

Hi again, I just wanted to tell you about all of the crazy things that have went down from court to now. So, obviously I was terrified of what was going to be decided for our fate and was hoping more than anything that something exactly like this wouldn't happen and that the judge would take my feelings and thoughts into consideration like I thought he had before when he helped me the previous time. It was quite the opposite, however. When Dylan and I were called back, I felt sick with fear and had to keep blinking quickly to prevent myself from crying. The woman who led us asked Dylan to talk to Judge Stewart first and had me sit with a policeman in another office. It took probably less than two minutes for Dylan to return and her to ask me to come back. He didn't give me much time either and dismissed me almost immediately. I felt like he already had what he was going to do figured out and what I said didn't have any significance in the matter at all. After that, I went back to Dylan and the police officer and we sat and waited. We had to change rooms a few times and one of those times another officer stopped us and laughed saying he hasn't seen us

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since a little "disagreement" outside the courthouse awhile ago, so that was uncomfortable and rude.

Eventually, the time came when Barbara Baker Omerod entered the room we were in and gave the incredibly awful news with an overwhelming crowd of others behind her. I, of course, felt immediately sick and started sobbing uncontrollably in no time. At that time I met Ryan and Blanca, the security transport people, who had both come in from other states, and they explained a small portion more of the strict rules we were suddenly put under and who they were. After that, Kurt and Dylan left together and I was left with these two strangers with no clue as to where we were going, how long, what would happen, or really anything at all.

I didn't talk more than a few mumbled words and cried most of my time. I was utterly terrified and confused. We went to a hotel called Embassy near the Detroit airport (8600 Wickham Road, Romulus, Michigan) where Ryan had reservations and they gave me a bag that Kurt had apparently packed for me. At the room, Blanca patted me down and checked my pockets then went through everything in my bag, which turned out to be some new clothes he had gotten for the time I was with them, a blanket, and my old makeup. All they did was sit on their phones in silence and I sat there crying. We went to dinner at Texas Roadhouse and I didn't eat or do anything other than keep crying, hard. Ryan and Blanca just talked to each other beside me about how "ridiculous" I was acting and how I "just don't understand they're trying to help me", and etc. After they finished their meal, they rushed us out

while I kept crying and repeating "help me" under my breath. In the parking lot, Ryan turned angrily around and yelled that I'm wrong if I think anybody is going to help me because he has legal papers to prove they have custody of me for that time and that he would call the police on me if I didn't "knock it off" and stop.

On the car ride back to the hotel, we stopped at a gas station. Ryan got out of the car to pump gas and pay, while Blanca stayed in the car to watch me. She kept asking me if I loved my mom. Finally I told her yes and that I give her credit for the fact that I'm still alive. She then told me that I'm selfish for ever saying that I want to kill myself or die, which made me feel very sick inside. I then told her that it was disgusting for her to say that to me, or any suicidal person, because I would never mean to hurt anybody that I love, that's why I am still here, and I don't choose to feel that way, I would change it in a heartbeat if I were able. Then, Ryan came back and she stopped talking.

When we went back to the room, I sat on the bed and continued crying while watching them play on their phones. I asked if I could ask Kurt if I could talk to Justin and tell him goodnight and that I'm okay because I was worried about him and his wellbeing. They said no because I couldn't talk to anybody or have any contact. I told them I thought it was messed up that I was isolated and cut off from my whole world while I watched them sit on their phones and then Ryan said if they were on their phones it was for business regarding me and that they weren't allowed to take personal calls or talk to anybody else, then said he was wrong

for answering a call and talking to his sister for a while earlier. He said he would call his boss and see if somebody else would be able to make sure Justin was okay and he left to do so then returned and said he would be honest and that they couldn't, but he was sure Justin would be fine. I tried to explain how terrified I was of Kurt and some of the things that have led up to this and what he has done and they basically said they "understood", which they of course did not, and blew me off. Not long after, Blanca called her mom and talked to her for a while, changing back and forth from Spanish to English, and nothing was said about it, even though they had just told me they couldn't have personal conversations.

