



Healing From An Accused Life

~ To Flower ~

By: The Accused

August 2024





A Letter To My Daughter Flower

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

For...

***The tough suffered moments during our separation.
May this find you well and bring comfort
to your young aching heart.***

~ Daddy ~





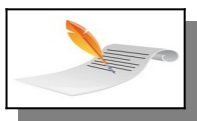
But Consider For A Moment...

If your future self could speak to your past then, what would you say?

***Its a heavy question. And if it were possible,
it would carry much responsibility.***

Plus, a lot of deep thought.

***For nothing in this world comes easy.
Because it all ends with a cost.***



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THAT EARLY SEPTEMBER DAY

To say I went a little emotionally and mentally nuts from the beginning through my wrongly accused life would be an understatement. And what father wouldn't in my situation? Because all the horrible sexual lies said about me by Cookie and Honeydew not only effected me but, they also effected my entire family to include you as well. Then when my CPS forced separation from you happened in Early September 2015, after I got you ready for elementary school in the morning, it took us all and myself by a horrifying surprise. And even more, I still remember that afternoon's emotional phone call from your Grandma stating I couldn't see or contact you anymore. It was so painful that all I could do was cry my eyes out afterwards. Meanwhile with my feelings of extreme loss, confusion and brokenness, I missed you terribly. Thinking, “When can I ever see you again?” Just as I'm sobbing and begging for you to come back home like I remembered.

So Flower I bet when you were told by CPS at school that you couldn't see me anymore, you probably felt shocked and didn't know what to say. To perhaps thinking this was all just a lie or, a bad dream and you would see me just like normal after school.

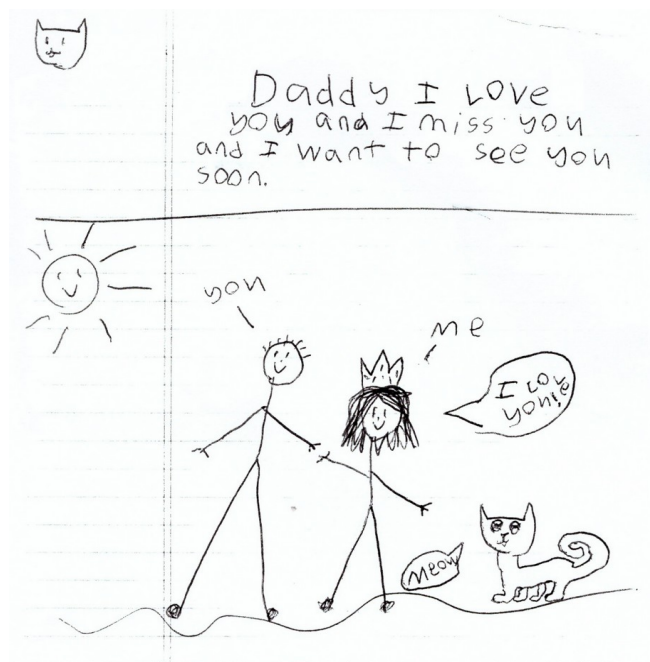
But on that Early September Day, it didn't happen.

***So your Grandma (my Mom) picked you up
instead and, took you to her home.***

And from then on you stayed with her or, at your Mom's.

Meanwhile, our three plus year separation begrudgingly endured.

You were only 8 years old when it started.



FINDING THE RIGHT WORDS

So Flower as I write this, I find myself struggling to find the right words that would convey how I feel. And deep down I'm stuck and, I don't know how to say them either. For in my mind, I find myself still clinging to a past that no longer exists. And today, you're nearing the early adult years. To soon become 18. And yeah, we could finally reconnect then. However, I continue to miss the 8 year old who was taken from me. And sadly, I acknowledge the truth of missing out on your growing up years as well. Thus ultimately I've become a mere visitor while allowed to see you at my parents' some 2.5+ years later when CPS and Family Court allowed it. And sure, I was glad to see you. But, it felt empty and like my rights as your Dad were literally crushed. To include, even by our own immediate family who agreed to let me see you.

And for the 2.5+ years of our separation, we all did what was needed to keep you safe among our family. Though in the meantime and after, you were being raised mostly by your Grandparents and then, by your Mom outside of her work. So I imagine you found this to be heavily confusing and scary to deal with and, just at the same time as your missing me a lot too.

