

St. of WA vs Jonathan Little  
(Superior Court # 07-1-00947-8)

The loss of my daughter, Summer Phelps, has been the hardest thing I have ever had to deal with. When she died a part of me died also. That night my world changed. The night she was murdered I didn't know what happened but I knew it wasn't something good. Then 3 days later I found out why I felt lost and alone.

When I think of my daughter, I think of her beautiful smile. It would light up the whole room. Her eyes, they held so much life, her soul, so gentle and pure. She loved everybody. She would run up and give you a great big hug. She wasn't scared to show people love. Anybody with two eyes could see that. They could see that all she wanted was to be loved back.

Summer knew love. Summer is loved very much. Summer knew her mommy loved her very much. Summer knew her mommy would do anything for her. I lived for her. The air I breathed was for her. Summer knew my whole world was for her. Summer is my pride and joy. She still is my all.

The pain I live with on a daily basis is the worst pain ever. I look at other kids and I try to and see Summer in them. At the same time it hurts to see, hear, or be around a kid's cause of the pain. There are times when I see families together and I get jealous. I want to be making family memories like they are. But those were stolen from Summer and I. I had dreams of her growing up a beautiful woman. I had dreams to see her off to her first days of school. Seeing her smile, when she gets off the bus. Going to her school and talking to her teachers and seeing her school work. Helping her get ready for school pictures. Watching her make friends. Talking to her about her first love. Seeing Summer get married. Standing by her side when she becomes a mommy. All of those dreams are gone. Gone because of Jon and Andy. Our lives were planned out the day Summer was born, but now they are all gone.

Summer taught me love, joy, happiness and how to laugh. Not to take life so serious all the time. That it is ok to smile and not to be scared to let others see. That life can be fun. The four short years that she and I spent together were the best years of my life. She showed life can be fun. I enjoyed the times where her and I would sit and paint or do little projects. I loved to see her smile when we would hang up our art work. I enjoyed the times where she would drive me around in her princess car and act like she was taking me to school and she went to work. She would tell me when she got older that she would send me to school when she went to work. I miss the trips to the park where we would go play on the toys and go for walks. I remember one night we were sitting at home doing nothing so I surprised her by taking her down to the water front in Bremerton. She was so excited to see the "big boats", the Navy ships. I told her that her papa was on one at one time. Every time we saw a big boat she would say it was papa's boat. She thought it was so cool. Then we played in the water fountains and chased each other around on the boardwalk. On the drive home we sang to songs and laughed. Summer and I had so many good memories. I enjoyed the time when we got home from work/school and we would go turn up the music and go play outside. Either ride our bikes or ride the scooter.

What I don't understand is why did this happen? Why did Jon and Andy do this? Jon use to fight with me all the time about seeing her more. He at one time did tell me he wanted her full time. Summer use to cry for them. Cry for her daddy. When they would bring her home from after they spent time together, she would cry and cry for him. It would last for about an hour or so. It killed me to hear her cry like that. About 3 yrs ago

Andy came up to me and told me Summer called her mom. I told her that was between her and Summer. Summer knew who her mommy was. I looked at it; it was more love for Summer. Love is a good thing to have in anybody's life. I trusted them. Trusted they would love her, take care of her, help her grow into a beautiful woman. Jon always told me I was always going to be Summer's mommy. Why didn't he bring her back? Why ~~was~~<sup>wasn't</sup> he man enough to say "Liz please come and get her. I can't do this." Why? He knows I would of have. I NEVER imagined that this would EVER happen. Never thought a "parent" could do this to their own flesh and blood, their child. When they came and picked Summer up, she told me everything was going to be ok. Jon and Andy reinsured me that Summer was going to be ok. That it was a good time for her to get to know her brother. That they wanted her to be part of their new family. They both gave me a hug and told me that it is ok to take a break. They wanted her there. On Christmas morning Andy and I talked. I told her how hard it has been on me to have Summer gone for so long. She told me she could never be away from her son for 4 months. That is how long Summer was over there for by that time. The next day I went over to see her. Summer looked ok. She and I made plans for when she came home. We played, we laughed, we opened gifts, and we cuddled. I got to hear her spell m-o-m-m-y for the first time. The last time I saw Summer alive was on Dec.27<sup>th</sup> of 2006. Summer and Andy were hanging out the bathroom window (at the time I didn't know that) waving and blowing me kisses. Also telling me she loved me. On that also she told me I will always be her mommy. I will always keep those memories with me.

I miss Summer running up to me yelling mommy with her arms wide open waiting for me to give her a hug. I miss waking up in the morning seeing her beautiful face. Waking her up with a kiss. I miss cuddling with her. I miss being a mommy. I miss my princess.

What is hard is know Jon and Andy will get to see their son. Get to hear how he is doing. Hear all of his accomplishments. I will still be sitting here thinking of the life Summer and I should have had. The life that was planned out for Summer. There will be no satisfaction from the sentence they will get. My satisfaction will come from knowing every time they close their eyes they have to hear her screams, her pleas, and see her lifeless body on their bathroom floor. They have to deal with the fact that they destroyed a family. They destroyed two. The generations to come have been robbed. They will never get to know Summer. Baby Johnny, Summer's brother, will never get to know his big sister. Know the love that she had for him. What is going to happen to him when he finds out his "parents" killed his big sister. What is he going to say to his kids about Auntie Summer? How unfair to the families that have to explain to every generation that somebody was taken away from us in such a cruel way.

