
Card.

To: Julie Roys

Tue, Sep 8, 2020 at 1:01 PM

December 27, 2017

To Whom It May Concern:

It is with significant trepidation that I am endeavouring to make account of the happenings of the past two years. I have a deep awareness that the narrative I am about to share will cast the integrity of the characters in question; including my own. I wish to state at the outset that this is my account, written from my perspective, seen through my lens. I am aware that any other parties involved would recall the events from their unique perspective. I have attempted to write as clearly and unbiased as possible in the sequence that I have recalled. I am not entirely sure where to start, perhaps some of my own story would assist in creating a context for the current situation.

Originally from the east coast of Canada, I am the final child of my mother, who birthed fourth children by three different men. My father was an alcoholic pedophile, prone to violence. My father molested my oldest sister, a child who was not his by birth. I was just under two years when my mother left with her, leaving the remaining children at his mercy. My mother assumed wrongly that he would not likewise molest the remaining girls. My family of origin formed me in the context of severe physical, emotional, sexual, psychological abuse and utter neglect. My father remarried a woman who suited him, who knew about his molestation of my sisters and I. She sickly saw us children as competition for the sexual advances of my father, her husband. From an early age I was accused by my step mother of attempting to lure my father to have sex with me. This of course was not true, but was an important imprint for things to come.

I was a good girl, desperate to become more than what I knew my circumstances had set me up for. I worked part time since I was eleven years old, strove in school to achieve, loved learning and saw education as a ticket out of the abject poverty and desperation that defined my life. I did not drink or do drugs to numb the pain of life, preferring books and health related exercise instead.

I did/do however have one place where heartache has reigned, where the past has constantly crept into the present to haunt, hunt and deeply hurt. I have longed to be loved like someone's daughter. It is safe to say that my daughterhood and my body have always been literally and figuratively up for grabs. I drew a line in the sand with my biological father. I told myself that if he ever tried to get under my clothes... I was gone.

My father was charged with molestation of a minor for a second time (me), I later had to testify against him. This was terribly traumatic. At the time as I feared him, I believed him to be powerful and I had reason to feel frightened of my very life. As it happened, he had been jailed for molestation of my sister five years earlier. This time he was not convicted, as it was his word against mine.

I was shattered when I left home at fifteen, moving from the country to the city. I wrote poetry as a means of self-expression as a teenager. I had brought with me a book of my writing, which I promptly lost in a local shop. It had the faculty head's name written in it, and as such was turned into him. That was the beginning of the next trap. He was a well known teacher at my new high school and became a weekly, if not daily confidant. By the time I left high school he professed his love... I was confused and devastated because I loved him - just not like that. At the time I was able to grapple with the issue and reject the notion that he was in love with me - I could still see myself as a child and he thirty years my senior. There were many more such losses to come, from, male managers in the workplace, a high level physician and a community church pastor.

When I reflect this and the other similar betrayals, the truth is, that I really wanted them to be who they said they were. All in a position of power, all older, all in their own way - sneaky closet eaters. I was a desperate daughter, far too easily led astray by the hope that someone bigger, wiser, and more powerful could love me. Hope, it seems, is a joke.

That brings me to the current complex situation I find myself reeling and attempting to recover from. I can hardly believe that I am writing this, much less, that I have lived it. It is only in the last few months that I broke the silence and told anyone what has happened. I didn't expect that anyone would believe me, given what had happened, and with whom.

I had met R for the first time on Friday October 3, 2014, benignly at first - it was my husband (Brad) who admired him ardently and not I. We met at a businessman's luncheon hosted by UCB Canada the day after a large speaking

engagement at in Kingston. My husband deeply respected and admired him. He listened to his radio broadcast at least once per day, and even sponsored his radio program on our local radio station. He considered R a mentor, a spiritual guide, navigating him through the deep waters of life. It would be such an honour for my husband to meet him, shake his hand and thank him for his influence. I didn't even want to go to the meeting, but did go as my husband had sponsored a table with three of our couple friends. I enjoyed the meeting, R spoke well, I was pleased to be there after all.

