



FOREVER  
USA

Barn Swallow

~~Robert Todd~~

Robert Todd  
32 Woodcliff ~~Dr~~ Drive  
Westfield, MA 01085

Anthony Telf	# 1205085
Inmate Name	BA4A
402 Simpson Road	
Kissimmee, FL 34744	

June 19, 2020

Robert -

Please excuse the impersonal nature of printing in this letter, but seeing as it is too painful to write legible script, it will have to do (I will explain later) - I have recently been released off of "suicide watch", as I was placed due to the circumstances, horrific as they were, in December 2019, that the media and Sheriff's Department here are making me out to be the next "Butcher of Baghdad". Thanks to counseling here, the chaplain services, and my sister, I am beginning to resemble the proud man I was prior to the incident, which shattered me beyond comprehensible ways. I remain in isolated, protected custody to protect me (as I am not good material), and to protect my case. I write to you in response to the letters I received from you, to correct all inaccuracies created and generated by the creative writing machine (press) to sell papers and the Sheriff's Dept (who want to score a big win after screwing up a prior murder case that the Governor of Florida had to intervene and move it out of this District), to respond to your absurd allegations in your last letter, and to offer you forgiveness. First of all, I am 10000% INNOCENT of all these preposterous charges, both on this state case and on the proposed "Medicaid Fraud" case. The statements taken from me were interesting to say the least. I'm writing to you in confidence, please do not share with anyone but your wife, as I need not to be shown off as a "trophy" again, nor do I need to contend with the results of the "telephone game" when it is time to testify in a couple months. Please do not break my confidence.

I am ashamed to say, "yes" I did attempt suicide multiple times - As to my recollection, I want to say 8 times. I am told this is natural given the circumstances of having the "rug pulled out from underneath me" and my world shattered. My wife and my children were and still are everything to me. I love my wife, still, very deeply, and it will be the hardest thing to sit there and tell everyone that it was her that did this, when I was not home, and then she committed suicide in front of me. I have forgiven her, as I know she was chronically sick since 2011/2012 when a bug bit her in Disney of all places. That with time and everything else, led to our first miscarriage of Avery Nicole, borderline liver failure, drug induced hepatitis (ALFT's were 3800/3825 - normal is 25), vagus nerve dysfunction, depression (in addition to that suffered from her father's suicide [one of my close friends in 2002/2003]), tachycardia (would wake up with HR >180), breathing difficulties at rest, Lyme's Disease, chronic pain, joint laxity, weight loss from 125# muscularly ripped from being an internationally trained yoga teacher to barely holding onto 90# with loss of all female features, in addition to a multitude of other physical and functional deficits. We moved to FL in our condo originally because the sun, and warmth made her feel better and eventually permanently for that reason, and there were more homeschooling and performing arts opportunities for the boys. We sold the house in Colchester in 2017, after just finishing a greater than 50K remodel that included all new furniture for living room, dining room, kitchen, new kitchen cabinets, new counter, painting all downstairs, new lighting, finishing the basement, ripping up the grout while maintaining the kitchen tile, replacing grout, completing

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a 16-1800 sq. foot two level deck with a hot tub, and replacing the carpet upstairs with engineered hard wood. I essentially did the work by myself, with intermittent help from friends, and help from my boys when they would fly back with me. Not even a year after remodel, she decided we should move to Florida full-time and sell the house. Whatever she wanted, I did. I took my vows of "Love, honor, and obey & protect" as religion and sacred. We then moved into the rental house at 202 Reserve Place in Celebration because we outgrew our condo in May 2019, and it had a salt water pool which was good for her and an office apt. above the detached garage that we could use to transition the business to FL. We were not able to sell it for what it was worth, hence I commuted every week. When I arrived in CT on Tuesdays, I would work 2<sup>00</sup>-9<sup>00</sup> treating patients, and then in office doing work until 12/100 AM, returning Fri. Wed and Thurs in office at 6<sup>00</sup> AM, treating from 6<sup>30</sup>-9<sup>00</sup> and working until 1<sup>00</sup> AM. I would stay at a hotel or mom's couch (my choice) on Tues and Wednesday nights, or at an Air Bnb, and Thursday night usually sleep in the office for a couple hours, as my flight was between 5 AM and 6 AM, so I would be home in FL in time to pick Zoe up at preschool at 11<sup>45</sup> AM or various other things previous to that. I would catch sleep on plane or wherever time permitted. It was not healthy, I realize that. 900581

