financially and she even went on to list in her email to me what the church has given my family. Lynne stated that she had helped me with utility bills when in fact she helped me pay ONE outstanding hydro bill at the apartment for which I was beyond grateful. Then she listed grocery vouchers, Christmas gifts for my family and summer camp fees for my daughter. I never asked for the Christmas gifts (gift cards to the mall for the kids and a Tim Horton's card for myself I believe) and the church had always historically paid for my kids to go to camp and I had never had that used against me until then. I explained to Lynne that I would not need occasional help if she would help me get out of the crisis that I was in.

John and Linda Whiteford began taking my kids on outings, spending time with them at their home, taking them on shopping trips, sharing Christmas and birthdays together, etc. Because of Linda's position at Loyalist and her stated love for my children I believed that she would be an excellent support for my children. Linda said that she would sit in on meetings with the kids when I couldn't as a support and to 'get to the bottom of things'. Bullshit. Linda Whiteford was only facilitating more corruption in my children's lives as far as we can tell because she never once truly advocated for them or told me about the nonsense that was discussed during these meetings that were definitely not in the best interests of my children. Linda dangled many carrots in my face, so to speak. John and Linda paid for some of the items that my children

were in need of and kept insisting to me that they were thrilled to help us, though I felt that there would be 'conditions' to this help and I remained curious about Linda's intent to 'help' us. I did not realize how close Lynne Donovan and Linda Whiteford really were until I went to Linda's house for dinner and saw the pictures of Lynne's kids on Linda's shelf and the old piano from the church that Lynne had promised to give to my daughter. At that point, things started clicking together in my mind.

For my Son's birthday in January 2012 John and Linda had us over to their home for dinner and birthday cake. After dinner John and Linda surprised us by saying that they wanted to pay for my daughter's braces and associated required orthodontics. John and Linda initiated the appointments with the orthodontist and subsequently took her to a couple of appointments whereby the process for braces was being set up. My daughter had been so thrilled to begin the process of finally getting her braces. Again, my advocacy and desire to tell the truth would negatively impact my daughter as the adults in her life once again would come to remove their supports as a punishment against their mother and her actions, which was what really? My advocacy to stop child rape in the system!

One day, I received a questionnaire from the Session of the church in regards to the performance my congregation and my minister. The questionnaires were to be reviewed by members of Presbytery at an upcoming review on April 18 2012. I thought that this would be the most diplomatic way to resolve the tension between Lynne Donovan and what I perceived to be inappropriate conduct for a Minister, such as threatening me instead of assisting me when I needed help. I answered the questions as honestly as I could in regards to how I was being treated within the church and by Lynne Donovan. I knew that my information was not likely to be well received, so I made sure that I took the time to word my answers to show that I was not being malicious, just thoroughly honest.

I told Linda Whiteford that I had completed the questionnaire and that I was going to submit it for presbytery review as per instructions from the Session. Linda dropped her charade at that time and told me that if I chose to do what I was intending to do that she would have no choice but to permanently remove any supports that her and John had provided for my family. John, to the best of my knowledge was unaware of this conversation between Linda and I.

I went ahead and submitted the questionnaire on April 17 2012 and then I subsequently attended the Presbytery Meeting on April 18, 2012 to discuss the submitted questionnaire. Lynne Donovan was not present at this meeting, or at least I did not see her there. I was kicked out of this meeting by Linda Whiteford and Susan Law. I told Presbytery that I was not willing to leave the meeting without some sort of resolution and so they postponed the meeting and offered to meet with me privately upstairs. I stated that I wanted a support person to join me and so Irene Camp volunteered and I accepted her offer join me in the private meeting. Presbytery listened to my concerns when we met in the hospitality room upstairs in the church. They seemed sympathetic. They promised that someone would be in touch with me to mediate the issues that I was raising. I never heard back from anyone in regards to my concerns. I did not return to St. Andrew's or attempt to communicate with Lynne Donovan after this date. I assumed that the Presbytery conspired with Lynne Donovan and that my matters had been minimized and 'forgotten'.

The following week after the Presbytery meeting, John and Linda attended my home for conversation with me and the kids about future events, but primarily to talk about my daughter's upcoming orthodontist appointment that they all of a sudden wanted to 'discuss'. I set up the video recorder. When John and Linda entered my apartment I cut to the chase and stated that I feel that adult games are being played that are affecting my children. I then told Linda that my daughter cannot handle the stress of wondering what is happening with her braces and that, generally speaking, a promise to a child is a promise to a child regardless of what their parents are 'guilty of'. Linda got up from my couch and began to leave my apartment stating that she wasn't going to 'take this.' John stayed after Linda abruptly left as he wanted us to explain to him what was going on. John genuinely seemed to be out of the loop in regards to the games that his wife was playing with our lives. John heard us tell our version of events. John admitted that he was very confused with all that was suddenly transpiring but he promised to try to understand what was going on and to get some clarification about our claims and then he left.

John returned some days later to pick my daughter up for her scheduled orthodontist appointment in Belleville. When my daughter returned home, John did not accompany her into the apartment as he always had in the past. Instead, John gave all of the paperwork including an updated quote from the orthodontist and told my daughter to tell me that he was no longer in a position to help us. Although John was driving my Son to and from school everyday he quit doing this as well. I have not been able to afford my daughter's braces since John and Linda initiated the process and my daughter therefore has never received her braces. My kids were devastated by being tossed away the way they were. They had grown to love these people. It was so disgusting!

My kids and I began to worship at a different church. We were now, by the end of 2012, adherents at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Belleville Ontario. Though we always missed our home church dearly the support offered to our family by the Minister and the Members alike at St. Andrew's Belleville was a total contrast to how we were being received by the Minister and the Members at St. Andrew's Picton and we were therefore made to feel right at home in our new church.

In November of 2014 I noticed that the local newspaper was advertising an event to be held at St. Andrew's Church in Picton on December 6 2014. Justice Elaine Deluzio, the judge who presided over my corrupted family court case, was scheduled to be a guest speaker at the event. The meeting suggested, to me, that it was a feminist event in nature. I planned to go to the event to see what my shady Minister and my crooked Judge had to say at a 'feminist' event. Admittedly, I mixed up the dates for the event. I simply assumed that the event would be part of an extended church service, not realizing that the 6th of December was a Saturday not a Sunday. I attended the church on Sunday the 7th of December and therefore unknowingly missed the event that I had planned to attend which had been held the day previous on Saturday the 6th of December and I ended up attending a normal church service during the Advent Season. At any rate, just before I headed out to the event which I had unknowingly missed I had my kids take a picture which bears a time and date stamp. I did this because professionals seem to attack my appearance as one of the preliminary stages to a campaign to discredit me and I believed that such a campaign could evolve from my mere presence at an event such as the one I intended to attend. When I arrived and first entered

the Church, Lynne Donovan was friendly and seemed to be welcoming. I asked about the feminist event and Lynne explained that I had missed the event. She said that it had been the day before and that today was 'just church.' After some general discussion about the event, Lynne said "so perhaps you've made it out to the wrong event. Let me get you your coat." Lynne actually walked over and retrieved my coat from the coat rack and handed it to me expecting me to simply leave the church.

Despite the fact that I had missed the event I had been anxious to have the opportunity to worship in my home church for, at least, reasons of a nostalgic spiritual experience but Lynne Donovan evidently did not want me to enjoy the worship service by suggesting that I leave the church. Lynne walked away from me and entered the Sanctuary. A gentleman in the Narthex initiated a friendly conversation and we engaged in discussion about my former roles within the Church. I went on to tell him about my various positions that I formerly held within the church, such as being the Secretary, the Sunday School Superintendent and a member of the Board of Mangers. Lynne came rushing back out from the Sanctuary and hastily approached and the gentleman and then she abruptly cut me off and told me to leave the church. I told her that I was only talking with a gentleman when she told me to 'stop it now.' She said 'I know what you're doing and you can stop this abuse right now.' I said 'abuse? I am not being abusive!' Lynne then threatened to call the police on me to have me removed. I welcomed Lynne to do what she had to do and I then went in to the sanctuary and I took a seat in the back row. I felt extremely nauseated and disorientated because of the tension. I also felt as though the police had secretly been called. I didn't want an altercation. I got up from my seat just before the service was beginning and had planned to leave. I telephoned my ride to come and pick me up. I then saw Irene Camp and decided to engage in a conversation with her. After my discussion with Irene I waited for my ride and when it arrived I left the church peacefully with my recordings.

The threatening looks that Lynne Donovan gave me on December 7 2014 along with her very cold words confirmed so much for me. It's what I needed to experience to understand the secretive darkness that snuffed out the light, that once shone so bright, at St. Andrew's Picton.

Lynne Donovan implemented a program at St. Andrew's called Reaching for Rainbows. Lynne told me in one of her last emails to me that "Reaching for Rainbows is how we practice social justice in Picton with the resources that we have." This was an obvious dig to me, in my opinion, knowing that Reaching for Rainbows is in partnership with the local CAS. In prior emails, I have clear evidence of Lynne threatening to call the CAS on me if I couldn't become stable and provide for my children without the assistance of the church, which had been minimal. In fact, the good Reverend made a list of how the church has helped my family and she used Christmas gifts and camping opportunities for my kids against me in, what I felt to be, an attempt to make me feel humiliated and shameful.

Now. In speaking to this next part, I would imagine that uniformed people will become angry upon perceiving that I am 'attacking' the Reaching for Rainbows Program at St. Andrew's, however, I am not attacking anything. The R4R Program came into existence at the exorbitant cost of my family. I deserve to speak this truth and even if there were no personal cost to me, I would still have to disagree with some of the programs objectives, such as my perception to

a correlation between R4R and particular fraternal orders but also because of the strong feminist overtones of the program.

I believe the Reaching for Rainbows program generates an imbalance among the boys and girls in our community. Reaching for Rainbows was said to come into existence in a response to a community study that, among other things, indicated a high rate of area teen pregnancy and other 'at risk' behaviours. What then does a program designed to reach girls only serve in this regard? Why would boys not benefit from the same 'play based' learning? I am not against the R4R program, so long as it is transparent and accountable, that it does not stigmatize or discriminate a child based on their sexual identity and that it does not exploit vulnerable children and/or their families. I do not believe that we stand to gain much in today's society by discriminating against the gender of a child. Children are children, regardless of their gender and they all deserve the same opportunities to advance in life at the same rates via the same support systems. Nevertheless, I do acknowledge and support the volunteers who mean well with their volunteer efforts with the R4R program. It is not my intent to minimize anyone who helps children, I only hope to encourage others to understand what a detrimental message boys receive from their community when the adults in their community exclude them from opportunities especially because of their gender. I do not believe this is a healthy, fair or honest approach to achieving equality.

