

IMPACT STATEMENT OF PHYLLIS A. HENNEMAN July 23, 2020

On June 17th 1976 I went to bed not knowing that in just a few hours my life as I knew it would change. I was a normal young woman of 22, happy and carefree. The only dark spot in my young life was the death of my mother 18 months earlier. I was vivacious, fun loving, a little shy and I loved life. My father was in Massachusetts visiting his sister and I was alone in the house.

Early on the morning of June 18th, 1976 Joseph DeAngelo, henceforth called the devil incarnate, broke into my home, blindfolded me, tied me up, threatened my life with a knife and raped me. Life as I knew it irrevocably changed that day. That once happy girl became fearful, suspicious, hypervigilant. My sense of safety was shattered. The ringing of the telephone invoked terror, afraid I would hear his voice again when he called to taunt me, as he did in January of 1978. Noises in the night disturbed what little sleep I could manage. I had an alarm system installed in my home and suffered greatly if I ever had to spend a night alone. Years of living like this have adversely affected my health.

In 1976 women were treated more like suspects than victims when it came to rape. My sense of importance in this world diminished with this treatment.

When I found out that this devil had been captured, I felt relieved, but his capture brought about a rush of memories of the rape, wondering what he did with the things he stole from me, what would happen next.

The roles have now reversed. His victims and their families are now free and his freedom of 40 plus years is now revoked. He deserves to spend the rest of his miserable life imprisoned, no more freedom for him.

"I am not what happened to me, I am what I choose to become..."

IMPACT STATEMENT OF KAREN VEILLEUX, Sister of PHYLLIS A. HENNEMAN July 23, 2020

My sister is my best friend. I have always been her champion, even when we were young.

We had wonderful parents, the best. Our mother passed away unexpectedly on Christmas Eve in 1974.

Our father was visiting his sister in Massachusetts that June. Imagine having to call your father to tell him that his oldest daughter had been raped. Our aunt told us that our Air Force veteran, former police officer, extremely intelligent father cried for 4 hours. He drove home from Massachusetts in 48 hours.

My husband and I were stationed in San Diego, 450 miles away. I had to go back to work.

My heart was broken that Phyllis didn't have mom for comfort and support. But Phyllis is strong. She persevered, doing the best she could every day. Having always lived far apart and not seeing each other on a regular basis made me realize that I truly did not have the full picture of what it took for her to make it through each day. I gained more insight when Phyllis and I would vacation together in Maine. That was our happy place.

The impact of the heinous acts that she suffered has affected Phyllis her whole life.

The PTSD she suffers from it has definitely adversely affected her health.

Listening to the description what was done to all the victims and waiting for him to say "Guilty" or "I Admit" really brought home all the horrific suffering he caused. I sat at Phyllis' home and cried.

It is unconceivable that such a creature exists in this world. May he rot in hell.

Peggy Rex Statement

In the early morning of July 17, 1976, my life was changed forever. My parents were out of town and had left us alone overnight for the first time. My sister and I were home inside a locked house where we should have been safe. Mr. DeAngelo broke in and woke up my sister and tied her up. He then came to my room and woke me up with his hand over my mouth. After rolling out of bed and swinging at him, I was hit several times on the head before being tied up, gagged and blindfolded. We were both threatened and I was raped multiple times. We were both left with numbness in our hands for several months, because our wrists were bound so tight. My God, we were just high school kids living a normal life, going to school, church group, having friends over. Now this horrific experience was part of me and who I would become.

I was the second victim of the East Area Rapist in Sacramento. No one knew about these crimes when I was raped, but they continued my entire junior and senior years of high school. Everyone was scared, constant talk, big headlines in both of the local newspapers. How could life ever go back to what I knew before the rape? My normal teenage years were gone.

My sense of safety and security were taken away from me, and I would never get that back. Somehow, I thought that after the arrest, I would feel safe. But after 42 years, I still always look over my shoulder when someone approaches me from behind, still sleep with 2 phones and the keys on the bed when my husband is away. I still don't feel safe inside of a locked house when home alone. These things are part of my life. I was determined that fear would not run my life, that my freedom would not be taken from me. I did my best, but the fear of this happening again was still there. I never knew if Mr. DeAngelo would return as he had threatened he would. I didn't know if he was dead or alive. And then the call came. An arrest had been made. There were so many emotions, I could not sort them out. But he was in jail and that was a big deal. I was afraid to watch the press conference after the arrest. I did not want a visual picture of what he looked like. What if it was someone I knew? I was thankful to just see an old man.

I have had years of therapy trying to understand myself. I have learned a lot these past 44 years. I am strong, resilient, empathetic, loving, insightful. Would I be all of these things had I not been raped? I will never know, for this experience is part of me.

I am thankful that I was able to move on and have a pretty normal life. I have a husband, two children and three grandchildren. Somehow, by the grace of God, I have found some way to forgive my rapist. The forgiveness is not for the crime or acts of violence against me and in no way endorsing those. The forgiveness is for me, for my peace of mind, something that I so badly needed to move forward. My spiritual director Claire guided me with her love and I am forever grateful. Mr DeAngelo was arrested before she passed away, and I was so glad that I was able to give her that news. My parents who are 90 and 91 today are alive to know he was arrested and will be held accountable for his crimes.

In 2009, there was an article in the Bee during sexual assault awareness month. WEAVE was in danger of losing their funding for sexual assault services. And since I

know how important these services are, I called the executive director and told her about myself and my experience. I had an idea for a fund raiser. Would they be interested? That was the first year of the Feast for Weave which has become one of Weaves biggest annual fundraisers. And over the years it has been important for me to help others, to speak up and speak out. I have testified at the State Capitol, I have spoken at a Take Back the Night rally. I am sure there will be other opportunities to help others when this is all over.

These past four years have have been filled with anxiety and all kinds of emotions. I spoke with the FBI in June of 2016 when they offered the \$50000 reward. I went to the Delta King with Carol Daly for a panel interview before Mr DeAngelo was arrested. There have been numerous articles and pieces of news since the arrest. All of this bringing up the rape so many years ago. I only went to one hearing before June, because I didn't want to waste any energy and allow Mr De Angelo to take up much space in my head. The hearing in June was the most important one. I heard him admit to the crime and rape. And now finally the end of this trauma is here. He is a horrible man and he is going to prison.

Susan Frink Peterson Victim impact statement

When my sister called me the morning of April 24, 2018 to tell me the EAR had been captured, I couldn't believe it. He was no longer a ghost, but a real, living and breathing monster who was still living in the Sacramento area...hiding in plain sight. A sense of dread, a sense of relief and finally, a glimmer of justice.

This horrific crime committed by the East Area Rapist left a lifelong emotional scar that's invisible to anyone but me and my sister. I know it's there, and although I don't think of it often during the day anymore, every night this invisible scar reminds me it's there when I lay to down sleep. The scar makes itself known in the following familiar ways:

1. A list of questions that run through my mind as I lay in bed at night. Are all there windows locked? Did I leave any windows open by accident? Are the doors locked? Did I set the alarm? Could anyone get in the house? What was that noise? If there was one evil person out there like this, could there be others? Do I have a phone by my bedside? What if I wake up and an intruder is in my room? What will I do?
2. The inability to sleep alone in a house, even with an alarm on, until I was in my late 40s....30 years after the crime was committed. That changed on April 23, 2018.

My sister and I were robbed of our innocence at such an early age - especially her because this criminal raped her multiple times. When you are 15 and 16 years old, you would never believe that you could be the victim of a crime this horrific. y sister and I were good kids and did as we were told. That night we locked all the doors and were in bed by 11pm. The EAR wrenched open the locked living room slider at 2am.

I had physical scars, too. Numb hands, wrists and fingers plagued my sister and me for months because the defendant tied them so tightly. Two hours of being tied up amounted to several months of numbness. Thankfully it eventually went away.