After the meeting I purposed to quietly stay behind and make the connection on my husbands behalf. This occurred, Brad asked for a photo with the three of us. R had suggested that we stay in touch, which was a delightful prospect to both Brad and I. Imagine, one of his spiritual hero's taking an interest in us! R had asked his assistant T to take our contact information and to give us his. T asked my name, which I recall surprised me at the time. I don't remember if T gave me R's personal email or if R did. Regardless, a dialogue was started via email. R had suggested that he really would like to have Brad along to some of the ministry venue's, to get to know us better, and asked about our stories. At first correspondence was very intermittent, always gentle and encouraging. I started to share my heart with little stories about the children, life, business, literature and faith. Each letter I had read enthusiastically to my husband and he would often ask if I had gotten word in return. Initially the email dialogue was three way, where all emails went to Brad, eventually only Ravi and I remained in the conversation. Later R even commented on this, on how the dialogue had started properly at first, and then how much he enjoyed the exclusive nature of our friendship.

He had asked about both Brad's and my story, but Brad is not much for communication and did not ever follow through with R's interest. R was encouraging and affirming as I slowly shared my life with him. I shared snapshots and schematics of my childhood abuse, neglect and story of redemption. I shared with him the poor choices I had made as an adult that grieved me. We developed a relationship over time in which I felt honoured and delighted in. This was nourishment to a very deep place for me. I came to value our kinship, I trusted him, his experience was vast, his opinion important, his favour and friendship an unspeakable gift to me. I in turn inquired about him, his heart, his life, and authentically cared for his wellbeing. I felt so honoured that he let me know him. I didn't share with anyone that we were friends, I wanted to protect Ravi even from the early days. I wanted to be someone whom he could safely have as a friend who would simply be his friend, like and love him as a person rather than as a persona.

In June of 2015, R invited Brad and I to be his guests at the ministry fundraising event at the Old Mill in Toronto. We went to dinner with R the evening before, later joined by his wife part way through the meal. I had brought him some homemade granola as a gift and her a small bottle of perfume from France. The subsequent day we sat with he and his wife at their table for the luncheon and speech. It seemed that our friendship was flourishing. I had hoped that I could become close to his wife, and he with Brad. He later shared that he was so pleased that it was he and I who became close. R later told me that he saw something special in me the first time that he met me, after this dinner engagement, he knew it for sure. I found out that he was turning 70 in soon, and I started to make a prayer shawl for him as a special gift.

Sometime in the fall of 2016 R had asked me to send some photos of myself to him. I sent him a few of my husband and I, and one of myself with my dog. He only commented on the photo of my dog and I. He was very complimentary on my physical appearance. I recall telling my husband about his request, and subsequent comments. I felt disappointed in him, somehow I picked up on the impropriety. Yet, because it was him, and he is so respectable, admirable and kind, I brushed it aside. My husband rationalized by saying that he must be lonely and I am pretty. He was glad that I could be a friend to R and that R was filling a longed for father role for me.

There is no good place to put this next detail. I don't often have dreams, but I had a dream that Ravi and I had an intimate encounter. I woke up startled and horrified. I had even shared my dream with my husband and had immediately emailed R to see if I had somehow offended him or upset anyone in his home. All I could think was that somehow I had caused this sweet soul to stumble. After speaking to my husband I brushed off the dream. I now see that it was a warning.

Over time, I shared my life story with R. He was very kind, understanding and encouraging. I felt profoundly safe, nourished relationally, seen, known, understood, affirmed and enjoyed by R. I couldn't imagine for the life of me why he would be talking with me. I mean, it's me after all. I really felt like a nobody, not that interesting to somebody like R. By October of 2015 I had sent an email sharing with R the above thoughts of what I enjoyed about our friendship and asked him what he was getting out of it.

In hindsight, how I responded to his reply secured my fate. In that email he directly asked me to keep his response confidential. He shared that ministry has had a cost much higher than he ever expected, that he has sacrificed extensively, and his marriage was more of a business partnership. He shared that after he poured out his heart speaking, and went back to his hotel room he was profoundly alone. That my emails were a connection and a kindness that he enjoyed immensely and I was a faithful companion along the way. I felt a shift towards secrecy, I didn't share that email with my husband, and would from that point on become very selective as to what I would share. I had been invited into the inner ring with someone I respected, admired and appreciated.

Eventually, as time passed, I learned a lot from R. I am a reader, with a passion for CS Lewis and other authors of that caliber. I enjoyed reading some of the authors that I was introduced to by R, such as Boreham and Muggeridge. I ravenously consumed texts by these and other similar authors. R and I would each discuss what the other was reading,

enjoying and learning from it. I had been rereading CS Lewis' book the Four Loves, desperately trying to understand love, and the male/female dynamic. Could men and women be friends? Could Ravi and I be friends without crossing any boundaries? It seemed to me that we were friends... I felt close to him, and I wanted to be careful with that friendship.

