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[illegible]

women, and using his «authority» to take advantage of them. Later lawsuits brought by women who were raped by a serial rapist (named Timothy Anderson) while the rapist was on «work release» under Shepherd's charge, claimed that several other women related to men in the program (usually wives, and girlfriends) had also been manipulated for sex by Shepherd, including Tim Anderson's wife. In exchange for sex with Anderson's wife, Shepherd had advanced him (the rapist) quickly through the program and AGAINST the recommendations of the treatment group itself. Thus, Anderson was raping women while still in the program and living on the treatment «ward». This lawsuit was settled by the state out of court, and never received any public attention. The program was shut down (possibly as part of the «agreement»), but since the allegations against Gary Shepherd were never proven, he was re-assigned to another «therapist» position within the same psychiatric hospital (Western State Hospital) and remained a DSHS (Department of Social Health Services) employee. (When I was representing myself in this more recent death penalty case I saw documents stamped «confidential» all over them that showed several female employees (nursing staff) who worked with Shepherd in the years since also formally complained about being harassed and threatened by Shepherd for sexual favors. The last I heard he was still employed by DSHS though, and had refused to meet or speak with my «defense team» investigators. He should be retired by now though.) Needless to say, the impact this «assault» against my mother had on me was tremendous. According to SP program standards, what «Mike» did was «attempted rape» (i.e. using threats to force a vulnerable person to have sex). Prior to this incident I was doing very well in the program on my own (without his «help») and even looked up to «Mike» as a fatherly figure (which is how he liked to present himself). But now...? Well, I was crushed, confused, and left with no support or course of redress for the source of my confusion because of the way Shepherd forbade me from discussing it with other group members. I eventually, over the course of a few weeks, realized I could no longer stay in the program. I decided to risk prison, which from my perspective at the time suddenly didn't seem so bad. To understand this decision you have to realize what the program meant to me. It was my «salvation». For the first time in my life I felt like I was getting the «help» and information I needed in order to sort through all the confusing and hypocritical messages I kept getting from everyone else - teachers, parents, older siblings, friends, etc.. I realized later in life that the hypocritical messages I got as a child are «standard» (i.e. everyone gets them). But most people find something to «hold onto» (rationally) in order to fair the confusion. They find some belief or other that becomes their «religion» in some sense (literally or figuratively) that they cling to no matter what other messages they receive. This makes them feel safe and secure, thus providing a sense of salvation and purpose in life. The SP treatment program was my «religion» in this sense, and Shepherd was my «priest» (religious leader). That's how it really felt to me. So when Shepherd did what he did with my mother I lost my «religion», and anyone who has ever lost their «religion» like that knows how devastating it can be, and would instantly understand why prison suddenly seemed preferable to remaining in the «treatment» program. But, I had just recently been approved for a special «cottage visit» with my family. This was a special privilege only for members in the program who had reached step five or above. It was an entire weekend visiting in one of the hospital's cottages with no security. The only restriction was that you could not leave the hospital grounds. But I could walk around the hospital with my family and cook meals with them in the cottage. For men with wives this was a conjugal visit. But for me, since my parents were divorced, I had arranged to spend the first day (and night) with my mother, and the second with my father. I was very excited about the visit, so I decided to wait until after the visit before I told the group I was done with the program and wanted to do my time in prison. During the cottage visit I had an extremely emotional encounter with my mother that confused me even more at the time, but I have since come to understand it was deeply related to the confusion that lead me to think that forcing someone to have sex with me would help me find some resolution and understanding. It's far too complex for me to attempt explaining here, so I'll just say that I realized that my mother had feelings for me that I could not understand at the time. Not necessarily «sexual» feelings, but not quite «motherly» either. I was her «religion» in the same sense I've mentioned above. She clung to me for a sense of sanity in an insane world. There are a lot of complex emotional reasons behind this, that go back to her having lost her first child, a boy, in a late term miscarriage at a very young age. The circumstances under which she lost her first son only made the experience all the more traumatic and confusing for her. And when I was born I instantly became her «salvation», and her «religion», ultimately to my own demise. So, long story short, that first night in the cottage, after my mother had gone to bed, I sat out on the porch and pondered the meaning of life, and whether it was even worth living. I had lost my «father» and my «mother», emotionally, within a matter of