

VICTIM IMPACT STATEMENT

LYMAN & CHARLENE SMITH

By Jill-Karen Morrill

It seems like yesterday when Charlene and I met at Adolfo Camarillo High School. We had an instant, lightning bolt connection, like nothing I'd experienced before or since. In record time, we came to know about each other's past and discovered we had a great deal in common.

Charlene was born in Oxnard to a 17-year-old teen who was dating her father, Winslow Herzenberg – an only child. When Charlene was two, Winslow died in a car accident and Charlene was given up for adoption by her mother. Winslow's mother, Gladys Herzenberg, adopted Charlene and raised her alone until her passing in 1980 at the age of 86. Gladys was known affectionately by everyone as "Grams."

Foundationally, Grams was Charlene's everything and she quickly became mine and my family's as well. Charlene, Grams and my family – my husband Don and children Tiffany and Brett, spent as much time together as we possibly could. We had dinners, picnics, church and especially play time for Charlene and Grams, with our children.

From the moment Tiffany was born, Charlene just scooped her up as if she was her own. They even looked alike as Tiffany got older. They spent weekends together and the love they shared was remarkable to witness. When Brett arrived, both Grams and Charlene could just not get enough of him. Charlene endlessly tickled him from the start and barely put him down. Brett had the luxury of Charlene carrying him around and cuddling with him every time we were together. I wondered if Brett would ever learn to walk.

Charlene worked while I was a stay-at-home Mom at the time. When Grams was sick, I was able to care for her. When she had major surgery in our town of Thousand Oaks, she completed her six-week recovery at our house. Charlene would come and visit with Grams after work. We were a family of six.

When Charlene married Lyman, we became a family of seven as smoothly as if it had always been.

Lyman was an incredible man in every way imaginable. He was warm, caring, thoughtful, fun, a wonderful father, kind and whip smart. His boys, Jay and Gary, added two more – and we became a family of nine from then on. Gary and

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Tiffany, were just two years apart so they hung out together at all our family gatherings. Jay enjoyed playing with Brett. He kept his eye on a busy Brett whenever our family gathered, making sure he was safe and having fun. Thanksgiving and Christmas were especially fun, as Charlene always made any time together special.

Shortly after Lyman and Charlene married and after seeing the abundant love they both had for our children, we asked them to become Godparents. They were over the moon with JOY at the thought of being permanently part of the children's lives. We planned a church service with our Pastor and Lyman and Charlene planned an extravagant picnic at the park afterwards. Our children were the kids that Charlene had longed for and didn't have. It was a beautiful thing to see.

Most of you have seen the photo I took of Lyman and Charlene with her right arm around Lyman's neck at the picnic we had after the church service the day they became Godparents. If you look closely in that picture, you will see Charlene is wearing a gold band I'd given her when we were young, to match the one she had given me. We exchanged those gold bands to honor our deep friendship. Neither of us had ever removed those gold bands – mine has not been off my finger in over fifty years now. Hers was cruelly stolen from her at the time of her death. One day, I will get that ring back and it will join the one I continue to wear in her honor.

Charlene was busy - all the time. She worked full time with weekends off. We decided to sell gold, which was a popular thing to do at that time. Each of us started our own gold business and both of us became successful doing it. She would work all day, and give showings at night. I would do showings in the evening after Don came home from work to watch the children. When we got home from a showing no matter what time it was, we'd call each other and share what we had sold and how much fun it was to meet terrific new people, who then became our repeat customers. It was a wonderful time.

Charlene had a twinkle in her eyes when she saw Tiffany and Brett. As a mother, nothing filled my heart more than to see her with our children. Lyman was the same way, from the moment he met them. But all you had to see to know what kind of man he was, was to spend time with Jay and Gary. They were wonderful in every

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way...fun, kind, loving, respectful, polite and pure JOY. I knew that they would become responsible, successful men. They are all of that and so much more.

When the Thousand Oaks police came looking for me, they told me I needed to speak to the detectives at Lyman and Charlene's house. Leaving the children with neighbors, Don and I drove to their house in Ventura immediately. Upon arrival, we were told what had happened. We were in stunned shock. It was a hole in our lives that could never be filled. Not only did we lose Lyman and Charlene – we lost Jay and Gary as well. We loved those boys as if they were our own. Half our family was wiped out. We have never recovered. It's been a never-ending ache and sadness that does not goes away.

