

Mr. Steven Housman

1111 Hwy. 73

Moose Lake, MN. 55767

April 20, 2010

Dear Sarah Beth and Karrie Ann,

Greetings of love, peace, hope, and joy, to the both of you, all in Jesus' precious name. Hoping and praying that all is well with the two of you? Rom. 1:9.

I would like to ask you, that as you read this, you would please keep an open mind, and that you would please check out **EVERYTHING** that I tell you, so you can know the truth for yourselves.

Also, please don't hate me for what I have to tell you, and as you read this, please keep this in mind: I don't hate your mother as a person. I just despise what she's done, as a matter-of-fact I still care about your mother, if it wasn't for her, I wouldn't have you, my two beautiful daughters. Nor do I wish her any harm and I'm not bad mouthing her to try and make myself look better. This is not my intention, nor the purpose of this letter. I just want you both to know the truth, and sometimes the truth can hurt, but like Jesus said: "you shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free." **But only If you will let it.**

I know you've lived all these years thinking that you know what the truth is. But I'm begging you both to please sit down and study the facts, and let the truth speak for itself. You will see it, **if you look for it.** I may have done some rotten things in my life, but abusing, or molesting you two **was not** one of them! From the moment you were born, I loved you girls with all my heart, and I would have died to keep you safe, but my path was chosen for me by your mother, and I had no control over what the authorities did to me, and I was removed from your lives under false pretenses.

Did your mother ever tell you that she was raped by her older brothers (your uncles), and that she continued to have sex with them from the age of 6 till she left home at 18? And that in high school she got raped by two of her brother's friends? When I ask her why she never reported it and kept having sex with her brother's, she told me that she had gotten used to it and that she liked it!! Did she also tell you that she was fondled by her drunk father (your grandpa)? Did she tell you that when you have intercourse at the age of **six** your vagina is still so small that even a small ½ grown boy (her brothers) will rip and tare it? Did she tell you that because of that (her brothers raping her at 6), her uterus got ripped and tipped? Did she tell you about all the pain, with all the bleeding and swelling? Did she ever tell you that when you were taken to the Doctor's, both of you checked out just fine? (That was back in 1993.) There was no ripping, tearing or scarring, **as is prevalent** of sexual abuse of babies and small children. I encourage you to check out the various books on sexual abuse, and you can see it all for yourselves. You checked out just fine for a 4 year old and a 2 ½ year old. The doctor couldn't even insert a cigarette sized probe in you without you saying that it hurt!!

You are both of age now, so you now have access to things that were sealed when you were young. You can go to the Montevideo Clinic/Hospital, and check out your medical records for yourselves: The doctors report stated that "neither children showed any signs of trauma, and there are no signs of ripping, tearing or scarring to the vaginal or anal openings on either girl. A small 5mm probe was inserted into the vaginal openings, and both girls told me it hurt them." My precious daughters, I **never** had vaginal, or anal, intercourse with either one of you.

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If my former divorce attorney, Walter Libby, still has his office on downtown Montevideo's, Main Street (it used to be on the right hand side of the street when you were going north down the one way), please go talk to him, he may still have my records from back in 1993. Check out the dates for yourselves, and you'll see that it wasn't until 7 days later – after you mother, Jill, had threatened me with blackmail, and I refused to pay – that she finally went to Family Services to “report that I had molested you!” You will need to get the report/records from Family Services too, and check out the dates for yourselves.

Sarah, you were only 2 years old, and Karrie, you were new born, when I supposedly had started having vaginal and anal sex with you both (according to your mother), and Jill reported to Family Services that I continued to do so for the next 21 months! Please use your heads my daughter's, I'm not a small ½ grown boy, I'm a full grown man. If I would have had sex with either of you, vaginal or anal, your poor bottoms would have been split wide open. There would be **NO** hiding it! Especially for 21 months, like your mother wants everyone to believe.

PLEASE think about this one for a while. **IF** I did have sex with you when you were 2 and new born, **WHY** didn't your mother report it right away? There would be **no hiding** the damage done by sexual intercourse on a small baby, there would have been blood everywhere. There also would have to of been doctors reports made concerning the sexual abuse because of the ripping and tearing. Where are they? Also, **WHY** did she wait 21 months before reporting me, if she knew that I was molesting you both? **WHY?** What is she trying to hide from you? That answer is easy my daughter's, she wanted full custody of you both, and she wanted me out of the picture, **at any cost!**

I believe you will find a lot of the answers in my *Informal Supplemental Brief*, with all the *Exhibits*, that I've enclosed with this letter for you to read. It's the same *Brief* that I sent to the courts for my appeal of this commitment, but was never allowed into court, nor was it ever heard.

I'm so sorry, and I feel so bad for you girls – **you were abused – but not by me.** But by the lies that were told you by your mother. I can't imagine what it was like, having to live out the lies you were led to believe as the truth. I can still hear your words Sarah, “Will daddy still love me if I say these things!” You both knew “right from wrong,” I was the one who taught you! You both were so little, I don't blame you, it's my fault for not being there for you when you needed me. Please forgive me, I should of stuck it out, and tried harder to make the family work instead of going over-the-road trucking.

I don't believe Jill really cared about you, other than as a possession, and here's why I say this. When you were born, and this goes for the both of you, she didn't care one way or the other about you, you were girls, and she “wanted to give me a son”, so she handed you to me and said, “she's yours, you name her.” You were my precious little daughters, and I loved you both from the moment I saw you, and I was the one to give you both your names, Sarah Beth, and Karrie Ann. And instead of taking time off from work, to take care of you after you were born, she went right back to work.