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As I have seen recent newspaper pics of me, but I did it all for family. When I was in FL, I would treat my wife 2-3 x/day (usually 4AM-6AM, 9PM-10:30PM and personal training activities to tolerance in afternoons, daily), do food shopping and prepare 90% meals, prepare 2 full meals for when I left for CT so my son could warm up as necessary, take boys to/from homeschool coop (45 minutes away) on Mondays, and to coop on Tuesdays with sometimes delaying my departure depending on home situation and bringing them home Tuesday afternoon prior to an evening flight. In addition, Zoe was driven to and from school M and T by me and home on Fridays by me. The boys were home W, Th, Fr doing their homeschool work, and Meg would drive Zoe to/from school (10 minutes) on W/Th and on Fri mornings to school. It was a routine I fully accepted. I loved being a husband and a father. In addition, I would attend to whatever personal need Meg needed, depending on the day, that included carrying her upstairs to bed, helping her shower/dress, doing Zoe's hair (I sucked at it) and whatever else. I embraced it - I was determined she was going to get better, and she was, though the good days were amazing but the "bad days" were even more depressing for her. We kept quiet, for most part, because that is how Meg wanted it - she was raised that way, as her mom was the town drunk, her grandfather was a major Democratic politician for >30 years, and she didn't want the same "eyes" on her as were on her mother for her multiple ailments. I respected it - she was my wife and I loved her - Like I said prior, I am still deeply in love with her!!

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Call That "illogical", I don't care. We had a love between us, described best I think by C.S. Lewis, being "storge", a Greek term for family love. It takes The other Three loves of The Greek language phileo (friendship), eros (erotic), and agape (God) to The "next level". We didn't fight, rather discussed Things, although much wasn't different between us as we made sure we built a foundation of trust, respect, and admiration for and with each other before we married. It was very important to both of us given our pasts, hers from an alcoholic mother and living in silence because of family and political reasons, and mine stemming from 1950. That left serious trust issues, nightmares, fear, and fear of people even thinking I had any infidelity issues. We didn't even "make love" until one week prior to our wedding, after almost 8 years of dating. Our relationship was very close and special. Anyway, too much info I'm sure, but I thought you needed a better understanding of our relationship. If I was there that night, this never would have happened, hence the self blame, and self condemnation, but because I was being selfish, I have lost everything near and dear to me, and when I leave here in a couple of months, I will be leaving homeless and without clothes (I've lost 90% so far). Blue Sky Realty in Celebration has formally evicted us from the rental house, where everything is including furniture, clothes, and specialties/remembrances of my family, especially my kids. Most things can be replaced, except for the

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family plans, which was Meg's growing up and the boys learned on it, and Zoe was beginning to learn. It is the most treasured item to me practically in the world, but because I have been ~~convinced~~ protected, they have the right to sell everything to make up their costs. I understand. My only hope is the estate sale is delayed due to the Corona virus and I'm out of here before it, to settle the lien and take back possession of the material things. I doubt it will happen but I'm hoping and praying. In reference to the Condo, which is furnished and has clothes there, I'm facing foreclosure as the mortgage has not been paid since December. There are some reasons the family hasn't done so, and I do not know the status of my finances, as Meg handled all of that. I hated doing the financial stuff, and had limited time to dedicate to it, as she loved it and had time, and took over full control in 2013/2014, more so because of the guilt she was having from the build-up of medical bills (most were private pay) & had a gigantic life insurance on myself, but only a 200-300 k on her, but when I get out that will help set things right and get on my feet I guess. It's being held because of the charges against me, as I am sole beneficiary. I just hope turning is right

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and everything is delayed because of the economy status due to the Corona Virus. Heri's hopes I guess. I didn't do the finances and trusted her with that, as a team / partnership. I know passwords and usernames, as I set up the online account and essentially used the same throughout. Oh well - Back to the explanations - I wasn't there that night because I was selfish and wanted a "wonderful" day as Meg described it, into a "most wonderful" day. Meg woke up for the first time since March 2019, and even before, though intermittently, without any pain. Instead of me treating her at 4:30 AM, we spent time together until Zoe came in wanting breakfast. The day was phenomenal. Meg relaxed inside for the most part, joining us outside on occasion, and I spent the day with the kids doing everything from basketball to soccer, to talking, to Elsa freeze tag football - you name it. Meg was inside watching TV, reading recipes, listening to music, resting and making snacks. It was the best I've seen her in a while, especially since our miscarriage in September 2019 of Connor Michael. (That was horrible to say the least) He was 8-10 weeks gestation. We initially



