

Dear members of the parole board:

I left home at 16 years of age in 1984. I met James at a point when he was on the run from a Detention Center that year. He was captured and then released around April 1984.

From April 1984 to January 28th, 1995, I endured many beatings and on occasion, had to flee my home and was even chased back to my hometown by James, who claimed to have a firearm and that it would be used on me.

There would be occasions that James would have underage girls in his Uncle's home where we stayed, engaging in alcohol consumption and flirting with them, while rubbing it in my face. While this was taking place, I was very uncomfortable and scared because he often told me to "Shut up! If you don't like it you can damn well leave!" It was the only place I thought I had to stay at the time, being a 16 year old child. I was

manipulated into believing that I had no where else to go.

When the "party" was over, I was subjected to yet another beating because I was not allowed to have an opinion and I did not "Shut up and just watch." I was confused, scared and manipulated.

In November of 1984, I'd had enough of the abuse. When I was with him, I often felt the need to run for my life and was always scared for the hell the next day may bring. It left me a broken shell of my former self.

He kept me "in line" with threats of harm to my family and because of those threats, to keep my family safe, I parted company with them. To this day, I still have no mother to talk to, get advice from, hug or to help me like a mother should. I was robbed of a family life. My children do not know their Uncles and grandparents or great-grandparents. These threats made me feel this was the ONLY way to keep them safe. I

still feel that way.

Regarding the night of the murder, I was frightened for my life and fearing death, I ran and have been running ever since.

At first, I didn't realize what exactly happened, but once I did, I shut down emotionally. I went numb. I lost my life that night.

I was detached from life and hold an abundance of guilt about the young girl's murder because I was James's intended victim. He was looking for me that night while high on drugs and alcohol. He ran into the young woman who was walking home, she was only 16 years old, and he stabbed her to death. He also sexually assaulted her after he stabbed her.

James later found me the night of the murder and took me to show me what he did to the victim. He wanted me to know

that this was supposed to be me. I didn't just walk away from her; I was dragged away, helpless. James made me help him hide from the police and change his appearance. I was in shock, scared, empty like a robot. I lost my life and my soul that night. I became withdrawn, carrying around the guilt that she died instead of me. I felt I did not deserve to live.

The following years were filled with drug and alcohol addiction for me. I used these substances as a crutch to try to forget what had happened. It didn't work. I was finally diagnosed with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder in 1993, at the Royal Ottawa Hospital.

I had no self esteem, feeling that I did not even deserve my beautiful children when I had them. I lived in constant fear of what might happen to my babies as James promised to find me and kill my children when he was released from prison. His threats still run through my head.

Due to the trauma, I slept a lot, was depressed and angry. My children lost out on their mother. As adults now, they assure me, their life with me was not as bad as I thought. But they worry because on occasion, I have tendency to sleep and withdraw a lot still.

Did I deserve all this trauma and fear in my life? No, I did not! The manipulative, abusive actions of one man have made my life a struggle since I was 16 years old. I do not expect anyone who has not been through this to understand my feelings. I am a shell of the person I could have been if not for ever meeting James.

At the last parole hearing, James still blamed me for his actions that night, for the murder and sexual assault he committed. I continue to live in fear of him . more than 25 years later.

I cannot easily express the pain I have

suffered. I've tried to put my traumatic experiences into words and I have to say it is the hardest thing to do. How can I express all that was taken from me as a child turning me into an empty, angry, insecure, fearful person?

All the time I tell everyone I'm okay, but I am hiding that I'm really not okay. I still break down crying, rocking back and forth curled up in a small ball in my room, suffering through flashbacks.

I do not believe this man is rehabilitated. He promised to kill me and my kids when he was released from prison. His actions at last parole hearing showed me that he continues to be fixated on me and that he has intentions to keep his word.

My family is the greatest support. While my marriage did not work out, my children turned out to be model citizens and are normal functional kids. Their unconditional love and support has been a key factor in

my growth.

I want to work in the community with teenagers and other victims. I do not want to hide my past. I now make an effort to not hide from life, even to the point I travel around the world.

I will never be totally okay. I will always struggle between the weak me and the person who won't take any more abuse.

James is not ready to be released. He is playing games. Please make the right decision. He was agitated at the last parole hearing and continued to direct anger towards me. That is not a man who is ready to be released.

Thank you for your time.
Annette