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S.C. SUPREME COURT

ATTACHMENT "A"

Megan Jameson

From: Trisha Allen
Sent: Friday, April 22, 2022 12:46 PM
To: Megan Jameson
Subject: Victim Statements Relating to Petition for Appeal Bond - Daniel Spade
Attachments: Victim Statements Relating to Petition for Appeal Bond - Daniel Spade (02961583xD2C78).PDF

I have attached victim statements from the minor victim, Heather Jolley, and David Jolley relating to the petition for an appeal bond filed by Daniel Spade. I have redacted the minor victim's name as required by court rules.

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To whom it may concern,

This is my story. As of right now, I am the happiest I have ever been. After so many hard years, I have finally found my happiness. My past has become my life. My story. Through all of the brutal mess that has affected me and my family, it does not define who I am.

For those who need clarification, years ago I, along with others, were sexually assaulted numerous times. I also want to make myself clear...I am not scared to stand up and tell everyone what the truth is. I am not scared to tell the people about memories in Spartanburg and Virginia. Many people know that I am not the "put someone in their place" type. However, this is different. I do have memories that cannot be erased and I am not scared to share them. I can recall one of the first times it happened. Although I was young, there are some things I cannot forget. Being at the hotel was one of my first memories. He proceeded to put his penis in my mouth and keep it there. My heart is pounding having to write this, due to how disgusting this is.

When sharing my story, the first response back to me is, "I am so sorry." Normally, my reply is something along the lines of "No, it's ok. It doesn't bother me that much." However, I feel sorrowful too...but not for myself. I feel sorry for that person who felt that they could take their sexual desires out on toddlers. I feel sorry for the person that felt so worthless and unwanted that they were bold enough to pass that unworthiness on to others. Most of all, I feel sorry for that powerless, insecure person who felt the need to abuse and rape his own children.

The overall worst part of this experience for me, was seeing all of the pain that my parents experienced. Our family was hurt. Financially and mentally. My mom was in such a dark place that it led to harming herself. My dad was working four different jobs just to help pay for something that was out of our control. Even I have experienced severe fear of the dark along with panic attacks that make me feel as though death is coming to conquer.

Though I was young, there are many core moments that are engraved into my mind. For example, I remember walking into Toys-R-Us one afternoon. He did his best to get me to call him "dad". He wanted it so bad in fact that I was told that if he bought me the playhouse, which he did, I would have to call him dad. Looking back, I was too young to understand that he was the furthest thing from a father figure. Calling him "dad" is something that would take place in my nightmares.

Being abused has caused me to feel unworthy at times. Incapable. For so long I have felt that everything is my fault. That maybe if I didn't exist, everything would be perfect. Although it isn't my fault that I am on this planet, sometimes I think about my parents, and how much easier life would be for them. If I wasn't here, none of this would have happened. I feel violated in a sense. Violated in ways that make me wonder why someone would want to push that feeling on to someone else. 2020 for example, was a hard year for me. Not because of COVID or because I wasn't seeing people, but because I developed an eating disorder to somewhat gain control back over my body. I wanted to feel like I could make my own decisions. Like I could control my own body. This disorder spun me into a minor depression and high anxiety. Dragging myself to therapy was the worst part. It brought up memories. Memories of me being petrified of talking about how I was penetrated on numerous occasions. A child, me, having to tell my therapist that

I feel disgusting because of what someone did to me. This is a feeling I wish on nobody.

When I first told anyone about what happened, I told my grandma because he told me on an occasional amount of times, that he would kill my parents. Sadly, I am sure he's held his word about killing them. Right now, I am scared. I'm scared of him being released. I'm scared for my life. Not only would I lose everything around me, but I would lose myself. Dance would no longer be my safe place. My friends would forget about me. My family would be in danger and honestly people I don't even know. Begging isn't an exaggeration when it comes to him being released. I am begging, please keep me safe. Don't let him out.