The next morning I woke up with an excruciating headache, probably caused from all the crying and not eating, and all of the light and sound was incredibly painful. I was told we had to go to the airport to catch a flight and being scared already and terrified of airplanes, I was horrified and started crying, making my headache all that much worse. They kept telling me I need to get up and stop crying and behave, and etc etc. They kept saying I have a 10 minute warning, then 5, then 1. After a few times of saying I have one minute to move, Blanca ripped my blankets off of me and Ryan started yelling that he would drag me out if he had to. I was so scared, I can't even explain the fear. They turned on all the lights and made plenty of noise, saying I'd have to get over it because it would be bright and loud at the airport. Then, Ryan came to the bedside and took a pair of handcuffs out and said that

he would use them if I didn't act right. He told me they're not afraid to use them on kids and have before. Blanca kept adding comments about how uncomfortable they are how nobody likes them. Ryan then left the room to take their bags to the car, saying that if I wasn't up when he came back, he would drag me out and use the handcuffs on me. I slowly made my way to a sitting position, still crying, scared as ever. I asked for Blanca to get me a wet washcloth to cover my face from the light and for my head and so she did. Ryan came back and we left. I could hardly see and was very dizzy.

At airport security, the first woman we stopped at asked if I was okay or if I was going to be sick or anything several times and before I could answer Blanca and Ryan kept saying I was fine, until Ryan snapped and said "She is fine and we have a flight to catch", and pushed past her. As I looked around, I saw many people whispering and watching me. A few people came up to make sure I was okay and one specific security woman went to Ryan and confronted him about how this didn't look okay. He was not very nice to them at all in explaining what the circumstances were and walked away from her before she was done talking to him. I looked back at her as we walked away and she looked really confused and stunned, and sympathetic towards me.

On the plane, I was even more scared than I'd been before. I didn't know where we were going or what to expect, or anything at all. Blanca sat beside me and Ryan sat elsewhere. I wasn't in the right state of mind to process what was going on and don't

remember much of the plane itself, but the flight attendant asked me if I was okay and checked on me several times. After what I overheard was about an hour, we were in St. Louis. At that airport, we had an hour layover until another connecting flight. While waiting, I was still very dizzy and sick feeling, but only took a few sips of water and kept covering my face with the washcloth I had. The next flight was around four hours and I don't remember much about it either, since there was so many other things overwhelming my mind. Finally, we landed in San Francisco, California. Ryan said this was it and so we went to get a rental car and then drove to our next hotel, which was Best Western Corte Madera (56 MADERA BLVD, CORTE MADERA, CA 9492). They ate again, but I did not. The night was the same as the one before, except this time I finally worked up the nerve to shower, but did not change my clothes, as they were as much comfort as I could find and the only recognizable thing I possessed.

The next morning, we went to a free breakfast and I finally managed a few bites of a waffle, but not much more than that. Afterwards, we went back to the hotel we stayed at to meet with Dylan and Kurt, and also Dr. Randy Rand who introduced himself as the leader of the program. He told us that the program workers would not start until the 14th and repeated some of the rules that Barbara had told us, then wanted to go to breakfast for them since they hadn't eaten yet. The security transport people asked if I wanted them to go and I said yes, simply because I knew that they would be able to explain that it is a regular occurrence if I were to

cry or break again. So, we all went to some small restaurant and sat outside to talk more about the rules and such. Randy read papers of things about how we have no contact with anybody and all of the many, many restrictions that we had, making us like prisoners, and I asked again about my friends and Justin and he said I cannot talk to anybody at all, at least until that portion of the program was over. In the hotel, he showed us the conference room where the four days of the program would be held. He said that the 90 days of no contact with my mom start count the day we land back in Michigan and everybody is following the order, then, if it's broken, the days are reset. I cried again, as this was all just too much to take and everybody there made me feel like a joke. They sighed, rolled their eyes, made mean comments. I was devastated though.. Isolating anybody and taking away their whole world and everything they love, wouldn't be easy or good, but much less a teenager, and then also being already in my situation and fearful of Kurt to begin with..