I resent the heavy feminist overtone associated with Lynne's ministry. I believe that feminism is a social imbalance and that we, as a society, must strive for complete and total gender equality. Equality is not achieved by adversely affecting people of a certain gender through social alienation. I am all for women's rights, but I am also all for men's rights. If we allow ourselves to be identified as a women or a white person or a christian then we lose sight of ourselves as a human beings. We are more than our labels. We are a human family that will never stop warring until we are able to cease putting labels on one another. As usual, I'm sure that some people will miss the point and think that I'm simply disgruntled and want the R4R program shut down out of spite. This is certainly not the case. I want a balanced community where all children are treated equally and not left out of society because of things beyond their own control, such as their sexual identity. I further feel that the R4R program potentially exploits vulnerable children and families. I'm sure the community will likely backlash my opinion but again, it is what it is! The community hasn't lost their quality of life because of this nonsense and therefore cannot possibly fully understand my perspective.

Many people believe that Lynne is a wonderful and moral person and those people are welcome to their opinion, based on their own experiences. I have my own experiences and ask that it not be minimized simply because it's so 'unbelievable'. As the friendship circle grows at St. Andrew's I can easily identify particular persons by their fruits. The innocent and naive sheep in Lynne's heard are not my concern. The others who are actively colluding with Lynne in any form of corruption are! I predict that people will attack me for speaking the truth about my experiences with the Reverend Lynne Donovan but that's ok with me. I haven't had the support of my community while I speak the truth that I've told thus far, so why start now? I stand in the light of the truth and that is all that really matters to me. Ignorant hatred is all I've ever really received from my community, It's really nothing new to me. So be it. The Reaching for Rainbows Program came into existence at the cost of my liberty and the liberty of my children.

I aim to engage in public dialogue that forces Lynne Donovan and others in the 'circle of friends' at St. Andrew's to explain why they have treated me and especially my children so poorly and why they have turned their backs on my family. How could a church 'family' be so cruel? How could a group of Christians with a Minister leading the way facilitate such destruction upon one family? I want, deserve, and expect answers, sooner than later! Presbytery owes me an explanation as well and I demand such at this time.

UPDATE February 25 2016

I feel that time has run out for completing this document because of new developments

One of my current aims in life is to disassociate myself from what I perceive to be unlawful social systems connected to the criminal crown of England. I am therefore quite loathe to use the very social systems that have allowed for the imprisonment of my inherent rights and freedoms, however, I felt that I needed my matters on some sort of a public record. I therefore brought an Application before the Human Rights Tribunal of Ontario whereby I have named Lynne Donovan as a Respondent to the allegation that she Discriminated against me due to my Creed Beliefs. I filed the Application in December 2015. Instead of a credible self defence, in my opinion, Lynne Donovan revealed in her HRTTO Response that members of the 'Circle of Friends' within St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Picton Ontario, including herself and another Minister, Morley Mitchell from Stirling St. Andrew's Church, are indeed conspiring against me. This conspiracy involves, at the very least, setting me up for false criminal charges. The allegations by some of those in the 'circle of friends' at St. Andrew's Church in Picton are designed to destroy my character and reputation.

I do not have faith in the current social systems. The claim that I have before the HRTTO is not about money and I am willing to withdraw my application whenever I sense that things are corrupt in any way, shape or form throughout the HRTTO process, which I suspect is a high probability. Sure, I applied for \$10,000.00 however, the amount was high to ensure that the Respondent felt compelled to Respond to my claim. I could have applied for up to \$25,000.00 and actually considered only applying for \$5000.00. If I actually get the money at the end of the day it will be used to make the world a better place one way or another so it doesn't really matter to me. The point is the money is not an issue for me. At all. I have received no money whatsoever in the way of victims compensation or child support or civil action because none of what I've endured was about money. So please allow me to be clear in saying that I've lived a hell that others can't imagine. Money is of no real consequence to me now! I know how to survive and I only live for the truth. Whatever else I get will be a bonus and it will go along way in shining my light but NOTHING I do is for the sole purpose of money. PERIOD! If this were about money I would've sold out long ago and saved myself from a life of torment, which I did not do and will not ever do.

I am formatting a document further to this one, subtitled 'Exhibit B'. It will detail, in the least, my experiences since bringing an application before the HRTTO against Lynne Donovan whereby she has done nothing but literally lie her way through the process thus far. It's astounding to see what this woman thinks she can get away with while having no regard for accountability. When a 'professional' acts this untouchable, in my opinion, it usually means

that they have a powerful network of people protecting them. Who could this network of powerful people be? I bet it has something to do with 'fraternal relations'. In the end, I'm sure that Lynne Donovan will wish that I was as 'profane' as she purported me to be to be.

CHAPTER FOUR

MARY EVERALL AND FAMILY

My husband and I began dating during the Christmas season of 1993. We spent a lot of time together between my parents home, where I was living at the time and his parents home, where he was living, before moving in together in the spring of 1994. This period generated the best memories that I have of the Everall family. Life was so normal back then. My husband has two siblings. Jacqui the oldest daughter and Steven the youngest son. By the time that we moved in together, my husband's only brother, Steven, was already causing problems for me within my husband's family with his juvenile verbal attacks. I was expected to be mature and to 'just get over it' and so I did.

My husband and I married in 1995. Steven was a groomsman, as was their sister's husband, Todd Burley. In hindsight I can clearly see that the resentment towards me from the Everall clan, was building, most definitely, by this point in time, though none of them would be straightforward enough to let me know at the time so that we could have reached some resolution way back when instead of all of this animosity over the years that I refer to further on.

After my wedding, Steven rarely had anything to do with my husband and I, though we were still able to tolerate each other for special events. Jacqui would randomly pop in and out of lives with no real stability and Mary seemed to be the average Mother-in-law in the early years. My husband and his father were always very close. There is no doubt about it that Ron Everall loved all three of his children equally. Ron loved my husband very much and supported him wherever possible. In fact, shortly before his death, Ron was pictured in the newspaper while hanging a pamphlet rack up at the Glenora Ferry dock that my husband had made at Ron's request. Ron was proud of his son's work.

Though my husband made mistakes in life, Ron did not turn his back on him to the best of my knowledge. My husband always, in my eyes, tried to be a brother and a son to the rest of the family, however, I feel that he was never fully accepted by them like he was by his father. The others rarely spoke of my husband in a positive context, usually attaching a negative comment to him regardless of his constant attempts to be positive and to be accepted by them to no avail. I felt that their constant mental cruelty towards my husband and their subsequent rejection of him and his children began to have extremely adverse consequences on my husband's mood and personality as more and more time would pass. In his pain, he, like my own historic self, made some not so healthy choices, but none of those choices were so horrible that a loving and supportive family couldn't deal with.

Ron Everall was an amazing man. Of course he had his faults, which were few in my opinion, and who doesn't? Overall, the man was an iconic symbol of strength, peace, wisdom, grace and mercy and as much as I'm sure his family doesn't want to hear me speak about Ron, I'm doing it anyways. I have all rights. I loved the man, and he loved me! Ron taught me what was important in this life. He was a blessed mentor, not only for me, but also for so many others, including his son and his grandchildren. I had always been a 'street justice' kind of girl

and Ron was a very intelligent, 'by the book' justice kind of man, yet, our understanding of each other began to unfold in the latter years of our relationship. We came to understand that our paths of very different social justice issues were actually inter-related and that the growing corruption around the globe was a major cause for the issues that we were respectively advocating in our own ways.

Ron was heavily involved in my life, whereby my husband, our kids and/or I would see, or at least talk to him regularly and often. Ron's wife Mary was, in my opinion, playing her role as faithful wife and doting mother and grandmother while Ron was still alive. Ron and Mary provided us with meat from their farm, they would take the kids on trips and keep them overnight just for fun. My kids loved, enjoyed and appreciated their Nanny and Poppy more than words can possibly say!

Jacqui was never a real consistent part of my life. She could never seem to convey to me what the problem was. Somehow, it seemed, she would always, and I mean always, attempt to upset me with some sort of outright or indirect sarcastic comment. I used to let it bother me, and I used to struggle to understand why, and though I believe that I now understand her motives, her rejection always had some sort of a negative impact on me throughout the years, not to mention the impact that it had on my husband who seemingly had to live with that type of manipulation and mental cruelty his whole life.

The way that Jacqui talked behind the backs of her closest friends and family members when she was alone with me and/or my husband made a naturally intuitive person like myself begin to distrust her in the early days. I simply learned to keep my distance from Jacqui and to refrain from sharing personal details about my life with her. I have never, ever committed an intentional malicious act, of any kind, against Jacqui Burley. Jacqui may have her own perceptions of particular events, however, if she could have developed the decency to deal with her allegations against me, whatever they may have been or continue to be, in a transparent manner then I'm sure we could have attempted a resolution. I can't fix what I'm unaware of. It matters not to me at this point. Jacqui's proven moral scale, in my opinion, slides far too low for my approval and I want nothing to do with her or her friends, family or associates. Jacqui is a prominent figure in the community. Steven and Jacqui work together at Loch Sloy Industrial Park in Prince Edward County. I read an article where Jacqui was referred to as the 'gatekeeper'. I believe the term 'gatekeeper' implies something deeper than the average person realizes.

Although I'm not easily controlled by others, I have always attempted to honour Mary's wishes, and in some cases, her direct orders, while balancing my own free will and rights to decide matters for myself as an adult. In fact, I feel that I've fruitlessly jumped through countless hoops that Mary put before me. My history with Mary's malicious behaviour towards me, my husband and our children is confusing. My husband and I, rarely understood what her problem was and we were never able to communicate it to others as we couldn't understand it for ourselves. Mary simply seemed to be in a perpetual state of displeasure most of the time that I knew her, rarely being satisfied with much in her life or so it seemed to me.

During the period that I briefly lost custody of my children to the CAS in 2000, whereby the children were placed with Mary Everall and then subsequently with their father I was not

allowed to be involved with my children's daily occurrences. As such, I did not know if or when they were given medicine during this period of time. One day I received my kids for an overnight access visit. When my daughter arrived she appeared to be very ill. My husband stated that she had not been feeling well and that she should be ok with some rest. I took care of her and then put her to bed accordingly. When she woke in the morning she was obviously having a serious reaction to 'something'. She was very ill and covered, from head to toe, in a scarlet red rash. My daughter was hospitalized for a couple of days while the cause of the reaction was determined. Mary Everall denied to the doctor that my daughter had received any new medicines or foods to the best of her knowledge. Despite my custody status, I was the one vigilantly at my daughter's bedside, just as I was every single time my children were ill throughout the years.

At any rate, my daughter was eventually released from hospital without a real diagnosis for her illness. It was later discovered, a short time after, that Mary had known that my daughter had been given an antibiotic. When I questioned Mary about this, she said that she called the doctor that she works for and that the doctor, who is not my daughter's doctor, diagnosed my daughter's 'cold symptoms' over the phone and authorized Mary to take an antibiotic from the medication storage unit at the doctor's office and to further administer that medicine to my daughter. I found this to be a ludicrous assertion so I therefore wrote the doctor a letter to explain what Mary had told me. In response, I received a letter from the doctor stating that her lawyer had received my correspondence. I was moving forward with a formal complaint with the Ontario College of Nurses when Ron Everall himself asked me not to do so. Ron and I had a long conversation about how things really were and upon his personal request, I did not cause any trouble for his wife.

