

Dear Judge Greisbach:

Hello, my name is H[REDACTED] V[REDACTED] D[REDACTED] H[REDACTED]. I am writing you to speak on behalf of my dad, Ronald Van Den Heuvel. He is one my heroes and has been one of my biggest supporters throughout my whole entire life, since the day I was born. Some people think they know who my dad is from what they read in the papers, but they don't. Not even close, but they should very much want to. I want you to know my dad sir. I want you to know what kind of man he has been his whole life.

The first thing I think you should know is that he loves his family tremendously. My dad grew up in a family of 8 kids, with him being the oldest of them all. My grandfather was from a family of 16. When my dad was 18 he already had one son after graduating from West De Pere High School in 1972. He went to work with my granddad at Van Den Heuvel Electric Inc., a company my granddad started. Sometime later, my granddad Ray's brother Dick kicked my granddad out of the company and took over. I know this must have hurt my granddad. All his brothers ganging up on him in a company that he had started. My dad said he was devastated, but that same exact week my dad went to my granddad and said, "let's start our own company". After that a new road was paved. They started VHC which led to my dad creating VOS Electric, Spirit Fabs, Spirit Construction and many other companies. What that did was give jobs to hundreds and hundreds of people in the community and my whole entire dad's side of the family. It also allowed the family to give back to the community. My dad always says, God first, family second and community third. I think what happen to my granddad showed my dad that a family is strongest when you stick together, work hard and do what is right. My granddad never again spoke to his brothers, but he and my grandma made sure we all stayed close.

The second thing you should know about is how my dad has helped people. So many of them and not just in our town. In Wisconsin, he was one of biggest supporters and champion of The CP Center. For as long as I can remember, we would sit in front of the t.v. and watch the telethon where my dad would be on the phone looking for donations. He would say, H[REDACTED] day I want you to raise money for the charities you believe in. My dad and his whole family also believed in a school called Syble Hopp. It is a school which helps kids with special needs. I can remember going with him there once and seeing those kids. I remember after he helped raise money so the school could build a pool, someone giving him a noodle necklace one of the kids had made

and I 'd play with it on his neck. He wore it all day and was so proud. I have been helping my mom go through boxes and I have found that my dad gave his time and not just money to the Greater Green Bay Community Foundation where my dad was the original director. The SE Georgia Autism fund as well as donating the land for the YWCA in Rincon, GA., St. Norbert College, Our Lady of Lourdes, United Way, Boy Scouts of America, Make a Wish Foundation and so many more. He also was a big supporter of the Boys and Girls club, the Farve Foundation and Rawhide which are all great charities. My dad has made an impact on those kids as well and their families like he has on his own. The list of charities just keeps going on and on, but, there are two charities that hits very close to home for my dad. My Brother's Keeper is one. My dad took one of my older brothers, Dave from a foster home. Dave said that dad saved his life. That charity helps kids succeed and give them a better life like my dad did with my older brother. Then there is the March of Dimes charity. Both my mom and dad worked on this one because my brother and I were born micro preemies and my sister was a preemie. I was born at 25 weeks. My mom had gone to hospital twice but told she was not in labor so I was born weighing 1.4 pounds and my twin H [REDACTED] was born at 1.2 pounds. My brother lived for two weeks and I stayed in the hospital for four months. I miss my brother every day and think about how different it would be to have him, especially now. I wish they would have believed my mom when she said she was in labor and not send her away like that. My dad knew I was going to be fighter and I fought through.

I found boxes of stuff of my dad's from a long time ago. He didn't just volunteer or raise money for charities. He helped so many people and their kids and some companies. He helped pour community every chance he could. I have found hundreds of letters from people and companies thanking him. He was always there when someone needed him. He believed in people. I thought I knew my dad, but reading all these letters helped me see more and it made me cry because that is not what other people see now and I want people to see my dad how I see him. My mom says my dad never met a stranger and never would he say a bad word about anyone. I know that is true. He is the most positive person I have ever met. He always tells me 'not to go to the dark side' when I get down or angry. He tells me to pray and be the best me and that he is proud of me. I am proud of him too.

The last, most of important thing of this letter, is how great of a man in general, that my dad really is. Since the day I was born, he has made sure to be the best man possible and the best dad for my sister and I. Every single

day, when I was in the hospital for 4 months after I was born, him, my mom said 5 Hail Mary's, from the elevator to my bedside and 5 Our Father's from my bedside back to the elevator, until my dad left. My dad worked at VOS then and he would stay with me every second, of every day that he could and at night he would bring his work up so my mom could rest. My mom never left my side. My freshman year at NDA he drove me to school every day. It was the best time of the day because it was just me and him. He would tell me about his life when he was young. He taught me about how important it is to pray and go to church. He told me that I had to have a good work ethic and that I had to study hard. He taught me about the environment and how our trash and waste keeps going into landfills and polluting our air and water and that if we didn't fix it what God gave us, one day it could be gone. I did a school project in 5th grade about land pollution so I learned a lot about what he was talking about and wanted to do. I remember him telling me what a great job I did after watching my presentation and my dad telling me that I could run the company one day. I told him that I didn't want to be a businessman that I wanted to be a country music singer like Johnny Cash or Hank Williams. I thought he would be upset but he told me that if I didn't want to I did not have to be a businessman or work at the family companies. He told me to dream big and work hard and to make sure that I help people along the way and to be kind. I told him how proud I am of him and how proud I was that he dreamed big and wanted to help the world and get rid of the landfills and to make the world a better place. I definitely meant that when I told him then and I am still proud of him today.