So, instead of anybody trying to talk to me or help me feel better, they just talked over me again and said that I was "being immature because that behavior worked for me before". When in reality, they don't understand, or care to understand the half of the depth of my feelings or thoughts that make me react that way. We went back to the Corte Madera hotel where we were before and I was still crying and hurting terribly. That's when Randy said that if I did not stop, then I would then be sent to a residential program. I didn't know what that was, and still am not sure, but it immediately

scared me. The security transport people made me walk with them to talk before they left or Randy made a decision. They basically made me feel guilty in telling me that I need to be there for Dylan, which I knew was true, but I still wished somebody would take notice in my feelings or thoughts too. I went with it anyways, I put on my brave-face and prayed long and hard for the strength, courage, and knowledge of what to do. Ryan and Blanca left and I had to then go with Kurt and Dylan. I made a list of all of the essentials we needed in the car; makeup, clothes, deodarant, soaps, etc and tried to keep my mind as occupied as possible so I wouldn't show my fear or sadness and be sent away for it like he had said I could be.

On the days leading up to the program, we just went to a mall and got some clothes and necessities and stayed in the Travelodge By the Bay (1450 Lombard St, San Francisco, CA - 94123). Then, on the first day of the program, we woke up, got ready, and went to the conference room at the Best Western Corte Madera at 9:15. There we met Randy again

([www.bestwestern.com/properties/cortemadera-ca](#)), and also

his wife, Deirdre, who was a psychologist

([www.psychology.com/psychologists/Deirdre-McGowan](#)), and Kellie, a lawyer from Montana

([www.montana.gov/legislative/civil-justice/civil-justice-division](#)). They told us that we were there because of a damaged relationship with our father and an unhealthy one with our mom. They said that the ACP (After Care Professional) was helping her to become a better



mother and learn to have a healthy relationship with us as she prepares to reunite with us again in the future. They then introduced themselves and had us say our names. They then read over all of the court order and explained their own rules and told us there would be many media pieces, and there were. The first two days we watched and saw many things including Butterfly Circus, a child's view of divorce video, a clip from a court case, illusions, the Milgram experiment, and videos about false memories. After every few things, we would get a vocabulary list and have to go through it and take turns reading the definitions then connecting it to what we'd seen. The second night Kurt said that he would no longer text Justin, and after having kept so much inside of me the past few days and acting as their little robot, showing no real emotion, that was my breaking point. I cried and yelled at him for a long time, he told me that the cops might come and I'd be sent far away and there's nothing he could do. He kept telling me that police were coming, but I didn't care anymore. I could hardly breath and was hurting more than anything I could ever put into

words. I then went into the bathroom and cried and pleaded to God to help me and in those moments, I genuinely thought I was going to die. I thought I was going to kill myself that instant, I had nothing at all. I felt buried alive and I thought I'd really reached the end, I thought I was going to commit suicide and I knew how I could.. Just before I was about to though, I thought of my one and only final hope. I selfharmd to call myself down. I cut my arm to prevent myself from killing myself like I thought I was going to. Just

as I calmed enough to realize what I'd done though, I got upset again. I thought about my mom, Justin, my family and friends that I'd just disappointed, and God. I cried again, and prayed hard. I washed my arm and made sure it was hidden. I went back out to the room to lay down and prayed and cried the rest of the night, begging for forgiveness for something I knew was so wrong to do.