To Whom It May Concern,

I am not sure how to start this letter other than to say that I am completely shocked that I am even having write it. The pain and suffering that my family has endured due to Danny Spade's actions over the years still takes my breath away years later. No amount of counseling or time passing can ever truly heal pain like we have experienced for so long.

This is MY version alone of what happened and how it has impacted my life and my family. Even during the time that I was pregnant with my daughter, [REDACTED], Danny was very difficult to communicate with. Always long distance, our 'relationship' was volatile. He continued to question my claiming the baby was even his, not knowing that he had impregnated someone else hundreds of miles away in VA during the same time. I had no clue the other woman even existed until he sent out an email to the company we both worked for claiming that not only was he engaged, but they were expecting. This is not quite two months prior to my due date.

After [REDACTED] was born and it was determined that she was indeed Danny's child, the communication was still harsh. He would demand that he was coming to see her, taking her to a hotel to stay with him (and sometimes Cara, his fiancé at that time), and then he would bring her back home. This is where things started really getting rocky. I had primary custody and my mother was her guardian during his visits for quite some time. If he did right by the courts for just so long, then he could earn the right to be alone with her during his weekend visits to SC.

Call it a mother's instinct, but I was always leery of this because he knew nothing about [REDACTED], how to care for her, would make her sleep in the same bed with him, call him 'daddy' if he bought her a certain toy, things of this nature. He was always taking her to Chuck E Cheese and to the mall, buying her things, etc. to try and win her over Needless to say, it didn't work. She feared him, though at the time I had no true idea as to why.

When [REDACTED] started sleeping all day at nursery/preschool, not eating well, terrified of the dark, peeing in her pants after being potty trained for quite some time, and not ever wanting to leave the house, I knew something was wrong, but no idea what. Danny had one phone line that would ring on a Thursday night when he was scheduled to talk to [REDACTED]. When it would ring, her whole demeanor changed. Her jaw would clinch, and she would become very angry. After a time, she told him he did something wrong and they began to argue on the phone. Because she was getting so upset and he was arguing back, we ended the call. It wasn't long after that, [REDACTED] spent the night with my parents. Mimi, my mother, was putting [REDACTED] to bed that night, and while saying her prayers, Mimi could see that [REDACTED] was anxious.

Mimi asked [REDACTED] what was wrong, and she said that she couldn't tell her because her mommy and her would get hurt. Danny said that he would kill me if she told. Then Mimi told her that she couldn't help her if she didn't use her words and tell her what happened. [REDACTED] said that Danny made her put his peepee in her mouth and it made her throw up. We know now that so much more happened, but once she disclosed to CAC, she began counseling and her story just continued to evolve.

As a mother, I questioned everything at that point. How could I have ever gotten involved with someone whose parents were missionaries, he attended a Christian school, was greatly successful in his career, and then did something like this to hurt a child in unspeakable ways. This was not something that happened to 'people like us.' You read about these things in the news, or see them in movies, but not

ever thinking you would experience this horrid trauma. I blamed myself for all of it for so long. I was the one that made the choice to get involved with him. I got too close, and then I couldn't protect her from the one other person that should have been her protector, not her predator. Why would God allow such a heinous crime against my child? She was the innocent one in all of this, and she was the one who suffered Danny's wrath.

For me, there were days, maybe even months that passed that it took all I had to put one foot in front of the other. I felt like I couldn't breathe, I had to quit working. The last day that I do remember going to the office before leaving, I went and sat in front of my computer. I turned on the computer and just sat there. I couldn't remember what I was supposed to be working on that day, I was so overwhelmed with fear that Danny would try and have me killed because if I was out of the picture, he would be able to get [REDACTED] and take her to live with him (this was before he lost custody in any way). I called my husband and told him to come and get me because my entire body was numb.

I became so depressed that I wanted to even end my life. I couldn't save [REDACTED]. I couldn't take away her pain, and my own pain was so great that I couldn't see a way out of it. David, my husband, was working three to four jobs to keep things afloat because I literally quit functioning. I had never felt pain like that ever in my life and seeing [REDACTED] continue to have panic attacks in public, peeing on herself and hiding behind doors, not sleeping, and screaming out for no reason, I could not see how any of this would ever change. How could anyone help us find our way out? I believe in God and know that He is the only way through any and every circumstance, but even praying was too much because I didn't even know where to start.