For their funeral, I made cards to pass out to all who attended. Psalm 139:13-18:

“For you created my inmost being;
You knit me together in my mother's womb.
I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made;
Your works are wonderful,
I know that full well.
My frame was not hidden from you when I was made in the secret place,
When I was woven together in the depths of the earth.
Your eyes saw my unformed body;
All the days ordained for me were written in your book
Before one of them came to be.
How precious to me are your thoughts,
God! How vast is the sum of them, they would outnumber the grains of the sand –
When I awake, I am still with you.”

We saw Gary after the funeral. He was 12 years old. He had found his father and step mother bludgeoned to death in their bed. He looked white as a sheet that day. I can't even imagine. We held each other tightly, not knowing what was ahead. It would be five years later that we would get a knock at the door. It was sweet Gary. We were all at home that night and were beyond thrilled to see him. It was hard for all of us to find words. Fortunately, at 19 years old, we were able to tell him how much we loved and missed him. All of us. We asked him to pass the same onto Jay. He said he would.

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The ensuing years have been hard for me. I am grateful for the daily reminder I have as I see the ring on my finger Charlene gave me. When Tiffany was married, I felt Charlene's absence on a day that would have meant the world to her. When Brett joined the Army to go on to serve in four combat zones and stay in uniform for twenty years, both Lyman and Charlene would have been busting their buttons with pride.

Charlene was so much more than beautiful and Lyman so much more than handsome. When she and Lyman were taken, the world lost two amazing people full of life and both with bright futures. The gift of their presence in our family cannot be measured. The loss of their presence in our family is gut wrenching. I cannot allow myself to think of all they endured in death, but know of the unspeakable horror. And for what?

The only thing I am grateful for is that Grams passed away not even a year before Lyman and Charlene. I thank God every day for that. Now they are all reunited in Heaven.

Winslow, Charlene's father, was buried in Los Angeles. When Grams passed, Charlene and I took her ashes to his grave and spread them.

When I picked up Charlene's ashes from the funeral home, I put them in our linen closet which was utilized almost daily. But twenty years later, Brett said, "Mom, it's time." I wasn't sure I could let her go. Brett assured me it was the right thing to do. He drove me to Winslow's grave, where I spread Charlene's ashes. Now, Winslow, Grams and Charlene are all together. I will join them there when my time comes.

People endlessly talk of closure. In my world "closure" does not exist. I cannot just extinguish someone as if they never existed and move on with my life. For me and my family, we take comfort knowing Lyman and Charlene are at peace. Knowing that, brings us peace. And true peace will come when all of us join them and our whole family is reunited in the loving arms of our Lord.

Thank you.

Impact Statement: Caryl Billings

My name is Caryl Womack Billings and I am originally from Camarillo, Ca. Gladys Herzenberg and Charlene Herzenberg Smith were the only family I had other than my adoptive mother. They were and always be my grandma and my cousin even though we were not blood related. As far back as I can remember and further with the help of photographs they have always been in my life. Charlene was 8 years older than me but it never mattered to her, she took me everywhere with her. I cannot remember ever being without her by my side. When there were thunderstorms I was there to protect her, she was afraid of thunder. When my adoptive mother was mean and abusive Charlene was there for me. We were a team. I had a fantastic childhood because of these two women. When I had to move it broke my heart but we remained in each other's lives. The last time I was able to visit Charlene she and Lyman had just purchased their home where they were eventually murdered. I was 22 at the time. I am 65 now and my memory of the house is still so vivid, I am sure that is due to the horrific tragedy that occurred there. What I want to court to know is that I was 25 when Charlene was murdered. At that time I had two young children. Because of Mr DeAngelo's murderous actions my family never got to know a fantastic human being and I did not get to grow old with Charlene. She is in my thoughts almost every day and will be until the day I die. I miss her so much and society was deprived of an awesome person. Love you Charlene.

Thank you for your time, Caryl Billings

Jennifer Carole, Victim Impact Statement

July 23, 2020, roughly 25 minute oral read

Good morning/afternoon Your Honor. Thank you for giving me this opportunity to address the court.

My name is Jennifer Carole. I am here on behalf of Lyman and Charlene Smith. Lyman was my father and Charlene was my stepmother.

I am also here on behalf of my brothers, Jay and Gary Smith, my uncle, Donald Smith, my mother, Marjorie Smith, my grandparents Lyman, Wilma and Lila, my daughter, and my nephews. They have trusted me with representing them throughout this process. It's a responsibility I take extremely seriously.