The next morning I woke up and was just as miserable, if not more so than the night before. I didn't do my makeup, shower, or straighten my hair. My motivation to live was gone and I was losing faith quicker than ever. We went back to the conference room and all eyes were on me. It was very uncomfortable. They asked what happened and Randy read aloud the exact words that I had said to Kurt the night prior, about how he would never know his grandchildren from me, I hated him, and that he would surely not be in my wedding. He said those words were quite powerful and I said that with the way things are now, they are true, and they are. More was said that I'm not sure of, but at one point or another, I

was triggered again, much less intensely though. In fact, I did nothing other than cry and almost immediately Deirdre was rolling her eyes and saying Randy needed to contact Barabara and make calls. She had Kurt and Dylan leave the room and she went out to talk to them. When she came back, she said ugly things about me to Randy and that she wanted me gone. Randy replied to her by saying that I need mental help and they can't give it to me. He said that some kids need more time than others and I'm one of them, etc. These things hurt me and scared me even more so, especially

as I was already fragile with my feelings, and it just made it harder to stop crying, and so I continued. Kellie tried to make me stop crying by playing hangman with me, and it worked. After a while, Randy said he couldn't get ahold of anybody since it was Sunday and he would keep trying, but for now they need to continue the program. They asked Kellie to take me to the mall to walk around and she said she would after she went to the bathroom. As she was leaving, I said that I could stay, but either nobody heard me or nobody listened, because once Kellie returned she said we needed to go. I was confused and nervous, but in fear of what they might do to me next, I just obeyed and went. We walked around and she talked a lot about her daughters and Montana. I mostly nodded and went through the motions to keep myself out of trouble. After a few hours, Deirdre called Kellie and we were able to come back. When we returned, they had me sit down again and told me I was being sent to Viewpoint Mental Hospital for Teens in Utah for four to six weeks, or longer ([Viewpoint Mental Hospital for Teens](#)). This terrified me yet again, and I cried and begged them to give me a chance and told them that I could stay and didn't belong there. Deirdre was very mean and wouldn't even look at me. She just told me she didn't care and it was too late. I turned to Randy and he sighed and didn't say much of anything. Kellie said she didn't know what to say. Kurt said it wasn't under his control. I kept begging and begging, saying I'd do anything, horrified, then Kellie asked me if I could look Kurt in the eyes, call him "Dad", and say something nice. Horrified and feeling like I was at a dead-end, with

no other choice, I looked at him, called him, "Dad" which put a bad feeling in my stomach and said something along the lines of how he says he wants a relationship with us then has me shipped off with a bunch of crazy people that I don't belong with just because I have feelings and for some crazy reason, I guess I just thought it was okay to express those feelings without being threatened or punished, and now I know I'm wrong.. Then I looked at them and said there I did, and they said it wasn't necessarily nice and I said asked if they wanted me to just sit there with some fake smile on my face and be all lovey to a man I'd watched be physically aggressive towards my mom and myself a few times? They scolded me for bringing up the past, because it was against the rules, and then dismissed us. I continued crying and saying that I'm terrified and don't belong there for the rest of the night.

The next morning, the last day of the program, I was obviously incredibly fearful and didn't have the slightest clue as to what was going to happen or where I was going or anything at all. Kurt said he didn't know what would happen, but if I cried again then I would be sent away, no questions asked, which upset me more and made me even more afraid. We went in and I was shaking and felt my heartbeating throughout my whole body. I didn't know what to do or expect. Nothing was said about the hospital again for the rest of the day. We had to do "family meetings" and I was forced to call Kurt "Dad" again, which makes me feel physically sick inside each time.

After the four days of the program were over, we had to stay

in California for another week, until the 23rd of August, for a "family vacation". All we wanted was to go back home so the ninety days would start as quick as possible and I would get to finally see my mommy again. I didn't speak much at all aside from comments about having my whole life taken away, being isolated, and wanting to go home, but apparently, it was somehow a "good time". (Because supposedly, as long as Kurt is happy, everybody else is too.)

On the 23rd, we went to the airport and came back to Michigan and got back around 1-2 AM on the 24th. His daughter Britnee and her boyfriend Chris Easlick picked us up and I ignored everything they said to me. When we got back, I found that she had set things around my room and wrote on my notebook and whiteboard. I was really upset to see that she had erased

messages that were written on the board from 2012 and such from my cousin Veronica just to write her own thing, which I didn't care about at all. Now, I've erased hers and am using the board to tallie the days that go by to count up to the ninety days when I'll finally reunite with my mom. I also have the days written down until I'm eighteen to try to give myself as much hope and reason to hold on and not give up as possible.