Also, when we were still living together at the farm, and your mother would come home after work, she would just lay around on the couch watching TV, and she would let you babysit yourselves with the TV, and she didn't care what you snacked on as long as you didn't pester her, and when you would ask her to tell you a bedtime story, she would always tell you to: “Get the hell out of my fucking

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face, if you want a God damn story, go ask your dad!" I was the one who would read you your bedtime stories (your daytime ones too), I fixed most of the meals, washed and ironed the cloths, cleaned the house, taught you your ABC's and 123's, give you your baths, changed your diapers, and I **always** took very good care of you. I loved you with all my heart, and nothing was too good for you. You were, and still are, the two most precious people in my life. Jill knew this, and Jill did what she did when she found out that I wanted custody of you after our divorce.

I'm not trying to make excuses, but when I was married to your mother, I was so stressed out that there wasn't enough of me to go around, or so I thought. Justin and Angeline both hated me and wouldn't listen (they blamed me for taking their mother away from their dad – they believed that if I hadn't married Jill, she would of gotten back with David). Jericho couldn't handle going from being the only child to having a step sister and step brother, let alone a baby half-sister (Sarah). I believe the final straw was when Karrie was born. He wanted and needed attention, and all he got was the blame and a spanking for the crap that Justin and Angeline did.

Jill was mentally abusing me, she wouldn't stop nagging me about who I was seeing behind her back. She was so obsessed with the idea that I was going out on her, she never gave me any peace about it, among other things! So when she found out that I was serious about the divorce and that I wanted custody of you both (that was in 1993), she was furious, and said that she was **never** again going to go through what she went through with David, and that she was going to make sure that I **never** got to see you again!! So she took you from me just to spite me, because she knew how much I loved and cared about you. And she knew that was the **only way** she could hurt me.

FYI, I **never once** went out on your mother until it was decided that our marriage was not repairable, and we were getting a divorce.

Your mother never knew it, but I would go off at times and cry in the garage. I didn't know what to do! I wanted our family to work, I loved your mother with all my heart and was hoping to spend the rest of my life with her, and I was willing to overlook the hatred from Justin and Angeline for the families sake. You two were what made my life worth living, or I wouldn't of stayed around as long as I did.

I'm so sorry, but I couldn't take the stress, and I couldn't see any solution in sight. I had to get out of the home, so I started trucking over-the-road, to have some peace of mind, but that didn't work either, so I had to move your mother out, and she took you with her.

After I went back on the road trucking, the only way for you to get any attention from your mother was to "push her buttons," so the only time you got any attention from her was when you "acted out;" this was after Jericho had molested you, and he was taken from our home. That's the only thing that Jill could relate to! That's the only "bond" you had (have?) with your mother.

As you should know Sarah, children will do most anything for the attention they need, and do need (the healthy kind though, and daddy wasn't there to read to you two, or take care of you anymore, so you were left with a daycare). I still remember very well the stories you would tell whenever we got company, and how everyone would laugh and laugh at them! You were quite the little story teller, and you sure loved the "spotlight." And after the two of you moved to town with your mother, there

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wasn't much more "positive" attention for you. You had to "act out" just to get any kind of attention at all from your mother.

Then when your mother took you in for your "evaluation" back in 1993, they used the "Reward System" on the both of you, just like you do to train dogs! I don't want to hurt your feelings, but you responded very well to their promptings and double talk! Please, you must remember, you were only 4, and almost 3 at the time!!! And they did it all, just so they could get you to say that daddy had sex with you! If someone hadn't burned my house to the ground, I would still have the DVD I was going to show you when you got older, so you could of seen it all for yourselves. I love you both so much, that I would of gladly given my own life to spare you both any hurt!

I can still remember the last time that I got to hold you Sarah, before you were taken from me. We were in the courthouse after the competence hearing, and I gave you back to Jill, you pulled your little hand from hers and ran as fast as you could down the courthouse hallway right back to me, and you grabbed me by my left leg crying "please daddy don't go, I love you, please come home." And you Karrie Ann, you were sort of looking at me like you didn't know me, until Sarah turned to you and shouted: "It's daddy Karrie Ann, it's daddy." but Jill hung on to you Karrie, and wouldn't let you come to me. And Sarah, when Jill came over to get you, you hung on to me so tight that Jill couldn't pull you off of me! So she started jerking you by your little arm so hard I thought it would break, so I had to bend down and take you in my arms just so you would go with her. You'll never know how much my heart was hurting that day, and how much I cried and cried, it was like I couldn't stop! Even now, as I think back on the scene, my heart hurts so bad that I can't help but cry!

To me, my children are my most precious memories. I'm so sorry that I wasn't there for you. I want you both to know, that for the last 25 years, I've cried myself to sleep most every night, not for anything that I did wrong, but, because I love and miss you both so much, and my heart hurts because it longs to be there for you. And then all the psychologists/psychiatrists, and the Judge tell me that I'm in denial, and that I haven't got any empathy for my "victims." They weren't there in that cold and lonely cell, with me, all those many years! How would they know how I feel?

There is so much more I want, and could tell you, won't you please consider coming to see me, or at least writing me? I really do miss you both, and I love you both with all my heart. Please don't just through me away, and leave me to die alone in this God forsaken hellhole.

Take care of yourselves my precious daughters, and may our Wonderful Creator bless you both always – Num. 6.24-26, and don't forget that I will always love you.

This letter, with my *Brief* and *Exhibits* were sent to Jill's address with my daughters names on it. I'm not sure if my daughters ever received, or read them.

To this date (October 18, 2020), there has been no reply to my letter. My *Informal Supplemental Brief*, with all the *Exhibits*, is too large to include with this posting of my story.