I still have a lot of questions I wish could be answered. Why us? How did the defendant know my parents were out of town? Did he take anything from our house (from me, my sister, my parents)? How did he know my sister and I were home alone? Had he been in our house before that night?

Writing this impact statement has caused me to ponder how our family life would have been different if this crime hadn't happened to us. We just can't know. Happier and more carefree, certainly. Less night time worrying. Less fear. Beyond that, who knows. Despite being a victim of the EAR, I have moved forward and onward to live a happy and fulfilling life. He did not have the last word. I am exceedingly grateful to all the DAs, detectives and law enforcement who worked tirelessly to bring this criminal to justice after 42 years.

Impact Statement: Patricia Murphy

Your Honor,

It's been four decades, plus four years, since Joseph DeAngelo attacked me at my parents' house. It happened during the Labor Day weekend, September 4, 1976. I was loading a basket full of clean laundry into my car. He came up behind me out of nowhere on that Saturday night. That night forever changed me.

I was 29 years old. About the same age as DeAngelo. I was separated from my husband, learning to live on my own after a long marriage. My daughter was 7 years old, and my sons 10 and 14. I had a good job with the State and was enjoying my newfound freedom and independence. But my world was different after the attack. I never felt safe for many years. It was hard for me to trust people. I was always looking over my shoulder expecting someone to jump out and hurt me.

I wonder why he picked me to be one of his rape victims. I'll never know if he came upon me by accident, or if he carefully planned out his attack beforehand. Who was he? Did he know me? Did he know I would be at my parents' house that night? Will he follow me from now on?

He punched me in the face and broke my nose. I had a concussion from falling backwards and hitting my head on the driveway. I saw stars. I lost consciousness. He shook me until it soon became clear that he and his knife had complete control over me for the next two hours, the trauma of which I am being treated for at this time. I could not escape. I did what I had to do to stay alive. He stole my car and my purse, which meant he knew my own address from my license and registration. Because of that, I moved out of my apartment so he couldn't find me and my children.

I was somehow able to get on with my work and being a single mom. I went back to work with the remains of a black eye and a slightly swollen nose. The lump on my nose never went away. I learned to accept that it's just part of my face. My coworkers would ask how I got the black eye and I would just say "I was mugged." That's what we told our children, too. What really happened became a dark secret that I kept buried, except for telling a few close friends. It just wasn't something I wanted to think about, much less talk about.

I longed for things to go back to how they were. I pretended life was fine, but it wasn't. It was exhausting. It was hard to find joy. My mind was never at peace. I turned to alcohol and drugs to help blot it all out and numb my pain. How I felt about men changed after that night. I no longer cared if were seen as attractive. I didn't trust them anymore.

I am blessed to have married my husband 32 years ago. He is on my healing journey with me. So is my family, except for my parents who have since passed away. My mom didn't want to move, so I continued to visit them there. I celebrated Christmas and other holidays at their house as if nothing ever happened. Sometimes there was no place to sit except on the organ bench he tied me to before he drank my dad's beer and left. I was always afraid that my dad would kill someone he thought could be my attacker. He was out looking for him with other people in the east area of Sacramento.

I was diagnosed with complex PTSD soon after DeAngelo's arrest in April 2018. His arrest was a total shock. It stirred up all the painful memories of the past I had learned to block out. I was with my daughter when the news scrolled on my phone. She already knew what happened to me back in 1976, but it was a complete surprise to my sons. The news and its aftermath prompted me to have a mental breakdown, and I was hospitalized (5150) for three days in June of that year. I was emotionally exhausted, unstable and not able to deal with reality. I had trouble sleeping after I found out they caught him. I had vivid nightmares. I was prescribed different medications to deal with my anxiety and depression. I'm now getting therapy from a woman who specializes in treating this type of trauma.

Some people are wired wrong and DeAngelo is one of them. Luck finally ran out for this messed up human being. At least a poor excuse for one. It is my hope that you punish him to the full extent of the law for the horrific crimes he committed. He admitted that he caused all the suffering and misery to so many victims over the past 40-plus years. He truly is an evil monster with no soul. Did his little penis drive him to be so angry all the time? Did he study criminology so he could carry out his evil deeds as a bad cop without getting caught? Did his wife and daughters suspect anything?

In closing, I want DeAngelo to end up in a place he deserves. I don't want him to like his surroundings one bit. I don't buy his act that he's on his last legs. The last years of his pitiful life ought to be spent in the worst prison in existence today. I have a favor to ask, though. When you hand down his sentence, please do not address him as "sir" anymore.

Impact Statement: Patti Cospers

Honorable Judge Bowman,

It is an honor to be here today. This day has been a very long time coming. Joe raped my mom when I was 6 or 7. It broke up our family. My brother lived with us and then he didn't. My mom was protecting us and couldn't tell us why. We were too young to understand. All I knew is that everything changed overnight. It affected both of my brothers, father and my whole entire family. It affected all of us. I became my mom's mom. She went from being strong and independent and free to having PTSD. Any loud noise scared her. A backfire from a motorcycle, a firework, a cabinet shutting. Any loud noise was too much to take. Nobody could ever sneak up on my mom. It was just something you knew to never ever do. Joe tried to take my mom away from me. Maybe it was Jerry? Either way it didn't work. We are close. We are best friends and mother/daughter/daughter/mother. We shared the same name. When Joe violated her, she was Patricia Cospers. I am Patricia Cospers. I am NOT Jane Doe nor is my beautiful sweet mama. Joe stole her car. We loved that car. It was super-fast and it broke down all the time, but we loved it. He took that too. Joe took trinkets and/or photos. He drank beer from the fridge and ate snacks from my grandparents' pantry. That was not his intention. He intended harm and suffering. He was ruthless and cunning and patient and powerful. And now he is just locked up.

Locked up for life. I would like to read the words of someone else:

Matthew 5:21

You have heard that it was said to the people long ago, "you shall not murder, and anyone who murders shall be subject to Judgement."

He knew better

He was treated extremely poorly as a child

Abused and tormented

That is no excuse

Rot in jail

And then

Rot in prison

Turns out Joe/Jerry won't be gone in the dark

After all

Turns out I don't have to hunt Joseph De Angelo

Golden State Killer

East Area Rapist

down

After all

Michelle McNamara did that for me

She was his final victim

I see her as a survivor

Because she got him caught

She did not give up

And now you rot

Bye bye Joe

Bye bye

Bye bye Joe

Dont cry

Joseph DeAngelo and his mother can go straight to
hell

Bye

Impact Statement for Joseph DeAngelo by Jane Carson-Sandler

.....7/20/20

Glory be to my Lord Jesus Christ for sustaining me with his peace, love, strength and power over the past 44 years.

Yes, DeAngelo, it's been 44 years on Oct 5, 1976 when you broke into my home in the early hours just after my husband had left for work and shoved your knife into my neck, bound my wrists, blindfolded me and then gaged me with cloth. You also did the same to my precious 3-year-old son. Then you repeatedly threatened to kill us. The fear escalated when you started tearing sheets. I had no idea what you were planning to do with all that cloth...maybe strangle us?

Yes, I was Frozen in Fear beyond description.

My attention was not on the rape, ...your penis was so tiny... but fully on... where did you put my son when you moved him from the bed? Where did you put him and what will you do to him?

I even wrote a book called Frozen in Fear detailing my journey after my assault. I tried to escape my fear with alcohol but medicating myself didn't work. However, that experience brought me to finding the Lord, so it was worth it. He performed a miracle and relieved me of my addiction.