Yet while I wasn't able to see or contact you during that time, I did feel grateful you still had your favorite cat "Big Bob" at the Grandparents to keep you company and, to comfort your tougher moments. He was such a well loved kitty. So every time I visited when you weren't and couldn't be there, I would give "Big Bob" hugs. Knowing full well you would do the same too. For he was our shared messenger whom passed these back and forth between us. As if to say, "Daddy I still love and miss you!" And or, "Flower, your always in my heart and nothing can take that away!" Thus, "Big Bob" was our Heaven sent angel to keep us together. And so, his large fluffy paws held our hands while we fought off our lonely sad hurts.

***So "Big Bob," you will always be loved and cherished.
Thank you for being there for us.***

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Now over the years after I was allowed to see you, I noticed you became more numb about the difficult past and the losses we endured. Thus, it was as if you just wanted to forget it all and never look back. "Whence, becoming a past 8 year old who mentally blocks and stuffs painful loss and memories away." So all-in-all, I definitely understand and don't blame you. For I too have felt like this. To even wishing none of this evil ever happened to us. Yet the shame and guilt I felt from knowing and being conned by Cookie, Honeydew and her family has made it difficult for me to let go and move on. To include, I even blamed myself for not knowing better and staying away from them before hand. Whence today, there is much needed healing to do.

THE SCRAPS OF AN OUTCAST LIFE

Often times while out in public during my legal mess, I would see other fathers with their families and children doing fun things together and, I would be reminded of how sad I felt because I couldn't do that with you anymore. So it was like a stinging dart continually puncturing my side. Leading me to feel further broken for losing you. Then sometimes after when alone at home, I felt even lower about it too. With self-blame thinking, “Why didn't I know better?” Then believing myself to be too stupid at times to get anything right. All-the-while, getting into a why-bother and who cares kind of attitude. For too many times I just wanted to give up and say to the thugs, “Fine! You win! So go ahead and lock me up!” Because the truth doesn't f#ck!ng matter to you anyways!” And during the evenings back at the start, I had memories of you and I going to the pet store or Taco Johns or other favorite places you liked and then, recalling the smiles you had about us being there. To even remembering how proud and happy you were with me as your Dad. So I kept thinking this was all lost and gone. And as for the Wood City Music Festival' in Cloquet, MN, I have never gone back to that since we went there when Cookie and Honeydew left us and started all the lies against me in August 2015. Its just all to many bad memories. So ultimately, I decided to just avoid the annual festival because of them.

Then towards the 2015 Winter and into the years after, I felt like a kicked out person with some of our family. To where it seemed like I didn't have a right to voice my feelings or opinions with them. Because they'd respond that they already heard it all and or, would accuse me of “repeating” myself again. To even, when I never spoke of it before in the first place. Thus it felt like they were just telling me to shut up and deal with it. And so it seemed they didn't care to listen and, I kept thinking they didn't believe in my innocence in the first place too. Yet, they'd show a facade to save face and cover over how they really felt about me. So my dear Flower, I got good at bottling up my broken and despaired feelings to protect myself against them and to survive all this.

Now after I was allowed to see you again under supervised visitation by CPS and Family Court in Early March 2018, I felt excited and relieved. For at last, it seemed that struggle was over and we no longer had to wait to see each other. Yet here too, this allowance came at an emotional and supervised cost. To where its debt wouldn't be paid in full until you turned 18 years old. And even then, just how effectively healing would this allowance be? For it paid very little happiness to help bring us together beforehand.

Meanwhile as we were supervised in your Grandparents Dining or Living Room areas they or, your visiting Mom (Latte), hovered around and interrupted each time we tried to talk about how we felt. Whence effectively censoring our attempts to recover a meaningful father daughter relationship. So, I never got to hear your side of things. And after a while, it seemed even you were censoring yourself too. All to hide and protect your hurt feelings from them and myself. And as a result you looked numb, sullen and downtrodden to where it appeared you just wanted to block it all out and forget it ever happened and never look back. Thus, I began to feel like my being your Dad had no longer mattered to you and, that I had died in your eyes. It was very painful for me to witness and realize. And, its totally unfair in how they kept \$h!tting on our efforts to find healing! Yet in my mind I kept hearing under lonesome tears, “Daddy, I want to come home and be with you!”

So we took our well controlled experience on the chin.

