

On April 1, 1986, I, Patrick Hoffman was convicted of murder in the 1st Degree of a police officer, no that's not true I was RAIL RODED, because of the following conditions: According to the Colville tribal treaty with the United States at the time I turned myself into law enforcement authorities at Okanogan County Sheriff's office, only the tribal courts system had authority to try enrolled members for crimes on the reservation against the peace and dignity of the Colville Confederated Tribes.

- The tribal judge witnessed the entire incident and would not press further charges against me or my father Elmer McGinnis who had also been shot in the incident.

- at a hearing in federal court in Spokane in ~~September~~ October '86 the charges were dropped against me and my father because the prosecutor did not want to argue the jurisdictional issue because it would set new jurisdictional precedence which had heretofore been overruled by prosecutors in federal court and because the case hinged on a faulty arrest warrant for McGinnis at the Reservation Tribal Chambers and the ensuing arrest which smacked of Brutality against a tribal elder - an hereditary Chief of the Nespelem Band and Okanogan band of the Colville Confederated Tribes.

- Based on that faulty arrest warrant the case went to trial in state court at Okanogan County, after the tribal Council paid to Okanogan Superior Court System by way of Okanogan County Commissioners

office receipt - \$50,000⁰⁰ to try my father and me for a crime we did not commit.

- at the end of the state case against us the state had provided no evidence - either material or eye witness that we were guilty of the charges we had not been placed there by evidence or witness (no one identified either of us as being there at the time, nor stated they seen either one of us fire the weapon(s) that killed one officer and wounded another officer,

- all the while the prosecution is directing the jury by way of the judge allowing such statements to the jury (Rejecting repeated objections that it unfairly weighed against defendants constitutional right to a fair trial and biased the jury unfairly against the defendants) that the jury was to view all the evidence presented, in the light most favourable to the prosecution, basically the subliminal message to the jury was: Find the defendants guilty!

- Proper Ballistics ~~conclusion~~ examination and analysis would have shown that the bullet taken from the disased officer was similar to the one removed from Mr. McHarris during the time of trial -

also the alleged murder weapon claimed to have been "~~conveniently~~ conveniently lost" by the defendants could not have been the gun that killed the officer due to the fact that Mr. McHarris stated repeatedly that

he had fired the weapon "only 3 times". those three shots were aluminium hollow point not anyway similar to the full metal jacket projectile taken from the officer's body. it was however, similar to the one taken out of ~~Mr.~~ Mr. McGinnis during the trial.

- this would fall into the reasoning of the alleged victim, John Dick, refusing to release his weapon for ballistic analysis until late mid trial, as he said in testimony at trial, "I feel responsible, in some way for Lou's death", and "I should have done a better plan".

- The prosecution continually pressed throughout trial that defendants knew or reasonably should have known "Police officers" at the time of the ~~incident~~ Incident, thereby ~~substituting~~ substituting inference to the jury that defendants knowingly aware, prior to the incident, that the police officers were police officers, then defendants should automatically have known anyone coming on ~~map~~ to the McGinnis property that night at 2:30 AM were police officers, while the prosecution also provided evidence to the contrary that fellow police officers did not know where their fellow officers were because it was too dark to see and other officers did not know that officer Dick and officer Millard were going inside the boundaries fence of the McGinnis property and the defendants are held to a standard of knowing that these two were police officers entering onto the property from the back of

4

the property not at a usual entrance or exit, and that it was pitch black dark and the officers not only did not announce their presence from the onset but ~~for~~ purposefully turned off their radio sound and turned off the Squad car lights that should have been on. Squad car lights and sirens were not on until after the shooting incident and the surviving officers had all retreated the property.

Therefore the Court rule that "all evidence must be viewed by the jury in the most favorable light to the prosecution was erroneous and decapitated defendants right to a fair trial under the Constitution. So we have lack of jurisdiction to try the case by the State of Washington according to Indian law, we have lack of evidence to convict, we have police officers acting in a criminal manner, (Fruit of the poisonous tree Doctrine) and we have the prosecution destroying exculpatory evidence, and manipulating Court procedure, and manufacturing evidence in the form of theory and conjecture and in so doing manipulating the decision making facility of the minds of jurors to a finding of guilt ONLY.

More cannot be said.

Please grant Patrick Hoffman clemency.

Please reinstate his Constitutional rights to citizenship.

