

Judge Tina Nadeau

I wanted to take a minute and write to you on behalf of Kassidy. I'm not going to speak to you about justice today because how can there ever be justice? It is not as if when a human life is taken you can ever make up for it. Kassidy was my gift from God that I love very much and miss every minute of every day. The human side of me like any other human especially a mother wants someone to pay for this. My spiritual side wants to believe in Gods words of Matthew 5 that we should not seek an eye for an eye. Isn't that what we are taught from the time we are young children that two wrongs don't make a right ?

Some people are quoted now in the paper and others have even said that "finally she can rest now, she has been avenged". Avenge means to seek revenge. The definition of revenge in the websters dictionary is, to impose injury in return for injury received.

When I read this definition and think what people have said it makes me wonder if anyone has learned anything from this horrible tragedy. I would like to think and hope everyone involved in Kassidys life has a little injury in their heart.. Otherwise his senseless death has no meaning. I would be lying if I told you I'm not angry and bitter. Every day I ask God why Kassidy? Why me? Why does God let Chad get blamed for this? This is all still not real to me! I wonder if it ever will be. I cry every time I even think about Kassidy. I will never get to see her grow. Her birthday is February fourth. She will be three this year. I will never get to make her a cake, throw her a birthday party, watch her open christmas presents, take her to her first day of school, talk to her about boys, brush her hair, go shopping with her, be her best friend, and etc.. The list goes on. If I could get her for one more day I would hold her in my arms and never let her go. She was all I ever had. I've never had a quote "family" so I had a huge attachment to her. She was a little me. She copied everything I did. She is the sweetest little girl in the world.

The state wanted to paint a picture of me being a bad mother. When I sit here and think of the kind of mom I was, I see that I was a mother way before I was ready to be one. I loved her with all my heart and I was really good with her, but I am not so blind that I can't see I had no motherly instinct. I was 17 and 18 at the time but in many ways I had the mentality of a 15 and 16 year old. Something like this has a way of making you grow up fast. But I don't think it was until I really found God that I was able to look at myself in this situation objectively. Now I feel like I'm 20 going on 28. My whole life has changed. I can see clearly in one aspect the police are correct about me being a bad mom, and that is I didn't protect my daughter. I

didn't protect her from Chad grabbing her face, and I certainly didn't protect her from Jeff! This is a scar I will live with for the rest of my life. I can't offer you an excuse for what was going through my head at the time. I have nothing but hate for myself when I think about a couple times Cassidy would have little finger bruises on her cheeks. But I hate myself even more when I think about the times I would continuously bring her over Jeff Marshalls house and almost everyday she would come back with weird bruises, or little pin pricks on the bottom of her feet, or Cassidy screaming every time I'd drop her off or pick her up, coming home with make up on to cover the bruises. I would believe all of his lame excuses. What was wrong with me? The only thing I can tell you is I would never let it happen again. There are no easy answers. I would like to think I was so blind but that doesn't really make me feel any better. I guess what I'm saying, and this isn't out of love for Chad, this is out of love for my daughter is that we are all to blame. I know I can't write how I feel about the verdict so I won't. I will just say only God and Cassidy truly know the truth. I can only say I believe in Chad one hundred and ten percent. Not because of what he has said to me but rather because of what he hasn't said. He has always told me to tell the truth. I finally did in the courtroom. When this entire thing started I was sitting there in the police station being told one minute my baby was dead and the next that Chad was responsible. After hours of sitting there I said some horrible things about Chad, many of them untrue, partially because they had me convinced and partly so I could say whatever and just get out of there. I didn't want to be there, I just couldn't deal with it all. I just figured it would all go away. I pray that no one ever has to go through that pain. As far as punishment for Chad is concerned I would ask you to have mercy. I have a hard time with the things that Chad did, but honestly no one is harder on himself than Chad. He has punished himself everyday and will for the rest of his life. That is the person Chad Evans is. I realize that you don't know Chad and only got one side in the courtroom. I just want to give you an idea about who Chad Evans really is.

Our relationship started out as most do. Was attracted to the superficial things, looks, security, good times, etc. I soon found Chad had many qualities that were only talked about. He is romantic, sweet, caring, very generous, and the most GIVING person I have ever met.