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found out at our ultrasound, when Zoe was present to see "Baby Toelt" for the first time. The tech and radiologist were cold sorted in their handling of it. We were supposed to have a follow-up ultrasound 2 weeks later, as there was no heart beat heard or detected, but we lost Connor prior to that. Instead of leaving the ultrasound happy, it was worse than a funeral. The result of our love and the first weekend away, was no longer. It was a happy surprise to us to conceive, as we were not trying, but who knew a woman can "double ovulate" after the age of 40 - Never covered that in sex-ed or any of my medical classes. Anyways, I would ask her several times throughout the day if she needed anything and if everything was OK and she would respond "Everything is wonderful. If you get a chance, can you fix the alarm sensor on the back door and can you go to the condo to get Zoe's Mickey necklace... she and I would really appreciate it as she keeps asking me for it". I told her that I would go after dinner, if all was OK, as I had some maintenance tasks there, and it would be easier to do without children. She responded "perfect as I want everybody to go to bed early anyway because everyone is still getting over the stomach

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boy". I agreed and also told her I would "crash" at the condo or in the office apt. above the garage, as ① I was a bull in a china closet when I was tired (as I was extremely because of insomnia the night before) and ② she started to use "nutraceutical" oil and air fresheners that was giving me sinus issues since Thanksgiving, and would more or just have difficulty sleeping. I also told her I would fix the sensors one night, after the boys were asleep, with goulter glue because Tyler would jump up to touch them and consistently knock them off. He was my "energetic" and daring son. He wanted me to go sky-diving with him on his 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, and I told him it would have to be his 21<sup>st</sup> birthday, as I would need a serious drink before and after. Whereas, Alex was into cars and wanted me to be his best-man at his wedding - shows the difference between them. He wanted a blue camaro convertible for his first car, as I rented one for a weekend, but I told him we would start him with a pink Cadillac - he didn't enjoy that - I did 😊

Sorry I switched to script, I hope you can read it. It was tedious and painful. You see, when they took me into custody, they dropped me down 10 stairs handcuffed behind my back. Needless to say, after hearing 800587

"That's why we hold onto someone in custody, Deputy", I have extreme back pain, shoulder and neck pain and bilateral hand/wrist pain. I have nerve damage in my left hand, right wrist sprain, right shoulder rotator cuff disruption and labral tear, left shoulder rotator cuff problem, cervical and lumbar radiculopathy, sacroiliac dysfunction, and daily migraines. I am limited in sitting for about 15 minutes secondary to pain and standing for 15-20 minutes. I take Tylenol 600 mg BID, when the nurse's nurses remember, but hesitate to take anything stronger. They gave me a med to help with the nerve pain so I could sleep, but that gave me freaky Tates from the Crypt nightmares, so they discharged it. So part of my day, I do self PT and keep daily notes. I'm a mess, but mentally healthy, and a clean bill of health for the most part except for orthopedic issues. My hypertension, EKG, thyroid, sugars, CK levels and cholesterol are all normal now, and pending the results of the bloodwork, I should be discharged of all my remaining meds next week. I will stay on the low dose anti-depressant until after the trial, by my agreement. I'm 10-15 # from my "ideal weight" now, and have the re-emergence of my

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"six pack" that I had playing college soccer. So in that department, all is good or improving.

So before dinner, I moved the mini-van to the driveway under the basketball hoop as I needed tools for maintenance, in addition I asked the boys to load any boxes so I could dispose of them at the appropriate dumpster at the condo. I was also bringing the mini van over to the condo as to bring more stuff back to the house. After dinner (Meg was not up left overs and I had a protein shake), the boys said everything was set, and Meg pleaded with me to get the necklace, as Zoe was driving her "nuts" about it. I drove over to the condo literally thinking to myself about how wonderful the day was and how my Zoe was going to light up the room with her smile when I brought back the necklace. Upon parking the van, I went to get the tools out, and they were not there. I walked back (5 minutes) and found the boys playing basketball, I asked them what happened to the tools, they looked dumbfounded, and pointed to them on the base of the basketball hoop. They explained that the doors were locked so they left them there, of course they only checked one door, the hatch. I couldn't be mad at them, as