The underlying problem which has developed
in Washington State law enforcement and



the justice system is that you have less
than honest individuals glutting on status
and power from the system but unwilling
to accept accountability for error erode the
search for justice to the level of dishonest
winning (cheating)

— Jurisdiction

- Prosecutorial Misconduct Filing charges against the Wrong People, destruction of exculpatory evidence, 9mm
- 3 Bullets
- \$50,000 paid to Okanogan County to try us,
- 2.6 million paid to Colville Confederated Tribes From Feds
- to upgrade their police department after we were
- held for trial in Okanogan County - lack of Jurisdiction
- 2.5 million paid to Colville Confederated Tribes by Fed
- government to upgrade their police dept. - after our convictions

2006 I am contacted by R. Alumbaum the widower Husband of judge Alumbaum our trial judge. Seems prior to her death to cancer she requested her husband to do all he could to obtain my freedom as she felt responsible that an innocent man (me) might have been sent to prison, she contacted me through my ex wife Penny Hoffman

— How is it that Tribal EMT Mary Bush ^(A non-Indian) leaves the tribe during our trial and becomes a prison guard at Walla Walla and upon my arrival there she tries to get both me and my dad murdered by other Indian prisoners, and when it is reported she is let go and went back to the Colville Rez and still resides there

Thank you for your time and consideration.

Sincerely,
Patrick J. Hoffman

The police came in the middle of the night AGAINST their Superior Mr. H. Smiskin's order TO STAND DOWN.

Any search conducted WITHOUT authorization by a warrant, NOR jurisdiction, nor authority of their Superior Mr. H. Smiskin, violates the Fourth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. The remedy for a fourth Amendment is the exclusion of the ILLEGALLY obtained.

There was a hearing to Mr. M^c Ginnis, but... SIX DAYS in the FUTURE, so... there was NO FAILURE at all.

The Constitution says: we have the right to defend ourselves home family from all that threaten us even the Government. That is why we own guns if they would brake in and threaten my family there would be blood shet... even if I did not make it we have the right to protect our homes from ANY enemy of foreigne threat!

Written by an American as answer by a man who was incarcerated 24 years innocent and got free by a honest lawyer.

Dear people,

I would respectfully like to introduce myself. I am Agnes Abramsen, Dutch originally from The Hague, the Netherlands.

I have been living in Belgium for years.

I am speaking from deep within my heart and within me as this is my passion and journey in life to help and support all I can to see my mission succeed, for I was commenced what was once only a dream, into reality.

I hope that today marks the end of a long journey. A journey that more than fifty years ago seemed full of impossibilities.

I have spent countless hours in praying, seeking Gods guidance.

First and foremost I thank God and Savior for the wisdom he gave to me to help me to restore my faith to fulfil my vocation.

It started when I was ten years old.

At thirteen, fourteen I had a calling, an inner urge to come to the U.S. telling me that there was the son of a chief who was waiting for me.

I told that to my parents, friends, but at that time it was impossible to go because lack of money. In short, years later I married a Greek man, who as many others knew about my native.

When I was thirty-seven, my husband passed away, my loving mother and family helped me a lot. Years later I came in contact with an organization

see photo of the ring

where you can write to natives in prison.

My mom and I visited a young native, incarcerated in Vacaville, CA, who is now twelve years home. After a pen pal from the State of WA, then, After about ten years he asked me to write to a friend who was also in Monroe, WA, but was sent to Connell.

I wrote to that man too, received a letter back why he was in prison.

I immediately knew that that man was 1000% innocent.

A year later I visited him, we have spoken a lot and told me that he is the son of a chief, Patrick Gene Hoffman, Medicine Bear.

Therefore with our weekly letters it felt so good. We were together in a previous life, I found the love of my life again, my soulmate, friend, partner. Our love story is so remarkable, a never ending love. The first time I met P. Hoffman I whispered in his ear "I am home", yes, I found my home, my place again, everything is so familiar, comfortable. I was home, the same feelings when you finally come home after a long absence, a sort of subconscious realization that we had met in an earlier life.

P. Hoffman had the same feelings when he was a teenager and wrote a song about us.

Kindred Spirits is recognized with the heart and not with false forecast of the brain.

It is an universal sense of "we belong together," a feeling of familiarity, a sense that the strange penetrate into the core of the inner meaning, and

It starts with this ring.



instinctively knows what the other think, feel or will say.

Destiny guide our hearts to a love that knows
NO END.

P. Hoffman is my life, my proud, my joy, our love is a symbol of love and charm within is a keepsake of that splendid love, our fondness and absolute devotion gave us strenght, our hearts have always loved each other, our souls just had to find each other, it took more than fifty years to find each other.

Patrick has a good nature and an exemplary conduct even after 31 years to be innocent in prison honors bestow on him because so many years in hellhole and still stay without negative thoughts and have a heart of gold and in the right place. How would you have react to be 31 years innocent in prison, please think about it for a moment.

What the system, the council, police, prosecutor, judge in the system did to Patrick is unhuman.

What they did to Patrick, the guards (most) the insults that you are a murderer of a cop, while the real murderer is a cop, free, with a corrupt prosecutor obviously that they all are the wrongdoers, how they got away with, if I tell the jury what I understand, know the ins and outs of the matter, even I will WIN, Too much proof that John Dick shot L. Millard.