Since we've returned back, he's made us switch schools, which kills me. You know how important school and everything has always been to me, and by doing this, he has taken so many opportunites and class options and teachers that I have good relationships away from me, as well as all of my friends. I'm

beginning to lose all drive for school and it's starting to feel more like a burden than ever before, which is so hard for me to deal with. I don't want to dance like I used to anymore, I refused to sign up and have no more desire to do it when it used to make me feel so happy and I used to get so excited for it. He's made us go see his counselor, Heather Zak, a few times. He has lied and changed his stories multiple times, as he always has, and the only thing he's consistent with is being inconsistent.

In California, he said he would buy me a car. I never let myself actually believe this because I know how he is and have no real trust for him. But he looked them up, showed me pictures, called places, and made it seem like maybe it was for real. He told me a week after we get back and settle in, we can go look and see. So, a few days go by after we come back and he changes it to 2-3 weeks. Now, he says a few months. Reality is, I won't be getting a car anytime soon at all, if ever. Also, one minute we can have the internet on for netflix, and then the next it's shut off for no reason other than he wants to throw his power around. Then, he told me that if I saw his family once then I could see Justin. We went to church that Sunday and ate afterwards with some of his family and so he told me that I could see Justin that Tuesday and that he would text him to make a plan. Later, he said we had to see Heather Zak that day so if I chose to see him Thursday instead, I would have more time, and so I said I want as much time with him as possible and will wait until Thursday to see him and asked him to text him and figure it out. Later still, he said we could pick him

up for dinner Tuesday and see him again Thursday for a while, I of course said yes. After a while, I asked if he had text Justin to set something up and he said that I could not see him at all or he would get in trouble and he was asking the GAL about it, etc. So now, with those examples, and some others, my trust for him is even more damaged than before and I am more hurt than before.

Also, on top of all of the lies and unreliability, he is still constantly on his phone or taking care of work things, and when he isn't doing either of those things, he has been forcing family and his girlfriend and her kids on us a lot and it's entirely uncomfortable. Being in this house and with him is hard already, and by pushing himself and everyone else on us, he's shoving us

farther away and just doesn't get that. He has made us go to his girlfriend's, whom I hardly know and have no desire or interest to know, and she and her kids have been around here. They take over the radio, TVs, couch. They take control of everything and everywhere. He made us spend hours over at his brother's with lots of family over as I sat uncomfortably and awkwardly alone and people smoked (which I can't stand being around or breathing in), drinking (which really scares me after seeing what he is capable of after doing so), and talking amongst themselves.

Whenever he yells or raises his voice, I automatically shrink back in fear and hold back tears. A few times, that has been a trigger for strong flashbacks and scares me tremendously. He scares me. I am terrified of him and what I've seen him do and the fact that what I've watched him do to my mom, he could also do to

me. I watched as he had a few drinks the other night at Applebee's and I had an anxiety attack because of it. I am seriously afraid of him. What he has done and what he could do.

Megan, I'm getting weaker every day and it's getting harder every hour. I'm hurting so badly and am losing hope quickly. I really don't know how much longer I can do this, at all. I'm trying to hold on tightly to prayer and my faith, but it's so hard. I feel so weak, lost, and helpless. I know there's nothing you can do either and I'm really sorry to bother you or put anything on you, but I'm so scared and at such a loss, I don't know what else I could possibly do. I'm being as strong as I can, I just don't know how much longer this can possibly go on before I really can't do it anymore, and that terrifies me.

I found two other links and thought I'd put them on here too just because I don't know what can help, but am willing to stop at nothing to try anything that might.

This is by Randy: [http://www.mindandbody.com/relationships/relationships.html](#)

About Randy: [http://www.mindandbody.com/relationships/relationships.html](#)

Thank you for taking the time to read this and maybe somehow it could help.. I hope.

-Hannah Mills