He called me. I remember it to this day. It was in January 2016. He was on his cell, had received my email and chosen to respond by phone. He was on a plane and the call was interrupted by the pilot's wife on the pilot's cell phone who wanted to say hello to Ravi. Apparently she was an admirer. It struck me as bizarre, absurd even. In that phone call he professed that he had fallen in love with me. I couldn't believe what I had heard. I loved him so much, in love with him? I didn't think so... I distinctly remember thinking - I wanted you to love me like a daughter. In the next moment, I thought, "I'm not a child anymore - I'm a woman now." I didn't reject him. To reject him would be to destroy the intimate fatherly friendship we had, the one I had longed for my whole life. I couldn't do it, I just couldn't. He even called me little one... He had said sometime after this profession that he hope that our relationship could be healing for me. That he wished he had met me earlier in life, the Lord "knows the cost" and "perhaps the Lord had saved the best (me) for him for last."

For his safety and protection he asked my to use the BBM app for iPhone to communicate. I had also deleted every email ever sent or received. BBM is an application on his phone that he used exclusively for family and staff. Incidentally phone calls could be made over it that were not traceable.

He would ask what I was wearing that day, so I would often send him pictures of me with my clothes on... He would comment on each one with admiration. I dress very modestly, and usually wear a blazer over my blouses. He commented on my form from the side because he liked my shape, and asked me for a photo with my jacket off. He was always so kind, so complimentary. I felt so beautiful, admired, and I'm embarrassed to say even important. The pictures of me he said were his vitamins for the day, my communications were for his very heart. He said that I was the "highest compliment and the greatest complement" he had ever known.

Now I can see how crazy this sounds, but at the time, the steps were so slow, so incremental. We spoke on the phone again when I was on a trip with my husband in February. We chatting about various things and I promised to look for a particular type of hot sauce native to Jamaica. I did find some bottles, which I sent to him when I returned along with a note and more granola.

In time he told me that he wanted to meet with me, in person with the intent reason to engage in an intimate sexual encounter. Since we were "in love", it would be one time at least, for "the heart." "His seed," he said, "would be in me." He asked for more photos, somehow I knew he meant with less clothes on. I asked for clarification... clothes or no clothes? He said perhaps in my night clothes he would like to see me. I stupidly shared that I did not wear night clothes... which is when I think what led to the first photos being sent without clothes on. Still, I covered up my breast with my arm and hid my pubic area with my legs. I had even said that the rest of the visual would have to wait.

He called again by phone in March 2016 when my husband, children and friends were in Florida. He asked for ones in my swim suit, and was amused when he saw that I wore swim dresses. It was during that time when we engaged in what I suppose can be called sex over the phone. I was overwhelmed by his words. I am terribly ashamed now that I was so aroused emotionally and physically. This indeed now remains the hardest part to process.

On or near his 70th birthday was the first time that full nudes were invited and sent on BBM. In this circumstance, as in all future times, pictures flowed one way - from me to him. He acknowledged that it was something that I did for him, that it was not for me and he was very grateful. I remember thinking, your darn right I didn't do this for me... There were other encounters like this where photos were sent to him, and both parties engaged in self stimulation. In his office, at his home and during his travels. He said that after a meeting that I knew "just how to love him, to care for his needs and meet them". He had a particular interest in the vaginal area, and had requested photos that I did not feel comfortable sending, and physically couldn't get a good photo of. He had asked if I would allow him to perform oral sex on me when we met. Once did I request to have a photo of him during an encounter. He indicated that he didn't feel it was safe over the internet to send it, therefor he declined. In hindsight that was an interesting double standard.

In April or May of 2016 he sent me a gift of two necklaces with beautiful crosses on them, and two scarves from India. He wanted me to know that he loved me for more than the sexual activity that we had. I feared that I had caused him to stumble into sexual sin, an imprint from early life. He indicated that he didn't struggle with pornography, and that it was because "it was me" and it was ok that I gave myself to him. He also shared that he and his wife had not been intimate for 30 years, they had a business relationship, and as such he did not feel at all guilty, and wanted this relationship the rest of his life. He sent me songs that reminded him of me such as "Your So Young And Beautiful" and "I Cant Help Falling in Love" by Elvis Presley as well as "A Wonder Like You" by Ricky Nelson. He suggested that I watch an Indian movie called "The Lunch Box." It was a narrative where a young woman and a much older man fall in love through a series of letters. It was a story he said, with which we had much in common.