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did the same thing often to my father growing up. Instead, I chased them, wrestled with them, laughed and tickled them. They were great boys - never needed any real discipline as they were brought up correctly. Every once in a while they needed to be separated, being competitive brothers, but they were wonderful to all, especially their little sister. Their relationship was awesome, and she adored them in every way! The boys asked me to play basketball, and I of course said yes - I always remember a friend of mine doing one of those silly form dances like the electric slide on soccer opening day, and I of course laughed at him, as he really looked foolish. He turned to me and said "kids only ask you to do things with them for a short amount of time, then they stop" and I don't want to have any regrets" - I remembered that clearly, and now I am living it. So we played for a while in spite of being exhausted, and it was starting to get late, so I told them to go inside and I was going back to the condo with the tools. They said mom was preparing dessert and was I going to join them. I said "no" as I was trying to lose some weight, etc. I told them to remind mommy that I was going to sleep at the condo on the upstairs apt and I

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hugged and kissed them. After walking back to the mini-van to get my keys, I sat in the driver's seat and wanted to take a small nista. I was tired. The snooze button became my best friend until the battery of the i-pod drained (I thought I had my phone, but was mistaken. My could still find me and alert me through the find my phone app if she needed me, so I wasn't worried). I woke up with the morning sun. I woke up in a panic, not really knowing the time, but knew I missed our 4:00/4:30 am standing treatment time, and was prepared to receive a scolding, as I would on occasion if I forgot to do something, but this would have been harder. I tried to start the mini-van but it wouldn't start (turns out the seat was pushed too far back to fully engage the brake sensor) so I grabbed my tool bag and returned back to the house, fearful of the scolding. I returned home, put my tools in the garage and noticed our electric car (NEV) was there. I entered the house to find the melted dessert and remnants in plates on the table. It was some sort of fruit pudding pie in a graham cracker crust. It looked very good, as all my wife's desserts were, but smelled horrible. (turns out it was a Benzofleryl pudding pie) I didn't realize Tylenol P

or Benedryl liquid could freeze} I went to the  
 bathroom downstairs to pee & newly diagnosed with  
 Diabetes II that is well under control now} passing  
 the TV that was on ESPN talking about college football  
 (named as Alex and I always had some sort  
 of sports bet - this one was about Joe Burrows  
 from LSU going #1 - I thought he would be  
 in addition to being a Heisman winner and he  
 thought John Huntz from Oklahoma / Oklahoma State  
 due to his resume and diversity. If I won, he  
 had to eat a pepperoni pizza, if he won  
 I had to eat a seafood dish of his choosing,  
 not raw, but he promised there would be  
 a lot of tentacles. He and I were buds, but  
 he always competed against me - I followed  
 the Yankees, so of course he had to be a  
 Red Sox fan, etc) sorry for the length of this  
 letter but I thought since Chucky brought you  
 into this (I guess they were looking for me)  
 and because you contacted the Hartford Courant  
 for that article, you should be told the details.  
 I would have called a press conference  
 months ago, but I was told by my  
 attorneys, who happen to be some of the best  
 in the state, that that was not the  
 appropriate way to handle the case. So  
 I just sat in jail, making a list of  
 lawsuits when I get out. In addition, I'm



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hugged and kissed them. After walking back to the mini-van to get my keys, I sat in the driver's seat and wanted to take a small siesta. I was tired. The snooze button became my best friend until the battery of the i-pod drained (I thought I had my phone, but was mistaken - my car had still found me and alert me through the find my phone app if she needed me, so I wasn't worried). I woke up with the morning sun. I woke up in a panic, not really knowing the time, but knew I missed our 4:00/4:30 AM standing treatment time, and was prepared to receive a scolding, as I would on occasion if I forgot to do something, but this would have been harsher. I tried to start the mini-van but it wouldn't start (turns out the seat was pushed too far back to fully engage the brake sensor) so I grabbed my tool bag and returned back to the house, fearful of the scolding. I returned home, put my tools in the garage and noticed our electric car (NEV) was there. I entered the house to find the melted dessert and remnants in plates on the table. It was some sort of fruit pudding pie in a graham cracker crust. It looked very good, as all my wife's desserts were, but smelled horrible. (turns out it was a Benne-crust pudding pie) I didn't realize Tyland P. 000594