SEPARATION REFLECTIONS

Now by my Early June 2017 Sentencing, you were going on 10+ years old. Yet some months prior to your birthday, your Grandma (my Mom) told me that you had a few emotionally difficult times. However back then, I was thankful you still had your Grandparents with you during those moments when I couldn't be. Because it was a definitely tough on us all with the accusations that were thrown at me and, you being taken away from me as well.

Thus from previous discussions with my family in the past, I also learned you wished I never met Cookie, Honeydew or their family. That you blamed them for taking me away from you. And, I can't even imagine the sorrow and suffering you went through because of it. For what they've done is absolutely horrible and inexcusable. Plus, I cannot count the number of times I've cried while alone because of all this. For I so much wanted to see you and or, to at least leave a message saying, "I still loved you and haven't forgotten you." To even adding I missed you and, I very much wanted you back home too.

Then when an immediate family member once told me before your 10th birthday of you saying, "Since I cannot see my Dad, then I might as well be dead." My heart broke in two. And later on that night after while alone at home, I ended up sobbing heavily as I thought about you. To yelling back, "You f#ck!ng CPS ba\$ards!" For it really hurt that I couldn't be there to comfort you. Because Flower, you never deserved to be emotionally driven down that path. So, I suspect this is when you mentally chose to emotionally close up on your past with me. Perhaps even, to where the sad 8 year old in you had mentally died.

And thus, my difficult choice of accepting a Plea Deal in May 2017 was so we could stay together. Because I wanted you to have the opportunity to see me under any allowable circumstances given by the court system that was railing against me. However if I chose to fight a legal battle against them and lost then, according to my defense attorney, you would be well in to your 50's before being able to see me outside a prison as a then labeled Level 3 Sex Offender. So I sacrificed my freedom because I love you very much and, I didn't want to lose you either. And, it seemed their Level 0 Plea Deal was the only workable option too.

Yet in reflection while I look back now with everything I know, it appears my choice to plead in Criminal Court was fruitless. Because after seeing you during our visits, it seemed you didn't want a close father daughter relationship as I originally believed and hoped for. Yet here again, it could also be due in part to the strict "adult supervision" restrictions plus, the fact that your Mom has declined many times to let me see you out in public with her being present too. And sadly, even your Grandparents later seemed the same as well. For it seems like only once in a Blue Moon when they're for it. So now in Mid-Summer 2024, I only recall two times since Family Court when my parents brought you out to a public place to see me.

Now today, I wish your Grandparents and your Mom understood just how detrimental and emotionally destructive it has been to deny your right to see me in public. That in fact, their lack of interest in having you me this way while, under their supervision, has only fed your sadness and, is also possibly continuing your disinterest in me as your Dad. To include their denial is indirectly teaching you to shun me and, yourself, for the past. And so, I find their inaction to be completely unfair. For in effect, they they are doing this out of their own selfish reasons, fears and etc. Again, its no wonder why you’re so sullen and want to forget it all.

And coincidentally, it also seems they mentally and emotionally destroyed your identity too. Whence, to effectively brainwash away the once happy and excited daughter I remembered you as being! And early on after Family Court gave the okay for me to see you at your Grandparents or, out in public while supervised and, when I brought up the public idea to them, they all lightly scoffed and seemed uncaring about it. Especially, from your Mom (Latte) too. It was all very eye opening and shameful to discover about them. Thus again, its totally evil and unfair in how they’re violating our rights to see each other as allowed by Family Court. To include, I feel dumbfounded by their seeming betrayal of me too.

So now I am left to wonder if perhaps the real hidden truth is that, my family doesn’t actually believe in my innocence against the sexual lies Cookie and Honeydew said about me. Yet, they could only be conning me into thinking they did so as to hide it. Whence, its all a sick twisted web!

But through it all, I carried a lot of emotional baggage and anger with it and everyone involved. Thus, it took a heavy toll on my life and left me with more questions than answers. For who or what am I supposed to believe when it comes to those in my family? And, who’s side are they really on anyways?

***But when around them, I just winged it to play along like everything was okay.
Thus, masking negative feelings became a learned instinct.***

GOING DEEPER THROUGH ENDURING MOMENTS

Flower today in my home, I have some photos of you that are out. And I love them very much! However sadly at the start of my legal mess when CPS took you away from me, I must admit these were too painful for me to look at. So, I had to put them away for a while in your dresser drawers. Yet, I did leave your bedroom as it was for nearly two plus years after. For it was like a closed door shrine I kept with the hope you'd be returned to me soon with this evil being over. But, that never happened.