After the first and every encounter shame washed over me like a tidal wave. I would share that with R, and he was worried for me. He said, "How could we ever be together physically if I couldn't handle an encounter over the phone or by text without falling apart the next day?" I struggled with my intimate life with my husband, and told R that I felt I was

playing the harlot. He said that it made him sad that I felt that way, and encouraged me to keep up meeting the needs of my husband - I had a duty to him after all. Eventually however, he came to feel guilty too, as well as very afraid of being caught. We both mutually decided that we would stop communicating via BBM. Each time I deleted the app from my phone, only to reload it at his request. This went on for an extended period of time. I was deeply enmeshed with him.

He had been travelling one time and had eaten bananas and ice cream before bed. In the morning he woke and was not well, with elevated blood sugars. I didn't know that he was diabetic, so we had an extended and cautionary discussion about diabetes. I tried to encourage him with what I knew about the topic. He also shared that he had significant eye problems, using special drops and had surgery during the time that we were communicating. He was travelling in Asia and writing in August 2016, and had strained his back once again. I helped him with instructions on how to stretch and bring some pain relief. By the end of this trip he stated that he wanted to go back home and get a fresh start with his wife. He encouraged me to do the same with my husband. We agreed that we would stay in touch by email, and remain close always.

I struggled when the relationship was over. I whole heartedly believed the narrative that we were in love. He had said that we both had to endure our current commitments here on earth, that we would be together in heaven, and that God would honour our decision to honour Him. I struggled with what had happened, and with whom. I was unable to speak to anyone about it, and I felt complicit in it. I was in a great deal of grief and loss, very confused about what to do now. The charitable arm of his ministry was offering a one evening symposium on grief. I asked him if he would mind if I went. He encouraged me to go, saying that I would be such a blessing to his daughter who was organizing the event. He encouraged me to go and see the new and old offices, which I did. He suggested that I ask for his assistant who could tour me around the old office. She was the kind woman, clearly loved and deeply respected both he and his wife. It was a surreal experience. I couldn't imagine then and I can't imagine now why he would ever want me around his office. I would be the last person that I would want there if I were him.

The net effect of going to the offices was that it helped to bring me into reality - I was living a lie. There was no place for me in his world - what was I doing there? I embraced his wife's hand, sat with his assistant at dinner, warmly greeted his daughters. It was the strangest day of my life to date; it was and is crazy as well as crazy making.

I have always rejected being a groupie or follower of any one person, and I really didn't follow R. I didn't watch him much on youtube, and have only ever read one of his books - which was his personal testimony. He recommended that I read it. In hindsight I related deeply to his narrative of abuse and shame. It aided me in feeling he understood me.

Through Sept 2016 and into October I was slowly declining emotionally. The strain of the secret was nudging me closer and closer to suicide. I stopped functioning at work, barely made it through my days and nights at home. Who would believe me if I told? Who would I tell? I spoke to R, the only one who knew what had happened. Finally near the end of October I finally told my sister. She is a survivor of sexual abuse as well, but seems to be more healed. When I told her she right away told me that he "groomed me". I rejected this idea wholesale, I didn't even know what grooming was. A week later I was in a counselling intensive with Jerry and Denise Basel from Cleveland GA. I told them the story, but I wasn't going to tell them who it was. I was still trying to protect R. It became clear that I had to tell them in order to process. That it was not only what had happened, but WHO it happened with that was so traumatic. They too said that he groomed me. Once again, I did not believe them.

They asked me to watch the movie "Trust." The main character in the story is a guileless teenage girl who meets and becomes bonded to an older man online. The relationship is gradually established through a series of communications of slow, but steadily increasing intimacy. This man groomed her, over time, and eventually she met with him, she followed him to a hotel room where he dressed her up as one prepares a meal and he ate her; devouring her innocence - intentionally and entirely. His hunger was momentarily satiated - she was ruined forever. The thing about hunger is that it is cyclical; some closet eaters have discriminate tastes.

I watched with unabashed bewilderment; completely recoiled inside. Annie was not a naturally deceptive girl, nor even needy in the neglected sense. In her innocence she had been lured, deceived and used. It was plain to see that it was not her fault. He groomed her.