writing this letter on recommendation of the chaplain - I'll explain later. Anyways, I came out of bathroom and found Meg at the top of the stairs. I ran to her ready to explain why I wasn't there. She started tearing and smiling saying "you are alive -- they didn't get you". I was confused and saw her wearing my grey Hysteronox shirt and there was a stain on it. I asked what was going on, if the kids remembered her where I was, where were the kids, and if everything was OK. She said the kids were fine and everything was OK, now that I was there. She led me into the bedroom, and began telling me about her vision she got yesterday about meditation, telling her the end of world was beginning with virus attack and eventual invasion. I was captured and going to be killed but she was granted salvation with the boys once their souls were released. Because she was sicker than we all realized, this vision was telling her she would not be strong enough to survive. She had turned more and more "spiritual" over the last few years for Grandma due to her illness - I can write a whole book on it. I don't really believe in it but whatever made her feel better, as long as no sacrifices etc.

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I supported her. Long story short, she gave them the Benedykt/Tylandt Pm pie, separated them, woke up at 1130, stabbed and then suffocated each one. At the news of this I ran to the bathroom and puked - I was weak. She continued to tell me what happened and then wanted to pray/meditate together. I needed to see my kids. When I went in, I was horrified. It was peaceful, no signs of struggle as she said, but I didn't believe her that there wasn't a struggle. I got a warm washcloth and wiped each of their faces, held them, cried, and worked to make them look more comfortable by closing their mouths, eyes, and loosening their nasal passages. It was normal for me to wash their faces when they weren't well. Throughout that whole time, Meg kept checking on me, very calmly, asking if I was OK, while chinking something (turns out the Benedykt she had been stock piling for a while) I would respond to her "No... you murdered our children" and she would respond "relax and believe in what I saw... I released their souls". She was calm, oriented, and "with it" throughout. It still amazes me this day - she had told me earlier she researched this for a while in case it would happen on websites Quora or Quora.com and Reddit.com. When I returned to the bedroom, I demanded the phones, as I did not know where

they were. She claimed she had hidden them  
 and not to worry but have faith. She gave  
 me an empty family sized liquid Benzoyl to  
 throw away in the garbage bag she had  
 in the tub, and I took the opportunity  
 to look there for the phones. Upon going back  
 into the bedroom, I heard a horrific sound of  
 something rubbing a latex balloon. She  
 had stabbed herself the first time. I ran to  
 her bedside and she said "please don't leave  
 me alone to die as I don't leave the kids  
 to die alone... when I pull this knife, it will  
 go quick... I can feel it happening now".  
 Before I could react, the knife was pulled  
 and thrown on the bed someplace. There  
 was blood... a lot of blood... I begged her  
 to let me call - I would take all responsibility  
 as I felt it was all my fault (I'll explain).  
 After a while nothing happened, she had more of  
 her drink and asked me to leave her for a  
 few moments as I was stressing her out  
 with all my pleading of asking her to go for  
 help, where phones were, etc. I took the opportunity  
 to look in the boys' room for a phone in  
 their hiding spaces. I couldn't go to the  
 neighbors as ① I would violate the agreement  
 of not leaving her alone (irritational I know) and ②  
 where we lived, neighbors were never home due

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to work or mostly snow-birding. I heard the shower on, toilet flush, and sink running. Somewhere she was up. When I returned to the bedroom, she again was "pouring" another Family sized liquid Benadryl and gave me the empty bottle to throw away - I took the opportunity to look for the phones again. I asked where all this Benadryl was, and she said in the linen closet - a place I never went - and I looked there also - no phones - As I went back to the bedroom, I saw Meg on the bed holding the knife still on her abdomen, saying this one is out of principle as she pushed the knife into her liver. She pulled it out and dropped it on the bed as I ran to her. I said let me get help, I will take all responsibility for this - my mother, father, sisters and your grandparents will take care of you. She responded "I have to be with my babies" ... "please pray grandma doesn't find out I killed the kids ... It will kill her". Her grandmother was very, very close to me and I knew this also, especially with the troubled family history on that side of the family. She then put my hand on a pillow that she had put on her face and said "please help me pass ... I'm in pain ten times greater than childbirth and I can't breathe" I said I couldn't, and she pleaded and pulled my hand on her face. I couldn't watch and just left it there. Many moments later, she began