Walking into the court room the day we were going to trial, I even had to wear a bullet proof vest because it was rumored that there was a contract out on me. Remember, if I wasn't in the picture before we were able to take his rights away, then he would get [REDACTED] for good. Luckily, I made it into the court room and the amazing lawyers representing our case were able to end his rights. Through some incredible counselors and continued prayer, [REDACTED] was able to tell only a small part of her story on the stand and it was enough to have Danny put away so that he could no longer physically hurt her (or anyone else for a time).

You would think that was enough to give someone piece of mind, but even from jail, Danny has continued to wreak havoc on our family. Financially, we have been drained of almost everything we had at one point. Lawyers are certainly not cheap but having to continue to battle to keep him in prison and away from society continues to be a struggle. A few times since he has been convicted, we have had to fight his appeals trying to say that he did nothing wrong, he is not guilty, he deserves a fair trial. He has the right to be heard, blah, blah, blah. He had every chance to state his case during trial and he didn't do it. Not that anything he would have said would have changed the outcome, but if 12 strangers could sit there and hear my child's testimony and believe the evidence presented, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that leaves no room for further questioning.

Who in their right mind would allow this criminal anything more than a lifetime in jail? Danny is not sorry for the pain and agony he has inflicted; he is not remorseful in the least. The fear that moves through my body to now learn that he might get a chance to be released is overwhelming. He has hurt my child and my family to a point of almost ripping us apart. We have paid for extensive therapy, counselors, leaning heavily on our church family and friends, that are all pulling for us to one day be able to finally put this to rest. However, we clearly have a broken system that is doing anything but providing

the protection a child deserves from a child molester that is dangerous. Not only is he a danger to my family, but to other children and certainly to Cara, his ex-fiancé.

In my opinion, Danny Spade is not owed anything but what he was sentenced to. Anyone that has followed our case knows that he committed these crimes. The man was found guilty. Danny molested my child and not just on one occasion. He threatened my life and that of my daughters and now he thinks he deserves to be set free. I can tell you that if he is released, we will have to leave the country. I am that scared of him and what he is capable of. It might not be Danny himself that comes after us, but knowing he has money and can access it easily, he would hire someone to do the job.

All I can say now is that I pray hard for you all that have this ability to keep others safe. I am tired of fighting this man, though I pray every day that he will realize the crimes he has committed and would repent of those sins. There is nothing more I can ask of you except to do the right thing and protect those that can't protect themselves. If for no one else, please do this for my sweet daughter, [REDACTED].

Sincerely,

Heather Jolley

My family has been aware of the possibility of Daniel William Spade's request to be released from prison. I would ask that you consider our history and knowledge of him before you allow that action. I'm not even sure where to start. I have never seen such evil and persistent efforts to hurt people. Spade is a dangerous criminal that should remain isolated from society. The damage pad left behind him is vast and we should know...we are part of it.

When my daughter was little, she was having visitations with Spade. After a visitation, my wife had picked her up at a meeting place from Spade. According to my wife, she was sitting in her pee and had been for some time. She cried uncontrollably the entire drive home. When they returned to our house, my wife and my daughter were both in tears and I had know idea what had happened. My daughter ran to her room and hid behind her door. I followed her there and asked her why she was crying. She was shaking in fear and peed in the floor. She let me hold her and she calmed down. When she calmed down it was like she went limp from exhaustion. We did everything to try to distract her and we let her grandmother take her home for a spend the night. My daughter got home and a couple of days later I was told of a conversation my daughter initiated with her grandmother about Spade putting his penis in her mouth and that he would kill her and her parents if she told. This was simply of the continuation of the efforts of Spade to hurt our family.

