

Jonathon and Adriana-

Words cannot begin to express all that I feel over what you both have done. I don't know that such words even exist.

You both have taken away so much from all of us. You have broken hearts, shattered dreams and cruelly betrayed a young child's trust in you.

Jonathon- YOU especially have betrayed so many people over what you have done. YOU were the one person in that household above all others who Summer Marie should of felt safe with. YOU were her father. YOU are the one who got the dog shock collar and used it. How could you do that to your own flesh and blood, let alone ANY living being? I wouldn't expect anything less from you though. You ARE known to have a violent past of abuse on the weak, the feeble and the easily mislead. You abused your own sister, both mentally and physically in the past. You have abused Elizabeth both physically and mentally in the past as well. You prey on the weak, use them to gain whatever it is you are seeking at the time, then harm them—whether its physically, mentally or emotionally. YOU, Jonathon fit the classic profile for a Sociopath. You have it with in you to offend again and again, I doubt you'll ever be able to control yourself. It will lay dormant within you for a period of time, but eventually the urge will rise again and you WILL re-offend, of this I AM convinced. I feel that even though Adriana has had her own problems in the past, you misguided her trust in you and in part should be held responsible for her contribution in this murder you both have committed on a helpless 4 year old little girl-MY granddaughter.

As a direct result of the horrors that you both have done, I now have been diagnosed with Complex Post Traumatic Stress Disease. I will have to live with it as best I can for the remainder of my life, I have had countless nightmares, I have a rage that cannot be described. I have developed untold fears that Ive never in my life experienced before. I have had to take extensive time off from work, in an effort to mentally deal with EVERYthing in life—the day to day things as well as trying to fathom what you have done. Most things are a major effort for me now, the pleasures of life I once enjoyed now don't interest me in the least. Its a struggle somedays just to get out of bed and get dressed. Needless to say, Ive been heavily medicated on anti-depressants during the day and sedatives at night just to try and get some sleep. As a direct result of what you have done, Jonathon-Kerwin's wife was placed into Hospital with a massive heart attack 2 days after she found out about Summer's death. She didnt even get the pleasure of meeting Summer, but she couldnt deal physically with what you have done.

Adriana- How could you condone such behaviour? How could you willingly participate in it? Would you want the things that the 2 of you have done to Summer done to your own son? How would little Johnny like a shock collar around his neck? Envision it---YOUR son wearing one of those and experiencing the pain as it jolts him with electricity every time he uttered a noise. Would you pull handfuls of his bright red hair out the way you did to Summer? Would you force him to stand hour after hour endlessly in a bathtub and make him do what you forced Summer to do? Did you know that perhaps part of her wetting the bed or herself was a direct result of the abuse you both displayed to her? Did you stop and think that perhaps she was so frustrated that she didnt know what else to do? Did you think for one second that perhaps none of it was the RIGHT thing to do? Perhaps she just wanted a little bit of your love and understanding—much like you showed to your son. What was with the brusies—the deep-seated bruising that was there for who knows how many months?

Would you like that done to you? And the bite marks.... Why didnt you see what you were doing was so wrong? Why didnt you go to your husband and say STOP! Enough is more than enough? If it all got to be too much for either of you, why didnt you pick up the phone and ring someone—ANYone for help? There are agencies out there designed to give the parents a break. You could of called Elizabeth or any of us and we would of been there to help. We would have gladly taken Summer back. Elizabeth tried to get her back from you both, but for whatever reason, you declined each time, coming up with one excuse after another.

Because Summer was entrusted into your care, you BOTH should of been the 2 people to whom she could look to for safety and security. She shouldnt of had to fear either of you. Imagine what she must have been thinking and feeling those last months with the 2 of you. Imagine the fear she must have been living in, constantly thinking whats next? “How am I going to suffer” for what ever she felt she had done wrong. Do you think she knew her time on earth would be cut short due to the torture and violence you displayed to wards her-and unleashed onto her? Is love supposed to hurt the way the 2 of you hurt her so mercilessly? When she went, imagine the sheer exhaustion she felt. Im sure in the very end, her release from the torture you used was a welcomed relief to her. How could any 4 year old do ANYthing so terrible it warrants their death? Who gave either of you the right to decide her fate?

You took away the pleasures of many peoples hearts. You took away the dreams our family shared for her. Seeing her off on her first day of school; meeting her first boyfriend; seeing her grow and flourish into young adulthood. You took away a mother’s dream of seeing her daughter graduate from school....who knows what potential Summer could of had—if she was still with us. You took away a mother’s and grandmother’s dream of seeing their beautiful child walk down the aisle on the biggest day of her life. You shattered a part of my life I shall NEVER be able to get back. A pain so deep that nothing—not even time will heal.

I was there while Elizabeth struggled in labour for 13 ½ hours. I was there as the Doctor welcomed her into the world. I was there to cut the umbilical cord. I was there as she was gently and lovingly placed in her mother’s arms for the first time. I was there to nestle her and hold her for her first night of life in this world.

I went daily up to the Children’s Hospital to visit her when she was in there for several weeks due to illness. I was there when she was released from the hospital for 24 hour around the clock care on her I.V.....were either of you? I was there when she had her first delightful experience at the beach. I was there taking turns with her mother to care for her while we both worked. Summer in turn was there for me to help me survive my stroke. Her smiling face and bubbly personality gave me the desire to recover and go on in life. Summer was there to greet me at the airport when I had just taken a hellish 22+ hour flight—just to see her and spend time with her. I still have the pink ribbon the flowers she gave to me where tied up with. I was there for the countless tea parties and dress up sessions. I was there nightly after a bad day at Daycare for her—where she was bullied more often than not for her speech impediment. We worked patiently on flash cards, learning to count and learn our shapes and colours. Summer and I had started her own little Art Gallery in her bedroom. The works of art she had completed were hung on the walls in her room. She’d take anyone who was willing in there to show them her accomplishments. Were either of you there when she got to talk to “Harry Potter” on the phone? Did either of you get the chance to see her entire face light up when she found out she was talking to him? Were either of you there for the first time when she went to a swimming pool and loved it? Her love of the water was refreshing! She always begged for just a little

longer in the bathtub to play; she cried when we had to get out of the swimming pool because the session was over and she didnt want to leave. She was soooooo proud of herself when she first put her head under the water and blew bubbles. I was there for all of that, and so much more.

You should of seen her when we went bicycle shopping for her, and I bought her first real bike. She couldnt wait to get it out of the box and have the training wheels put on. She rode for hours with the girl from next door up and down the driveway, around the cul-de-sac and giggling the whole time. You both robbed her of that joy, and replaced it with a fear that would have never left her had she survived.

Think about it Jonathon and Adriana—these are things that you will never get to share with your son, you will be behind bars, serving for a crime that never should of happened in the first place. You most likely wont see him on his first date, his first puppy-love crush, his first day of school, his prom night, Little Johnny getting his driver's license. Think about all that you have thrown away, both in your lives, but in the lives of others as well.

People from all over the world have heard what you have done. People from all over the world will never let you forget what you have done. People from all over the world cannot begin to imagine what sort of crime you have committed, what sort of monsters you must be to torture and murder a 4 year old little girl who had a beautiful smile that lit up an entire room. A gorgeous red haired, happy go lucky little girl who was horribly taken from us. A baby who had her innocence and trust stripped from her, then killed needlessly.

All I can conclude with is that I sincerely hope God will have mercy on both of your souls come you ultimate judgement day, when you have to stand before Him and explain yourselves. I know I wouldn't be very merciful.

Deneen Phelps
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