Although I've always been blamed by the Everall's for being such a horrible person who makes bad choices, and whatever else it is they claim, I've never really done a damn thing to them even if I was justified to retaliate in some cases. In speaking out, finally and at last, I do not feel like I am retaliating and surely if I am being untruthful they shall set me straight very rapidly with a civil suit claiming defamation of character. Perhaps they will try to call me a liar? Who knows? The evidence will speak for itself and a civil suit does not intimidate me in the least. Again, I stand in the light of the truth, have all of the evidence that I need to back up my claims and am prepared to legally defend myself if I suffer reprisal for speaking the truth.

Suddenly, on May 20, 2006, Ron Everall died of an alleged heart attack. At the time of his death, Ron was representing the Ward of North Marysburg as a Prince Edward County Counsellor. Ron had identified what he perceived as an attack on small rural family farms. He further predicted an upcoming food shortage that, as far as I can tell, is currently occurring as per his amazing foresight. Ron had rallied the local people and had approached the other Ontario Municipalities to join him as he petitioned the Provincial and Federal governments with his identified concerns. Ron arranged a public meeting whereby local farmers were to submit depositions. Ron died shortly before the meeting was to be held, however, the meeting went forward as planned.

I am unclear at this time what has transpired since that community meeting but it seems to me that the community momentum to save rural farming and our food supply died with Ron, a full decade ago now. When Ron died, he was at a hunting camp in Bancroft. He said he was

going away for the weekend to 'take a break' from the stress that he was under and the stress that was to come with his political initiatives. Before he left for his weekend away, he came to see me, my husband and the kids the day (perhaps two days?) before he left for his trip . Before he left our driveway he discussed the next weekends plans with my kids. He and Mary had rented a motel and were taking the kids away for the weekend. My kids were stoked. We are all forever grateful to have this enduring and unforgettable memory. The words "Love you too my little monsters, see you next weekend" often ring in my ears. We miss him so dearly. What was important to Ron remains important to me!

Upon Ron's death, the Everall family almost instantly rejected my husband, myself and the kids from their lives. They began to treat us all with emotional cruelty that we simply could not understand at the time. Though my kids and I have come to understand a lot of what's really going on, a lot of the Everall family's actions remain bizarre to us nonetheless. When the family met at the Everall homestead to discuss funeral plans and whatnot, Mary looked directly at my husband and I, in front of everyone that was there, and flatly and coldly stated "and you two get NOTHING!" We said that we didn't want anything and that the devastation of our loss was our only concern, especially at that very moment in time. The cold and unexpected behaviour was so deliberate and calculated leaving my husband and I so painfully perplexed.

The family's intense negativity was thrust upon us anytime that we had to meet between that time and Ron's actual interment. I will never be able to effectively detail how horribly mean and rotten we were treated by my husband's family. Before leaving the graveyard on the day of the funeral my kids and I left my husband and his mother standing over the grave together. As I walked away I watched my husband attempt to hug his mother. She coldly rejected him and said something to him. By his body language I could tell that Mary said something devastating to my husband. When he met up with me and the kids back at the car I asked him what she had said and he could not even speak to answer me. Finally, when he was able, he said "she told me that I am the reason that Dad is in the ground." From that moment on, I have literally despised the ground that Mary Everall walks on. I don't think I need to defend my position.

My children were so utterly devastated by the malice they experienced throughout the life altering experience of losing their Poppy. It did not help that their father nor myself could offer them an explanation for why they were experiencing such psychological abuse in their young lives, especially during such a devastating time, from the people who claimed to love them. The whole situation was so overwhelmingly difficult to deal with. As painful as it was, we were gradually evicted from the family and communications slowly ceased. Although my children would desperately plead to spend time with their Nanny, she would kick them to the curb and refuse them any closure from their Poppy's death. My children were never allowed to return to his home to see it one last time the way they wished to. The cruelty is truly unimaginable! We stayed out of the lives of my husband's family just as they seemingly wanted us to do regardless of how much it emotionally hurt us to do.

For Easter in 2008, much to our surprise, Mary took me, my husband and our kids out for brunch at the Waring House. I went and further remained civil for the sake of my husband. It was during our meal that Mary told us about a recent event where she had left a local winery

and was pulled over shortly thereafter by a 'rookie' police officer. Mary went on to tell us how she had failed the roadside Breathalyzer and how she subsequently threatened the officer with her position on the local police services board which evidently compelled the officer to let her go without further incident. Mary appeared very thrilled and proud of her 'powers'. After brunch, I remember how my husband and I discussed the changes that we were witnessing in his mother and how strangely perplexing her behaviours were becoming in that she seemed to be thriving for some sort of power. That would be the last time that I would see Mary until May of the same year that I will discuss further on. To date, my family has never received any logical answers to explain why the family so callously and abruptly rejected us, other than the alleged embarrassment caused to them by the 'poor choices' that my husband and I were 'always' alleged to be making. At any rate, it got to the point where they didn't bother us and we didn't bother them.

Although I have a copy of Ron's handwritten wishes for his estate that indicates that he wanted my husband to inherit certain things that he owned, such as his house and farm, my husband would not come to see anything of Ron's beyond things such as a pair of sunglasses and insignificant small items that served no purpose in the way of memorabilia. My husband was being bypassed in any decisions whatsoever regarding Ron's wishes and the settlement of his estate. We were not allowed to know anything, yet arrangements were allegedly being made for Steven to buy the house. In a desperate attempt to gain some closure, my husband had me pull into his parents former driveway one day as we were driving past the Everall house in North Marysburg. We had been told that Steven would be moving into the house and my husband wanted to see it one last time before he did. I was reluctant to go in, but my husband insisted that we had all rights to do so, and he needed the closure so badly that I agreed to finally go in. When we walked in, an old family friend was there working at the full blown restoration of the house that was underway. The family friend did not ask us to leave, however, I could most definitely sense that he did not feel that we should be there. We did not stay long and we did not cause any problems whatsoever.

In May 2008, just shortly after we had stopped by the former Everall homestead, Mary telephoned my husband and requested that he and I attend her new home in the suburbs of Picton as soon as we could. I instantly knew that something was off with this request as it was so unusual for Mary to ask to see me. I took my audio recorder. As soon as we entered her house I was shocked to see Ron's brother Alan in the living room. Historically, Alan and Mary were not friends as far as I knew. Alan's wife Liz died of cancer after working for Canada's oldest independent newspaper, The Picton Gazette for many years of her life, not too long before Ron died. Their tragic losses seemingly brought Alan and Mary much closer together. At any rate, it didn't take long for Mary to cut to the chase. She handed my husband and I each three envelopes. We opened the envelopes to find that we had each been served a no trespass order from Jacqui, Steven and Mary. Steven's order said that we were to refrain not only from attending his current address, which we had never attended anyhow, but to also refrain from ever attending the home that my husband grew up in. What a shock!

After we read the notices, Mary began to make serious and untrue allegations about my husband. I refused to entertain her nonsense and we denied giving her claims any merit whatsoever. I said that I was leaving her house immediately and that I had captured everything that we had just discussed on my audio recorder and that I would expose her for

being so corrupt and indecent. I began to put my shoes on when Mary saw that the light on the audio recorder was actually on and indeed recording her every word, she ran across her living room and tackled me to the floor. I guarded my purse with all of my effort while Mary assaulted me and injured me while knocking me onto the floor in her entrance way. Alan just sat there and watched as my husband tried peeling his mother away from me. As soon as I could, I manoeuvred myself to my feet and slipped out the door without laying one single finger on the woman in retaliation. I could have cleaned that woman's clock so hardcore and Lord knows I wanted to. Who then can say that I lack self control?

I went to my car, drove it off of her property immediately and waited for the police to arrive. I knew the police had been called, however, I cannot remember now who called them in the first place, though I do believe that it was Mary who called them. My husband came out the door not long behind me. When the police arrived, they went in to speak to Mary first, although I was the first person they saw. When they did come out to speak with me, they impatiently listened to a piece of the audio recording and then told me that they had no intention of charging Mary and that if I wished to pursue criminal charges against her that I would have to do so through the Justice of the Peace. I had obviously been assaulted and all of the evidence was as plain as day, but Mary seemingly wielded her power once more and remained above the law. The officer, Constable Staffen (sp?), would come to harass me in the future whereby he would vexatiously charge me with a serious offence and another time he would lock me up in jail for a whole weekend on New Years Day for, what seemed to be, no other reason than 'because he could'. It seems to me that when Mary sends her minion police officers to harass and abuse a person, those minions are relentless!

Seeing first hand, and often feeling for myself, the cruelty that my husband and children have suffered for years from his family, it has helped me to understand him as a person and the related 'issues' in life. His father was truly the icon that held the Everall family together. Jacqui and Steven were always tight as siblings, however, in my opinion, my husband was the only child to show their mother constant love and respect.

The fact of the matter is, that after several years of staying away from these people, not talking about them, even in the slightest, and pretending like I never knew them despite the pain and hurt they have caused me and my family, they just don't seem to quit slandering me and/or my family.

Not so long ago, my ex-husband attended a drag racing event at Loch Sloy where his siblings work. This was a public event and he paid his admission like everyone else did. He tells me that two members of a local service club (one of whom was allegedly the long time family friend doing work on the Everall house when we were there just shortly before being served no-trespass orders) came up to him at the event, refunded him his money and asked him to leave stating that he was trespassing against. My ex-husband has never been served a no trespass order for the property at Loch Sloy, to my knowledge, but he tells me that he left without incident when he was asked to regardless of his rights. When he told me about this, I was outraged and he acted in his typical way where he threw his hands in the air and said "what can I do without them retaliating even more?" I understand his position. I don't push him, but I wish he'd stand up to these people who've hurt him and his reputation so badly. I know he's hurt his own reputation by times, but I feel that his family has helped to hold him

down with the way they talk about him to others.

Mary sees many people in a day because of her work and social life. I feel that Mary has influence over the opinions of others in the community. So often, people will come to me or my kids and ask us why Mary hasn't been aloud to see the kids since Ron's death. Others tell us that Mary alleges that I've caused her physical violence in some way, shape or form. While others tell me that Mary alleges that I harass her for money, large sums at that! These RUMOURS are untrue. Pure fiction. I haven't asked Mary for a loan since way back in the mid 1990's when my husband and I were just starting out and to which she denied us. I've never laid one finger on Mary Everall even while she was purposely causing me bodily harm in her own home after trying to cause unnecessary drama...I mean who calls someone to their house to serve them a no trespass notice?