Let's start at the beginning.

It was a gorgeous spring day in March of 1980, when my younger brother, Gary, arrived at my dad and Charlene's house to mow the lawn. At just 12 years old, he already demonstrated tremendous self-discipline. He took pride in earning his own spending money. It was around noon when he entered the house. He immediately knew something wasn't right. He made his way to the back bedroom, my parents' room, and the digital alarm clock was going off.

It had been buzzing for at least 72 hours.

The comforter, pulled-up over the two bodies that lay in the bed, hid most of the horror. I suppose I could thank Joe for that courtesy, but then that would be perverse, wouldn't it? Because there was nothing courteous about what had happened in their home. The walls splattered with blood and grey matter. The bed saturated with their bodily fluids. Gary gently lifted the corner of the comforter to find my dad's head, face down in the pillow, cemented to the fabric by blood. His blood. An ungodly amount of blood that I'd later found out represented nearly all the blood contained in his body.

Gary let the comforter drop, knowing he'd find the same on Charlene's side of the bed. He picked up the phone to call for help. In that moment, my 12-year-old brother acted with more bravery and courage, than Joe DeAngelo ever has. And, Your Honor, I've done my best to find any evidence of Joe doing good in the world – beyond the goodness of his daughters, which frankly belongs to them – and I can't find anything. His relatives don't speak of goodness. His associates don't speak of goodness. Instead, we know him by his actions.

He leaves a legacy of sadism, cruelty, moral and physical depravity. Oh, and a lack of imagination. There is nothing original about this man.

As it happened, Mom went to check on Gary that day, wondering if he'd made it up the hill on his bike to dad's house. She rolled-up on a scene that took her breath away. Police, yellow crime tape and word that her son was with Judge Lewis and his wife, Claire. I will forever be grateful to them for their immediacy and kindness.

Meanwhile, my other brother, Jay, and I were at home waiting for my mom to come back. We assumed she was running errands. Jay was 15 and I had just turned 18. As soon as her car was stopped in the driveway, Gary ran into the house and back to his room; he was crying. My mom was ashen. Jay and I focused on her intently.

"Your dad and Charlene are dead," she said. I couldn't have realized it then, but in that moment, our lives changed forever.

Joe might be surprised to learn; I was a suspect for two days.

I still don't know how that was possible since Charlene had been raped and the force used to kill them exceeded my five-foot two-inch stature; but the police were likely desperate. They pursued every lead. I had to take a lie detector test. Ironical since I'm guessing that's not something Joe had to do. The story was reported in the newspaper and the people in Ventura knew I had been a suspect. I was an 18-year-old young woman, barely an adult, and a suspect in my own father's murder.

Your Honor, I ask you to imagine what that does to a kid. I lived with that shame for years.

Writing a victim impact statement, after forty years, is not an easy task. Looking at the guidance provided, an impact statement has three objectives as it pertains to being a victim: to explain the physical, emotional, and financial effects of the crime.

I can't say I suffered any significant physical impact: I had migraines, depression, anxiety, but I was able to cope and move forward, so I can let that one slide. We had a lot of crime-related financial expenses; many of which I personally paid for out of my share of my dad's life insurance. Alas, after 40 years, I don't have receipts and Joe and his wife worked hard to ensure he'd be destitute at this point, so, I figure restitution is off the table. I think it's also unavailable because we didn't have victim's rights in 1980.

That means I'm left with the emotional impact. It feels so empty.

I've struggled to write this statement because it's nearly impossible to know what my life might have been if Joe didn't rape, torture, and beat my parents to death. How do I know what might have been? Who might I have become? How might they have changed the world?

Here's the challenge of assessing the impact.

My dad shares a resume that's extremely close to yours, Your Honor. Law school, some work in the DA's office, then private practice including litigating as a criminal defense attorney. Joe might find it interesting to know my dad represented a man facing the death penalty. He knew the man was guilty of rape and murder, yet he believed in the system that said his client was entitled to a defense. Lyman had integrity when it came to the law. He was hoping to be appointed by Jerry Brown's father to a seat as a Superior Court Judge.

Charlene was ready to have kids. I had known her since I was five years old. She arrived at my dad's office as his secretary with enthusiasm and style. I thought she was the hippest thing on earth – short skirts, long hair, huge smile, and a decade younger than my parents. She was the epitome of the mid-60s in all coolest ways. I wasn't thrilled years later, when my dad left my mom for Charlene, but by age 18, I realized how happy she made my father and I respected their relationship.