hitting my arm, pulling it harder on her face and then pushing it away as she was saying something. I thought she had changed her mind. Nope. She said "I finally found something you suck at... I can still breathe" I told her I couldn't do it and she pleaded. I started praying for the strength and the "balls" to do it. She died before I could help her. I couldn't do it. Moments later she began breathing (I now know reflex) and I said "I'll ask for forgiveness later" and tried CPR until I physically couldn't anymore. This was the final "act" of my chapter of failures. I failed as a father - I wasn't there to protect my children (the thing I blame you the most for and I'm no better); I failed as a husband - I wasn't able to "fix" Meg or find someone that could, and I wasn't able to succeed in CPR administration (3 times previous I was successful on patients, but the person that means the most to me, I failed on) I wanted to die to be with my family and also I felt I didn't deserve to live. After I cleaned up the kitchen, per request of Meg, I moved the children into our room onto their mattresses in comfortable sleeping positions with a pillow, covered them for

warmth and protection, and put a rosary in each one of their hands. I put you on the bed with us. I wanted to die and I wanted my family together, not spread throughout the house. From then, I have little memory, basically I remember all the suicide attempts (yet another thing I sucked at.) and picking up cheese, Bénédictine, and ~~grapes~~ gratin (stuffed cabbage as I thought was sign from Meg). Supposedly, I had phone calls with people, text arguments with people, my family was looking for me, amongst other things. I'm ashamed and I ask for forgiveness and understanding from all.

### Other facts

- After I was let to fall down the stairs, I was assisted the rest of the way to bottom where I encountered 3 voices - one "We were looking to drop the charges but we have to deal with this now" (FBI) second "We have a POD waiting for you with 4 other guys just like you" (police and I didn't know what a POD was until March) and third, which I thought was a UPS man "Why didn't you answer the door when we were knocking"
- The last suicide attempt, I took 4x the toxic dose of Bénédictine (ALOT) on Sunday Jan 12 (evening) Now Bénédictine works is it slows the body down, thus slowing the metabolism of it - as anything that

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raises the heart rate happens, the more is metabolized, hence the sparse memory

- At hospital, I was Baker Acted and deemed not able to sign intake paperwork but somehow I could waive my rights 1 hour after
- I was in need of a guardian to sign my discharging paperwork but was able to sign away my Miranda Rights 1 hour later
- The interrogator was turned greater than 3 hours but only 1 hour was recorded
- I asked for my attorney at hospital when asked, someone showed up and said to answer the questions asked and he said he would meet up with me after D/C
- My 2 interviews are conflicting w/ each other AND conflicting with medical examiner autopsy report that was done in between. The officer states this in his DD5 - that he called the M.E. prior to the second interview saying the report and my testimony did not show up. The second was more about my attempts than anything
- I stated that I wanted to kill myself right then during my second interview, and yet somehow survived
- First interview I told them Megan's father committed suicide in 2002/2003 but somehow they came down to assist after the miscarriage in 2019. We didn't deal with her mother since 2007



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→ The "Medicaid Fraud" was and is B.S. After I read the paperwork when they left, I found out the timeframe was when they took over the billing. I told her not to worry when I saw her Friday night, and I would keep her name out of it, as they were only talking probate at worst. I didn't know the scope of billing mistakes as my attorney said to not discuss it. Also the FBI had red flags because they found out I travelled but on days I wasn't there, pt's were billed under me. That was the way the billing company set it up. All the therapists were credentialed but we billed as a group and I owned the group. In addition they were insinuating some sort of money laundering scheme because "no one does as much community service as you report". I told them to stick it up their asses, because I actually did more anonymously like donations to charities, and help people with their rent etc

→ I was supposed to meet with the attorney the Wednesday after Thanksgiving and return to Florida for an early Thursday morning MD appointment for Mez that was long awaited. I woke up Sunday morning to the smell of burning. It was Mez burning journal ~~about~~ entries she had written about her aunt and uncle, as she didn't want them to read them, as she was

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saying the world was going to end and she was going to die etc. I cancelled going back to CT that week because of "red flu" and kept her under watch until we were to go to the MD appointment Thursday.

I found out 1130 PM Wednesday night that she had already cancelled the appt earlier in the week because she didn't want meds and no one could help. I then asked her to call one of the MDs in Gainesville, as we already "moved Christmas" to coincide with Tyler's Birthday, because of sickness, and we would visit a temple in Gainesville she wanted to go to, as we were heading there for Tyler's birthday dinner.