I've NEVER withheld access from anyone in the Everall family to see my children. The fact of the matter here is that Mary Everall and the rest of the Everall family ABANDONED by children in every sense of the word. Where my kids were once close with their cousins, Jacqui's kids would not even associate with my children at high school. It was very painful for my kids. Unforgivable some would say. My kids have BEGGED for their family, especially their Nanny and they were repeated and cruelly REFUSED! Not even a phone call! The only thing that my family and I receive from the Everall family, in my opinion, is RAW MALEVOLANCE and I really wish it would stop to allow me some quality of life in this community. It's simply time to tell the truth about these people that have caused so much negativity for me and those I love. As far as my husband owing Mary money, such as a student loan from early 1990's (before I met him), he has paid her back with his labour beyond a doubt. My husband has worked off any debt he may have had with these people, in my opinion, including labour that he provided his sister. God only knows what the rest of the Everall's say about me, my kids and my ex-husband, but I do know it's likely unfounded and negative.

My daughter has a son, almost a year old now. He is my first Grandchild. A first great grandchild for Mary. A first great nephew for Steven and Jacqui who brag about how important family is. A first great-great grandchild for Ron and Mary's Mothers. No one from the Everall family has called my daughter to acknowledge the arrival of this precious child, who is named after his Poppy Ron, and who takes after him in so many ways. People in the community tell my kids that their nanny begs for the opportunity to see them, yet when, after some hesitation of course, my children say they are not opposed to her reaching out to them, she fails to do so. The fact of the matter is that Mary does not even try to see my kids, has never attempted to see my grandson and then whines to the community because she doesn't want to look bad personally. This sort of emotionally roller-coaster eventually takes its toll, especially on young minds. I call it intentionally psychological abuse. Still, even though my kids are justified to be resentful and angry with their Nanny they tend to be more understanding and forgiving than most adults could possibly conceive of being. After all that she has done to them, my kids still refuse to hate their Nanny. The peace in their hearts is amazing!

Like I've admitted several times, I'm far from a perfect person, but I can and do adamantly claim that I have never done or said anything offensive enough to anyone in the Everall family to warrant their cruel behaviours toward me, but especially my kids and my ex-husband since Ron's death. Their behaviours make no sense to me unless they are perhaps hiding

something? Who knows!

Again, I need to re-iterate that it wasn't me who suffered the most, it was my husband and my kids, when it came to the treatment from the Everall family, but I too have been hurt and severely impacted.

Originally, this chapter was much longer and more detailed, however, I've edited it to speak to the most basic facts. The rest will be saved for a rainy day. I'm not sure how long the Clan thought that I would tolerate their slander and overall maliciousness, but it won't be for another second. I've genuinely had enough of the lies, the cover-ups and the hiding from the truth. I'm sick of people keeping secrets in their tight circle of friends. I'm sure others will try to exploit my honesty as a form of resentment or jealousy because some of the family got ahead in life while others of us didn't, but I assure anyone concerned in that regard that I do not want what the Everall's/Burley's have. No thanks!

For the record, I feel that I need to state that it appears to me that Mary is attempting to set my ex-husband up for something. I won't speculate about it. I just want to say that I feel that he is at risk for being set up for false charges by his family. I will stand by my ex-husband in this regard because I believe that he is a decent person who has been maltreated for far too long by his family. Enough is enough!

I want the truth and nothing but the truth. If they can't handle the truth and they choose to keep bashing me for no good reason then the truth will speak for itself. If they try to shut me up with civil action then I look forward to responding. I am not opposed to transparent dialogue in an open forum with whomever would like to mediate the issues I raise. I will not, however, speak in secret or work in the dark. Let's put it all on the table! Que sera, sera!

CONCLUSION

It needs to be remembered that a community of professionals knew about the sexual assault of foster children in foster homes. The people that mattered knew. I was telling my community professionals about this since 2005, why did it take until 2011/12 for the truth to come out and why was my life and the lives of my children destroyed in the process? I was attacked relentlessly by the system until the truth came out and then I was tossed away and forgotten by most of the people responsible...until now. Others, such as Rev. Lynne Donovan, my Aunt and my former Mother-in-law, continue their attempts to persecute and/or to oppress me and/or my family.

I have been through enough. I really truly and seriously have! I will not tolerate another assault towards my character without seeking appropriate accountability avenues. I was knocked down for a while but I'm getting back up, slowly but surely. I am serious about acquiring accountability from anyone who has or does adversely affect my life. My human rights have been violated to the max, I've lost all that I ever worked for. I've been caged and beaten by authorities. I've been purposely used and abused by the family and criminal court systems. I've been repeatedly threatened to have my kids apprehended for telling only the truth. I've met with and written to politicians. I've hosted rallies and conferences to battle corruption. I've spoken at events to raise awareness. I've taken extreme personal risk to protect not only my children, but all children. I wrote a letter to every MPP in Ontario in 2013 detailing what I have been through and none of them have done a damn thing except pass the buck so to speak.

Though my children's security and my actual life have been left to hang in the balance by times over the last few years I know how fortunate and strong I am to have retained custody of my children, my most precious treasures.

Now that the dust settles, somewhat, in my life I need to at least attempt, once again, to stand for what is right regardless of what it may cost me personally. I simply wish to live my life quietly and peacefully while striving to get some sort of accountability regarding my outstanding matters. I feel that once my matters are more clearly understood and potentially resolved that I will be able to move forward on things that are important to me.

Canada is guilty of genocide. There have been so many historic small town sex scandals across Ontario whereby community key players were actively covering up the abuse and it's happening all over the county and the world. Families are screaming en mass about their children and families are being destroyed by the child protection system. People are getting sicker by the minute. The government has no accountability. Our foods and environments are poisoned. Our medical system is a hoax. The police brutality is increasing. The family farms are becoming extinct. Please understand for yourself how these issues are connected.

I've rallied, protested, petitioned and begged the government for over a decade to do something about the corrupt child protection system. I can confirm that the Provincial, Federal and International governments are well aware of 'the problem'. I can also confirm that no one

from any level of these governments has ever replied to me in response to the issues that I raised, with any intent to promote instant and viable change. The politicians that do attempt to improve child protection laws only make it so far before they hit a brick wall of sorts. Someone seems to be pulling the strings of these particular politicians, but who are these puppeteers? Please begin to understand the nature of Secret Societies and/or fraternal orders.

I wish I had the time, ability and resources to be more organized and detailed with the presentation of this document. I've done my best to get my words into print. I have some memory issues where I can't seem to remember procedures, laws and important information off the top of my head as I once did. I get my words confused and find it difficult to properly communicate what I'm saying. I get sick and unable to do things for days at a time. I am poverty stricken. I have no help. I've done my best to say what needs to be said, even if it is long, boring and basic. I merely state my truth so that I can be better understood and further afforded some sense of public protection as I move forward in life. I have tried to stick to the basic facts while eliminating, or at least minimizing, unnecessary dramatizations or egotistical representations. The ego is a person's worst enemy.

Please, further understand, that there are laws at every level of government in place to protect children. If the province fails, Canada steps in. If Canada fails then the U.N steps in. Nobody's stepping up as far as I can tell. The U.N is corrupt in my opinion! A huge issue before us today is the U.N Agenda 21. If you don't understand how Agenda 21 proposes to change all of our lives as we know it then I suggest you promptly begin reading to understand the risks that global citizens collectively face together. The agenda, I believe, is in its final stages of completion. In my opinion, this is the Agenda that has the world fearing the alleged New World Order. On the surface, to me at least, Agenda 21 appears to intend on sustaining the planet, which indeed it does, but if read in a certain context, Agenda 21 has some far reaching and potentially negative consequences for the human race. I am ready for a New World Order. The Old World Order sucks. The New World Order of peace and liberty that I, and many others, dream of is the extreme polar opposite to what is suggested in Agenda 21. I have no intention of allowing my inherent rights and naturally born freedoms to be dissolved into a corrupted global order. Not a chance!

I am documenting my life in detail from this point forward. Perhaps one day I'll write a book where I name more names and give detailed accounts of the harm that particular people have caused me and to others. I do not expect cooperation from the system or from my community as I move forward in my life, however, I will not be thwarted in my attempts to speak the truth any longer. I will document and expose those who attempt to stand in the way of my future justice, not only for myself, but for humanity as a whole. Members of particular fraternal orders and particular proud members of the United Empire Loyalists may try to stop me or to make my life difficult but this would be nothing new for me to experience. What are they gonna do next? KILL ME? Ha!

Let me ask you this. When the English Throne sent all of the Settlers over here to build "Canada" and many of those settlers were Freemasons (or whatever) and those 'builders' built the systems as they stand do you really think the decisions about what goes on in those systems are made in a public forum? Do you really think that the 'builders' and the 'architects' of this country, the ones who designed the social systems and all of its problems are about to

change what was purposely built and what has been working so well, for that system, up until now? No. I believe the problems were built into the system with intention and that the only solution is to take power away from that system. Think about it! Why do the Canadian Courts oppose the notion that anyone sitting on the bench should have to declare if they belong to a 'secret society'? Professional 'societies', 'unions', 'associations', etc., need to be realized for how historically connected they all are. Why are Fraternal organizations protected under the law? What do Freemasons do anyways? What is their religion? What is up with it all? I think this question has to be taken seriously if we are to truly understand, once and for all, how and why the world operates the way that it does. I encourage the reader to understand the history and the nature of 'secret societies' for themselves as the speculation of such would be far too complex to discuss here and now. I could never explain it all anyways for I still have much to learn for myself.

Indeed, some fraternal orders are of a benevolent nature and it would be unfair to say that all 'secret societies' or fraternities are bad or dark, I'm simply suggesting that public scrutiny into the matter certainly could not hurt the human awakening process, especially in understanding what's really going on within the social systems and the governments from the smallest of municipal governments right on up to the most complex global governments. What do you think all of the 'business men' in each community talk about at their meeting place, the 'lodge' for example, when they meet regularly? Who does a local lodge report to? Where does the chain of command end? Where does it begin? Is there an agenda? Why can't an 'initiate' of a lower degree know what goes on in a higher degree until he becomes initiated? Why the oath? I think all of this is important for people to understand for themselves.

I think I am fair in asking to know why I was never convicted of any of the charges levied against me between 2006-2012 if I am such a criminal? Why were my children never apprehended from my care between 2008-2012, especially when one CAS report says that I hit my daughter so hard in the head with a lamp that the bulb broke, if I am a bad parent? That assertion is absolute slander and was alleged against me by staff at Pinecrest school but nevertheless how could things like this be said in honesty while I remained as the primary caregiver for my kids throughout all of the nonsense? Why do the disadvantaged and vulnerable gravitate to me for assistance if I'm so offensive? Why am I not being questioned about my mental health status, especially now that I don't take pharmaceuticals, if I'm so 'off the wall'? Why do I still have a drivers license if I'm so reckless? Why am I debt free if I'm so irresponsible? How can all of this be if what 'THEY' say about me is true? Well, because none of it is true obviously. THEY have just said that it's true, then stripped me of all resource to say otherwise and then further alienated me from society and then, I assume, waited for me to die. Finally. Well, things don't always work out as planned to do they?