I may have been one of your victims, but now I'm a Survivor-Thriver and have led a great life. I put my fears aside and finished my Nursing degree at Cal State the year of your attack and then spent 30 years in the AF achieving the rank of Colonel. Yes, evil one, I turned my pain into power and my mess into a message by facilitating groups of women that had been sexually assaulted and volunteering at our crisis center...all very worthwhile activities. Who knows what I might have accomplished had my life not been interrupted by your vicious attack.

I have a loving husband of 26 years and 2 amazing successful sons. So, you didn't destroy my life. In fact, your cowardly, cruel and sick behavior enabled me to meet so many wonderful folks...other victims and their families, investigators, detectives, tv personalities, etc. My life has been so enriched by their friendship and is much more meaningful now.

If it wasn't for the trauma I endured, I wouldn't be the person I am today. I am proud of what I've accomplished. I'm Blessed beyond words. Yes, my wounds may have healed but my scars do remain. Hearing a helicopter overhead, seeing a ski mask and hearing someone say or yell "shut up" will forever cause me anxiety. My comfort at those times is remembering that you are finally going to prison and will remain there until you die.

Oh, by the way DeAngelo, do you remember the roast you had cooking in the oven the day you were arrested...? Too bad you didn't get a chance to enjoy it.

Many of your victims will be enjoying a delicious roast every April 24th in remembrance of your capture. The only roast you'll experience is when you roast in hell because that's where you're going.

I felt sick to my stomach listening to the graphic details of your assaults during the hearing. Your language and behavior were deplorable. Have you no mercy?

,,,,,,Not only does my heart go out to all the women you raped and the dear souls you so viciously murdered, but also to your former wife, children and grandchildren who don't deserve to live a life full of shame due to your despicable actions. They too are your victims. Think about it DeAngelo, they too are your victims!!

Impact Statement: Wini Schultze

Good Morning/Afternoon

My name is Pete Schultze and I am here with my two daughters on behalf of my mother, sister and father to read our family victim statement for the record.

We wish to thank all the amazing law enforcement personnel, District Attorneys, research persons and retired personnel whose long-term commitment to this case have made this day possible for all those who have suffered because of this sick monster.

On Oct.18th, 1976, Joseph DeAngelo entered our home in Carmichael, California. I was 11 years old; my sister was 5, and were sleeping peacefully along with our mother. DeAngelo woke us up, tied me up to a bed post, locked up my sister in her room and performed horrific acts against our mother while she was bound and blindfolded.

We have lived with this for 42 years as a family and we are here to say that our mother is not Jane Doe # 22 and we are not just #37 uncharged offense. We are the family of Wini Schultze, and we have all survived because of her bravery and resolve to do whatever it took to save herself and her family. It may be uncharged because of the statute of limitations, but she will never be a Jane Doe #22 and she will be Wini Schultze, survivor who protected her family.

It took many years to get back to a sense of normalcy, with my Dad sleeping with a baseball bat next to his bed and my sister sleeping under her bed. But we moved on as a family. Wini is a college graduate, an elementary school teacher, a ski instructor at Squaw Valley, a breast cancer and stroke survivor. And she is still married to my Dad after 55yrs. She raised two great children now has 4 amazing grandchildren.

Our case was the 7th in the Sacramento Area and is known as the case that brought public awareness to the growing danger and nature of these ongoing serial crimes. Wini told the investigating officers who asked if he had any recognizable scars or tattoos that her head was covered the whole time, but she was certain he had very inadequate penis.

DeAngelo may have stolen our mother's wedding ring, other jewelry and \$250 in donation monies intended for the American Cancer Society, but he did not steal our hopes, dreams and spirit of our family. We grieve for those victims who were less fortunate and lost loved ones. While we all have suffered for 42+ years, his suffering is just beginning!

God bless all the victims, their loving families and all the dedicated law enforcement professionals who made this day possible and gave us this opportunity!

Sincerely... Wini Schultze and Family

Impact Statement: Lisa Lilienthal

Can you remember 1st Grade?... Childhood memories blur together for me. I remember things, but I can't recall specific events... except for one.

One memory is as clear as the day it happened on. I wish to God it wasn't.

It was early on a Monday morning in February 1977 when the Defendant broke into our new home in Carmichael where I lived with my Mother and Father and our little Scottie dog. He had closed my bedroom door, presumably ensuring I'd sleep through the attack he had planned for my Mother not wanting anything to interfere with his sick little fantasy. I guess I should thank him for that, but I thank him for nothing.

He broke in after my Father left for work. There's no way this was an accident. My Father was a mountain of a man with a short fuse - since the Defendant was known to case homes prior to his attacks, I truly believe he didn't want to deal with another obstacle, but only one person really knows for sure.

My Mother could be challenging in her own right. And quite the hot-headed hellcat if provoked. I've always been proud of the fire and fight that my parents had.

When the Defendant surprised her that morning in our kitchen, the only thing that intimidated her was his gun - this was and would continue to be a theme throughout his crime spree - without his weapons he wasn't thought of as a very formidable opponent. Her first thought was that he was some scrawny punk kid with a stolen gun looking for drug money - we lived next to a park where stoners would go to hang out, cutting class from the adjoining high school.

Evidence would be obtained from the struggle and fight that ensued. I'm also proud to know her fight played a part in furthering the case. The first time he hit her, she retorted; "You call that a hit?", after the second time she barked; "You don't hit for sh*t!". As they began to wrestle, she managed to get her hand on his gun. She remembered thinking the only thing that kept her from pulling the trigger was the fear that she might shoot herself and I'd be left with this "Monster". He would go on to threaten my life to keep her in line. I did in fact sleep through the attack, no 1st Grader understands rape, nor should they.

I remember waking confused, wondering why my mother wasn't coming in to help me get ready for school... and then I felt it, the heaviest, darkest sense of foreboding I'd ever felt - I knew something was very wrong, I just didn't know what. I turned the corner out of my bedroom to see a dark figure at the end of the hallway that led to my parents bedroom. He was shorter and smaller than my Father, and all of the other grown men in my life for that matter.

But more than anything I knew he was bad. Even as a child I felt on some primal level that there was an evil threatening my family.

And then all hell broke loose. My mother clearly sensed I was up and began screaming at the top of her lungs; "Leave her alone, she's only a little girl...", again and again and again.

I ran towards her voice and even though he was in the doorway. I saw one of the most horrific sights I've ever seen; my Mother was naked, bound, gagged, blindfolded and screaming on their bed - no child should ever see that.

My shock shifted to controlled and focused anger. I indignantly growled through my clenched teeth; "You're a bad man. Take your knife and gun and leave my family alone!" He took me out of my mother's view into the master bathroom and tied my wrists - I'm sure he was taunting my mother. He was known for his perverse head games. Then he put me on the bed next to her. Once we felt that he may be gone, I used my teeth to loosen her blindfold and we hopped outside to the fence and started screaming for help. That's when we both really lost it - somehow it felt safe to truly fall apart - the floodgates opened and we both fell apart sobbing. Our neighbor got something to cover my mother and called for help.

This event happened in a short period of time for me but felt like a nightmare in slow motion.

Then it shifted into hyperspeed.

I remember a lot of unknown people bustling furiously around our house - the detectives were everywhere and our house became covered in black powder.

I remember the kindest neighbor taking me to her quiet house, making me tea and caringly massaging lotion on my wrists that were still red with indents from the bindings.

This was the day that I had proof Monsters were real. I had met the Boogeyman. He had been in our house.

My Father was pulled over for speeding home to us. He always felt it was the Defendant that pulled him over. What always struck him as odd was the officer's behavior. He stated that a rape had taken place and they were looking for potential suspects. My Father quickly replied; "You've got the wrong man, I'm the Husband". In that split second my Father felt the so called officers' energy shift ever so slightly - he had the most disturbing twist of a smirk, as if he was proud and baiting my Father on some level. This Defendant was known for relishing in the pain and suffering of others; maliciously and manically toying with them like a sadistic cat with a defenseless mouse. Finding pleasure in the pain and fear of others we would come to find, was him m.o.

