

Count 4 – Debra Alexandra Manning, by Natasha Holliday and Roseanne Howard

Doctor Debra Alexandria Manning was our best friend. The three of us met at the Veteran's Administration Hospital and Children's Hospital of Boston where Ali, as she liked to be called, was finishing her neuropsychology internship. She had the gift of intuition that served her patients well. Ali was beautiful and brilliant – she brought joy and healing energy wherever she went. On December 30, 1979, Joseph James D'Angelo ended Ali's life, a life that gave so much hope and so much light.

In the early morning hours D'Angelo broke in while she slept. Ali was tightly bound, brutally raped, and then turned face down on the bed. He proceeded to murder her with two close range shots to the back of her head. Her boyfriend, Robert Offerman, was found on the floor beside the bed with his body bludgeoned, beaten, and shot four times. Impervious to the carnage and killings D'Angelo bizarrely ate their leftover Christmas turkey and burglarized the condo.

On the Thursday night before her death, Ali called us and said, "I feel like I am being followed. I have Bob's big yellow Mercedes parked at the front door. It is like a large yellow lion protecting me." The next day at lunch with her lawyer, Ali wrote out a holographic will on her napkin. In less than 48 hours she was dead. We often wondered whether Ali would be alive today if only we had insisted that she call the police to report a stalker. Perhaps she would be married with children and grandchildren and have an accomplished professional record – with published journal articles and books. Instead her vibrant life lay wasted by the obsessive madness of Joseph James D'Angelo, a man we find hard to forgive.

Ali is not here to speak, but we, Rosanne Howard and Natasha Holiday, are here to provide a statement on her behalf. Almost 41 years later the sordid, tortured and violent circumstances under which our dear friend died continues to haunt us. We miss Ali. While we have grown our own families and had our own professional accomplishments, Ali was denied those opportunities. Her future was stolen. We regularly miss her friendship in our lives, and her presence around our children and grandchildren.

Ali's death not only reached deep into our lives, but cut across the Santa Maria community of her patients, friends, and mother causing her mental and physical demise. When going through her family therapy office after her murder, we found her patients' heartfelt letters and drawings as a testament to how her patients valued her. Her vulnerable patients, some whom were children, were left to cope with Ali's horrific rape

and murder. Their doctor of light and hope, and our best and loving friend, was gone forever.

In closing, thank you to those who never gave up on their pursuit of justice: the North and South California police, the journalists and the bloggers who kept the public eye focused on the case, and the prosecutors in the North and South District Attorney Offices of California and their staff. Finally, we would like to acknowledge the strength and courage of all the survivors and their families and partners who came forward with their testimony. You are all real heroes.

Thank you,

Rosanne Howard

Natasha Holiday, Ph.D.

Greg Sanchez, Count 7

Read by Bryan Sanchez, Nephew of Greg Sanchez

Long before COVID-19, the virus presented in court today infected the lives of our family and community.

14,256. That is the number of sunrises that you have seen but Greg Sanchez and Cheri Domingo have not. You have taken these two beautiful lives in the most unfathomable and brutal way. You watched them ... you followed them ... you planned you plotted and then you brutalized and EXECUTED them. It is by the grace of god that Cheri's daughter, Debbie was not home at the time you slithered in and savagely took their lives.

You have tortured the parents and families of these two HUMAN BEINGS for 39 years and 21 days. Now it is our turn to see that JUSTICE is done and that you will NEVER harm another person in your abysmal life. All of our lives were forever changed the day YOU decided to commit these heinous acts of violence.

Greg's mother Palmita later in life could not remember that he had passed. She would ask where her Gregory was and we could not answer her ... EACH DAY the same question and then the blank stare when all we could say is that he is resting in Heaven

Our memories of Greg will NOT be tarnished by the acts of a sadistic man but by the love we all have for him in our hearts. Greg was in his prime at 27 with all his dreams ahead of him. Greg will always be remembered for having a big presence and smile that filled the room.

My name is David Scott Domingo. I'm the son of Cheri Domingo, who was raped and beaten to death by Joseph James DeAngelo, Jr., on July 27, 1981.

This statement is my one chance to tell the court, in my own words, how my life has been affected by DeAngelo's sadistic murder of my mother. But candidly, even though I've had 39 years to sort it out, I still don't really understand how I've been affected, because it's been extremely difficult for me to process.