I don't want sympathy and I don't want handouts. Neither do my kids! We really just want this chapter of life to be over. Finally. We want peace in our lives, and for others, and I want justice for those who threaten that peace. I'm not a sellout and that's how I found myself in facing so many problems in life. I'm literally compelled by my morals. Am I speaking out for drama or sympathy? Certainly not! I can't stand being in the public eye anymore. Do I want money? Well, I am in a financial crisis, but I don't want money from the general public and I'm not asking for it. What I'm truly looking for is opportunity. The opportunity to be free and to move forward in my life the way that I see fit is what it all boils down to. Money is the only language

that many corrupt people understand and nothing shuts them down faster than having their 'fortune' threatened and especially by measures of justice and accountability and if taking their money will remove their ability to be systematic bullies then I will gladly take it to reset the balance. I'm simply searching for the best ways to be enabled in life while being happy and healthy and free while affording my kids the opportunities to advance in life at the same rate as everyone else. Is that really so much to ask?

I understand that it may be difficult for others to understand me as a person. I realize now that I see the world differently than others do. I can't make those with eyes see the truth if those eyes weren't made to see the truth. The sleeping masses of people are not yet equipped to understand all that I speak of. A shift is occurring on the planet where all of us who are so sadly misunderstood in this world will be understood loud and clear in the coming days.. Somethings are not meant to be understood until it is time to understand. The time for human understanding, I feel, is approaching very rapidly, Hallelujah!!!

Thank you for reading. I state that this document is true and accurate to the very best of my knowledge. I mean no harm to others by telling the truth. If the truth harms a person then that becomes their issue and not mine. I struggled with this concept for a very long time. My truth may change the way that others are viewed by society and I know that this can cause major upheaval in a persons life, to say the least. I have never wanted to EXPOSE people that I once loved, however, it is time to tell the whole truth even if some people will have to deal with the consequences of said truth. I wish that some of the people that I speak of had stepped up and faced the truth on their own, alas, some people require a little encouragement to do the right thing. I mean absolutely no harm by generating this document. I seek only to peacefully resolve the very outstanding injustices that affect my life and future and that of my family while actively contributing to a better world where possible.

I pray for those who are working against me in the darkness. I pray that they find the light. I pray that they find peace. I would much prefer to see the minions of darkness repent on their own accord as opposed to them being 'exposed' and 'punished', however; that window of opportunity is closing and we are all free do 'do as thou wilt'.

By the way... what ever happened to Mr. William Sweet, former Executive Director of the former Prince Edward County CAS and unregistered "MSW"? I'm willing to be that his 'fraternal brothers' secretly carried him off to safety whereby they afford him unjustified protection from public scrutiny and from the prosecution that he should be facing for the horrible child abuse that occurred on his watch and society's collective dime but at the ultimate cost of so many vulnerable children!

I wish the reader true peace, many blessings and much love.

AFTERWORD

Issues that I believe the people need to understand for themselves:

1. Secret Societies/Fraternal Orders and their purpose(s). Example: Freemasonry, Orange Lodge, Oddfellows, Eastern Star, Women's Institutes, Professional Societies, Associations and Unions, etc.
2. United Empire Loyalists, Monarchies, The Vatican
3. United Nations corruption, Global pedophile network(s), Child trafficking through legal child protection systems, Ritual abuse, Agenda 21/Agenda 2030.
4. Sleeping masses. Ears that can't hear. Eyes that can't see.
5. Secret Government operations, wars and genocide missions, Crimes against humanity, Unlawful creation and foundations of Canada, Psy-ops and mass mind control
6. Metaphysics, cosmology, quantum mechanics, source energy, Religious Dogmas vs. Spiritual Freedoms, soul vs. spirit, etc.
7. History – Fact vs. Fable.
8. Modern technology advancements and capabilities.

Corruption plagues the globe. It's not just on the T.V anymore, it's in your own hometown. Look around and remember that if you're not part of the solution, you're likely part of the problem. Please wake up (asking you to wake up is not an insult..please search 'consciousness awakening'), if you haven't already, and see what needs to be seen and say what needs to be said. The Pope, the Queen, Politicians, Hollywood and all that nonsense is just a joke. The illusion is dissipating. The gig is up. Time is most certainly going to tell who is part of the problem and who is part of the solution as this war against humanity rages on. You shall know the sons of bitches by their labours. Tick Tock!!!

The Way Out

ITCCS.org

hiddenolonger.com

Will the ITCCS work? Well I can't know for sure but I feel that it's most definitely a viable solution, especially where no other options seem to exist in the way of upholding human rights. Kevin Annett describes the same sort of systemic assaults that I've endured while he has been exposing genocide and ritual abuse in Canada and subsequently throughout the world. I believe in Kevin Annett and I believe in his mission wholeheartedly!

Of course I have my doubts by times about how it's all going to work out but I can't tolerate inaction for another minute of my life. Kevin Annett is leading the way forward, for me at least. I understand the skepticism of the naysayers and the critics of the ITCCS, however; I've yet to see those naysayers offer up a better way to help the suffering humans across the globe. Beating the same dead horse isn't working. It's time to act. It's time for change. I stand in solidarity with those who aim to stop the never ending corrupt madness ensuing on this planet and I further stand with anyone actively seeking to stop the ongoing crimes against humanity,

especially when those crimes are perpetrated against children and the vulnerable members of society. Enough is most definitely enough!

Due to the effects of the ongoing criminal conspiracy in my life I've been incapacitated and unable to move forward in the ITCCS mandate until now. I will be re-connecting with Kevin Annett, submitting all of my important documents to the ITCCS and then moving forward in the ITCCS mandate to arrest the bastards that facilitate crimes against humanity, and especially children! I'm done. I want out of this mess called CANADA. The builders can take 'CANADA' and shove it right up their asses! If the Loyalists are so proud of their heritage I suggest they preserve it well, because I believe that it will, indeed, be a major part of world history in the years to come as well as a horrible testament to the cruel and savage hearts of humans who called themselves Loyalists. Especially the proud ones. Do you know how many innocents have died or suffered for that 'Loyalist pride'??? Far too many is the answer!

My 'Mental Health'...

Although my mental health was called into question beginning in in 1998 and intermittently through to 2012 it seems that no professional currently has concerns in this regard and they haven't had since 2011/12 when the truth about children being raped in foster care actually surfaced. I do admit to having some rather severe symptoms that resemble PTSD but I try not to live by labels. My memory is severely impaired some days, others aren't so bad. I get sad, upset and frustrated by times, but I actively stay focused on what matters and find my way back into the light. Even if I do succumb to a bout of temporary depression I always talk myself into getting back up. Life is full of depressants. I'd be insane if I didn't become sad or upset with all that I've seen & endured. I don't believe that I am mentally ill but that I am most definitely mentally injured. I may suffer from PTSD, however, I believe a more accurately defined disorder would be Ongoing Chronic Traumatic Disorder.

My General Health...

The doctors have never formally diagnosed the health condition that my daughter and I suffer from. We have been sent from Toronto to Kingston trying to get answers and it's been really difficult to endure. We've exhausted so much time, energy and money on travelling to various medical appointments, one after another after another, for literally nothing. The doctors mutter the words *Hereditary Angioedema* while we're having an attack but then they leave us to hang in the balance after that particular attack dissipates.

Throughout most of the stress of the dark period in our lives, we had to literally tiptoe around the doctors. It seemed that because my daughter and I had similar symptoms, that weren't spelled out in a text book, doctors weren't willing to explore beyond an obvious explanation. Instead they tended to indicate that the very obvious physical symptoms were being generated by a genetic psychological condition. It was so insulting! Some doctors, I felt, were even beginning to point their finger at me for purposely inducing this psychological illness onto my daughter. The doctors seemed to believe that the ongoing presence of CAS in my life meant that I was harming my kids in some way and they couldn't see, or refused to see, that it was the ongoing CAS harassment and that I was actually trying with all of my efforts to protect my kids from this harm. The ignorance was so irrational. Others who knew us were of the same opinion as the doctors at that time. I mean, usually, if you're sick, you go to the doctor and figure out what's wrong, treat it and move on. Right? Well not so in our case. It

was just years and years of getting sicker and sicker and so it appeared to others like a case of mental illness and poverty rolled up into one big ball of dysfunction. I knew what ammunition an allegation from a doctor would be for the CAS and/or family court so I had to be very careful in pushing for answers from seemingly ignorant doctors.

This is when we began to know and learn more about our own bodies and then we began our attempts at healing ourselves. Knowledge about nature began to unfold before us and we are finding more success with natural therapies than anything we've experienced from the medical industry. So I eventually gave up on the whole doctor thing. We are not convinced that HAE is the be all and end all of our condition anyways. I believe there is a link to lyme disease...and that becomes a whole other fiasco that I'm currently dealing with. My son, too, has some health issues, a major concern being a major sleep disorder that he's had since a young age and that can have very adverse effects in his life. The main goal for me is to simply feel better myself and to re-gain my 'umph', even if I have to figure it out myself, and to do what I can to keep my kids and loved ones to be as healthy as possible in this crazy polluted world.

I had prevailing health issues that became compounded because of poverty. It has been very difficult to survive much less to eat properly. Some days I was/am lucky to eat once and many days I was/am unable to eat at all. It's very hard to bounce back when you can't afford the proper nutrition, however, I am finding creative ways to get around my barriers everyday. I learned to give my worries away to faith and I learned to live on love. What do ya know? It works. It really truly does. At any rate, some days it is very difficult to manage my health and to stay on a healthy track. When I suffer an 'attack' I go down for days, unable to walk, much less eat. When I recover from an attack I do all that I can to prevent another one, such as eating as well as I can, resting properly, eliminating stress, etc., however, the attacks still sneak up on me and take me out for days. In between my 'attacks' I work as hard as I can to make sure that my off-grid property will maintain itself on the days that I am unwell. So it seems that I am either sick or physically working hard on the property/house or mentally giving it my all with my accountability paperwork and that there is no grey area in that regard so I end up in a cycle where it seems impossible to heal myself, however, where there is a will there is a way. On top of it all I have to find time to plug away at these accountability matters while influential people in my community continue to rally against me whereby I continue to lose supports that could assist me in my healing. Dealing with my accountability matters is stressful and time consuming but I have to try to overcome my state of incapacity and to keep moving forward however I can. It does not help that my memory has been severely affected by repeated and severe trauma. In speaking to my matters I have to rely heavily on documentation, recordings and other forms of historical records to accurately tell my story. I can no longer remember law and statues from the top of my head and I struggle to remember the meaning of words and I even confuse my words which is very embarrassing to me after so many years of so adeptly wielding my pen as a sword. It's difficult to move forward while being so sick and with so many compounded issue to face but I am still here and will attempt to clean up this mess until I draw my last breath. I honestly do feel as though I am close to death by times and these accountability matters are therefore very important to me. The truth will be told even if it kills me to do so!