After the attack our life would take a drastic turn; any rose colored glasses of a new suburban life would become permanently smeared with a dirty grey. No scrubbing would erase these greasy, grimey stains on our new life. We tried to go back to normal, but it would never be quite as carefree. There was a lot of going through the motions and acting like everything was okay.

But something lingered in the shadows. Our sense of normalcy and safety had been completely shaken.

We would go on to build a fence in the backyard, install an alarm system with a panic button for the master bedroom, put boards in the big windows and sliding doors and chairs under the bedroom doors at night. Bedtime routines now included double checking the alarm, locks and closets. But more than anything, there was this dark cloud that no one discussed, a tension of needing to be hypervigilant, a questioning of what might have been overlooked. At times it felt like we were all holding our breath.

He would continue to call and harass many of his conquests including my mother. A whistle was put by our phone and the detectives set up an answering machine to catch him. Eventually my parents divorced and sadly we moved out of our dream home that my family built.

As a child, I actually wanted the Monster to come back. "This time I was ready for him", I told myself. I slept with knives under my pillow and kept scissors in my pockets. I had backup plans on top of backup plans. I fantasized about his return so I could have another chance to kill him because I froze the first time and didn't grab his gun when he put it down to tie my wrists. I don't think I'd even shot a toy gun, but I was preparing - I felt like I didn't save my Mother and protect my family. I wanted to right the wrongs and see that justice was served. Injustice is a hot button for me to this day - I hate seeing evil people get away with evil deeds.

My name is Lisa Marie Lilienthal and I'm Jane Doe #28. I would come to know the defendant as the East Area Rapist. I can recall that day like a movie, a movie that I'm very detached from. Countless others, my Family and I have been terribly impacted by this horrible Monster. There's no doubt whatsoever that this crime has negatively impacted and scarred my life on every level, physically, psychologically, emotionally, financially and spiritually. A child shouldn't have to question if God forgot about her and her family. For me it was a loss of innocence.

Physical wounds heal much quicker than the psychological ones. I know I'm still carrying residual effects from the trauma.

Ultimately I don't feel like I'm operating like a normal human being. I struggled with anxiety and depression, and I've been diagnosed with PTSD in regards to this heinous crime.

I have OCD, especially in regards to my safety - double checking alarms and locks, etc.

I have control issues and get overly anxious in situations where I feel powerless and out of control.

I still have Night Terrors.

I've spent countless time and money on therapy, and I know my triggers. I consider myself lucky to still be in the game, and I will continue to fight the good fight.

For years I was sure he'd get caught. My Mother was interviewed for TV Shows and Magazines, lobbied for Prop 69... I'm sure this was empowering for her catharsis. At a certain point I had resigned myself to the possibility that I may never have closure on this trauma, that he probably died, or was killed, was incarcerated for another crime or hiding out in another country...

... and then low and behold the Monster gets caught.

For the longest time he had been this Hannibal Lecter type character; cunning, calculating, manipulative and sociopathic. I remember hearing speculation that he was military and/or law enforcement. But the moment I saw the first picture of him, it was like the curtains of some perverse nightmare version of The Wizard of Oz had dropped.

And all at once the Monster of my nightmares was gone and I was looking at this creepy little man - Many of the survivors reported his smallness, but he looks like a shell of a human being to me.

It feels like an empty win, but he's certainly not the monster of my childhood. He's still a monster, but now he seems like a pathetic feeble old man with black, empty, hollow, soulless eyes.

His entire life has been a perverse act, and make no mistake about it, he's acting now. He acted like a normal human being, acted like he was serving his country, acted like he was protecting and serving, acted like a husband, a father, a neighbor, and on and on it goes...

This doesn't feel like true closure or real Justice - that would be that dream that this abomination would never have been born, that he never would have been able to put any of these good peoples lives through such hell. Nothing can erase the past, but I am glad to see this miserable, deeply flawed, poor excuse of a human being caught.

His legacy is no Hannibal Lecter, Hannibal Lecter didn't get caught. His will go down in history as being less than on every level.

I refuse to let my past define and own me. I will not wallow in it. And maybe one day I will find forgiveness, but I'm by no means there yet.

Impact Statement: Kris Pedretti

Your Honor,

My name is Kris Pedretti. Thank you for allowing me to share the impact that the night that Joseph James DeAngelo raped me had on my life.

As the evening began on December 18th, 1976 I was a normal 15-year old kid. I loved going to school, having sleepovers, going to church It was a week away from Christmas, the house was decorated.. I was Christmas shopping for my friends and family. My world was predictable and it was safe.

But by the time that night came to an end, my world was forever changed. My safety was shattered as a masked man, DeAngelo, yielding a knife assaulted me, telling me I would be killed if I didn't do what he demanded.

He raped me repeatedly, moving me in and out of the house after each time he raped me He tormented me and told me over and over again he would kill me. I believed him.

At three different times that night, I thought I was going to die. That night, I sang Jesus Loves me in my head as I waited to die.

The next morning, Dec 19th I woke up knowing I would never be a child again. Although I was grateful to be alive, I felt somehow I had died. I did not understand what had happened, why this happened. I didn't understand why I was in this new scary world. I didn't understand why I didn't have friends anymore or why my parents told me to never talk about that day – the day I was raped, tormented and accepted that it may be my last day.

I was forced to begin an endless journey alone to try to survive in a world where nothing was as it was mere hours before. I couldn't make sense of any of it. Try to act normal... I told myself. What was normal?? I certainly didn't feel normal, nothing felt normal.

So much had changed in such a short time. I no longer fit in where I did before. I was not a normal teenager anymore.

The next year, because I no longer fit in, I changed schools 3 times, moved to a new city, quit going to church.

I struggled for the next 41 years.

Panic Attacks

Failed relationships,

Frequent job changes,

Few friends.

I think it is incredibly ironic that DeAngelo only had daughters and a granddaughter – no sons or grandsons. If I were able to address DeAngelo, I would ask him to imagine his daughters and granddaughter at 15 years old

Then to imagine them going through the horror that he put me through.

How would he have reacted?

How would he be able to watch powerlessly as those he loved struggled to make sense of what they did to deserve such a devastating act of hate?

I wonder if he even has the capacity to feel what this would have done to them?

How it would permeate the core of their very being?

I understand that no amount of therapy can bring back those years to me, the way they were supposed to be. He stole my formative years. I lost my youth, my innocence, my faith and my trust. Who would I have grown up to be? SADLY, I will never know.

As I look at him today- I see a pathetic, coward in a deplorable shell of barely human material.

He tried to conceal his soulless being from others by becoming a husband, a father and a grandfather. He used and manipulated HIS OWN FAMILY so that he could look like a regular guy as he enjoyed his dark life once they all went to bed feeling safe in their make believe world.

But now he faces the ultimate judgment... FROM HIS FAMILY.

His family has been forced to walk a torturous and undeserved journey as they learn who the East Area Rapist really is.

What he did to his victims,

his community,

his family.

I want DeAngelo to truly understand that his family will never escape the stain of his name and his infamy..

If I could speak directly to DeAngelo I would say to him:

"Do you feel any remorse for what you did to me, for the people whose lives you violently cut short or for the years of pain to your victims and their families?"

Do you finally feel humiliated?

Your secrets have been exposed. Your double life is over. The world – and I mean the entire world – knows who you are and what you did. You will forever be known as a despicable coward who hid behind a mask of evil.

The shame is yours to keep as it eats away at whatever soul you have left.

Lastly I would tell him that it brings me great satisfaction to see him in his orange jumpsuit, powerless and handcuffed in all aspects of his already miserable life. He may have hid in plain sight but that is now over. Was it worth it?