So, what if they had lived? They were building a new home in Santa Paula. I believe they would have had kids – half siblings I would have adored. My dad, a democrat with political ambitions, would have likely been appointed to the bench and then later, he would have run for office. I have no doubt he would have won. As a political junky, I likely would have participated in his campaign and who knows where that might have taken me. My life may have been extremely different. But of course, this is an abstraction. A fantasy. Because of this crime, I tend to be a realist. I don't spend much time thinking about what-could-have-been.

Instead I focus on what is and what can be.

Let's turn to the what is. These are truths. Truths that are the direct result of Joe's behavior.

It is true that my family doesn't talk about what happened. I do, but they don't.

As you might imagine, it's a lonely path for me but I fear its even more lonely for my brothers. They hide it away, much like the jewelry Joe melted down and kept in that antique stove in his garage. A deep dark secret that looks ugly in the light of day. For my grandfather, who adored his two sons with every ounce of his being, he barely recovered. His sons were the proof of his hard work and commitment to their futures. He was so damned proud of my dad. My uncle, my dad's brother, lost his best friend. My dad was his big brother and they were close. Two boys from Idaho. My uncle remained a stalwart support his father, my mom and we three kids.

It is true that Charlene left behind two young god children that were the moon and the stars in her eyes. They were so little when Charlene was killed. I can't imagine how their parents dealt with helping them cope with the loss. Tiffany and Brett were benefactors of her generous heart and unstoppable spirit. Beyond her delightful grandmother, Gladys, Charlene didn't have blood relatives in her life that I knew of. *But she did have family.* It speaks to her character that the Doyle's, her ex-husband's family, stayed in touch and loved her regardless of her divorce. She also had her best friend, Jill-Karen and her cousin Caryl and many others who loved her like a sister.

It is true, that while Charlene and I struggled to find our way when she transitioned from secretary to stepmom, right before her death, our relationship was starting to change. The last night I saw both Charlene and my dad, we had the first "real grown-up talk" we'd ever had. It was silly and revealing. We talked about smoking marijuana! I am so grateful for that Thursday night. It was one week before Joe illegally entered their home. I still wonder if peeping Joe saw me there that night, laughing and talking. I wonder if knowing his victims had kids who loved them was one of the things that fueled Joe's contempt.

It is true that dad and Charlene's friends, associates and business partners were devastated by their deaths. Many of their friends were the ones investigating the crime and I'm not sure how they coped as they struggled to find the truth among the ruins. Both dad and Charlene made deep friendships and helped others who needed assistance. I imagine the loss was a giant hole for many and there are some, even today, who can't speak about it. Not even to me.

It is true our friends, the kids of Ventura who had relationships with Jenny, Jay, or Gary, were deeply affected by what happened. There's no easy way for kids to understand that kind of violence or hate – especially when adults don't want to talk about it because it's so gruesome. I didn't realize what these children experienced until recently. Many have reached out to me to tell me how this hurt their young hearts, about guilt they felt because they didn't do enough to support us, about carrying this with them their whole lives. I had no idea. There's a reason it's called a ripple effect.

It is true this case has been part of my entire adult life. For decades I kept an eye on things, but I had to soldier on, go to school, raise my kid, grow my career. And then, in April 2018, a text from my friend shattered my illusions. A suspect had been arrested. With Joe's arrest, my life fell apart. There was no way for me to ignore it any longer. I felt responsible for making sure the truth about dad and Charlene was being told. Now, as a middle-aged adult, I needed to do all I could to help them finally rest. Forty years of living gives one a lot of perspective. I am a mom and a professional and I now fully understand the deeper consequences of what had happened.

It is true that a criminal, like Joe, creates a wake that is unimaginable. Victims, investigators, lawyers, media, these things creep into your life in ways that are hard to describe. It's like listening to a car alarm: relentless, persistent and with little value. Well, at least that's how it feels for me. I think that's because I was raised to revere justice. It's been a part of who I am from the get-go. I was raised to value human

rights and civil rights and to fight for others. I learned this from my father and my mother and if you look at who raised them, you'll see it's in our DNA.

And finally, in this case, it is true there is no justice.