I am forty years old. Old enough to know better, old enough to not be so naive, old enough to not be innocent in such matters, old enough to see it coming. I can tell you that in the movie, I saw the train coming down the tracks from miles away. I wanted to enter the screen, pull her away from him, to stop her from being eaten. I was powerless however, a bystander to a crime. I didn't even really know what grooming was... my father had always been so stupid and so blatant. R on the other hand was so intelligent, inviting, kind and loving. I suppose it doesn't matter which way you were devoured, whether ripped off in pieces by a stupid illiterate savage, or eloquently eaten by an intellectual; slowly enough to enjoy it aspects of it. I now believe that I have been groomed, wittingly or unwittingly. R knew my story, sensed by deficit and used it to his own end - that makes him a predator.

I can only assume there are others, given what I have seen, read and discussed - although I'll never know. I asked him, he said no, and I of course believed him. If there are, I can imagine they are as silenced as I am. It sounds like there is a

high probability there is. Even if I am the only one - still, I am one.

I submit to you that R is a very powerful man who feels powerless. He stated so many times to me that the cost of ministry has been very high, that none of his time is his own, he has no privacy, no personhood left. When someone so powerful, feels so powerless, it makes them very dangerous. He justified what was happening because the cost was so high. He repeatedly said that "The Lord knows the cost, He had saved the best, as in the finest of wine (me) for last."

When I told R that I was in counselling and that I was going to tell my husband, he pleaded with me to speak with him first, and threatened to take his life. He was at the US donors weekend in Colorado. I was absolutely terrified that he would - he didn't. Since that time my husband and I have been trying to process the betrayal of trust. Initially my husband sent R email of forgiveness. While a necessary last step, it was a premature first step. We are both devastated that a man of this repute and caliber would betray his God, his wife, his board and his sheep. I came to R to be nourished and fed, not to be eaten.

In the beginning of this letter I had stated that this was written from my perspective, it is my narrative. I have tried to tell the story with honesty, not sparing the details that I feel shame for and complicit in. I am aware that whatever narrative that R has, will shed me in the worst possible light. It is not for me to defend my character, which will undoubtedly be called into question. I remain committed to healing that requires self examination of the current and long standing issues, processed with professional counsellors. Regardless of my history of victimization and lack of boundaries, it remains that R's conduct was at a minimum unbecoming of a global Christian leader, at worst it is full on predatory behaviour and clergy sexual abuse.

In examining my life, the patterns of victimization, sin, shame and sorrow have been life long. It would be near impossible that this was the first time that R has fallen in this capacity for the first time at seventy years old; it will not be the last, no matter how much he defends otherwise.

I am coming forward with this information for a four fold reason:

1. To protect other vulnerable women who think he is safe.
2. To not tolerate sin in myself, in R or our reputations that we seem to love more than the God we claim to serve.
3. To pierce the facade that all is well for R, in so doing providing him with the opportunity to get the help and healing he needs too.
4. To honour God by telling the truth and doing justice. Silence only helps the perpetrators, never the victims.

Sincerely,

L.A.

December 27, 2016

To whom it may concern:

I am Lori Anne's husband of eleven years. What I am going to share with you is the impact of R. Z. on my life and our home.

I started to listen to ministry broadcast on the radio station and admired the integrity of what I heard. I had the chance to sponsor a table at the Businessman's Luncheon in Kingston October 2014. I jumped at the chance as R had become a hero to me. I am quite shy due to adoption and early childhood woundings. My wife who has always been a champion for me initially made the contact with R, as I was talking to a friend who I had not seen in years at the event. I was very proud to have my picture taken with R between my wife and I. Little did I know how prophetic this picture would become.

An email dialogue started between my wife and Ravi and she read me every one. We would watch him on the live stream together with our kids. Our son and one daughter started listening to his program on the radio. I prayed, we prayed for his calling and for God's kingdom to be advanced. She told me R had suggested maybe I could travel with him sometime. I felt honoured. We were invited by R to the Canadian donors event in Toronto and to have a private dinner on Friday night with R and his wife would be joining us later. We left our kids with our close friends who used to pastor at the Peoples Church under Ravi's brother in-law. We had a wonderful meal with R. He was so gracious and kind. He spoke so affectionately of his wife and his family. The next day I sat beside him at the luncheon. I totally trusted the integrity of what I saw in R as did my wife. When my wife told me of her and R's secret relationship on October 29 2016 I was crushed. In the weeks that followed she shared with me that R had told her that "he saw something special in her the first time we met in Kingston and after we had dinner together he knew for sure", I was horrified by this comment. I sat right beside this man and had no idea what he was capable of. I had complete trust in R's character as well as my wife's.