I feel that there is a lot that needs to be advocated when it comes to my medical history and

that of my children. We have obviously endured serious trauma while being systemically oppressed and yet this has been completely minimized. For years everyone has known how sick my daughter and I are and yet I can't even get a diagnosis so that we can have some sort of disability tax credit, special diet allowance or any other form of real assistance with the crisis we are in. We've been shunned from proper services, such as counselling for my kids after the fire, because professionals stated that they believed the children only wanted counselling so they could get money from a victims compensation fund. I've never even applied for victim's compensation due to how convoluted my matters are and yet my kids still live with the issues generated from experiencing what they've been through.

The issues don't just go away especially after enduring years of trauma such as my kids have. My kids are victims to so much induced negativity in their lives that they rise above every day and still few people know about, much less appreciate how severely they have been abused by adults that say they love them or are mandated to 'protect' them. I've never wanted to have it appear as though money motivates me and so I have never really advocated any financial claims for my kids but I do assure you that if my kids apply for themselves they are beyond justified in doing so. The doctors were so adverse to helping in any way and to make claims for tax credits and victim funds you need the support of a doctor to file claims. We've been left high and dry by the medical system and cannot get any benefit for our health condition or for the forced states of mental shock that we have undoubtedly endured. At the end of the day it is up to us as individuals to take care of and to look out for ourselves. The medical system, in my opinion, is seriously fragmented and it seems to me, especially by now, that the medical system makes people sicker instead of healthier in the long-run. It aims for costly treatments instead of affordable prevention. It's seriously time for change in this regard.

Substance Use...

I currently do not drink or take drugs whether they be prescription or non-prescription. I have consumed drugs and/or alcohol at various points throughout my life, however, I have never been an 'addict'. I live in an area where there is a massive alcohol consumption rate yet it seems that only the upper class can ingest intoxicating substances and still live a 'functioning life'. I knew that my credibility was at risk and I therefore quit drugs and alcohol (except for the very rare social drink whereby a celebration is in order). I cannot even try to deny that I used to party fairly hard back in my day. Who cares?! Drinking alcohol is indirectly encouraged by the community that I live in but certain people, like myself, have social drinking used against them it would seem. Has anyone seen the size of the liquor store that this town is building for goodness sake? There are many people who drink alcohol in this region, but they are self proclaimed elites and so they can I guess. Whatever.

The intake of alcohol has always been the thing to do in 'The County.' For God's sake I've watched the cop who taught me VIP in school get in his car piss drunk and drive his kids home. The examples set in this area are so hypocritical. It seems that you can only drink 'responsibly' if you are in an elite circle, whereby you can drink all you want and get all the protection you need. But if you are just an average Joe having a beer then you're a loser. The divide in this community is truly unreal in this regard. It's ok for rich people to sit in wineries and to drive home drunk but I couldn't even have alcohol in my own home without being 'frowned upon' by 'professionals'. I take responsibility for anything I've done while under the

influence of substances, which, in my opinion, is nothing even close to what the 'upper class' condones among themselves. It's ridiculous really. Drugs, whether prescription or not, and alcohol have always been used as a tool to discredit me.

I am drug and/or alcohol free and have been for several years now. The fact that I was drinking alcohol, using prescription and/or non-prescription drugs and/or going out with friends had no impact on the fact that children were being raped in foster care. The truth was the truth regardless of what I was doing in my personal life. My children were always appropriately cared for and I have nothing to hide on the matter! So what? I used substances at various times in my life to cope. Big deal. It doesn't change the truth that I've had to unjustifiably struggle to tell. And....how much support did I receive from my community while I did struggle? Pffffttttt!!! It's truly a shame that my community lives in the past and fails to see who I currently am without recognizing how incredibly difficult it has been to keep my life on track, especially with minimal support from my allegedly supportive community.

My 'Criminal Life'...

I have never been convicted for a criminal matter before or since 2000 when I was 25 years old. I'm 42 now and have learned a lot since then, nevertheless, I was charged, convicted and further jailed (no fine) for impaired driving in 2000. I take full responsibility for my error in judgment although I feel that the professionals, including the judge, colluded against me in this situation as well and the charge was used to make me look like an alcoholic for corrupted family court proceedings although it was simply an really bad judgment call on my part. The same judge that convicted me for the impaired charge presided over my family court proceedings only a few months later and I felt that there was a definite conflict of interest in this regard, however, it was what it was and my complaints fell on deaf ears. Not of relevance here but interesting nonetheless was another conflict of interest whereby I told my whole story to a 'Duty Counsel Lawyer', Craig Mundy (Spelling?) and whereby he represented me and then agreed to be my husbands lawyer through Legal Aid. Again, no one cared about the conflict of interest that was unjustifiably attempting to seal my fate with the courts.

I have been charged, since 2006 and through to 2011 with several offences that were never convicted. I absolutely allege that the police harassed and attempted to control me not only with the criminal charges themselves, but with the conditions that one must agree to upon being released from police custody after being charged with a criminal offence such as a curfew, who I could associate with and/or restrictions on my activities. At the end of the day, I've served jail time for charges that I was never convicted of and that type of control over a person is very, very wrong! I feel that the only thing that makes me a criminal now in the eyes of the government is the fact that I'm likely considered a terrorist because I would like to see the overthrow of tyranny. True enough, back in my younger days, I was a fighter and I was easily provoked into becoming physically violent, however, I learned over time that violence cannot be afforded in a truly civilized society. Peaceful assembly and action is the only way forward in my mind. We've seen enough violence already! I do verily believe that there will be a time and place for vengeance in the future when society finally awakens to its current reality of global affairs. I believe that said vengeance will occur in the form of true justice decided by a just and collective society once society becomes fully awake yo the current state of world affairs. Once humanity lifts the veil of deceit that currently obscures the daunting reality that we face together as a family of human beings I believe that the global elite will be hiding

under rocks to avoid exposure and punishment. I await this day with great anticipation.

The Police...

When I was regrettably unfaithful to my husband in 2005/06 I enabled an affair through an online dating site. I was astounded to see how many married 'professional' men were hitting my profile. At the same time I happened to be tracking corruption in my local area and so I re-designed my profile to attract specific professionals in my area as sort of my own sting operation where I planned to meet these men and expose them. It wasn't long and I attracted a police officer and a local owner of prominent group homes. I met both of these men for 'discrete encounters' but I never engaged in sex with them. Sleeping with these corrupt sleaze bags would have violated my own moral code. What I did was record their every word and most of their movements. I took pictures and kept the emails. I shut it all down after I was sexually assaulted and have never advocated the issue further.

The same police officer that I was engaging with online and who I had met a couple of times for an 'encounter' was also a part of a circle of police officers who were alleged to be harassing a long time friend of mine. I began to listen to my friend's story and I have been able to somewhat follow it since.

It seems that my friend was involved with a married woman and this married woman was also involved with a police officer. As such, my friend started being harassed by the police. Now this friend of mine, true enough, is not completely innocent in in the scenario that I speak to, however, he has acted out in the typical way that many oppressed people do as far as it seems to me. As the corruption evolved in his matters, the police began to harass him and to abuse his rights in my opinion. I believe that the police even went as far as to set up the arrest of other people simply to get statements from them against my friend as a bargaining tool to have have their charges dropped. At any rate, I watched, often from afar, as the corruption unfolded in his life, just as it was in my own. I couldn't get on the same page as him at the time because he was not able to trust anyone and I can't blame him. As I too was in a state of distrust I simply kept my distance.

I was aware that my friend was recording his own evidence and documenting what he could about the corruption in this town. I believe that my friend has the ability to end many marriages and/or careers if he was given a platform from which he could tell the whole truth about his matters and I further believe that certain people, some of them being police officers and other prominent people of Prince Edward County, who refuse to have this truth to be told. To my knowledge my friend had several forms of evidence, such as recordings, pictures, letters and various other documents, to indicate the harassment he was enduring and to further indicate that the professionals in this town were playing dirty games and abusing their authority. I believe the police obtained all of this evidence after they arrested my friend. My friend sits in custody, as he has for far too long now, awaiting his fate. My friends name is Todd McConnell. Todd is far from an exemplary citizen as most of the town that we live in will claim, however, he still has human rights for God's sake! I wish I could help him and I most certainly would if I knew how. I verily believe that he has been enduring corruption similar to what I personally endured, simply for knowing too much truth and for further trying to expose it. I believe that the police have set my friend up.

I allege that the police have bullied me while protecting the 'professionals' in my area. My history with the police is too complex to detail in this document, I can only state that I want nothing to do with the thugs as they bring me some sort of harm almost every time I interact with them. I have been severely abused by the police and I do not trust them. Should the police 'show up' in my life now that I am speaking out again I will expose such!

Stability...

As soon as the system loosened its clutches on my life I moved to the country-side and back into my family home. This is the home where I was born and raised and also where we were living when my husband and I met our marital demise.

I don't know what else to say in this regard. I'm stable but I'm not. I've been forced into a poverty crisis and I materially exist on a fixed income. I'm sick a lot. My lifestyle is very difficult, especially the older and weaker I get. I have lost most of the things that I ever owned and re-building my life is taking some time. I usually don't leave my house if at all possible. I don't trust people, even if I seem to. I've been literally and repeatedly shit-kicked emotionally by the system and many people in my community and I feel beaten down most days. I've been very close to losing all faith. My life has literally been raped from me. Take for example, how a person must feel when they can't afford to have Christmas for their children while the rest of the world celebrates or to buy them new clothes when needed or to even feed them sufficiently some days. When you go through that kind of thing with your whole community laughing away at you it kind of changes your perspectives about things, like society in general. The good people don't seem so good anymore. But still, I find myself clinging to hope, my faith in tact.

I'm as stable as can be. That's all I can say. I do well with what I have. I've learned that I don't need a lot and life is becoming much simpler day by day because of this shift in thought and lifestyle and in spite of any physical or financial woes previously griped about in previous paragraph. I find an incredible strength gained as I become wiser. Slowly, I AM rising from my own ashes.

There's still a lot of work that needs to be done on my house in the way of repairs and upgrades but they are coming little by little. I often find myself more grateful for having a roof over my head than bitter for what I don't have as I'm climbing into bed. As I crawl into bed shivering I truly do become grateful that I'm at least inside of a structure.

I've learned that things can always get much worse and to be grateful for what I do have. I don't accumulate debt at all anymore. My kids go without a lot and it bothers me. It's made them so much stronger but on the other hand, they deserve so much more. I get frustrated some days to see my kids go without the basic things, that other kids naturally take for granted, after being used to the lifestyle that a middle class income used to afford us. Some type of problem always seems to hinder progress where the house is concerned and the renovations cost far more than I have but I can't give up now and I simply won't.

