

Impact Statement: Gladys R.

According to wikipedia, I am victim number 43, I prefer to think of myself as survivor number 43. I chose to make a statement today because I survived your attack on me in December 9th of 1978. After you raped me, you left me powerless - bound hand and foot & blindfolded. 40 plus years later, it is now you that is shackled and handcuffed, powerless with no control over your life. You left me blindfolded, today my eyes are wide open and I see you and for the monster that you are. You took my driver's license but you did not take my identity; you took jewelry from me but you did not take anything of real value - you did not take my resilience, my strength my friends or my family. You left me broken and alone, but here I stand. I survived and thrived because of the love and support of friends and family, for which I can never thank them enough.

My next door neighbor rode in the police car with me to the hospital for an examination, body fingerprinting and to collect DNA. My friend who is here today, went to the house where the horror had taken place to pickup clothes and personal things for me to wear after the hospital visit. She took me to her home to stay as long as I needed. She rode BART with me so that I did not have to be afraid to go to work although she had no reason to go to the City except to make sure I was OK. The rapist knew who I was; I did not know who he was and that haunted me. She helped me not only to function but to laugh again. She's been with me from the time I left the hospital until the sentencing - what a friend-thank you.

Now here we are - all strong women, not victims, having our say to a madman.

As for the depraved one here, he no longer is in control nor does he have any power over me; and he has no control over any part of his own life.

I will not devote any more words or thoughts to the a worthless scum who could do such despicable things.

I'm moving forward.

Impact Statement: Jenine C.

Thoughts

~~John Doe #9 / Jane Doe #10~~ 3/11/19

On an October evening in 1978 our lives went from the task and concerns for being a responsible/caring parent of a 1 year, concerns for career and life direction to a fight for our lives and the survival of our family. It would change how we looked at our world. Where might we go to be safe and how would we respond to the trauma of personal violation, sexual and physical assault, and personal humiliation. There would be questions of who we could trust and if we had done something to bring this upon ourselves? What could we have done differently? Who would do this and why? How would we close our eyes at night, now knowing that being vulnerable could cost us our lives and the lives of those we loved?

I struggled with the personal guilt of should I have done more to protect my wife-our family. Was I a coward for not responding more aggressively, un-predictably or was I an example of self-control, discipline, doing what I needed to do moment by moment to stay alive and keep my family alive? Why wasn't I more observant of my surroundings. Why couldn't I remember the license plate of the vehicle on the side of the house?

I struggled with nightmares of violent, brutal acts that I wanted to inflict on this cowardly individual. I felt hate that I had never known and wanted him to suffer and feel my pain. It was pure evil!

^{We}
~~John Doe #9 / Jane Doe #10~~ struggled as a couple and nearly lost our marriage-we were two wounded people attempting to find a way to heal, support and love each other when each was trying to reconcile their own anger, fear, emotional and physical trauma. We each met with psychologist's in an attempt to work thru our issues. We struggled, got alarm systems, didn't go to bed without checking behind doors and in closets. We knew that we couldn't stay in the home where we were traumatized so I took a job in Fresno where we moved hoping to close this terrible chapter in our lives.

We were committed and determined not to let these hours in October 1978 define who we were and what we were to become. With continued spiritual work, periods of counseling, many self-help books and couple's workshops in combination with the tincture of time the pain was not as intense. The nightmares weren't as frequent, and we were able to continue with what I would consider a healthy and normal life.

However, our family was forever changed- my sister won't go to bed without checking her doors and making sure she's not followed home. My niece won't keep her drapes open on the first floor because she's afraid of an intruder and yes, we still have an alarm system in our new home, I check doors before bed and look behind doors and in closets. I have a shotgun under my bed and I run simulations of what I would do during the night if "he" were to come back.

Forty years later I wonder what we were meant to learn from this experience. How blessed we are to be alive. What does it mean to forgive ourselves and other's? What does it mean to be Christian- to "turn the other cheek?" If we are all created in God's image- how do I find that image in Mr. DeAngelo. If God is present in each of us, how can someone be so evil? I'm sure that those hours in October did not define me or my family but it did change us, our view of the world and a deep realization of what evil the human spirit is capable of.