weeks. It felt exactly like my world had ended, and I knew prison was the only avenue left for me. So I decided to make my decision irreversible, and I got up and walked off the porch, across a field, and over the low stone wall that marked the boundary of the hospital grounds. In effect, I «escaped», which I knew was the «ultimate» unforgivable violation possible for someone in the program and guaranteed a ticket to prison. I didn't go very far, since my intent was only to commit myself to prison and nothing more. I walked to a nearby residential street, looked at the houses (i.e. «freedom»), then returned to the hospital cottage and went to bed without disturbing my mother in the other bedroom. The next morning two work-release members from the group showed up unexpectedly and told me they were there to escort me back to the ward. It turned out that two other members in the group got caught having sex in the shower together. So the group was «grounded» (no one except work-release members were allowed off ward). We would sit in meeting all day every day, often into the wee hours of the morning, until the group came up with a «treatment plan» solution for the entire group. I was a newly elected «Junior leader» at the time, but because of the «seriousness» of the problem (sex in the program was second only to escape as far as seriousness goes, and the only thing worse than these was an actual sex crime, such as exposing yourself to a visitor or something), the first thing the group did was elect a more «experienced» Junior leader to replace me. In the very next meeting I dropped my own bombshell on the group by telling them - completely out of the blue - that I did not want to be in the program any more and had left the hospital grounds («escaped») while at the cottage the night before. The group pelted me with questions, but I clammed up and just kept repeating, «vote me out» and «send me to prison». That was the most I could say with all the emotions I was feeling at the time (I was crying like a baby). The group put me on «double buddy» watch (so two other members in the group would have to follow me everywhere, even to the bath room) and then decided to wait and see what «Mike» would say on Monday. On Monday, on Mike's orders, the group leaders called a «marathon line of therapy» on me. This was an outdated practice in the program that had to be explained to everyone in the group. It essentially meant that I would be forced to remain in the group-room, against my will, until I started answering questions. Other members of the group were allowed to leave in pairs in order to use the bathroom and/or take a smoke break. But I was forced, physically, to remain in the group room by two of the largest members in the group (Tabor Guard and Jessie Littleton) who sat by the door. I actually got up to try to leave several times, and even complained that I had to use the bathroom, but on every occasion I was physically stopped from leaving by Tabor and Jessie. After what seemed like a very long time (one or two hours, maybe?) I started telling them what I thought they wanted to hear. I tried telling them the truth at first, that I left the hospital grounds only to make sure I'd be voted out because of what «Mike» Shepherd did with my mother. But they called that bullshit and demanded to know the «real reason», which according to them was that I wanted to rape another child. So after several hours of this I started just agreeing with everything they «imagined» I had «really» done while at the cottage with my mother. I told them that I made a «rape kit» consisting of an electric cord and such to tie up my victim with and took it with me when I «escaped». I even told them that I spied on a girl doing homework by peeking through a window. None of this made sense, but it seemed to satisfy them and so they ended the «line of therapy» once they had the «confession» that Shepherd ordered them to get from me. «Mike» Shepherd then used this «confession» in his official report to the court after I was voted out of the program. And this report went into my official file, and eventually became the primary reason I ended up serving over 14 years in prison. «Mike» claimed in his report that I was delusional, manipulative, and so obsessed with raping children that I left the hospital grounds even while still in the program to do exactly that. I had no idea that his report would plague me like it did (and still does) for the rest of my life. I tried to challenge it many years later, but even though «Mike» Shepherd was the one who wrote the report it was signed off by at least one W.S.H doctor, who I did not know and never met, and whose credentials I could not challenge. Even though Shepherd's report caused me to serve an exceptionally long prison sentence, and also caused me to later be classified as a «level three» (worst of the worst) sex offender after I got out of prison and finished my sentence, I never blame Shepherd for what he did. I kept an affinity for him that I couldn't betray. He was, after all, just another «sex offender» like me. So if I blamed him I'd have to blame myself also. Instead I sought to blame those who gave him the authority that he used to hurt me and my mother. Ultimately I blamed the System as I came to recognize it as a living, breathing, and FEEDING organism with a will and intent all its own. I directed all my rage for these injustices toward the ones who ignorantly propagated the System and allowed it to prosper, that being society itself. And as I sit now on Federal death row as a result, I blame no one any more, not even myself. [J.D. June 20, 2018]

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