He is finally getting what he deserved all along. I WANT him to comprehend that there is not a prayer strong enough to save him”.

Your Honor,

Once again, thank you for allowing me to share how the singed soul of DeAngelo has impacted my life.

Though I have found my way to a happy and safe life once again, DeAngelo deserves his sentence of life without parole in the most dark and lonely containment.

For decades he lived free in the same neighborhood that I lived in, as well as many others. He was free while each of his victims and their families lived in pain, often nearby. Who knows how many times we passed each other in a grocery store, or at a restaurant, oblivious to the fact that this rapist and murderer was only a few feet away.

There are parts of me that spent more than four decades alone, entrapped in a virtual hell that DeAngelo sentenced me to in 1976, and from which I could not escape.

I used to wonder why I was chosen to be his victim. It used to keep me up at night. It was the only question I had for him. WHY? What could I have done differently to create a different ending to that night?

It is only since his capture that I have found freedom from his evil. I am forever grateful for the support I have received through love and caring of my family and friends; therapy; meeting and sharing **experiences** with my survivor family; support from the victim advocates; and reaching out to other victims of rape that have long kept their silence for fear of being ostracized.

Standing here today, the knowledge that DeAngelo will spend the rest of his life in prison for his heinous acts has ended my journey so that I may begin a new one.

So where will this new journey take me? ? This experience has taught me the importance of supporting those that have been sexually assaulted.

I spent years, decades really, feeling shame and guilt for what happened TO me – and yet it wasn't my fault – it was something that was done TO me, not because of me.

Through this experience I have learned how utterly important it is to be able to express out loud in some manner, whether verbally or in writing, that the shame and guilt belongs to the rapist, NOT THE VICTIM.

Most importantly, it reinforces to the victim that they did not deserve this and they did nothing wrong NO MATTER WHAT THE CIRCUMSTANCE

The mere act of stating it out loud to others who understand and have had similar experiences is liberating in a way that others cannot comprehend.

Now is the time for me to start my new journey. I have received overwhelming support from so many people; it's time for me to pay it

forward. I hope to provide support to others as so many have done for me.

It truly changed my life.

Thank you

Impact statement: Kathryn Rogers

DeAngelo awoke me on April 2 1977 with a flashlight in my eyes. I won't elaborate too much on details of the actual event as you will hear them today over and over by the many others he visited. My life and the lives of my son and daughter aged 9 and 7 would never be same. Thankfully, my children slept through the attack. However, my son was called upon to get help by crawling out his bedroom window and going to a neighbor to get help. Clearly, this was not what any 9-year-old child should have been experiencing! Looking back my deepest regret is that the attack affected my ability to parent at a most crucial time in my children's lives. As the single bread winner and the fact, I was concerned about being identified as a victim, I went back to work after a couple of days. I told no one except my supervisor. I recall coworkers at Kaiser commented on the attack over the weekend that they wouldn't have allowed that to happen to them. In reality, you will never know what you will do until you are actually in the situation! I have never thought of myself as a victim although it's part of my history. I am blessed with a husband who is my best friend and 4 children (some of which I think actually like me) I feel life has been good except for a few bumps along the way.

I want to thank all of the many who have worked countless hours on this case and who never gave up!

Thank you for caring!

As for De Angelo I feel my best revenge is to live my life. The monster has been unmasked and is no longer of any consequence. I am leaving him behind as he should be!

He is the one forever alone in the dark!

Impact Statement: George Rogers

I wanted to speak today in loving support of my wife Kathy. Although she was brutally attacked at the age of 29 by Joseph D'Angelo, I can tell you that little Joe D'Angelo did not destroy her life as he tried to do to so many others. I did not meet Kathy until about a year after the attack, but I can attest to the fact that she is one of strongest women I have ever known.

While her encounter with little Joe D'Angelo left an emotional scar, he did not destroy her life, nor our lives together! We have chosen to make each day count for something better, and to Love, Laugh, and enjoy our lives together. My wife Kathy has overcome her painful encounter with this monster: Joe D'Angelo. Our marriage is built on Love, not Hate, and we choose daily to look forward, and not backward at something that tragically happened over 40 years ago.

Contrast that fact, with the life of little Joe D'Angelo, who spent his entire adult life lost in a murderous bitterness, because a college girlfriend rejected him. She saw something in him that told her to run, and she wisely did so. Poor Little Joe could not let go of that rejection, and his bitterness allowed The Devil Himself to transform him into a Monster - lost in his own dark, demonic world.

Kathy, on the other hand, suffered something far worse than his college romantic rejection. And when faced with the choice to become bitter, resentful, and hateful for what wrongfully & viciously happened to her, she has chosen instead to care for others, and love others every day of her life since that horrific encounter.

He pathetically took his bitterness out on others raping, torturing, murdering, ripping apart lives, families, and memories. He lived a lie as a Police Officer sworn to uphold the law - he chose instead to become lawless. And he lived a lie as a father and husband. In fact, DeAngelo's family are the last victims of The Golden State Killer. His 3 daughters, ex-wife and grandchildren, are the ones who will be tortured and terrorized by this man's actions for generations to come. If he has no remorse or guilt for the victims, he should look what it's done to his family. I hope the thought of the pain he's brought them sits in his brain for the rest of his life.

Despite his actions, I hope that they rise above and make something good from this tragedy. Like my wife and I have.

We are choosing to close the door on the memory of this monster, forever.

George Rogers

Impact Statement: Devin Rogers

DeAngelo was the ultimate predator. And I was unprepared for what was to occur on April 2, 1977, as DeAngelo had honed his skills by this time. This man stalked me, knew my routine, the layout of my house and even my dog, and I never knew!

I suppose in his sickness, he felt that we should be honored that he took so much time and care preparing before introducing himself. He must have felt so superior by having such complete control of our every move. How powerful superior and alive he must have felt as it ultimately became an addiction, terrorizing victims for what seemed like an eternity with him leaving, then returning, and leaving once more, and returning yet again.

As for me, I remember thinking in horror that my kids might wake up and find me dead. The terror was more than I could ever put into words. I won't elaborate on the details of the actual attack, as you will hear them over and over from so many others. Thankfully, my children slept through the attack. As the sun came up, my son was able to get help by crawling out his bedroom window and running to the neighbor's home. I'm saddened with the thought that this event is part of my children's childhood memories.

Afterward, my children and I stayed at a neighbor's home who was kind enough to take us in. Being concerned about being identified as a victim, I pulled myself together and returned to work after a couple of days. I told no one what happened, except my supervisor. I recall overhearing coworkers commenting on the attack that they wouldn't have allowed that to happen to them. It made my blood boil. In reality, when there are life and death consequences on the line, you never know what you would do until you are actually in the situation.

Moving forward, I have never thought of myself as a "victim", although it's part of my history. Although it took time and work, I did not let his temporary control over me, control the outcome of my life.

Today I am blessed with a husband, who is truly my best friend, and 4 great children -- who mostly like me! My husband confided that he felt the need to say something on my behalf today, but in truth he's been there for me for over 40 years. I feel fortunate that life has been good except for a few bumps along the way.

Lastly, I want to thank all who have worked countless hours on this case and never gave up the pursuit of this predator! Thank you for caring! As for DeAngelo, I feel my best revenge is to live my life. The monster has been unmasked and is no longer of any consequence. I am leaving him behind! The nightmare has ended! He is the one forever alone in the dark!

Titled my mothers gift.

A box sits in front of you. It's a gift! She wrapped it herself. Would you like to open it? I will, but first...

I can use cuss words to demonstrate our anger, but curse words don't actually mean anything at all. I hope to contrast this approach.