→ I only remembered about the "investigation of Medicaid Fraud" when they showed me the newspaper article you called the Courier about. That was shown to me in March. It was the first time I learned that I was facing "1-2 years in jail if convicted" - I was allowed to open fly to Florida, and kept in contact with them over the phone; it was when I went silent because of the suicide attempt that they decided to come get me.

(24)

→ I was described as "psychotic" on my arrival at jail by the head of mental health counseling, and I do not remember most of hospital time, none of the police station visit, or the first 5-7 days here in jail - yet somehow I was "competent" to give statements ??

→ My attorneys made a nice meet of the prosecutor in our first pre-trial last week and now they are going after suppression of the statement - we have been limited due to corona virus

→ They have rescheduled pre-trial for 12/16/20 and trial for January, but my attorneys are going to move it up to October once they figure out how jury selection is going to work because of Corona

→ The main "motive" the prosecution is using is financial and I just gave up - All B.S. My tech care of finances and all I know is they were good. We had credit card debt that was budgeted + planned to be paid off from Jan 2020 → June 2020 - and we had 2 Business loans that were to be paid off in beginning of January and March. Other than that, we had the mortgage for condo at Wells Fargo (I only know username and password - my handled), the house rental

(2)

we were excited from for not paying  
December and January (obviously), offer  
rent the same as the house rented, and  
payroll. To my understanding, all was  
paid through December - I didn't  
micromanage her - I trusted her - Even if  
we had financial problems - I have family  
that would help, and I wasn't opposed  
to working harder - I had to do so to  
finish paying college as my father lost  
his job. I never worried about that - I just  
worked harder and more.

→ We had just invested money into re-building  
our website and marketing, and was succeeding  
in less than a month, we had record  
web (new) scheduled, and the new staff  
I hired was full - I cancelled going back  
that first week as I told you, and then  
cancelled the following week for the same,  
to tend to family. I was giving my  
schedule a heart attack - I was off the  
last half of December already for the holidays  
and felt secure as our ARR was over  
250K - No worries from what I knew,  
different from anyone else -

(26) I hope that short letter answers most of questions, as it is just a summary believe it or not. We had an amazing marriage, only hampered by her sickness that I accepted with open arms as I was determined to find a cure for her. Anyways, I sit here in protective isolative custody to protect my case and also for protection, as they say I'm not "just material", writing, reading, self PT, calling my sisters and Uncle Martin, outlining my next book, and doing a framework of a non-profit I am starting in memory of my family MATZB2019... Alive and at Peace, dedicated to providing resources and services to the chronically ill, not just heart disease and Cancer; I also work my case clearly. I'm looking forward to going home, whatever form and wherever that will be. (I know I need to work on the name)

So another reason I write is to offer forgiveness to you and extend a fragile olive branch. I don't know what kind of relationship I want with you, or any; time will tell. I offer you forgiveness for not being there to protect us that night, March 19, 1990 - Although we were both not <sup>there</sup> ~~there~~ on respective nights in question, for different reasons, I cannot forgive myself if I don't first forgive you. The happenings of that night in 1990 are not mine to forgive, as I really don't know what happened and don't really care at this point. I haven't dealt with you because I had my "independent views" formed by myself, as I am allowed to as an adult, about the person you were and how I was "shown off" at the funeral of Aunt Shree as a "trophy" despite telling you I didn't wish

(27) to be ahead of time. I also thought you were a pompous narcissistic ass and I didn't want to have a relationship with you. There it was said. I am extending the fragile olive branch and we will see. Don't burn it this time. This is between you and I - that is all - do not share Any info with Uncle Martin, Chussey or anyone else except Daniell, not even that I wrote to you. I'm going to close for now, as I am in extreme pain, and I'm sure you are tired of reading. Please, if you correspond, watch what you write as they scan and send the news and prosecutor all my mail.

Tony

Anthony Todt, Inmate 1205085  
Osceola County Corrections Dept  
400 Simpson Rd  
Kissimmee, FL 34744-1450

Ps. The boys performed in Nashville July 2019 - I uploaded their performances and a recital to YouTube.

IF you want to see them.

on YouTube, search "Alek Todt" and separately "Tyler Todt" They were AMAZING!!