In my thirteen years of knowing my wife she has been the upmost of sexual purity. Our first kiss was at the alter on our wedding day. She never made me uncomfortable in the way she dressed or conducted herself around men. She is constantly teaching our three girls about true beauty and what is appropriate attire. We don't have cable or satellite tv in our home because of the sensuality and violence of the content. We have movie nights on Friday nights other than that we read. There are no magazines in our home unless they come from Christian sources. I had a general knowledge of the abuse my wife suffered as a child. I in no way understood the deep longing for a father to love her and the powerless position she was in when R sexualized their relationship.

On October 29 2016 my wife sent me an email from the counsellors retreat center where she was staying. In that she told me of her and R's relationship and of the nude photos of my beloved that she had sent to him at his request and the duration of their relationship. As I said I was crushed. I went from wanting to leave my beloved to killing myself. As I mentioned earlier I had a lot of early wounding from women in my life and as such struggle with intimacy to this day. Had I left my wife alone to be picked off by R? In some ways yes I had failed yet again to be able to hold a woman's heart with disastrous results for me.

As the next two months unfolded as I struggled with all the emotions of such a betrayal, the full story started to unfold. The things she told me of what R said. The fourteen months of relationship building. The original pictures of my wife and I together and of our family and her with our dog. How he only commented on the one of her alone. How he asked ever so subtly and gently for more and more intimate pictures until she was absolutely trapped by him, the father she had so longed for. How the pictures only went one way, to him. The statement that he and his wife hadn't been intimate for thirty years so he didn't feel guilty of the relationship. That they had to stay true to their spouses in this world as the people wouldn't understand but they would be together in eternity. That she was irresistible to him. That she was helping his ministry as he was so lonely and she was such a comfort and help. That his first asking of nude photo's was for his seventieth birthday makes me want to vomit. This a request to a woman who never had a birthday party as a child was a great evil. I don't know what each of you got Ravi for his birthday but my wife's body and soul was on his wish list and she was unable to say no. The fact that she had shared her abuse and my struggles with him and he had full knowledge of her vulnerability and walked in and abused her too. She shared where he coached her how to fulfill her sexual wifely duty to me so I wouldn't get suspicious. I guess R forgot part of her wifely duty was not to be sending nude photos and sexting with someone other than her husband.

As she was working her way through a Dan Allender course online we watched a video where a woman talked of the effect of this type of grooming by a father figure. Through that video I started to ask some questions and found out about the sexting and arousal and mutual masturbation. She so didn't want to tell me as I was already so crushed. The next day I was at the side of the railroad tracks ready to end my life. Only the grace of God held my foot on the brake as I felt the train roll by. That R would not only ask for nude pictures of my wife so he could stimulate himself repeatedly but also lead my wife into stimulating herself is on his head. I have excellent phone records and am sickened that while I was at work he was on the phone masturbating with my wife.

I thank God that R's plans to meet up with my wife and fully consummate his desire for her and the complete destruction of my wife and our children's mother was never able to happen. I and my children helped my wife make R granola which she shares with many others, buy spice for R in Jamaica and send it to him all out of trust before he sexualized the relationship. As I look back on the American Thanksgiving and the card and gift R sent I shudder to think we accepted it. To think of all the evil that had happened and to receive two boxes of chocolates is unconscionable. We did nothing but good to R and in return we received unfathomable evil.

The cost of meeting up with R has been devastating. For two months our children have watched their parents be destroyed. Barely able to parent, having to fly out three different times for counselling for days all the while having no idea what happened to their once stable home. Both Lori Anne and I unsure sometimes if the other will return alive. I am learning much about sexual abuse, grooming and the predator. The rage I feel as a husband and a father of what R has done to my wife and family is only soothed by the word of God. Do not mistake this comment as a threat.

I really don't care what you do. I only want to tell you so you can deal with it as you see fit as I am not the judge in such matters. Your leader, your husband, your father, picked off my wife, stripped her of her clothes, her dignity, and her daughterhood and molested her online for six months for his own titillation and gratification. You can make my wife out to be what ever you want, but I and all else who know her would testify to the the integrity of LA. There is no way she would ever try to lure a seventy year old man who is world famous into an affair. Such a statement would be a desperate attempt to distort the truth.

B.T.