Until June 2018, I really felt no confidence at all that my mom's killer would ever be found and prosecuted. I just felt futility about the whole thing. That was compounded by other factors that made it hard to talk about with other people.

Even in the two years since DeAngelo was caught, I have been reluctant to delve into the facts of my mom's death or my feelings about it. But I know that making this statement is an important part of administering justice, and it's done me some good already to think through this and at least begin to acknowledge some of the impacts that I'm aware of.

Joseph DeAngelo brutalized and murdered my mother, Cheri Domingo, and her boyfriend, Greg Sanchez, when I was 14.

I was sheltered from some of the immediate effects of the crime. I had been living hundreds of miles away from Goleta, with my dad and our blended family, and on the night it happened, I was halfway across the country, having a carefree summer vacation with my stepmom and stepbrothers.

I heard about the murders in a phone call from my dad. I remember him telling me that there were police outside my mom's house, and two people dead inside the house. He also said "I wish I could be there to hug you." He didn't actually say who was dead, because at that point nobody knew for sure. But we all assumed it was Mom and Greg. My stepmom, June, found out at the same time I did, in the same way. She walked to me, crying, and she just hugged me.

I wanted to cry, but nothing came out. I went outside by myself for a long time and continued trying to feel something, but there was nothing except shock, I guess. And since then,

every time I have allowed myself to think about the details of DeAngelo's attack on my mom and Greg, and the way they suffered, I have reacted pretty much the same way I did then – no tears, just shock. I have cried very few times in my life since 1981, over this or anything else.

Back home, no one in my community knew about the incident or my connection to it. If I wanted any of my friends to understand what I was dealing with, I had to tell them myself. After a few of those kinds of conversations, I found it was just too rough on me and on the people I told. The things DeAngelo did were too vile to talk about with other teenagers. So I stopped talking about it then, when it would have done the most good, and I have hardly talked about it with anyone since.

Shock, futility, and secrecy. Those are the impacts that I've been dealing with, day to day, for 39 years. And those dysfunctions have made it difficult for me to acknowledge an even bigger impact: the loss of my mother. But this is one day when I'm definitely going to acknowledge it.

I would like to tell you about my mother – from the perspective of the teenage boy I was when I last saw her. My mom was a new single parent at that time, but she was handling it well, and she never eased up on the affirmation and affection. She kept calling me Sugar Bear even though I felt I had outgrown that. She encouraged me to do things I was into – like draw cartoons and play in band. She gave me a lot of freedom to roam around town and goof off with my friends or to just be alone, but she stayed accessible to me and listened to me and consoled me when I needed it. She had impeccable style and bought me great clothes that I was not embarrassed to wear! And she invested time in Debbi and me – hanging out and listening to records with us at home, including us in get-togethers with Greg and his family and other friends of hers, taking us on trips to cool places up and down the coast, and taking us to movies and out for really good food *all the time*.

That's the beautiful person, the loving mom, that DeAngelo took from me when he murdered Cheryl Grace Smith Domingo. And he didn't just take her from *me*. There are many

others who have been affected by her death and by Greg's – some affected much worse than I was – whose statements the court will not get to hear.

I don't believe in supernatural things. I don't believe there is a hell for Joseph DeAngelo to suffer in when he eventually dies. I don't believe there is a heaven where the people *he* made to suffer can have a second life full of joy, and free of pain and grief. And I don't believe that the horrific things he did 'happened for a reason.' They were part of DeAngelo's sick plan and nobody else's. I say this not to disparage anyone's more optimistic worldview, but to assert that from my perspective the only justice I'm ever going to get, related to the torture and murder of my mother, is the justice that happens in this life, imperfect as it will have to be.

That's why I'm so thankful to be here this week to witness the sentencing of my mother's killer. I'm beyond grateful to everyone who has had a part in investigating DeAngelo's crimes, and in finding him, arresting him, and prosecuting him. And I thank the court for allowing survivors to help dispense justice this week by making sure the last words DeAngelo hears outside of prison are damning and memorable.

Impact Statement: Count 6 – Cheri Domingo

My name is Debbi Domingo McMullan and I am the surviving daughter of Cheri Domingo, murdered 7/27/81 by Joseph James DeAngelo, Jr.