You have heard about Chad and Kassidys problem but you haven't heard much about their true relationship. Cassidy loved Chad. It makes me cry when I think about how many times in a day Cassidy would ask, "Where's Chad?" He did so many good things with her. Every morning before I had a job she would come into our bedroom and Chad would put her on his back,

And piggy back ride her downstairs to her high chair. He fed her breakfast every morning if he was there when she woke up. Many days I would come around the corner and find him sitting there talking away to Cassidy, playing with her while she ate breakfast. Many days he would come home midmorning and bring her some munchkins or for lunch he'd bring her a happy meal. It was like he couldn't come home without bringing her or me something. He would sit with her for hours and color, play spin art, and do the alphabet and numbers with her. He'd always point out objects and she'd say what they were. That's something we both did with her. She loved it! She also loved getting involved with the boys wrestling on the bed. She loved to play with the boys. One of her favorite things to do with the Chad was pony rides and superman. He would sit and read to her at bed time, and was always affectionate. She gave Chad kisses and hugs all the time. He taught Cassidy to say "ohhhh," when you gave her a hug. He was always talking about saving money for her future. And he's always a softy. He could hardly ever say no to her when she asked for a cookie, or a piece of candy. When I had a survey job on the computer he spent hours with her playing, holding her, watching Disney movies with her, and etc. so that I could work on my surveys. He was always so patient with her then and if she was sick. As far as the bad things, I honestly think it broke his heart that after 2 or 3 months she started throwing temper tantrums if he'd kiss me again. (After Jeff started babysitting) He and I just couldn't understand how she would be all over him playing, etc. for 4 hours one night and then we'd all be sitting together and he'd kiss me and she'd freak out. He has punished himself over and over for grabbing her face but I can honestly say he did not do it with the intention of hurting her but to get her attention, and to have her listen. I can't tell you how many nights he sat there and just cried about how bad he felt and wished he would have never grabbed her face. Over the past year, I've never seen him so much as raise his voice. Not even with me, no matter what I dished out to him. Last summer I was awful after Cassidy died. I was so bitter towards everyone that was around me. And I was the worst to Chad. He was always waited on me hand and foot since I met him, but after Cassidy died, I couldn't have found anyone more patient and more supportive. He was my comfort and my everything. I didn't want to live anymore and he's the one that kept me alive and gave me hope that I could get through this. Showing me nothing but love and support.

He is the most caring, giving person I've ever met. When we started dating I thought it was cute at first it started to become annoying. Every night it seemed someone was dropping by because they needed fifty dollars to

buy groceries for their kids, or 100 to make the mortgage payment because they were a little short that week. If it wasn't money people were stopping by because they needed advice or something, or were having relationship problems and just needed someone to talk to. It doesn't matter who these people were some young some old, some employees, some friends, some ex employees, they all shared one thing in common. They all needed something and he was there for all of them. Sometimes I would sit there in amazement watching him one time he had this young married couple over the house. The husband had just started working in one of Chads restaurants. They were struggling with their budget and wanted to buy a house. Chad sat there for 3 or 4 hours explaining things to them helping them set up a budget, etc. The next week he's sitting on the couch talking to a 17 year old being a friend to him and basically talking him out of quitting school. Chad didn't leave it at that though. He had the kid stop by or call him every once in awhile to see how he was doing. I remember when our friend Jessica and her boyfriend broke up, she was over all the time bawling. She even slept over one night. Then they got back together. After Chad had talked to her boyfriend and her and helped them work out their issues. I could go on with stories like this but I think you get the point. I guess what I'm saying is he did this because he wanted to help people. I never heard him say to anyone, "Hey pay me back Friday," or "I helped you out, now you owe me one." When I look back I guess it irritated me because I was young and I didn't understand it at the time, until I needed someone he was there for me.

After Kassidy died and then Chad got arrested I went to Texas. I missed Kassidy so much I wanted to die. As I got away from everyone I realized and remembered more and more things. He was hesitant at first because he didn't want to go to jail. But when I told him I was at my breaking point, and wasn't going to make it without him, again he put me first, risking his life. I know how the police made it sound that he was trying to convince me he wasn't responsible but honestly it couldn't be farther from the truth. He made me eat everyday. I seriously could not eat. I lost so much weight. I wouldn't even drink. My brain thought, if Kassidy isn't eating I'm not either. I was a mess. He made me realize that I had to make it. I really think that God gave us that time together. God new Chad was the only one that could help me. He always put my wants ahead of his own freedom and ultimately he lost it. But even when that happened he was only concerned about me. He put together a little book of sayings to get me through each day. This is Chad Evans always putting others first. He literally saved my life, and I will never forget that.

