

Dear Mr. Ryan;

February 23rd, 2017

Can you convince an innocent man he is guilty? Can you convince a man who has been attacked and maligned that it is all in his mind? Can you convince a loving Father to not defend his children? Can you convince a man who has been a good man his entire life that he is some kind of Criminal? Can you convince a hard-working man who has risen in spite of severe disability that he does not deserve what he has? Can you convince a man in his middle years who has worked incredibly hard his entire life and has so little to show for it, that maybe he doesn't deserve a little better? Can you convince a man who has paid his respects to Society his entire life that society does not owe respect in kind? No. And to do so is reckless, uncivil, inhuman and dangerous. Before you allow this oblivious court to run rough-shod over my humanity I warn you: I've walked away from every fight in my life, but I will not do it anymore. I realise now that I do deserve better, I must protect what is mine, I am not guilty.

I want what any man wants: A good life, a family, some peace and happiness, a decent reputation, a noble death. To attempt to take any of these things from a man is Tyranny. I warn you: I am not safe in your world anymore if you (and by you I mean all of you) can not recognise that too much has already been taken from me, that I deserve so much better than to be alienated from my own daughter by a child-molesting bitch, that I deserve so much better than to have my good reputation ruined by combative and overzealous cops and a clueless District Attorney, that I deserve so much more than to have to kill myself just to live in the middle of a wild forest. I do not blame people for my lot, I blame people for them not wanting the same things for me that they want for themselves. I have been everyones Champion, my entire life. My father was the same way - he never begrudged anyone anything. My father didn't want people he met to go home and feed their children a handful of rice and spend the night worrying over the kitchen table how the family

would pay the rent. My father wanted everyone to own a house and to eat meat a few times a week and to have nice clothes. He didn't just want this for his family, he wanted it for every family. My father didn't want people to have cars held together by bailing wire and a prayer, he wanted people to have cars that got them home every night. Mr. Ryan; how can I be anything but what my father made me? How can I want anything for myself that is less than what he would want? How can I live with myself knowing I cannot give to my daughter what my father gave to me? I am not my father. I suffer from very debilitating mental illness that I got from my mother's side of my family. I have still done very well, in many ways better than most, but what people fail to recognise is that it is a very tenuous hold I have on my life, I am perpetually at risk of losing all. I am constantly worried that I will fail. I suffer from paralysing Anxiety. I no longer trust anyone. Therefore, I have no-one. Even my small successes only serve to scare the shit out of me. I do not need, nor can I endure static from people like these sheriffs or Hanna or Flynn. They are making me less stable, more schizoid, less able to take care of myself, more dangerous. If I were guilty of something substantial that would be one thing, but they are prissing up the wrong tree. I am better off in a prison cell if people can't just help me. I don't want to hurt anyone and it is a real risk the way they have treated me. I need and deserve kindness, understanding, inclusion, love, hope and prayers not derision, condemnation, persecution, notoriety. Mr. Hanna says this community needs protection from me and I cannot disagree, but you do not right a ship by punching more holes in the hull. I know this: if people had been half as concerned about protecting me and my family from elements of this community, then we would not even be talking about protecting this society from me. Lots of people put the cart before the horse. Mr. Ryan.

Sincerely,
Robert A Gibbs