I am speaking here today, not directly to DeAngelo or for his benefit. I am here today to have on the record, the repercussions that his actions have had on my life. Maybe you, Judge Bowman, or you, my fellow Survivors, will understand. Maybe some of you, the public who hear this- either now or later- will be able to get a slightly clearer glimpse into what survivors of murdered victims endure.

I will not speak just about my own experiences, but to honor the memories of Cheri Domingo and Greg Sanchez. Mom was only 35 when she died, but she was energetic and stylish, and strangers often took us for sisters. Greg was even younger, just 27, with a quick wit, stunning good looks, and a charming smile. He was always busy doing something productive and fun. Fixing up his old '57 Chevy, playing softball with his brothers, mixing recordings of our favorite popular dance music. These two people created the easy-listening soundtrack that still plays in my head and my heart. I cherish the reflections of a time when there was always sunshine and music, even when things weren't perfect. Mom and Greg were two remarkable young, vibrant people who were denied the opportunity to even be breathing today.

When I sat down to write this statement, my first instinct was to document the ups & downs my life has taken in the nearly 40 years since the homicides. It seemed a daunting task. Only now am I realizing the magnitude of the impact that losing my mother and her sweet boyfriend, in such a violent way had, on my young life and on my view of the world.

When I took my first steps toward the yellow crime scene tape around our house in 1981, I knew my life was changing. You can't be stopped by police and yellow tape and not be stunned. It was surreal, almost like slow-motion, but over in a flash. Life would never be the same, but I was only 15 years old, and unable to truly grasp that concept.

My Mom, and my beloved Greg, were dead. The house looked picture perfect from the outside. But I was told that on the inside, the scene was grizzly. I was not permitted back into the house. Ever. Not to look for my cat. Not to pack my bedroom. Not to verify for myself that what the police said had happened was even true. I didn't realize it then, but I had watched my Mom and Greg dance, carefree across our living room, for the last time.

The next few hours and days were bizarre. I called my Dad, who lived several hours away. I called my maternal grandmother, out of state. And I talked to the police. I was a fragile teenager whose world had just been turned upside down, but I had to answer questions from a stranger in a polygraph examination.

"Do you know who killed your mother?"

No.

"Did you kill your mother?"

(Oh, God, are they really asking me this?)

No.

I helped the police sort out which items from the home stayed in the house, and which I would take to my new home at Dad's. I attended a memorial service for my Mom at our church. I'm sure there must've been a service for Greg too, but I don't remember having the chance to really say goodbye to his parents or brothers. There's always been an emptiness in my heart from that lingering loss. Not just of Greg, but of his beautiful family as well.

Within just a few days I said goodbye to my friends and left for Southern California, where we had Mom's funeral and interment. I have the guest books from both of her services, but no clear memories of those, or of her burial. Oddly, I do remember helping my grandfather pick out her casket and helping my grandmother design and order her headstone. I remember how devastated they both were, having to bury their own child.

I turned 16 a few days after Mom was buried. There was a small impromptu party, at a pizza place, I think, but I don't really remember that either.

In the mix of it all, I recall feeling lost, but I also remember being so thankful that I had a safe place to land. I had already lived, from time to time, with my Dad & stepmom in San Diego. It was an environment where I was taken care of and loved. I had brothers and extended family there. I had friends at school and at church. It was almost as if I was plucked out of the horrors that had taken place in Santa Barbara and set down into a whole new life in Southern California.

The only problem was, I wasn't a whole new me. I was a traumatized teenager, reeling from the horror, and pretending to be an OK version of me.

"How are you doing, honey?"

I'm fine. I'll be OK.

Oh, and I never cried.

I did have dreams. Not really nightmares, but definitely disturbing dreams. I dreamt that instead of being away on the night of the murders, I was actually at home in my bed, upstairs, at the far end of the house. In my dreams, I heard the intruder enter our home.

I heard my mom's scream, and the gunshots, and a scuffle. In that dream, I picked up the phone next to my bed and called for help. Police arrived, and everyone survived. Of course, each time I had this dream I woke up to the grim reality that my Mom and Greg were indeed dead, and there was nothing I could do to change that.