My life has been destroyed. My dreams and hopes have been shattered. A part of me has died. A part of me will never come back. Now I have to pick up the pieces that are left and try and go on. Go on for Summer. It will be a struggle but with love and what Summer taught me I know it will be ok. I want to make Summer proud. Proud that I am her mommy. I know one day Summer and I will see each other again and we will never have to separate again. I love and miss you Summer. We will be together again hugs and kisses baby girl.

Judge Price, I ask that you give Jon the max sentencing. I don't want to imangien the fear that I will have if he ever gets out. I don't want to have the fear that he might be able to do this again. To hurt and steal another child's life. Thank you.

Thank You,  
Elizabeth Phelps  
12-01-08

St. of WA vs. Adriana Lytle  
(Superior Ct # 07-1-009460-0)

Living without my daughter has been a living hell. It's a struggle everyday to get up. It's a struggle to sleep. It's a struggle to keep going. Summer was and still is my all. Summer is my pride and joy!

Summer was the reason I had a smile on my face. Summer was the reason I was happy. Summer was the reason I kept going.

To not have trusted another woman with my child was hard. I trusted she would love her, like she said she did. To take care of her, like she said she was. To help her grow into a beautiful woman. Not to yell "I hate you," burn her, beat her, drown her. Not to treat her like trash.

Andy treated Summer like she was something she could throw away. But Summer wasn't something you could throw away. Andy didn't show her love, like a mother figure would. Summer loved Andy. Summer use to call her mama Andy. It was hard to hear but Summer looked at her as a mother figure. Summer and I both trusted her. Summer and I both thought Andy loved her back. Andy acted like she wanted to be part of Summer's life. Andy acted like she wanted Summer to be part of her life.

When Andy was pregnant with Johnny, her and I would talk on the phone and talk about the pregnancy's. I talked about mine with Summer and she talked about her's. We shared ultra sound pictures. I thought we were making

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progress I thought we were becoming a family.

Andy stole my all. She took my Summer away. She destroyed my life. She destroyed all of my hopes and dreams.

What I don't understand is why did she do this. Why did Andy have to kill my Summer. Why did Andy cause Summer so much pain. Pain she knows and understands.

Learning about her pass, one would think she would NEVER lay a hand on a child.

Why would she kill Summer when she knew I loved her. I wanted her. Andy knew it was killing me being away from Summer.

On Christmas she told me she could never live without her son. How does it feel?

If that was true then why did you take Summer away from me?

Why wasn't she woman enough to say "I can't handle this. Come get her." Why?

Both Jon and Andy know I would do anything for Summer.

But Andy was selfish and robbed Summer of the life she should of had. I trusted her with the one thing that ever mattered in my life. Now Summer is gone, forever.

Summer got so happy when she found out she was going to be a big sister. What made her more excited was they shared the same birthday. She loved him so much. With everything she had. When Jon and Andy called Summer use to talk to Johnny. Andy would put the phone to her belly, so Summer could talk to him. I believe they would of have been close. Summer was so happy to meet him for

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the first time. Her face light up when I told her, her bother was here. I was looking forward to planning family birthday party's. How wrong was I? The future held so much for both of them.

Did you realize Andy, when you took my daughter's life, you took everybody else who knew and loved her. That includes your son's. He has been robbed of knowing a mother's love. Love people thought you had. Knowing the love his sister had for him. The night Andy decided to play God and take Summer's life, it was the same as her ripping my heart out and her stabbing it to death. Who is she to say who lives and who doesn't?

Because of Jon and Andy and what they did, I'm scared to go outside. I'm scared of people. I have a hard time believing people and what they say. When Summer was alive everything was ok. Our lives all planned out. Life was going to be ok.

Summer is an amazing little girl. She loved to help. When I talked to her over the phone she was so happy to tell me how she was helping Mama Andy with her brother. Andy use to help her out with A B C's. They use to be happy. Where did the happiness go? Andy ~~has~~ chose not to be a mother and a wife. Andy chose to destroy her family and mine.

I hate them for what they did. For what they took away from me. They took my heart and soul. They took my love.

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They took Summer's future away. It's not fair. There are times where I still want to believe this is all a dream. That I'll wake up and see Summer and everything will be ok. Then I realize it's not a dream and this is my life. So now I have to get up and dust myself off and try to start a new life. Start living for my Summer. She wouldn't want me to be sad. Prove that I was a good mother. Try and make a change. Change how people treat kids. I pray that another mother will NEVER feel the pain I do. To hear the things I heard.

Judge Price, I ask you give Andy the max sentence. She stole my daughter from me. I fear the day she gets out. I fear her. I fear the safety of her son if she is ever able to be around him. I want to see him grow into a wonderful man.

Thank You  
Elizabeth Phelps

12-01-08