

We would like to thank the Court for their time, to thank the District Attorney and his team of prosecutors and investigators for all their work bringing this case to justice, and all their help to us, and to thank the whole task force and all the agencies that collaborated together after Alanna was killed. We are grateful that they were able to find the murderer as quickly as they did, and appreciate all their efforts and the risks they faced.

Alanna was a treasure, and a treasured child. She was a bright, outgoing, cheerful, interested, vibrant child. She was loved and loving more in her brief life than many are their whole life. She cared about people. She brightened every room she was in.

After her death, we received such an outpouring of people telling us what she had meant to them. The teacher, with literally generations of students, telling us how Alanna had shone out and been one of her best teaching experiences, and that she would never forget her. The older lady who'd helped the church day camp kids plant flowers, telling us about how Alanna had sat down with her and gotten into a long friendly conversation about gardening, and how much it had meant to her. Our church gave us a scrapbook full of stories and pictures shared from people she made an impact on, at church and at camp, from people who knew her for years or only for a week, but that will never forget her. She made a difference everywhere she went, over and over, and it was remarked on and cherished. That's been taken away from the world. And it's your fault.

We have been grieving terribly since her death. Those that knew her best - we parents, her siblings, her grandparents, her cousins, her godparents - we have all suffered tremendously without our little Sunshine. Never again will I open the door and walk into my home to hear her voice chiming out "MAMA!" as she runs towards me. I'll never again get to sing her songs with her. We can't call out "ALANNA-NA" and have her come running for an enthusiastic jump hug. There are no more relaxed Saturday morning snuggles with her, filled with talk and giggles. I will never again get to go wake her first on a school morning, because she always woke the most cheerfully - I'd tickle her toes and say "GOOD MORNING, TOES!" and she'd laugh and say "GOOD MORNING, MAMA!" and come help wake her siblings. Our house is emptier, and quieter, and sadder. We carry around a heavy hard stone of pain where our hearts used to be. And it's your fault.

But those outside the family are suffering, too. Her teachers, her doctors, her pastors, the teen youth group at our church who had worked with her, the summer camp that loved her and that would laugh with her about "how many years is it until you're one of

our counselors?”, the adults at our church service who were brightened by her shining faith and openly shared joy and hugs, her classmates - the boy in her sister’s class with Down’s Syndrome that she had insisted would marry her when they grew up, who traded hugs every time they met, who knows she went to heaven but still thinks she’ll come back to marry him when he’s older. They’re all suffering. And it’s your fault.

I don’t know what she would have become when she grew up. I do know that it would have involved people, and they would all have been better for encountering her in their lives. I do know that whatever she chose would have made me proud and thrilled, and that she would have gone after her goals with energy, enthusiasm, and joy. She made the world better as a child, and I am certain she would have continued that as an adult. The world has lost that. And it’s your fault.

It is good that you are going to prison, because you won’t be able to hurt other children, you won’t be able to do to other families what you have done to us. But it does NOT repay for what you have done. It does not bring her back to us. No matter how much suffering you undergo in prison, it won’t be as much as all the people who knew and loved Alanna have been, and will continue to be suffering. I hope you remember this, and that you live with shame for what you have done, every day that you live, every day that Alanna is gone from us.