Impact Statement: Michelle Ineson

On October 28, 1978 I was Twenty-Three years old, married with a Three year old son. People knew me well at that time tell me I was energetic, bright, curious, hardworking and conscientious. I don't remember much about that person. That night I met Joseph James DeAngelo, the perpetrator of these horrific crimes against so very many victims of which I am one and my life...my world changed permanently. Probably one of our most fundamental and primal fears is of the "boogieman" who attacks one in the middle of the night while you are asleep. That is what this perpetrator did to me. On the night I was attacked by him, I was awakened and thrust into a nightmare. It was a nightmare of fear and violence and I believed with every fiber of my being that my nightmare would end that night in my death.

Well, I did not die that night but my nightmare that began that night has never ended. I was attacked and victimized in the most horrific and intimately personal of ways that night. After several hours the attack ended and this perpetrator disappeared back into the night from whence he came. However my victimization has continued for Forty-One years and Ten months.

There are large constant factors that are always with me, my inability to sleep at night without medication and, often a light on. Even then I have difficulty sleeping through the night and some nights are entirely sleepless. It is difficult for me to trust other people. I struggle to establish and maintain normal relationships. My self esteem is abysmally low. I find it extremely difficult to be optimistic in virtually every situation and circumstance. My father may he rest in peace and I were very close. We shared a love of water skiing...that was my thing...my hobby. My father started me water skiing at Three years old. The night that this perpetrator violently attacked me he mentioned seeing me at "the lake" and that I "looked good". After that night I have never water skied again. My favorite hobby, one that I shared with my beloved father stopped that abruptly. Meanwhile the perpetrators chosen hobby of murder, rape and burglary continued unabated for years. He destroyed my life and continued on his crime spree without missing a

beat. Where is the justice in that? I had a close relationship with my son who was Three years old when I was attacked. After the attack that relationship deteriorated resulting in years of estrangement and near estrangement.

Over the years I have often thought about a day like this. What do I want out of this? What do I want this perpetrator's punishment to be? Is there a penalty...a punishment that could satisfactorily address the horrible crimes committed by Mr. DeAngelo against myself and his numerous other victims. I doubt that. Perhaps the most I or any of this man's victims can hope for is that he be put away to never harm another person, put away to be excluded from the privileges of living in our civilized society. At minimum this man does not deserve to live among us, to thrive among us, to ride his motorcycle or enjoy a delicious pot roast whenever he has the inclination to do so. He deserves nothing. I may never be the bright, curious, energetic young mother whose life, dreams and future were stolen from her almost Forty-Two years ago but, I will have a life and I will do everything in my power to make the rest of my life a good life. A happy, productive, fulfilling life in which hopefully I can regain my capacities of enjoyment, optimism and deriving of pleasure.

It disturbs me greatly that this man...this monster has lived the overwhelming majority of his life without paying any penalty for his inhuman and monstrous conduct and crimes. What I hope to achieve when I leave here today is for me to stop bearing that penalty. Mr. DeAngelo has been a spectre haunting my thoughts and dreams continuously since he attacked me so many years ago. When I leave here my hope is that any thoughts of this man will wither and die in my mind just as he will wither away, be forgotten and eventually die inside the confines of the California Department of Corrections. I will continue with my therapy and my efforts to establish a semblance of control in my life and my greatest prayer is that neither I nor any of this man's victims will ultimately be defeated by him or the horrors he visited upon us.

Your Honor I am aware that a plea agreement is in place and this perpetrator's punishment is entirely within your purview. If what I want and feel has any importance to you however, I would respectfully ask that you consider sending him to the California State Penitentiary at Pelican Bay, California. Sending him away from the centers of our society to the dismal isolation of Pelican Bay where he will be not only out of sight but, hopefully out of mind as well would be a great healing blessing not only to myself but also to most of his other victims with whom I am in touch. In closing, I thank you your Honor and I thank this Court for the opportunity to address the Court.

Contra Costa

Berwert

My name is Mary Berwert. On behalf of myself and my family, both living and departed, and from the bottom of my heart, I want to thank the dedicated professionals whose relentless pursuit of justice resulted in the capture of the person I used to refer to as "That Man". The man we now know as Joseph James DeAngelo.

I'm forever grateful to all of those involved in making it possible to bring him to justice, so he can be held accountable for all of these crimes, even those outside the statute of limitations.