There are many ways to die in this world - bike accidents, earthquakes, diseases, heart failure, cancer, etc. these are all things spent much of our time trying to avoid as different as they may be, they all have one thing in common. They don't involve dying by the hands of another. This isn't by coincidence. By default, people are loving, caring and genuinely take account the thoughts and feeling of others. This is what it's like to be human and it's minimum requirements. You however failed at every chance.

What it must be like, to be like you...

thankfully I won't ever know. What I do know is that you have managed to live a life, not worth living. That's pretty hard to do. There's thousands of ways to seek meaning and purpose and you didn't find one, just the illusion of one. Think about that for just a moment. This isn't just something clever, I've been saving for years. This is just merely an observation at this point. You managed to live a life not worth living.

Most people have the luxury of not knowing a person like you because for the most part, they don't exist. I've never anticipated saying that to anyone, in large part because it never occurred to me. This is the difference between you and the rest of the world I'm talking about. In your world of 1, thinking you had outsmarted everyone. How lonely you must be... the difference between you and everyone else.

Think of all the bad people alive today... con artists that swindling the elderly of their life savings reserved a final gift of inheritance, spouses lying about each other in court to win a child custody battle or even fraudsters creating fake charities disguised as legitimate, who rob people of their good goodwill. These are clearly some of society's worst people. Hell we would take those people every day of the week, if the world did produce a single person like you. You have managed to outrank even the worst people society has even known. Again, in a world where we strive to find meaning, you manage to squander just about every one.

Thankfully everyone, other than you has this choice. In fact, many of you will do this literally today - redefining what is important to you. Whether they opened that door years ago, or the day you die it is their control. You however have none. They have shut the door to you. The sun has set and with you in it.

You are the example of how someone could be alive, but never born. a living miscarriage - society desperately trying to abort. Even your children would want to have smothered you at birth given the right opportunity, only to be saved by the fear of resembling their father. These are not insults, just the reality you've chosen to ignore your whole life. The more you reject it, the more self deception.

You've only excelled at the one thing people don't care about.

A lot of people might wish to carry out the death penalty themselves, can't you see the sentence has

already been given? You've been robbed of your entire life, yet you too stupid to notice. You've spent your whole life, trying to gain control. There it is... Maybe that's life's meaning is pleasure. Controlling other people, given the right circumstances, is likely the only times you felt alive. Think about that for just a minute. It seems as though we could literally count the hours where you felt normal. Do you see the illusion yet? What a sad existence to pass every opportunity of meaning. Your parents didn't love you, if it seemed that way at any point, it's just because you learned the proper way to con them in to thinking someone that you were not. Every time you faked a smile, acting happy just to fit in. You are not like everyone else. Failed marriages, your kids don't love you, your neighbors hated you, you weren't even nice to the neighbors pet. What a sad life not deserved to live.

The door is knocking... death is upon you. To the people that may ask why it's taking so long?? it's because his life hasn't been worth taking.

When you look in the mirror what do you see?

Now back to my opening sentence. There is a box in front of you. Did you find out what is in it?

Do you see the gift now?

Victim Impact Statement – Kathleen Jouganatos

On April 15th, 1976 you entered the house and committed a heinous crime which became the worst experience of my life.

The innocence of a 19-year-old girl was taken away. I was a trusting, outgoing, happy person when you stepped on my soul and tried stealing everything from me. On a night that was supposed to be an uneventful evening with my fiancé while we were sleeping, you entered the home and inflicted physical pain and mental abuse to Gary and myself. It was inhumane that you were there.

After the attack I had a completely different outlook on life. I believe that my innocence and freedom of life was taken from me. I vowed to myself that night no man would ever take advantage of me physically or mentally or have me in a situation that would control my actions or my decision making for the rest of my life. During the attack I listened and obeyed trying to observe whatever I could so that I might be able to help the detectives capture the Monster, Joseph DeAngelo before he attacked any more women or men. In fact, what the Monster, DeAngelo did to me that night had an impact on me, it made me a stronger more independent Woman of the World for life.

As a result of the vicious attack I endured, I revisited that nightmare more times than anyone could imagine for years before he was arrested; and all the years to come. Every year when most people were thinking about filing their income taxes; I started thinking of how I made it through another year of being strong and living my life, making sure that I had not let him have any control of my head or the way I conducted my everyday living morals and standards. I always kept my family and friends in my thoughts and near my heart wondering if they were staying strong, or emotionally hurting as I did throughout the years but especially on that day every year. While always wondering if I should bring it to light and talk to them about it. Sometimes I did.

I always remembered that horrible night of what that Monster, had done to Gary and myself, on the morning I should have been going to work, and mailing those taxes like everyone else I was talking to Policemen and Investigators and going to the hospital. I always wondered why I was chosen; how did the Monster find me; how did he pick and choose all his victims. Over the years I came to the realization that HE thought of us as victims, **But No We are Survivors!** I realize how extremely fortunate I am to be here today unlike all his homicide victims.

I can never forget the emotional impact this attack had on so many; that morning after the attack one officers who was questioning me put his head down, as the tears started to fall, I blankly looked at him; he explained to me he was one of the officers that had patrolled the area earlier that night in hopes of preventing another attack and capturing the Monster. Being in a somewhat state of shock, I mentioned my taxes had been in the kitchen, he graciously picked them up and guaranteed me he would personally mail them.

With as much that had happened to me, I felt compassion for him for his dedication and desire to protect people's lives. I often wondered if he still thinks of that day; and if he is listening. Thank You.

Along with so many others I was ecstatic when I received word that DeAngelo had been arrested. But with the arrest my mind started running in many directions. So many memories returned with thoughts of what my future would entail. Concerns for my family and friends how they would deal with this continuing nightmare. Wanting to cooperate with all legal proceedings that would be requested from me, I realized people who had not been told would learn of this heinous crime I had gone through. For 40 years I had lived with this nightmare (as so many other victims had). I always refused to accept pity or sympathy from anyone. I do suggest to anyone who is a victim of a heinous crime, utilize the resources available to you. Accept the love and support of your family and friends and never be ashamed.

The greatest achievement I have had thus far in my life, is my Son, a fantastic, loving, and productive, successful young man now 26. As a Mother I did my best to always shield him from unnecessary pain, but after the capture I had to tell my son of this horrific event in my life. I listened to his rightful rage; and then all his and understanding support I needed followed, thank you son. Not only did the monster inflict hurt and pain on me, but he did it to all I loved 40 years ago and still to this day.

I had just begun a career with the State of California and was taking night classes at a nearby college. After the attack I took some time off from work but never returned to school. I often wondered what my life could have been, if not for that Monster's actions and for the other victims and survivors' lives that lost so much. I always believed "don't dwell on the past just move forward" and I did. I took all the negatives and tried to turn them into positives as best I could throughout my life.

I was asked how I felt about his pleas to the crimes he has been charged with. I think it is unfortunate that the Prosecutors were not able to charge him with all the Rape Cases; but I understand that to move forward and lock him up brings some closure to the horrific crimes he committed with assurances that he will never hurt anyone ever again. I think that rather than dragging out a Death Sentence Case that many of the victims may not have lived long enough to see end; knowing he is sitting in a cell taken out of society and paying for what he did to so many people, is justice for me. Knowing because of his heinous crimes helped change our Justice System's processes for Rape Victims, along with the use of DNA to help solve cases, brings some additional closure for me.

I want to thank the justice system for all the hours and dedication to this case for over 44 years. Thank you to District Attorney's office all the Investigators and Prosecutors whose diligent work made this day possible. The staff from the Victim Witness program were beyond helpful in assisting me through out these past years Thank You for all your efforts. Thank you Your Honor and all the Policeman whose lives were scarred having to deal with horrific case.