Chad has an impact on everyone he meets. He always has a lesson in life to share whether it's a previous mistake he has made or a subject he knows something about. The thing is he doesn't talk down to people or come off like a know it all. He just has this way of making a situation better without having to be the centerpiece.

I mentioned that Chad has saved my life, but I'm not the only person he has done this for. When we lived together in Rochester I found a plaque awarded to Chad that said, hero awarded for bravery. Along with a couple of pictures of him shaking a ladies hand in the closet. When I asked him about it he said oh that's nothing really. When I asked his sister about it several months later she told me that it was an award for pulling 3 men out of a burning car saving their lives. The lady in the picture was the Governor at the award presentation.

I'm very close to Chads family. They are wonderful supportive people. I have learned even more about Chad from being around them the last several months. Like Chad they are very modest people when it comes to good deeds so they don't talk an awful lot. But they don't have to because everyone else does. Murder is one of the worst crimes you could ever be accused of. The day following the verdict there was so many people calling Chads families house with stories of what Chad had done for them, how great he is, how can they help, etc. Lots of people stopped by. There was an old high school friend that said he felt like he owed everything he had today to Chad for driving him through school, helping him pass 12 grade English, and coming out one night after midnight to pull him off a bridge. He was going to jump off because the pressures of life were to much to handle. This friend Ken, I think his name was said he would not have his business, wife or child if it wasn't for Chad making him see how good life is.

After Kassidy died and Chad got arrested he lost his job as an area supervisor for McDonalds. They did believe in him, but since the publicity was so bad they said he could come back when this was all over. Everyone assumed he wouldn't get convicted. He had 29 different interviews, nobody wanted to hire him cause of the papers. He finally got hired at the Keene Dominos. After the verdict the owner sent a nice card, and a beautiful thing of flowers, also a nice phone call. He said that Chad is an amazing person and in the short time he worked there he had a huge impact on the restaurant and the kids that worked there. He is a great listener, and a great friend to anyone. He told Chads parents if there was anything he could do to help please let him know. Chad has his 100 percent support.

it was amazing when i was arrested and put in jail i can't tell you how many of the guards came up to me and said encouraging words and things

like how much they thought of Chad, how he didn't belong in a place like this, how nice he is, how he helps people, and how much he always talks about me, and etc. Some of these things have been said to Chads parents when they go to visit him. It just blows my mind. His mom told me how hard it was at first when he went to jail. Being charged with what he was, not treated very well by the guards and the inmates. Now four months later and they all have nothing but good things to say about him. This is the truth. I could give you some names if you wanted to check yourself. This is Chad Evans. If he was convincing like prosecutors and police say many people would see through it. He is genuine. That is what makes him special.

Your honor I could go on and on with stories about Chad and I have only known him for 2 years. But I just wanted to give you an idea of the Chad Evans that I know. I seriously could fill another 50 pages with all of the kind things he has done for me and others. I would be happy to do that if you care to hear it.

I just wanted an opportunity to show you a little bit of the Chad Evans I am in love with. I know the police and prosecutors would like to pass me off as a naive empty headed 20 year old bubble brain that has no idea about life. But I can assure you that is not the case at all. Yes I am young in years, but I have had to deal with more things than most people twice my age do. I've had to do a lot of growing up fast. I hope you will see Chad for the person that he is. Yes he has made some mistakes as we all do, but he is a wonderful and caring person that is not only my life line, but many others as well. We all miss and need him in our lives. I ask you to please consider the real Chad Evans and show up all mercy. I love and miss Cassidy every single day, I assure you if you could have seen them together day in and day out you would know that she would want nothing to do with punishing Chad. I say that on Kassidys behalf not Chads. We have suffered so much. It is time to start healing. Thank you for taking the time to read this.

Sincerely,

Amanda Bortner

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Amanda Bortner". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned below the printed name.