And during those two plus years, I found it tough to not get emotional about my loss of you. For I have so many fond memories of us going to fun places we liked and of how much you enjoyed my being able to talk like Elmo. Plus I even remember you telling your friends at day care about it too and, how you'd ask me to "talk like Elmo" for them when I picked you up. I felt so proud to be your Dad. So today, I will always cherish these special memories.

Yet with us being apart for so long, I can't even begin to imagine how much that hurt you. Nor, can I imagine what it was like for you to hide yourself from everyone you love. And so these lonesome stuck feelings weigh heavy on our human hearts. And its never fair to be constantly wondering, "Will I ever be free of this? Or, when can I go back home to see my Dad?"

Flower many times while you were gone, I thought of you and hoped you were doing well. It was all I could to do to stay sane. Then a few times a week, your Grandparents would update me stating you're doing fine despite everything that happened. Yet, added about your great sadness for not being able to see me to even, pointing out you don't like talking on it either. For doing so made you feel worse. And, you probably thought that it would do no good anyways. Plus, I even get the sense it made you cry a lot too. So I definitely feel for you there. Its all very haunting and heartbreaking!

Now all-in-all, as I work on this project. To culminating all my handwritten notes, thoughts and feelings from the years since my accusation nightmare began and, when you were taken away. I am infect, hoping my efforts here won't be in vein. Although, I also understand and accept you have a right to have me in your life as your Dad or, to not to. So this is a tough aspect for me to consider. Yet none-the-less, you are your own person. And, I do strongly feel you deserve to know the truth should you wish to seek it. Plus, I still believe the lost and trapped 8 year old within you longs to hear it too.

And at the start during my big fight with all this, my kept notes were the only way I could stay in contact with you. To include documenting everything that happened to me. For this is how I survived along with, the blind hope that my legal mess would clear up and we would soon return to each other like we were. To where a lost daughter could see her Daddy's loving arms again and find healing.

Meanwhile in our family at the start and for a long time after, there was much anger about what Cookie and Honeydew did to me and, to us. That everyone found it difficult to impossible to forgive them. Plus, I can't even count the number of times I witnessed your Grandparents argue about it all in front of me. To even Grandpa once stating that he wanted to seek revenge against them. Though thankfully he never did. However, it extremely pained them to watch you suffer without me as you did. And, it hurts to know about how you nightly cried yourself to sleep while hugging "Big Bob" too. So again, I can't even imagine the tough thoughts you had ruminating in your head while laying teary eyed at bedtime under a darkened room to comfort you.

YOU HAVE A VOICE

From one of my notes I inscribed, “In the end, I hope we can all find some kind of peace with what happened. Because this “perfect storm” against me and my family will end. It can’t last forever. That somehow, someday I believe there is good that will come out of it. For this is what I know in my heart. And, I believe God is in charge and He will provide too.”

Then on another I wrote, “Flower, I want you know that you have a voice and a right to speak up on important matters. To even having the right to be heard on your thoughts, ideas and feelings by those you trust and love. To include, even legally too. And please know, none of this is your fault.”

So over all back during our separation, there was a lot I wanted to tell you but, couldn’t. That it angered and saddened me to low points of overwhelming despair and, I missed you so much that I found it difficult to handle too. Thus again, blind hope was all I had to comfort me. Plus, I had very few people I could trust to share it with. For those I called close friends in the past, all left me because of this evil.

Now I have a voice too.

And to this day, it still amazes me how someone's lies can destroy another so deeply. That they do so without a care or a thought about the damage it will cause – ie from my second ex-wife Cookie, her daughter Honeydew with their helping evil family. Because they are the one's responsible for the wrongful accusations against me. To include, my being coerced under emotional duress into pleading guilty to two sexual text messages I never sent. All of which, were clearly invented by Honeydew and her supportive mother.

Now In Conclusion

So Flower as I write this, it is my desire that we will find healing and be able to patch up our broken father daughter relationship. Though at this time with your not being 18 years old, I must confess that I don’t know how that will look for us. So again, I have a blind hope on us reconnecting. However with this being said, I also wish to maintain a grounded point of view here. To knowing full well you have a right to accept or, not too, on my desire for us. Thus, I acknowledge this choice is up to you.

Yet in the meantime, I can at least say I’ve done my part.