Impact Statement: Linda O'Dell

May 14, 1997 – I Survived

First, I am not the same person that I was in my 30's, 40's and 50's. Today, I forgive you and kindness is a sign of strength, not weakness. This is for me, not for you. I am practicing what my Lord and Savior did for me.

Linda O'Dell

Impact Statement: Jewell Smith

As a Christian I have forgiven him. I hope he will ask the Lord to forgive him and be sincere about it.

Your Honor,

My name is Tauni Dee and this is my impact statement.

In October of 1976, I went to bed an innocent girl. I was awakened by my dad's repeated pleas "Tauni, turn on all the lights." As I'm turning on lights, shutting and locking all doors,

I became aware that someone had come into the house, in the night, while we were sleeping, terrorizing my parents and our home, tying them up, brutally violating my precious mother, holding our family hostage. I feared for our lives I did not know if the perpetrator was in our home or if he would come back in and kill us.

I learned that night that the world was not a safe place. It was not safe to sleep in your own home with the doors locked. I lived with the fact that people, who resembled humans, had the potential to carry such morbid evil inside of them. I trusted no one, feared most everything, and I didn't sleep!

My parents moved us to a new home and divorced a few years later. They both found new spouses. My younger brother and I were pretty much on our own.

Being an A student, college was most likely in my future prior to this attack. But as it turned out, I wasn't able to.

I became a bit antisocial and took the GED, left school, and worked in a dress shop to provide for myself.

I had lost my confidence; I lost my parents. I don't blame my parents for anything. They were dealing with their own wounds.

I lost guidance, I lost the unity of family, I lost trust, I lost my dreams, I lost my innocence. I lost the ability to feel safe in the world.

Carrying on, I met a man who was fierce and strong. I thought that I could possibly sleep at night. That turned out to be wrong. For 40 years, I suffered from repeated nightmares, screaming for my mom.

In my early 30s, the sleep deprivation became intolerable. I went to my doctor and he prescribed Xanax. It was a relief to sleep. I did not know the severity of this controlled substance and the side-effects. However, I still take it to sleep.

Moving forward, I became a mother in 1987 and I loved being a mom. As time went by, I saw that I was parenting my child with my 13-year-old traumatized brain. At night, I would barricade myself in my room by placing furniture against the bedroom door. Later, my daughter started to stack her toys up in front of the door before bed. I had passed my fears on to her. The trauma didn't stop with me. I believed the worst could happen because it had.

My daughter is 33 years old now and still fearful. But she is on her own healing journey and now certified to help other trauma survivors.

The attack on my family had an enormous impact on me. It debilitated every aspect of my life. It affected my sleep, health living with the fear of being harmed or killed, my education, my ability to plan a future, to have a career, to create financial stability and have good health insurance, it made me fearful, it gave me PTSD, it exacerbated my fight or flight response, it gave me anxiety, it made me depressed, it affected my nervous system and caused adrenal and chronic fatigue, it gave me high blood pressure and high cholesterol, caused my thyroid disorder, affected my relationships, it made me afraid to leave my home, and afraid to be in my home. I haven't felt safe anywhere, I have had a severe distrust in life, lost faith in humanity, and have struggled with my spirituality. It altered my entire life. I am concerned of the long-term effects of my health.

There are more aspects to this horror story than I care to share in this statement. I can assure you my entire life was impacted with hardships and suffering.

It saddens me that I lost so many years to fear and trauma, and passed them on to my loving daughter, but I am grateful that my family survived.

I am thankful that victims of violent crimes finally get aid, that I can get the therapy I need to help heal my traumatized brain and body and hopefully live the rest of my years healthy and in some level of peace.

I am grateful for all the people who did not give up hope and their continued dedication to arrest this monstrosity of a human.

May it bring justice to the people.

Impact Statement: Sandy James

Good Afternoon Your Honor, Counsel, investigators, fellow victims

My name is Sandy James, I am the sister of Debbie Strouse Papotto, victim #26
I'm here today on behalf of my deceased sister, family, and myself.

I would like to offer our sincere gratitude to the many people involved in capturing and bringing this man to justice.

On May 7, 2016 almost two years before Joseph Deangelo was captured, my beautiful sister, Debbie passed after a 10-month battle with cancer. It saddens me to my core that my sister was not here to witness Deangelos capture and incarceration. After many decades of suffering, witnessing his capture, meeting so many other victims and survivors would have been incredibly healing for Debbie. Instead, she went to her grave still haunted by the evil monster that invaded her life.

This man, this evil monster who's name we all now know, terrorized our community causing fear and anxiety for years. I remember my father buying dead bolt locks for all the doors and windows, and searching the street and around our home each night before bed. Windows were no longer open to allow the cool evening breezes in following long hot days during summer months in Sacramento. I remember the E.A.R. (east area rapist) vehicles driving around our neighborhood as I walked home from school. While babysitting neighborhood children, every sound was amplified by the fear swirling through our community. Our German shepherd, Hoss, became my after school companion, always by my side. We were living in a horror movie everyday.

October 29, 1977 our horror movie became reality. Before this day, JJD, the evil monster had stalked my sister for weeks, if not months. I believe he entered her first home where he stole a couple items, increasing an already fearful time.

My sister, Debbie and her husband had just moved into a new home, the first in her cul-de-sac.

This evil monster entered their home while they were away, leaving himself several options for re-entering later.

In the dark of the night, like the pathetic creep he is, invaded my sister and her husbands home. My sister was raped repeatedly, terrorized, and threatened for hours. At times, Deangelo presented himself as the tough evil monster, while in an instant, cowering, running through her home yelling to his mommy he was sorry, and why was she (mommy) making him do this. Deangelo ate, drank, and stole items, including her wedding ring, and birthstone ring given to her by our parents. A year after the brutal attack, Debbie began getting phone calls with heavy breathing, and evil threats.

The day after the attack: I awoke to voices, my sister, and my brother in-law at the time, my mom, my dad. Instantly, I knew something was terribly wrong. As I slowly

made my way toward their voices, I was horrified by what I saw. My sister was white as a ghost, her wrists and ankles were red and swollen, her eyes too, red and swollen, her body covered in black fingerprint dust, an image that continues to haunt me.

The thing Deangelo stole that night, never to be restored, was my sister and who she was before this horrific night. Deangelo stole Debbie's sense of safety, feeling secure, and her happy free spirit. My sister, Debbie was never the same. As Debbie tried to recover from her worst nightmare come true, she struggled with her sense of self, her relationships suffered. Debbie lived with constant fear, always wondering, was "he" living nearby, was he in her grocery store, was he at the concert, the theme park, parties, the movie theatre. Where was this monster?

Debbie worried the monster was coming for our mom, and myself. He had threatened to the night he invaded her life.

When the neighbor living behind my parents and my home was robbed with only a single ring stolen, Debbie felt it was a message that my mom and I were next.

This invasion from this evil monster affected our whole family in horrifying ways. My parents, myself, Debbie's children, my children, aunts, uncles, cousins, friends, but none as severely as my dear sister for the torture she endured physically and mentally.

Deangelos actions are so far reaching and no punishment 40+ years later will be enough to rectify the harm he has caused for our family, and many more!!

I hold you, JJD responsible for my sister's untimely death. Debbie died of esophageal cancer-the center of your throat/chest where you stifle your voice, and hold deep dark worries.

Through the years paranoia set in for Debbie, controlling her thoughts. Imagine never feeling a sense of safety and peace, your thoughts continually haunting you, and chipping away at your sole and happiness. Relationships suffered.

Just know that, as awful as it sounds, Debbie did rise above in many forms. She had four beautiful children who were the light of her life and she loved fiercely, she had many dear friends, she held a job she loved. Our family had its struggles, but never stopped loving one another!