Spade and his family have lots of money and he used that to continue the need for attorneys on a monthly basis to destroy us financially. After being arrested with the sexual abuse of my daughter the rest of the story began. We had investigators taking pictures of us through the window of our home. They followed us everywhere we went. They would sit at the end of our street at night. They would even go through our trash. We were referred to a therapist to try to help my daughter. At this point my daughter was having up to six panic attacks a day. She would pee in her pants, scream and kick uncontrollably. This broke our hearts and all hopes of the strength to live another day. My wife had a nervous breakdown. We had to get her treatment. I had to work four jobs to pay for my daughter's counseling and to buy firearms to protect my family. I would cook and clean the house in the three hours I got to spend at home daily. I missed most of the childhood of both my children as this went on for years.

There have been times that we were so scared that we were all four in a closet of a hotel room sleeping. We have had police cars in our driveway in the middle of the night telling us to pack essentials and to flee for safety. Before a family court hearing for TPR we were given the information that there was a credible threat to kill my wife and daughter. Paid in full. We were sent to a secure location for a couple of weeks. We had a SLED agent staying with us who drove my wife to the courthouse for the hearing. She had to ride in the floor of the SUV. I watched as she got out of the car at the rear of the building. She had a bullet proof vest on and a helmet and they were walking fast. We were told after some time in hiding that the situation had been dissolved.

Spade's family cannot be trusted. Through the investigation and trials, they have continued to assist him, even with lies and hiding the facts. His father has such little integrity as to tell Spade on jail tapes: "Don't ever say those words again." This was in reference to Spade telling his dad that he would let [REDACTED] slide down his naked body, standing in the shower, calling it the slip and slide game. What kind of man would help after hearing that?

If you think Spade's parents can control him then you don't know Spade. No one controls him. He does what he wants, to who he wants and doesn't answer to anybody. This is even seen in the current time. Today I had to pay another \$5000 because he wants to ask my wife, in a full day of questioning in family court, if she made a mistake and really wants him to be the father of her daughter. What kind of delusional man would ask that after he put his penis in her daughter's mouth? Maybe he isn't delusional? Maybe he is seeking to destroy further. He continues to manipulate the system and traumatize us further.

Spade would spend any money he/or his family has to make himself feel better. He would use it to hurt my family financially, and to torture us emotionally. We don't know what he is capable of and how far he would go to harm us. He has been arrested in Virginia for beating his girlfriend. He has done the same tactics to keep her broken physically, emotionally and financially. We know that my daughter wasn't the only child he has molested and he is a monster. He is a flight risk with his resources and clearance to be in other countries. He wasn't even born in the United States.

As we understand it, he may, or may not, get another trial due to the judge deciding that the prosecutor said something he shouldn't have in closing arguments.. In sentencing, that same judge told Spade that he was supposed to be my daughter's protector, and instead he became her predator. Technicality or not, he was convicted and the judge saw the monster that was standing in front of him. Technicality or not, what Spade did to my daughter doesn't change. Technicality or not, we still live in fear. Technicality or not, what about my daughter's words? Would you trust the words of a monster over the words of a little girl who was brave enough to tell the truth? She sat in front of Spade and said what he had done to her. Doesn't my daughter's words matter? Doesn't her life matter? Technicality or not, Spade has never once taken responsibility for any of the damage he has done to the many lives who he has ruined. Everything he has always done has been someone else's fault. Technicality or not, he has broken court orders, broken promises, and broken those in his destructive path. He is a danger to my family and to society. Sir/Madam, how could he EVER be released with a promise not to hurt/abuse people? Would you trust him alone in a room alone with your daughter or wife... even if he has an ankle monitor on? The bottom line he will seek and destroy. He has destroyed our lives and others. My wife and daughter are doing the best they can now. I had to lead my family through hell during the past and never got the opportunity to help myself. I was diagnosed with severe PTSD and I try to manage that daily.

I beg you to do what you would want for your own family. I also want you to realize what it would mean to so many others if he is released. I beg you to keep an abuser, a violent man that is in maximum security prison.... separated from society.

David Jolley
Proud father of a BRAVE little girl...