On June 1st, of this year, as the Black Lives Matter folks marched through the streets of Sacramento, I learned of the plea agreement. As looters hid from the police underneath my bedroom window, I cried about losing the possibility of a trial. I didn't want much, just the preliminary hearing. It would have at least provided us with more insight into what others knew about Joe and the gallons of blood on his hands. But that wasn't meant to be. Predictably, Joe would forego his manhood and take the easy way out. Manhood is defined as having courage, strength, and, ironically, sexual potency. It's not surprising that once again, Joe's lack of manhood is the spectacle.

As I sat in my bedroom in Sacramento trying to wrap my head around the inevitability of a plea, I found myself saying, again and again: no justice, no peace. **For me:**

Joe being arrested is not justice.

Joe being in a cage in the county jail for the last two years is not justice.

Joe, sitting here with his blank face and his desperate need to try and ignore what he's done, is not justice.

Joe spending the rest of his worthless life in prison is not justice.

Joe being executed is not justice.

For me, perhaps the greatest impact these crimes have had on me, as a victim, was coming to terms with the fact that justice is not possible in this case. And because of that, I won't have peace.

But that's okay.

Because as I said earlier, I also focus on *what can be*.

What can be is how our humanity is expressed. It's the optimistic, life-positive promise of things getting better. I like to think those of us who aspire to do good are legion, especially when compared to the people who choose to live their lives hurting others – and in this case, hurting his own children.

I don't give Joe an ounce of credit for any good that has happened. And there has been a lot of good. These are things Joe's daughters can feel good about, too. Truly. I have such compassion for them.

It is not because of Joseph DeAngelo that we now use DNA to release the innocent and convict the guilty. No. But the good is we remain committed to ensuring we are doing everything possible to find the truth and convict the guilty.

No, I won't give him credit but let's make sure other prisoners who've been convicted because of DNA, know they have Joe to thank.

It's not because of Joseph DeAngelo that sex crimes against women are now taken more seriously. No. But the good is now sexual assault crimes typically result in serious consequences for the offenders.

No, I won't give him credit, but let's make sure convicts serving time for sex crimes they might have otherwise gotten away with, know they have Joe to thank.

It's not because of Joseph DeAngelo that we are convicting more rapists, more quickly. No. But the good is laws have been changed, statutes of limitations increased, and we're now testing more rape kits faster.

No, I won't give him credit, but let's make sure, the men incarcerated for rape today, know they have Joe to thank.

It's not because of Joseph DeAngelo that his victims have gone on to live amazing lives. No. But the good is they have embraced the trauma, found their strength, and paying it forward to help others.

No, I won't give Joe the credit, but let's make sure survivors know that one filthy human being can't take away their potential, their goodness, and their compassion.

This case has forced me to think a lot about justice and what it means. For weeks I struggled to find the answer. I talked with folks from all walks of life. I listened to academics and those in the trenches. After much consideration, I think I finally found my answer.

Justice is about equality.

It's a reflection of our collective social consciousness. If it's rendered fairly, it should serve all people equally. Unfortunately, justice is dealt at the hands of human beings. As such, it is often capricious and biased. More often than we care to admit, justice is not served equally.

Sadly, Joe benefitted from that inequality. He is the poster child for white privilege.

Joe was not shoved or punched or even thrown to the ground when he was arrested. He was treated with dignity he didn't deserve. Joe was not shot on sight when he was spotted by Visalia Officer Bill McGowen. These are the hallmarks of white privilege.

Joe's been allowed to attend court in a wheelchair. He's been allowed to behave disrespectfully toward the court. His defense attorney, Diane Howard, literally pets him in the courtroom. These are the hallmarks of white privilege.

Joe was a cop. He used those precious skills, designed to protect us from men like him, to commit heinous crimes. Even when he was arrested for shoplifting, convicted, and fired from the Auburn police department, Joe appealed the firing, because, well, he didn't think he deserved to be fired. He even appealed the ruling that upheld the termination. These are the hallmarks of white privilege.

Joe took what he wanted at every turn. He liquidated and transferred his assets. He's using a public defender. He gamed the system so he could sit here with remarkable representation at taxpayer expense. These are the hallmarks of white privilege.

Joe will likely be placed in protective custody when he gets to prison. He won't be in the general population with his peers. He won't see a reflection of himself in the faces of other convicts who are just like him. These are the hallmarks of white privilege.

Until a man, as despicable and frankly, worthless and Joseph DeAngelo endures what nearly every other criminal must endure, there is no justice.

And for me, there is no peace.

Your Honor, thank you for giving me this opportunity.