Last week when I was to visit Patrick, a guard came to our table and said to Patrick it is time to go home, 31 years, nobody must stay so long,

Dear people, I respectfully and in all humbleness beg for your help and owe you much gratitude.

I lost the love of my life once, and now a second time, you, dear people have our life in your hands, we deserve and need to be happy in the autumn of our love because we are GOOD people, and love never get old.

When the prison doors get open, I will be there waiting with open arms for the man I have been waiting for more than fifty years, our feelings we cherished for each other, knowing that "my other half is somewhere, and the dream his family had about "coming home on a bicycle with a lady with white, light hair" that is not a dream" this is the truth, I came in Hoffmanns life with a purpose, a goal, I knew it from his first letter.

Dear people, I hope that you do what is right, human, I do believe in humanity, at the end the good always win over evil.

More I can not say, I just ask you friendly to send me an email if you can help us, or can not help us.

I thank you in advance.

Sincerely, Agnes

email: agnesabramsen1943@gmail.com

P.S. When you read this, I will be back in Belgium.

Patrick Hoffman wrote it as a teenager (and sang)

There is a girl, like I have never known before,
She is the one, I would wait a lifetime for,
and she is beautiful, so beautiful,

Love is in her eyes, everytime she smiles at me,
This is the way I will hope it will always be,

And she is beautiful, so beautiful,

There was a time when she didn't matter at all,

Now ~~she~~^{it} seems she has found the way to make
me fall,

For the girl, like I have never known before,

She is my life and all that I adore,

and she is beautiful, so beautiful

for the girl, like I have never known before,

And she is beautiful, so beautiful....

2/5/2018 (Drum Beat 4/4 - 60 = d)

1) "A Story-Song For Native American Hearts"

Spoken:

Wenāka - a native American term of Societal rank given to the son of a chief who has gone into a battle, not to kill the enemy, but to rescue those alive but unable to fight.

Wenāka means "Save alive warrior." and the families of those he has saved give locks of hair to be sewn on to an "honor shirt," that is worn by the wenāka from that time on.

our traditions are lost over lies told by ones who would trade truth and honesty for social standing as they perceive it, because of this, our heritage and our land and our people are as they are today, given away by those who have no right to give away.

a friend who is now gone told a woman named Agnes, she should write to this Indian prisoner as it would be good for the both of them. that friend's name is aki ceta long Soldier - Fred Vandyken, the honor of his presence of mind brought Agnes and The Wenāka together. that was his life's work, the reason another Indian was made prisoner in this life, to bring two hearts, two lives together to tell the good story of love and struggle and peace and honesty together and make sense of it all in a true song to all people. we will smoke the pipe and speak of this

2/5/2018

2)

Wenāka

Am / G / G / D / Am - Repeat

A Sparrow died this morning but before it did it sang this song - Wenāka -

I came here and stayed for a while to honor a brave and strong spirited man, Wenāka -

I go now to the great spirit to speak to him of the honor I showed the Wenāka for the mercy and love he showed me during my stay, Wenāka and ask Grandfather to show him all the more of the same Wenāka -

My heart is heavy but my eyes can see
My heart is hurting but my eyes still see

His path started when his parents parted and he was given to guardians so he would be hidden from those who would hunt the child with the 4 Chief's blood lines running through his veins.

The guardians protected him and gave him wellness from the lung disease that tried to take his life many times at such a young age. They raised him as their own, taught him kindness and respect and caring and honor and survival without violence.

He caught his first wild horse at the age of 5 and worked ^{Raised} and trained horses, stock dogs and other animals through the time with the guardians and took their name to honor them for the many kindness they showed him.

He was a musician and worker in many trades and business but music was his love

3)

So Beautiful

His first song at 13 spoke of a marvelous love for a girl he had never known.

Now the woman come half way around the world to be his wife is with him still. She, who brought him the Wenaka honor shirt to wear at Prison Pow-wow. Why it was bought and saved for years she did not know. Only that it was meant to honor her man whom she had not met.

years earlier he had saved his father from being murdered by renegade tribal police, and a trial in the white man's court, bought and paid for by a "hang around the fort" tribal council who would rather be called white than red.

The renegades shot each other but my father and I were blamed so the "hang around the fort" Indians could continue living in the white man's "Graces" while the rest of the rest of the people were used and abused and made to suffer to feed the white hunger for Indian land and Indian life.

The white population of North America choose to pretend we, the first people, no longer exist, so as to soothe their ~~conscience~~ conscience for the way their forebears abused us and stole the land to make their countries from our country and claim it as their own which they supposedly won "honestly".

