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"Laws are made for men of ordinary understanding and should therefore be construed by the ordinary rules of common sense. Their meaning is not to be sought for metaphysical subtleties. The end of law is not to abolish or to restrain but to preserve and enlarge freedom for in all the states of created beings capable of law. Where there is no law there is no freedom." Quotes on the walls of the entrance of the Manchester superior courthouse. Quotes that I read over and over again as I waited nervously with my friends and family for the hearing at sentencing for my assailant. The father of my youngest son attacked me in a home invasion February 25th, 2009.

That day will forever be burned in my memory as the scariest night of my life. I can only describe the fear and horror I witnessed that night. And it was awful. Glass shattering from a 240 pound man throwing himself into my home after he climbed an extension ladder to gain access in. I was choked up against a door, then thrown from wall to floor, then back up again only to be slammed down again. I had a neighbor with me that night and luckily I was saved. I made it away from my assailant just long enough to call 911. I called and screamed. Screamed for my life, as I did not believe I was going to make it out.

I did make it out. I made it out and I cannot tell you how terrible my life had been since I made it out of that attack. Call it depression, call it survivor's remorse, call it what you will. There are days I am so thankful I'm alive. And there are days like this past Friday that I wish I never made it out. I am just so sick of the painful reminder of what has happened to me. I know deep down I should never be so selfish to be ungrateful I survived. But when I look at what my life is like, there are days I just wish I didn't wake up. This past Thursday I lost my job. One I worked so hard to get. I lost it because I have been so physically sick from the stress of this tragedy. I suffer migraines and they have crippled me more times than I can count. The numerous court dates that I have had to go to, to ensure I wasn't missing anything. It all took its toll. My boss couldn't have a liability such as myself in their workplace.

You see that maybe wouldn't have been so bad if only this past Friday justice had been served. But it wasn't. My assailant had a court case on December 8th, 2009 which was continued until what I was notified as February 8th, 2010. This was set off the record. Yet on January 12th, 2010 the defendant accepted a plea bargain smaller than one previously denied by the same judge on the bench and was sentenced. I, unknowingly was at work and didn't hear of this until my advocate called me at work. I nearly lost it. I found out that day that the man who climbed one of four ladders chained to my house and tried to kill me almost a year before would be back on the streets in about another year's time.

Sleep did not come easy after that. PTSD came back full forced and I've been plagued with distraught ever since. My once private life now had to go public as I reached out for help of the media to see if anything could be changed. It turns out there was a sliver of hope. The sentence had been "stayed" for reasons not made public. I had one last chance to plea to the judge that this was not the best negotiation for anyone. My family, including my two very young sons needed more time to heal. To be safe. But minutes before the hearing, the prosecutor came out of his office with a sly look as he said that the judge who had originally heard this case now would not hear it. It had to go before another judge. Even I knew what that meant. No matter how loud I begged or screamed for my life now, nothing could be done. Judges do not change another's ruling.

I got before the court and read my statement. I cried, I even spoke of my disgust of what the prosecutor had done behind my back. I begged even though I knew it was pointless. In the end nothing was changed. Nothing was done to help me. A five year sentence suspended after 3 years served with time already served was handed down. My "death sentence" as I keep referring to it was given to me.

If there are going to be laws made to protect the innocent, you need to uphold them. There needs to be consequences for those who break them. Not just the criminals, but those in charge of putting said criminals away. My despair now comes from a deeper level. Yes, I was a victim of violence, domestic violence. But now I am a victim of judicial misconduct. Not only had my civilian rights been violated, my constitutional rights had been violated when I was never notified of the proceedings in my assailants case.

I had asked my mother once before, "what, did I have to die for there to be any justice?" The sad truth be told is, yes. There probably would have been more scrutiny over the whole story. But I didn't die. And there will not be a day that goes by that I don't suffer and that I don't think about those who couldn't make it out. And there is not a day that goes by that I won't be thinking of ways to help those who need it. There needs to be more security in this state. What kind of person could attempt to kill the mother of their child, someone they lived a life with?

Flip the coin for just a second, and think, what kind of a person could read a file about such an attack, then push it aside because it was just "domestic?"

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