I'll start by saying the impact? It doesn't go away, we live with it. It moves in and out of the blind spots and the rear-view mirror of our lives going forward, it's always there.

I want to share the thoughts of a 13-year-old Mary and bring you up to date with the 54-year-old Mary.

When I was 13 years old, my father, my sister and I lived in Walnut Creek.

On June 25th, 1979, at 4 AM, Joseph James DeAngelo forced his way into my life, and into my room. A child's room, with my hand-painted pictures of hearts and rainbows, with unicorn mobiles hanging from the ceiling, and handwritten quotes about love and kindness on the walls.

He raped me, he stole my innocence and my security.

That night after I broke the ties on my legs, I ran to my father's room with my hands still tied behind my back. "Daddy, I've been raped!"

He flew out of his bed. He started crying. I'd never seen my father cry before. He called the police. I was taken to the hospital.

No 13 year old should have to find out what a rape kit is. And then—it turned out I was ovulating, so steps were taken to prevent pregnancy.

My home was a crime scene, so I was taken from the hospital to my Mom's house, where a string of people continued to ask me embarrassing and horrifying questions.

My family could not hide the agony on their faces when they looked at me. It wasn't my fault, and I knew that. But I also knew that the sight of me caused my family pain.

There are things you can't unsee.

Eventually that night they took me back home. I went in to kiss my dad goodnight, and I asked him if I could sleep with the lights on. His voice cracked when he told me yes.

He'd already installed locks on my bedroom door.

For years I slept with the lights on. I would get out of bed repeatedly to doublecheck the locks. I would wake up every morning at 4AM, would check the locks, and wait for daylight.

When summer was over and Eighth Grade began, I would get ready for school and leave the house. As soon as I stepped out the door, I felt a neon sign was shining on my forehead. RAPED! And I couldn't turn it off.

So I had to be brighter than that light. I went to school trying to prove that I was no different than I had ever been.

Dad tried to return my life to normal; he devoted more time to me. I was a cheerleader; he was a cheerleader dad. He painted the house a different color, he changed the landscaping, he put extra security locks on all the doors, but nothing could fix it. I didn't feel safe there.

Cheerleading helped, my friends helped, they took me on vacations, and had me stay with them at their homes.

Anything so that I could be Mary, the normal 13-year-old, and not The Girl Who Was Raped.

My dad and I were proud of my sister when she joined the Navy, but that left just my dad and I in the house. And I didn't want to spend time there.

I transferred to a different high school district to start fresh. I figured the more people I met, the more friends I had that DIDN'T know, would add up and eventually outnumber the friends that DID. I kept my old friends and I made new ones. I have a lot of friends!

My dad was there for me, he was all in! He supported me, encouraged me, he was my biggest fan, he was my compass.

Two days before my sixteenth birthday, on April 15th, 1982, I found my father in his bed, dead from a massive heart attack. He was 49 years old. I believe he died of a broken heart. If only I hadn't been raped, I thought, my father would still be alive. "That Man" killed him slowly.

My mother moved back home. She had been sober for five years and now it was just us. Inside though, I felt broken. I'd been left to move on without my strongest supporter, thinking to myself I was not important enough and I really didn't matter. I was somehow unworthy.

But I had my mom and my sister, and an extended family of friends, mentors, and teachers. This was my Army.

In my twenties I worked in retail, always wondering if I would run into him, and not know it. I began drinking and partying.

In my thirties I struggled with long-term relationships.

~~I'm still unmarried and I have no family of my own. But~~ I have a family that goes beyond bloodlines—I have an Army.

In my forties, I had learned that a task force had been put in place to solve the case, but the clock had run out for me at forty, ~~and he would never be tried for my rape.~~

Justice would not include me.

Then I spoke with Detective Paul Holes. He knew my case, he was working on it. We spoke several times and he gave me hope that That Man would be caught.

One week after my 52nd birthday, on April 24th, 2018, he was captured. I would become consumed with the details of my assault. I now had to see them through adult eyes. The darkness and pain was overwhelming.

I reached my lowest point at 53 and I had to make a change. I ended my drinking career and am now stronger and in a better place with a clear head.

Then on June 1st of this year, I got a call from the DA's office, telling me that That Man was going to admit to my crime. A weight was lifted. I didn't realize how heavy it was until it was gone. I'd been carrying it for over 40 years.