2/5/2018

4

So after being tried and convicted of crimes they did not committ they spent their days in prison.

One day they were called to the Captain's office to be told that the half-brother in the family was killed in a car accident, the Wenāka said "That is why he came to me in a dream last night and gave me his name, Medicine Bear."

He had shown the Wenāka a Choker necklace in the dream-vision and said "this is you Now, Medicine Bear."

from that time pieces of the choker necklace came to the Wenāka in prison while he was pipe (Chānoopah) carrier for the native circle, and he has it and his son pipe still,

years later still, after the Wenāka's ^{other} woman left him, taking the money the father had left to him on his death, the Wenāka's nephew had a dream-vision of the Wenāka being brought home by a light haired lady on motorcycle.

That lady, later, came half-way around the world to be with the Wenāka and to honor him with ^{the gift of} the honor shirt ~~before~~ in the presence of his people in a prison Pow-wow, and to become his honored and loyal mate, his wife, the love of his life,

the story and the song is not ended yet. they work night and day, the Wenāka and his woman, to make the nephew's dream a

5

2/5/2018)

true reality. to bring the wenāka home,
so he can do his music and give to the
people - all the people, the good feeling
that comes from doing good works.

The Song is not over yet, the story is not
done until the wenāka is free from prison.

But I know the story is true, for I am
the wenāka. I am the Medicine Bear,
and this is told to honor my precious
and most dear wife Agnes.

The story would not have been told were
it not for her and her power of belief
and absolute trust in goodness.

"So Beautiful" and "wenāka" are because
of her.

A musical score and words by

Patrick Gene Hoffman
Medicine Bear, Wenāka.
A-ha!

No more Indians die in prison!
No more Innocent people die in prison!

yeōka! //

" Pat Hoffman "

Nov 4th 2017

I have no room to complain,
being locked in prison;
He's been down for thirty years,
I'll respect his words and listen;
Learn from his mistakes,
And the change we all need to make;
Re-evaluate my life,
Change it before its too late;
He's a man with respect,
filled with love and honor;
Give you the shirt off his back,
with no time to ponder;
Taught me to be patient,
Life is one bead at a time;
Think before you speak,
Feelings aren't just mine;
We are all people,
The exact same with a different purpose.
Even though we are in prison,
Many people don't deserve this;
Life was made by the Creator,
Rules were made by man;
I'd kill for my father,
Right or wrong It's who I am;
My name is Buffalo Heart,
And my love for another is constant.
I thank you for lessons in life,
I dedicate this to you - Pat Hoffman.

been an honor to meet you
and a call you a friend. I thank
you things; I thank you for your
wisdo taught me alot in these past
few & cherish it for the rest of
my nk you for Everathing Pat.

Love

 Respect

-AKA- Buffalo Heart.

Brussels,

To whom it concern.

1) Prosecutor Burchard is a liar, why?

Because prosecutor Burchard does as if he was that night as a witness on the crime scene and saw so-called "The expressions of pleasure that the crime was committed on Patrick Hoffman's face.

First, Burchard was NOT there, and all the police officers stated in Court that "It was so dark that they could not see who was who neither who was wearing police uniforms.

2) Nothing of that was said in Court, so... prosecutor Burchard defamed Patrick Hoffman's name and this is a defamatory and discriminatory Act and against the law.

Therefore I raise strong objection to this.

Burchard want to have the last word, pull out all the stops, used lies to get Patrick Hoffman an innocent man

This case must be re-opened

3) Burchard, after Hoffman's verdict, went often to Walla Walla, talking with prisoners this is because of his feelings of guilt, misgrace, (to have sent two innocent human beings to prison) to reconcile himself, a sociopath a psychopath with strongly antisocial tendencies.

4) All police officers had to hand in their weapon for ballistic analysis.
Why not officer John Dick, only after half the trial, nobody had questions about it?
No, because all other officers knew that John Dick shot Millard to death (might be by accident because nobody could see who was who as they stated in Court.)

Because of the police officer's oath and bond they have to stay, to say, to stick together in all circumstances to save their so-called reputation like the Hell's Angels, be all and end-all. Loyalty Code.

5) Prosecutor Burchard lied to save John Dick, and John Dick saved Burchard, knowing that Burchard made "Spoilation of Evidence", so, they cover up each other.

In Hoffman's case, meaning has been squeezed out of the text or invented against.

6) The servants of the Law, prosecutor Burchard and administrative officer John Dick must and undoubtedly will and must be recalled, and in question of their power, then, let no more be heard of confidence in man, but bind them down from mischief by the chains of the Constitution. Only then the Law will be respected.

Prosecutor Burchard's love of power may sink too deep in his own heart.

I ask myself if people is aware what the word TRUTH still exist and the meaning of it.

This is a few points I found, how got they away with!
And I have much more lies!