I also struggle with how my community perceives me,. I've endured years of being slandered by community professionals and I don't know who believes what as a result. For years, CAS workers would actively tell people that I was 'trouble' or 'unstable' and that my advocacy

should be avoided. Workers were telling children that came to me for help that I was abusive to my own children and that they should steer clear of me. My mother-in-law, Aunt and Minister have slammed my reputation repeatedly and who knows to what extent? My best friends and a lot of my family members have abandoned me. If and when I do see some of them they say things like: 'you don't look well' or 'your hair is so thin' or 'I heard something about you' or 'still fighting CAS are ya?'. As much as I don't care what others think of me anymore, at least for the most part, it is still very hard to endure the judgment and negative comments from people every single time I leave my house. I can't tolerate ignorant and profane people any longer so I keep to myself as much as possible and refuse to let anyone leach the good energy that I am able to muster up in their absence.

I don't have a shower/bath (or hot water) at my home yet. I don't have a car. My computer does not work right and I cannot afford consistent internet. I use a pay as you go cell phone. I don't have options for laundry beyond a costly trip to the laundromat. A wood stove is my only source of heat which restricts my opportunity for outings during the winter months and also impacts my sleeping habits which are already poor. I can't simply run hot water (only have cold) for a load of dishes. Everything in my life is a process and I have very few resources to make it happen. Up until 2012 I was allowed to drive my Grandfather's car, but that all changed for whatever reasons and although my kids and I used to be allowed to go to my Grandparent's home every Sunday to do our laundry, while we shared a family dinner at the same time, when we lived at the apartment but we are forbidden to do it now that we live 50ft away from them. We used to be allowed to shower at my Grandmother's house as well but then shortly after moving back to our house she gradually told us to stop asking. Fortunately for me, I am allowed to keep a freezer in my Grandparent's garage so that I can keep ice blocks frozen so that I can swap them daily for an off-grid refrigerator.

My Grandmother said that I had put her finances in peril because of the loan and that she couldn't 'afford me' anymore even though I was paying her back and needing the supports she had promised to me to do so. I've literally suffered like no one can imagine but feel so guilty in 'whining' about it. Still, my situation needs to be understood for what it is. We offered to pay septic fees or to help with electricity, whatever might allow us to keep using her facilities but she said no. I've kept my word in paying back the loan to my Grandparents but it has just cost me so much in doing so. Little by little I lost access to things that would make life work while trying to fix the house and trying to pay my Grandparents back and everything has become a struggle just to make it through. I feel that the animosity that I've experienced in my relationship with my Grandparents has a lot to do with my Aunt's influence but my Aunt will, of course, deny such a claim I'm sure.

I don't get a fair shake at the local Food Bank, due to what I perceive to be the effects of the slander that I've experienced from community professionals, and I therefore don't even bother trying to access it anymore. I cannot afford to eat properly and I simply try to make it through each day surviving however I can and I've become very resourceful at doing so. Occasionally my Grandparent's will send me some soup, coffee, tuna or whatnot and my Grandmother will let me borrow a cup of sugar or a bag of milk if I get desperate enough to ask her, however, I try very hard to never become that desperate, after all of the shaming I've endured, and very rarely do. My eating habits have also changed and just because I won't eat what others give me out of 'charity' they say 'too bad'. So it is too bad. Indeed. It's a difficult situation but my

freedom is most definitely worth it to me! I've learned to understand where I fit into peoples lives, not by their words, but by their actions.

And never mind that before I moved back to the house people came in and took whatever they wanted that may have been laying around and of any use or value. My outdoor glass picnic table was taken from my property and now sits down at my Grandmother's house. My fire pit was disassembled and the bricks re-located and re-purposed for my Grandfather's fire pit. My television DVR (that my Grandmother bought me as a gift for winning a fairly substantial insurance claim for her) was removed out of the house and apparently given to my Aunt so that she could allegedly enjoy free TV programming from my Grandparents satellite service. I don't watch TV anymore, but really, the point is that so much has been taken from me while, at the same time, the finger gets pointed at me for being so 'needy'. The rest of most of my life's possessions ended up in the possession of my husband when he moved in with Lynne Underhill, which, most of, I've never recovered. It's therefore very difficult to replace my life on a fixed income. It's very difficult to live a normal live with limited tea towels, pots and pans, blankets, and other fundamental items. I've therefore learned to be very thrifty and resourceful and I simply figure it all out as I go. I don't say all of this for sympathy. I say it because this is how it is. I am OK. I will always be OK. I've submitted to a life of faith and I always get exactly what I need. I am grateful despite how it may seem and my life is fuller than I've ever known in all reality.

I've told so many people about my situation and here I sit knowing exactly how it is.

Relationships...

My last relationship was complex. After months of knowing each other, I allowed a guy to move in with the kids and I in 2013 (before we moved out of the apartment and back to our house). He was under a lot of stress and his situation left him potentially homeless as he was evicted with nowhere else to go. I did not invite him to stay with me on the basis of an intimate relationship. Sometimes I wish that I had been emotionally stronger and able to resist the temptation of partnership, other times I'm glad that I was able to be there for him, as he was, and still is, facing inconceivable hardships. It was a complex situation and he needed love and compassion in his life even more than I did and I believe that he still does today. I wish with every ounce of my being that things could make sense where he is concerned. While he was living with me, I began having worse nightmares than I had ever had, and I was no stranger to nightmares to begin with. My sleep patterns were heavily disturbed. Generally speaking, I'm a very generous person with individual liberties while engaged in a relationship but when his behaviour became too secret for my liking, I felt that I couldn't trust him or what he was telling me any longer.

I can't live with people that I don't trust. I told him to make arrangements to leave my home as soon as he could. I would never put a person on the street with nowhere to go but I also won't make them uncomfortable in the interim so I slept on my couch until he could make appropriate arrangements to move out. He was having an online personal relationship with another female yet I didn't let it bother me in a personal way and told him there were bigger things going on than our silly relationship. What bothered me was what I had done for him only to have him betray me. It wasn't the girl. It was bigger than that. Trust was everything to me, especially with the situation we were seemingly in at the time. While he lived with me I felt

like I was in a state of perpetual confusion and anxiety. Despite anything else that I may have been feeling because of the situation I'm sad to say I was relieved to see him go. In anger, I made a few comments about him in a public forum which outraged him in return and now he claims to hate me forever. Whatever! Everything happens for a reason, this I know. Despite anything personal that went on between the two of us, I hope he finds an end to the outrageously disturbing scenario that he faces soon. I would most certainly help in that regard if I could, but seemingly I cannot, directly at least.

I've realized that I'm simply much stronger and focused when I'm single. I am happy with myself, at least for now. I've learned to enjoy being alone, it truly does bring me solace and direction. Most days I find myself genuinely repulsed at the thought of sharing my life with anyone in an intimate way ever again. I've learned so much truth about myself and of life that I can't settle for the average relationship any longer and it's something that I can't describe. I feel that I evolved so much as a person that an intimate relationship is no longer a requirement for me as a person.

My kids are everything to me. I am so grateful for the privilege to be their mother. They are the most amazing people I've ever known in all of my life. They've never sold out, they've stood tall with me through the worst of the worst when it would've been so easy, and understandable, to give up. They've always loved me, believed in me and encouraged me to keep going no matter what. I can never ever show my appreciation to them but will spend the rest of my life trying. These two special and amazing people have changed my world and the way I view it and they are slowly but surely changing the world around them for the better with their beautiful minds and hearts. They are the world...my world <3

I love my parents immensely. Growing up I literally put them through hell and back and they loved me through it all. I was historically a curious little bad ass who was always getting in to trouble by living life to the fullest. I respect my parents deeply and am grateful to know their love and support. My parents are humble, generous and amazing people. They too have been through their fair share of bullshit in life. They are always there for me no matter what, even if they 'don't get me' at the time. They've never given up on me, especially when the rest of the world did.

I enjoy a tightly bonded relationship with 2 out of 3 of my sisters. Unfortunately, my one sister succumbed to the misinformation provided to her about me and refuses me any access to her life. I love my my nieces and nephews beyond belief and I think they are some of the coolest people I know! My grandparents and I, much to my delight, are thriving once again, especially since clear guidelines were set that governs any discussion about my aunt and/or her family. My grandparents and I were indeed alienated from one and I spent most of 2014 not speaking to my Grandmother, however, the time away from each other seemed to make her understand what was important and we've resolved to move forward.

My parents, my sisters and my nieces and nephews are amazing people. I sincerely thank them for all that they did and continue to do for me from afar. Thank you for standing by me to see this truth unfold. I am nothing without you. Dysfunction Junction all the way <3

Marilyn and George Cooper have always been there for me no matter what. I love them and

respect them tremendously. Marilyn is my rock and my ray of sunshine. I don't think I could have survived this whole mess without their love, support and generosity! Marilyn continues to support me through the ongoing persecution that I claim to experience from Lynne Donovan and others from St. Andrew's Church. I don't know if I would have the courage or the strength to continue on if it weren't for George and Marilyn's constant love and support and their constant examples of determination and perseverance.

My husband and I will never be together as a couple again. We have suffered far too much damage. Our life together, a series of poor choices where some are concerned, is actually an epic love story. There was much joy, there was much sadness. We danced a beautiful dance and I wouldn't have missed that dance for the world. Our love, when fully engaged, was electrifying and magical. I am forever grateful for that love and all that resulted from it. I will never forget it. Thank you for everything Ed, I will always love you.

My cousin Sarah helped me out immensely during the 'thick of it all'. I cannot thank her enough for having the faith in me when others refused to. Her trust and generosity kept me going without a doubt! That kind of faith in me and the subsequent generosity will never be forgotten or minimized. I love you! Thank you so much! <3

My Grandparents. I appreciate that they didn't give up on me all the way. We still have an understanding to reach, however, I love them with all that I am and I appreciate everything, from the bottom of my heart, that they have done for me over many years and also for what they've done for and given to my kids. We wouldn't have made it without the support that they did give us, that much is for sure. I wish money hadn't become an issue for it certainly has changed the context of our relationship, however, I hope they can see that there isn't anything that I wouldn't endure and nothing I wouldn't go without to keep my word to them and to further do the right thing at any cost. It's most important to me that they understand, finally, all that has transpired in my life. It has been hell and our 'family' problems are hopefully better realized. I don't want any drama. Now that money is not an issue I simply want to move forward and to love them and to be there for you as a grateful Grandchild should be.

R.I.P Mary Thorne – This woman, also alienated from St. Andrew's Church in my opinion, reached out to me when she learned that I was being persecuted by some of the people in the circle of friends at St. Andrew's. Mary was sure to provide my family with staple groceries items each month and a Christmas gift each year between from 2012 until she drew her last breath in 2015. Mary believed in me and she helped to feed my kids when she herself had very little to give. May God bless you and keep you Mary Thorne. <3

There were other special people who showed me kind gestures and as insignificant as it may have seemed at the time, those kind gestures were exactly what I needed to keep going. Thank you to anyone who has helped me either directly or indirectly throughout my crisis. The generosity of a few people genuinely saved my life by giving the courage and the strength to make it through so that I could pay it forward. Thank you!