Thank you to the Ventura's District Attorney's Office and the team for all they have done. Cheryl, you've been more than I could have hoped for: a strong, powerful, empathetic, and brilliant woman who demonstrates why we need more women fighting the good fight. I will never forget you.

Thank you Dr. Speth, the Deputy Coroner for Ventura, for taking two semen samples that awful day in March.

Thank you to those in law enforcement who never gave up on this case and protected the chain of evidence.

Thank you to those in the media who've worked hard to tell our story accurately and with compassion.

Thank you to all my friends in this room, those watching and those sending me text messages right now. You've provided me with love and support that I honestly can't describe in words.

Thank you to my daughter, who had to endure a changed woman for the last two years. She watched me struggle, adapt, deal with crazy people, fight the good fight. She was my center and for a 20-year-old, she has tremendous wisdom, patience, and empathy. I love you my beautiful girl.

And thank you to my mom, who took every damn phone call, listened to every rant, comforted me when I was feeling alone, supported me when I was feeling attacked, and counseled me when I couldn't see the path forward. I love you mom. I've dragged you with me every step of the way and I truly could not have done this without you. I'm going to buy you a bottle of the good scotch.

In conclusion, for all of you out there who have watched and experienced this case and been moved by the horror, the incredible, relentless horror inflicted by Joe DeAngelo, I have an ask.

Volunteer to support your local cold cases. Those survivors really need you.

Call for help if you notice suspicious behavior. We must take care of one another.

See the people you love. Appreciate them for who they are, warts and all.

Be patient. Be kind. Together, we can help one another be our best selves.

Joseph DeAngelo, my name is Laurie also known as Anne Penn. I grew up in Sacramento, and was there the entire time you were attacking. I have been tracking you and others like you since 1980 after the murders of my grandfather's son Lyman Smith and his wife Charlene in Ventura, CA. We did not yet know you were the same monster. I have been quietly waiting all of these years along with hundreds of others, tracing you Mr. DeAngelo, we never gave up on the idea of seeing you in a cage. It was easy to be afraid of monsters as a young girl. Brought out into the light Mr. DeAngelo I want to make sure that you know you are not that special. You are not even that different from other monsters.

The impact you had on my grandfather was quietly borne by him. His name was Lyman Smith Senior, the father of Lyman Smith and father in law to Lyman's wife Charlene in Ventura, CA. The horror of what you took from his children, his family and grandchildren rippled across the decades. The brutal horrible things you did, not only to them and to my grandfather, but to all you encountered was and is a most miserable and despicable thing. Your impact, you wished would have taken us all down. It did not work.

What you did not count on is and was our strength. My grandfather, Lyman Smith was a very strong man, made stronger. I watched his example of how to get back up off the floor when monsters like you try to take everything from them, surprise for you Mr. DeAngelo, that is NOT what happened.

You came along attacking people, women, men and even children. YOU were a dime a dozen, nothing special. What you did, what monstrous, creepy awful things you did were no different from other men who abduct women, sexually assault and rape women, who kill them. Men just like you roamed every state across the country especially in the 1970's. Sacramento alone had several rapists and monsters there when you were. You are NOTHING special. We survived the likes of you and others like you. We endured, we lived and we loved in SPITE of men like you. The only thing that actually makes you LESS than other serial killers, rapists and monsters is that you Mr. DeAngelo swore to protect us as a cop. You used what you knew to protect us, in order to harm us. Not always individually, but as a whole. You set out to make individual victims pay, and all of us as a society, our communities. You knew how to inflict pain and suffering on all of us. You used what you knew as an educated law enforcement officer. That is likely the only reason you got away with what you did for so long. Because you took advantage of that position as a police officer in order to play your terrible games, in order to harm us under cover of that badge and that makes you a bigger coward, a bigger loser than any of the other perverts I have studied since you came into our world.

What you did to Lyman and Charlene Smith I could not fathom, I still cannot wrap my mind around it. What you did to all of the people you killed, known and unknown was cowardly, inhumane and sick. You were the worst kind of bully, jealousy consumed you because you cannot feel, cannot love and you are a pretender. So when they take you away think about where you will be going next, as it surely will be hell. I will no longer think of you because you have come out of the shadows and I can see what you are. You have NO POWER, NO CONTROL over anything. Not anything. You NEVER did, not even yourself. You are done. And, you will rot in hell, soon enough. Remember Joseph DeAngelo, YOU are NOTHING.