I miss those times when he drove me to school and our talks. I miss that he isn't here to drive my sister and I to school now or to help us with our math because 'my mom went to school in Florida and they don't teach math past elementary school there' so she is no help as he would say. I miss not going to mass with him every Sunday. I miss seeing him in his chair and I miss hugging him. I miss my dad. He promised to teach me how to drive and now I have no one. He promised not to work 6 days a week and he promised to spend more time with us. There were so many things he wanted to do with us and I wanted to do with him and now I am scared that time won't ever happen. I am scared that he won't be at my high school graduation or see me go to college. I had a piggy back once that said college fund. I remember my grandad telling me to just break it because I didn't need it and that who knew if I could go to college since I was born too early. My dad fought for me then and he still fights for me. I won't stop fighting for him and even if I have to be a businessman and make his dream come true, I will.

Trust me, my dad, never in his right mind, intended this to happen. My dad would not steal or hurt someone. My mom said that my dad made some wrong decisions and that he must pay for those. That we have to pay for those as well because we are family. I know that my dad will do whatever he can to make whatever he did wrong right. That is who my dad is. I think you should know that about my dad. I want my dad to enjoy life no matter what. I want him to know that we believe in him and his dream. I want him to know that that I am still proud of him. The thing that sucks is that the years we miss, we can't get back. I need my dad. I feel like I am being punished too. I can you tell this, we'll always love my dad to death, no matter what and I will pray every day that he is home soon so that I can help him make right what he did wrong.

Thank You,

H [REDACTED] V [REDACTED] D [REDACTED] H [REDACTED]

PS. I found these pictures of me in my dad's files. I wanted to put them in with my letter. I think they are so cool.



I'm 2 pounds today
11-26-02 [REDACTED]



Mommy holding me for
the 1st time 12.14.02



I'm being a good
boy for Daddy 12.13.02

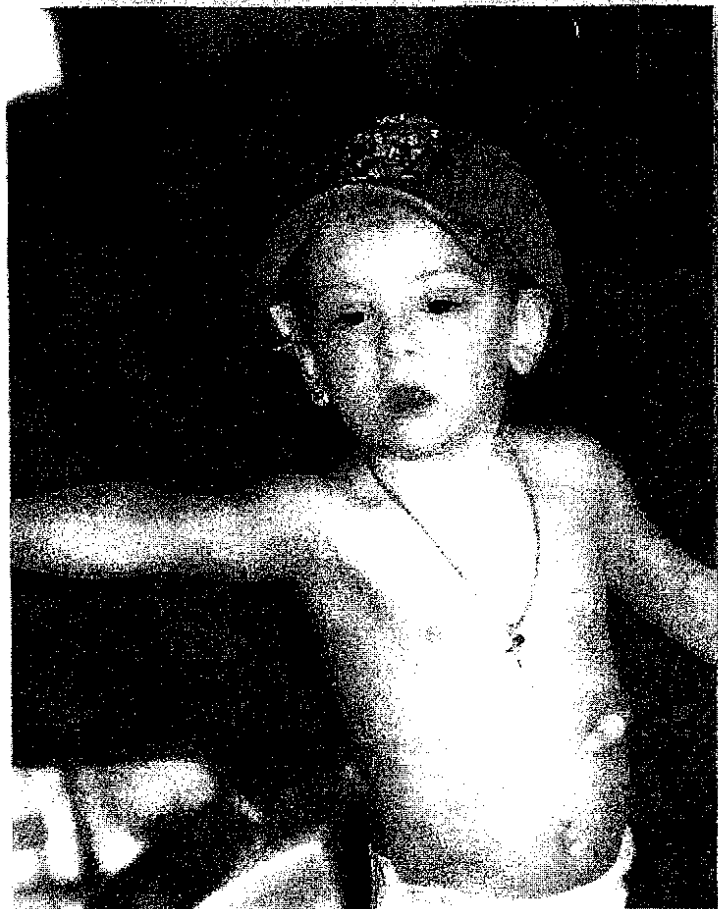


Me and Mommy
12.14.02



**GLASSES FROM AGE OF (6) MONTHS-(4) LASER SURGERIES AND
WILL BE REQUIRED TO WEAR GLASSES FOR ENTIRE LIFE**







Skull Cap, with Dad, for
Seizure
Check.