A relationship that I value very much is one that I share with a young man and former foster child. He came to see me this past Christmas whereby he and I sat alone in the darkness of my kitchen talking about our pasts and our potential futures. I think he came to me for support

and ended up supporting me instead. I love this kid immensely and I will remain in his life as long as he wants me to be in it. I want him to know that I believe in him and that there isn't anything he can't do with his sweet heart and genius mind. All the best my darling. <3

I hope to meet a certain person one day. I'll refer to him as Bizzi. This guy is one of my heros whether he knows it or not. He too is a former foster kid and he's seen the worst of it. I feel as though I've betrayed him over the years by not being able to see what the advocacy movement was all about. I want him to know that I know now and I've cut all ties. I am and always have been on the same team. I just couldn't see what he was seeing but I know now that his vision was always 20/20 in regards to how it really was in the system and how it operated. I've watched Bizzi do his thing over the years and his integrity amazes me. Love ya Brotha. Hope to meet up someday <3

I would like to also apologize to anyone that I may have offended throughout my trying times. In all of the chaos my ego sometimes got the better of me and I was often prone to say negative things to others as a temporary consolation to myself. I'm sorry. If a person feels that I have done them wrong or that I am indebted to them in some way I would appreciate hearing from them so that I may correct the problem. I do not want enemies and I do not want to leave anyone behind who may have been offended by my words or actions in the past. If you feel that I've wronged you please reach out to me so that we can find a peaceful solution together.

I need to apologize to Dayle. I'm so sorry that I left you hanging. The walls were closing in on me and my life was truly falling apart. I think of you often. I know that I let you down when you were counting on me and I pray to learn that it all turned out in the end. I'm sorry that I couldn't make it all make sense at the time. I'm sure that you must have felt a sense of betrayal and I apologize so genuinely.

On another note, I would like to extend an invitation to anyone who may be suffering and who is in my area. If you are in need please contact me. I don't know what I can do but I will never let you be hungry, cold, in pain or feeling alone if I can help it. If you are in need please do not suffer alone. Reach out. Were all in this together. I can't advocate for you as I can hardly advocate my own issues at present, however, I can share what I have, as little as it may be, if you are in need. I have suffered alone and I do not wish that torment on anyone. Please understand, however, that I myself have trust issue and that I am not looking for new friends or relationships. If I can help I will and I will be compassionate and non-judgmental but I am currently incapable of 'connecting' with others on significant levels due to my own issues.

On a final note I would like to reach out to my brothers and sisters in Tyendinaga. If I can be a support in any way I would be very happy to do so. I've wanted to make contact for some time but I simply have not been in a position to do so until now. Please know that I stand in solidarity with you. I feel guilt and pain beyond measure when I understand what Canada and its ignorant inhabitants have done and I hang my head in shame as a Canadian. Deep, deep shame. I am truly sorry. If I can ever help, please count me in!

Advocacy...

I have met many, many good people that are advocates, in fact, many of them are out there who give so much of themselves while receiving nothing in return and many who have lived lives similar to what I detail just for trying to be good people. I call many of these people friend. Just the same, I met a lot of snakes when I was actively advocating. Just because someone calls themselves an advocate it does not mean they are a good or decent person. I despise the 1 in 100 bad apples out there. In my opinion, the child protection advocacy movement became corrupted long ago, if it was ever non-corrupted to start with. The key players have had all opportunity to bring about real change in my opinion and they have failed to do so. The public wants change and the advocacy groups keep beating the same dead horse. It's time to disassemble the government and to rebuild it in my opinion as it cannot be changed for the better simply because of the way it was built. The Ombudsman, MCYS, CFSRB, OCWSSW, OCL, OCA, the courts, legal aid, and all the rest of them are just smoke and mirrors. I'm not asking if I can protect children any longer I'm just going to do it. Asking MY government for that right is no longer a viable option. I will speak further to the issue of 'advocacy' in a subsequent document where I'll discuss everything I've experienced in the social justice movement as well as particular 'advocates' that I perceive to be a problem in the movement and why I have those perceptions.

Passions and Motivators...

I dream of the day when humans lift the veil and see the world for what it truly is. Until then, I seek to heal myself in all ways and to enable others to live a wholesome and illuminated life. I need to get off of this provincial disability and reclaim my sovereignty as soon as humanly possible. I'm trying to 'not participate' wherever possible in anything that enables or facilitates corruption. That in itself is tough to do and it's all a process but I'm working on it and it is a priority for me. I aim to begin a initiative that will take some people off the street while giving them a sense of independence and total freedom to live life as they wish. I've thought about this initiative for a very long time now, and can't wait to see it become a reality. In the future, I also plan to be a support for surviving victims of ritual child abuse, government/military mind control, trans-human agendas, historic genocide campaigns, technological assaults and general systemic oppression.

I also want a viable government. I want to see the immediate return of small farms and canneries. I want to see the populace become healthier instead of sicker. I want the public to know the truth about the boogeyman named Isis to see what the fear generated from WWII threats are all about and to stop being afraid. I want to help end human suffering. I want humans to stop hating each other. I want them to see that the government has created all the reasons for hate. Black or yellow, red or white...we all bleed the same...young/old, male/female, catholic/atheist/Muslim/Jew/whatever...it was all set up for divide and conquer reasons in my opinion and in the opinion of a growing majority. I want to move forward and serve stand down notices from ITCCS/ICLCJ to my local community professionals. I want to help in the conviction and apprehension of anyone guilty of crimes against humanity, especially the children, the elderly and the vulnerable. I want to help implement the new statues and agreements for a new government. Then, I never want to be seen or heard from again while I go far, far away from the crowd.

I want, of course, what is the best for my kids and to restore all that they have lost in the way

of a future and the chance at fair opportunities in life. My kids used to be very active in the community with volunteering, participating in plays and being included in art and music events. My kids were shunned from all that they once knew as their community rallied against me. I couldn't afford to do fun things with my kids and I usually couldn't even afford proper food or decent clothes for them. We have suffered in ways that we could never express and most days don't even care to express it...the pain is very personal and private. We simply want this part of our life to end and to be afforded the rights that other people have to live a peaceful and happy life full of liberty and opportunity.

After some healing I eventually hope to offer daycare services for children whose parents are adverse to main stream child care programs while offering up the information that I've learned about advocacy, homesteading, healthy living, common law, victims of church and state, secret societies, technological advancements, false history, modern medicine, social systems, religion, government agendas and operations, etc. etc. etc. I want to detach from 'the system' in all ways as soon as possible.

More Truth...

The corruption that I alleged about the Childrens Aid Society, primarily the Prince Edward County CAS has become more than obvious, especially with the fact that so many foster parents have been convicted for various sexually related charges. I continue to allege that only the tip of the corruption ice-burg has been revealed in the matter of PECAS. Most child protection agencies are corrupt to the core, however Prince Edward County CAS was especially so. Being in a very small community it was quite easy for the system to collude against me. There's still a lot more truth to be told and I feel that the ongoing smear campaign against me is one of the biggest indicators there is in this regard. I still feel that I need to advocate a few issues from my past. The sexual assault ordeal must get dealt with. My health must be addressed. My issues at St. Andrew's church and with Lynne Donovan need to be investigated. Criminal charges need to be levied against the former bosses of PECAS for the families and young lives that have been destroyed by their involvement. This is just to name a few things that I am not able to take care of because of my current situation and the ongoing oppression that I still experience from certain people, such as, Lynne Donovan, Brenda Sokolowsky and Mary Everall. It just so never-ending and overwhelming but something's got to give!

I feel that many professionals are morally 'trapped' in their lives. I've spoken to many people over the years who would like to speak out in regards to what they know about other professionals and activities in this town, however, many of these professionals feel as though they cannot speak out due varying reasons, but mainly owing to their professional 'obligations' or 'fraternal oaths'. I therefore know that although I face opposition in my efforts to speak out that I also have many others who will be rooting my efforts, even if the rooting will occur in hopeful silence. To those trapped professionals I say "You're welcome" ;)

In the light,
Brenda Everall

Desiderata

Go placidly amid the noise and the haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons.

Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even to the dull and the ignorant; they too have their story.

Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexatious to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain or bitter, for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.

Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time.

Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass.

Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth.

Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.

Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here.

And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be.

And whatever your labours and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy!

1 Corinthians 12-13

Now concerning spiritual gifts, brothers and sisters, I do not want you to be uninformed. You know that when you were pagans, you were enticed and led astray to idols that could not speak. Therefore I want you to understand that no one speaking by the Spirit of God ever says “Let Jesus be cursed!” and no one can say “Jesus is Lord” except by the Holy Spirit. Now there are varieties of gifts, but the same Spirit; and there are varieties of services, but the same Lord; and there are varieties of activities, but it is the same God who activates all of them in everyone. To each is given the manifestation of the Spirit for the common good. To one is given through the Spirit the utterance of wisdom, and to another the utterance of knowledge according to the same Spirit, to another faith by the same Spirit, to another gifts of healing by the one Spirit, to another the working of miracles, to another prophecy, to another the discernment of spirits, to another various kinds of tongues, to another the interpretation of tongues. All these are activated by one and the same Spirit, who allots to each one individually just as the Spirit chooses.

For just as the body is one and has many members, and all the members of the body, though many, are one body, so it is with Christ. For in the one Spirit we were all baptized into one body—Jews or Greeks, slaves or free—and we were all made to drink of one Spirit. Indeed, the body does not consist of one member but of many. If the foot would say, “Because I am not a hand, I do not belong to the body,” that would not make it any less a part of the body. And if the ear would say, “Because I am not an eye, I do not belong to the body,” that would not make it any less a part of the body. If the whole body were an eye, where would the hearing be? If the whole body were hearing, where would the sense of smell be? But as it is, God arranged the members in the body, each one of them, as he chose. If all were a single member, where would the body be? As it is, there are many members, yet one body. The eye cannot say to the hand, “I have no need of you,” nor again the head to the feet, “I have no need of you.” On the contrary, the members of the body that seem to be weaker are indispensable, and those members of the body that we think less honourable we clothe with greater honour, and our less respectable members are treated with greater respect; whereas our more respectable members do not need this. But God has so arranged the body, giving the greater honour to the inferior member, that there may be no dissension within the body, but the members may have the same care for one another. If one member suffers, all suffer together with it; if one member is honoured, all rejoice together with it.

Now you are the body of Christ and individually members of it. And God has appointed in the church first apostles, second prophets, third teachers; then deeds of power, then gifts of healing, forms of assistance, forms of leadership, various kinds of tongues. Are all apostles? Are all prophets? Are all teachers? Do all work miracles? Do all possess gifts of healing? Do

all speak in tongues? Do all interpret? But strive for the greater gifts. And I will show you a still more excellent way.

If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known. And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

*** The end ***

<3~George Lake~&~Tyrone Conn~Forever Loved~Never Forgotten~ <3

*Authored by Brenda Everall
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