By the end of the first year after the murders, I stopped waiting for calls from detectives and hoping for new leads. It was just too depressing. I gave up on the case and tried to distract myself with normal teenage activities. Somehow, by the skin of my teeth, I finished my last two years of high school. And then it started. Adulthood, but without my Mom to lead the way. I did have a great support system, don't get me wrong. But I didn't have "my Mom." Or the skills to express how much I missed her.

When DeAngelo stole my Mom from me, he didn't just take away a person from my daily routine. He stole my vision of the future. He took away my desire and my passion to look ahead, to set goals, and to strive for success. He left me empty.

For the 20 years that followed my mother's murder, I lived in a series of half-hearted attempts to just "get by." I knew the case was cold, and I resigned myself to the fact that it would probably never be solved. A hard pill to swallow, but I had to just stuff it all and find a way to go on.

I had always been a good student, and it was assumed that I would attend a university and have a successful career. Doing what? I had no idea, but I definitely knew that potential was there. After Mom's murder, though, I failed to develop that university mindset. In fact, I had a hard time even graduating high school at all.

I followed a boyfriend's lead and enlisted in the Army. The marketing phrase at the time was "Be All You Can Be." Ironically, I only served a short-lived, respectable yet unremarkable term of service.

I became a parent at 20, but rather than embracing that role, and being intentional about raising the adults of the future, I simply "took care" of my kids. And I didn't do that very well.

Early into motherhood, I started to sink into a depression that would go undiagnosed and untreated for many years. By the time that I was 24, I had stumbled into drug use, and that started a fast, downward spiral. Ultimately, a decade was lost in a lifestyle of degradation, abuse, and neglect for myself and my family.

All the while, I knew deep inside that I had problems for which I needed to seek help. But my self-esteem and confidence had fallen so low, I lacked the gumption to make a change.

Mom would've helped.

In fact, if Mom were alive then, she would've nagged at me early on to stop settling for less. She would've prompted me to dream a little more. She would have supported me and guided me towards solutions. She would have prodded me into admitting that I needed help. She would have relentlessly reminded me that I could DO better. That I could BE better. That I DESERVED better. She would have led by example, a life of victory no matter the circumstances. Her optimism was her gift, along with her unfailing love and determination. Even Greg, with his talent for coaching and encouraging, would surely have shared some words of motivation. I can almost hear him... "Come on Debra Dee. You're stronger than you think."

Fortunately, and miraculously, God found a way to reach me even without Mom and Greg at my side.

When I was 30, my children were taken into the custody of Child Protective Services. I looked in the mirror to see myself: single, childless, unemployed, addicted to methamphetamine, homeless, and hopeless.

I worked with CPS and the family court system on a family reunification plan. Their requirements for me were simple enough; get off drugs, find a reliable job, and maintain a suitable home. Unfortunately, I was so broken that I could typically achieve one, or maybe two, of those objectives... for a short period only. Sustaining all three at once? That was just too much for me to handle.

I felt like I was running on a treadmill and juggling at the same time. The speed and the incline of the treadmill kept changing at random intervals. I was off balance, trying to stay upright, at just the right pace, without dropping the balls. It seemed impossible. I lost hope several times and would have considered suicide if it weren't for the fact that I had children who were desperately waiting for me. Waiting for me to straighten myself out and bring them home. Waiting for the security of a life with Mom that every child deserves.

After several years in that miserable cycle of despair, I experienced a true miracle. I had an encounter with Jesus Christ that not only saved my life, but put me on the path to restoration with my children. By the time I was 34, I was clean and sober, working full time, and welcoming my kids into the home that I provided.

A few years after that, the unthinkable happened. Out of the blue, I learned that my Mom & Greg's murders might be part of a series. I learned that there was an investigation into the possible connections, and an active search for the unknown serial predator.

I am a firm believer in God's perfect timing, so now in retrospect, it makes sense to me that only after I was ready and able to engage, was I made privy to the fact that the investigation was active again.

I had spent the first 20 years believing that the truth of my Mom & Greg's murders would remain a mystery forever. I have spent the better part of the second 20 years working toward helping to publicize and solve that mystery.

At first, I would just dig online, lurk on internet message boards, watch and read anything I could get my hands on that discussed these crimes.