Finally, I can go forward. I have the Justice I have been waiting so long for. I never thought I would get it.

I have the full second half of my life ahead of me, and I am here!

However, 13-year old Mary needed justice. If only back then someone could have said to me with confidence that one day he would be caught, one day he would be held accountable for his crimes against me. I can't help but think what a difference that could have made for my past and my future.

Thank you.

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Letters of Support Michelle Ineson

Conrad Cosh Also attached above

Dear Love, Dear Family,

We will talk. You know I hurt for you. And I feel bloodlust. We will talk.

Here is what I know about my cousin Michelle.

I remember you from the time you asked for Hershey's syrup so your Rice Krispy's could be Cocoa Puffs. I was four or five. I was in awe.

You were the coolest member of the tribe. The most worldly/street wise. Like a grownup ahead of your time. Forthright, honest, candid, frank - to the point of the occasional reprimand - which you not so much suffered as ate up with a spoon made of stoic stubbornness. Deterred you were not. You were never satisfied with "Because..." You asked questions. You were always, as my Dad would say, true to your self - and I would add with pride, respect, and admiration - not shy about who heard about it. You were an adventure in motion and I always looked forward to seeing you. You tried stuff. You were unafraid. I was crushed when we only got you half the time. You were The One I related to. You affirmed the rebel in me, the questions I had for "authority". You were a littler larger than life and louder too - in the very best, very most fun way possible. You were COLOR TV. You were part Mary Tyler Moore and part Grace Slick. Ever since I can remember I could have told anyone who asked that my cousin Michelle is tougher than nails. There is a saying I like...Adversity not only builds character, it measures it. Honey, in your case, you got measured earlier and more often than seems fair and still I do not remember you ever showing up without that huge smile and infectious laugh. You stayed in touch. You stayed a part of us. You refused to let "us" get lost. And if I had to bet I would bet that was not easy. I also remember smart as a whip. If you were going to tell my cousin what to do you better have good reasons and the ability to string them together. Another impression - fiercely strong, protective, and loyal - applied to everyone and both sides. Proud and supportive. And did I mention *cool as hell*.

Now, I will never know the effect of your experience. I am however certain that regardless what it left behind - the Michelle I know today, and all the beautiful iterations of Michelle in between emerged from that horrible experience more of all the things I remember. More of all the things I just typed.

So much so I would say that whatever changed, whatever scar remained, however profound, they have been reduced to mere footnotes in the life of the little girl who became the woman that embodies all the very best parts of what she always was. You have grown into who you always were, who you were always going to be, and much like your Hershey Rice Krispy's you were never gonna have it any other way.

AND, I could whip you for not telling me. Remember this going forward - family doubles your joy in the sharing of it, and also cleaves by half the travails...please don't go through them without us ever again!

With all that I am,
Michael Lane



Michelle <mineson77@gmail.com>

(no subject)

1 message

sacca521@aol.com <sacca521@aol.com>

Sat, Jul 25, 2020 at 2:15 PM

Reply-To: sacca521@aol.com

To: "mineson77@gmail.com" <mineson77@gmail.com>

To whom it may concern,

I met Michelle in high school. Over the next 10+ years we remained close friends and she even married a friend of mine. Michelle was a very outgoing person over the years, until one fateful night that changed everything. That was the night Michelle was raped by a coward. I would of said a man, but a real man would not have to use a gun to rape her and terrorize her husband and son.

From that day forward Michelle was changed from a trusting, fun, outgoing person, to someone that started to turn inward and be paranoid of people she didn't know. Michelle was always looking over her shoulder to see if she saw the scum that did this to her, even though she never saw his face. All this led up to her getting a divorce.

Soon after I moved away and we drifted apart. I moved back a few years later, but had trouble finding Michelle. Finally, with the help of social media I found my friend. Michelle was still haunted by that one night, but was a little more outgoing now. Over the next few years we stayed in touch. Than one day it happened, the coward was finally caught.

Since then we both watched the trial go forward and waited for the the verdict. GUILTY!!

Now, maybe Michelle can sleep a little sounder knowing the the cowered will never see freedom again. I hope that you enjoy the same prison that Michelle has had to live with over the past 40 years.

As for me, I hope you rot in Hell.

Keith Cimino