Indelible emotional scars are what we have left. There are not enough ugly words to describe you, Joseph Deangelo. I don't believe you have a sole, but if there is a sliver of one somewhere in there, I hope it pains you knowing your children, grandchildren, friends (if you had any) now know the evil monster you are, and the betrayals you thrust upon their lives. Your family is also your victims. You are judged on Earth, but more importantly, by God. I always knew you were a coward, but now the world knows what a truly pathetic coward you are! What made you think you had the right to implode so many lives because yours was filled with mommy issues, body image (small penis), and a sad pathetic existence?

You are a coward with no sole, no human decency. True Evil!

I believe in God, and your sorry, pathetic self; JJD will meet your judgment day soon.
When you see a beautiful angel with wings helping to escort your evil self to the
flames of Hell...THAT'S MY SISTER!!

Mother of Debbie - Papotto, Dolly Kreis' Victim Statement

I am Debbie Strouse-Papotto's mother. She was the 32nd victim of a cowardly monster whom we have come to know as you, Joseph DeAngelo. On October 29th, 1977, in the dead of night, uninvited evil entered my daughter's home, with the intention of committing havoc. This monster had his face covered and had weapons. He had a gun, a knife, a bright flashlight, that was used to blind his unsuspecting victims along with a supply of shoe laces, intended to further render his victims incapacitated. He spent hours reigning his terror through threats & unspeakable abuse. He would leave his victim shaking in fright while he went to the kitchen to eat, only to return and then the abuse & vileness would start again. As a mother, I have often thought, how aggrieved this monster's mother must be. After all, as mothers, we want to be proud of our children.

Many years past, without much hope of finding out who this monster was. Thanks to the diligence of our law enforcement and to the competency of the District Attorney's involved in this case, this monster was outsmarted. Today, is a day of celebration and of healing. Although My daughter passed away in 2016, she was a survivor. Because she left a legacy of kindness, love and charity. She especially demonstrated those characteristics through caring for the under-served and those who were less fortunate. Her children and grandchildren are left with the memory of a fair and just person. The legacy you will leave for your children & grandchildren is one of a serial murderer, a serial rapist, a serial thief and a serial terrorist. Unlike your victims whose pleas for their lives were ignored, your plea was granted. How sad! What a despicable piece of humanity you are. Today, Joseph DeAngelo, you have been defeated!

Aunt of Debbie Strouse-Papotto , Erma Nordine's Victim Statement

Today, I am looking EVIL in the face. Yet the sentence imposed on you is a mere pittance of the sentence you imposed on my niece, Debbie Strouse-Papotto. Her prison had no bars yet her prison cell, in which she lived out her life, was, at times, more restrictive than the one in which you will live out your sorry, miserable life. You exerted power over her and made her fear you. You no longer have any power. You were just an ordinary coward. You used a gun and a knife; a flashlight and shoelaces and only under the darkness of night you overpowered before you, yourself could be overpowered. How pathetic to use your training as a peace officer to take advantage of good people and commit horrible crimes. Many people have wondered why one would do such shameful deeds. That question remains unanswered! Jesus said "For what comes out of a man, comes from his heart. That is what makes him unclean." You, Joseph DeAngelo, are unclean. Since you have no remorse, you shall remain unclean!

Today is about us, not you. Because goodness & light has overcome your evilness & darkness. You are powerless and insignificant. A mere speck in this room, filled with brightness & goodness. You will never cast a shadow of hatred or reign terror again. It is, indeed, a good day!

Impact Statement: Courtney

My mother Debbie Strouse and Father Robert Strouse were the 26th victims of this evil man. I was born 3 years after the brutal attack, I grew up in a house where my parents hardly ever got along. I can remember at 3 years old them fighting from different rooms and telling me to go tell my father or my mother what the other had to say. When I was 6 years old I remember my father sticking a shotgun in his mouth and telling me to go tell my mom if she did not stop screaming he was going to shoot himself. My mother would have bouts of depression and never leave her room for a week at a time. Things that would happen like a child cutting their hair would turn into an all-out breakdown. My mother would get up several times a night to check the locks and to look in on us and stick her finger under our noses to make sure we were still breathing. I don't believe my mother had much sleep since her rape happened. She was always looking over her shoulder, she always believed someone was watching her. There was always some invisible Boogeyman but who I did not know. I never understood why any of that happened, was it my fault, was it something I did. When I was 10 my parents divorced both of them fell apart but my mother especially. She was terrified of being home alone. There was always some noise she heard the night before and couldn't sleep so I had to get up and take care of what needed to be taken care of. I had to take care of the disciplining of both my brother and sister because she had no will anymore to do so. When I started developing and turning into a woman every time I would leave the house there was always a comment on what I was wearing. It was either too tight, too low cut, or too revealing and I was going to get raped. For someone who's 12 to hear that no matter what they wore or did they were going to get raped it's hard to understand. My mother and I also had a very codependent relationship, at a very young age I understood that I had to be her protector, that she was very fragile and her feelings could turn at a moment's notice. For 16 years of my life I had no idea why my mother or my father for that matter were the way that they were. When I was 16 my mother sat me down and told me the story of the East area rapist, something I'd never heard about before. I was astonished, emotional and irrational for a moment in my head I even thought, is there a possibility I could be his child? Rational thinking of course there was no way being that it was three years before I was born. My mother told me that day that when he was caught she was going to be there, she was going to look him in the eye and she was going to testify to all the horrible things that he had done to her to my father and to her family. Unfortunately my mother did not get to see her day in court, she died the day before Mother's Day in 2016. My mother had to deal with many demons that he left behind but she was a survivor, she lived a full life. She had four children, a loving family and many friends. My aunt, grandma and I are here today speaking for her because we knew how important it was for her to have her voice heard. It disgusts me that this man got to live his life 40 years without punishment. Watching his children grow, watching his grandchildren grow, and living a life. Now no matter how long his sentence may be he won't have to serve much, but it gives me a small sense of peace knowing that there's a special corner of hell that he will live in for eternity.

Impact Statement: Robert Strouse

Our lives were forever changed that night. We were newlywed. She was a shy naive 22 year-old that up until that night felt safe with me. Never again would she feel safe with me or anybody else. She lived in total fear of your return. She blamed me for failing her. I loved her more than anybody before her, mother father sister or brothers. The guilt I felt crushed me. I couldn't do anything to help her so I enabled her destructive behavior. It effected our lives and our children, and our extended family. I lost the love of my life and believe the rape contributed to her ultimate demise from stomach cancer. I hope you suffer every day until you die alone in prison.

Impact Statement: Kenneth Smith

Your Honor,

My family and I and many other families are all here to see the terror and evil that DeAngelo brought to so many finally come to an end. We can all start to put this horrible ordeal into its final stage of healing.

He robbed my sister Katie and brother in-law Brian of their young lives. He took away their chance to have a family of their own. He took my brother Keith's family's chance to know and love their Aunt and Uncle. He took away my wife and children's and grandchildren's chance to know and love them. His mistake was he has no idea how much Katie and Brian were loved. They've remained alive in all our hearts.

I learned something else. My sister Katie had just turned twenty just four days before he killed her in cold blood. And in those twenty short years she touched so many others, not just our family with her love and kindness. I've found out that so many others have kept her in their hearts the whole forty-two years since he took her life. So you see, Katie and Brian were special and we all loved them so much. You have hurt our family and so many other families so much but now that part is over. You no longer live in the shadows, we all know who you are.

So, he can stop his silly little act of being weak and feeble and pay for what he did. He's not important. We'll remember Katie and Brian for the rest of our lives but after he is sentenced, he will be a nobody. He's not worth any more of my family's time.

People like to say that now we can have closure. To me closure means there's an end. There's no closure for us as nothing changes. It doesn't bring Katie or Brian back. I guess it does bring closure for him as it is the end for him. He can't hurt anyone again.