In some ways, it was therapeutic... rehashing memories and playing my small part in the hunt. However, it was during these years that the true nightmares emerged. The more I learned about the crime scene, the more vivid my dreams became. The worst were the ones where I was the proverbial "fly on the wall" in Mom's bedroom. I could hear the door scratch its way across the shag carpet, and see Greg, in his nakedness and in the dark, fighting for his life, against a masked intruder who was fully dressed and armed to the teeth with flashlight, gun and bludgeon. I could see my mom, lying naked on her side, with her hands & feet bound tightly together behind her "hog tied," shivering in terror as she watched Greg being pulverized and knowing she was next. Did she beg for her life? Did the monster say anything to her? Did he reveal his face before smashing hers? I considered enlisting the help of a medium to ask Mom if she could tell us who he was. Oh, those years were tough. I would wake up drenched in sweat, and then make a beeline for my laptop and double down on my efforts to help identify the monster.

The good news is that as I learned more and started interacting with people who were also passionately seeking answers, my mission evolved. For the first time in my life, I had clear-headed, laser-focus on an important goal. I was no longer just an orphaned daughter without a shred of hope. I became a voice and an advocate for the many victims in this series of crimes. I don't know if DeAngelo was ever aware of my efforts to find him out, but if he didn't know my name before, he'll know it now.

Today, I am Debbi Domingo McMullan, surviving daughter of Cheri Domingo, whose murderer now has a name and a face. I am no longer plagued by images of a masked, faceless, monster raping, terrorizing and bludgeoning my beautiful mother. I am not that lost teenager anymore. Today I am sitting in the room with the pathetic excuse of a man, who will now, finally be held accountable for his actions. If I had my way, he would be shivering, blindfolded, naked and exposed, every moment from now on. I'll settle for caged, shackled, and humiliated... Oh, and nervous as hell because everyone around him in prison will know exactly who he is and what deplorable things he has done.

Today, "DeDevil" Loses, and Justice wins.

Today I am not just a broken survivor of a cold-case murder. Today I am a victor in the battle between good and evil.

I am the wife of a wonderful, God fearing man who has stood by my side as we have nurtured our family, which includes 5 grown children and 8 grandchildren. I have 22

years of sobriety under my belt. I have parents, in-laws, and extended family who have never faltered in their love and support.

I have a dedicated family-of-faith with whom I share my Christian walk. I have an amazing career in the Texas Department of Criminal Justice, where believe it or not, I am able to minister to convicted felons, and they also minister to me.

Best of all, I have an entire family that I never would have known, if it weren't for this whole ugly series of crimes. I have my case family, made up of investigators, lawyers, citizen detectives, victim advocates, media representatives, and of course, my precious fellow Survivors.

It is undeniable that the early loss of my mother had a significant impact on the choices I made in my young life. I have lived the past 39 years without her close influence and guidance. However, I would never try to blame past trauma for my own poor decisions. I alone am responsible for my own ways and deeds. Just as DeAngelo is responsible for his. I have spent years owning up to my wrongs and doing my best to make amends. Now it is DeAngelo's turn. Whether that can or will happen remains to be seen.

When DeAngelo viciously murdered my Mom, he altered my vision of the future, but he didn't ruin it altogether. DeAngelo stole a lot from me, that's for sure, but I have to be honest. God has restored my life to something so full and so beautiful that even the "DeDevil" himself cannot destroy.

Despite the fact that I had to grow up without Greg and my mom, and despite my mistakes, I managed to become a responsible, caring human being, with a clear conscience, who nurtures and supports others, and who will always speak the truth with love. Despite the fact that DeAngelo killed my mom, and deeply hurt my family, I became part of another family. I am not alone. Ever.

DeAngelo may have tried to spread evil into my world, and even into my soul. But he failed. And whatever justice is meted out by this judicial system, I believe that it pales in comparison to the ultimate justice that awaits him when he leaves this earthly life.

Tonight, DeAngelo will toss and turn on that cold steel bunk in his cell, knowing the trauma that he caused to hundreds, including his own family. He will spend eternity alone, wishing he had lived his life differently.

Tonight, I will sleep soundly. And in my dreams, I will see my Mom and Greg. Still smiling.... Still dancing.