

Dear Judge Griesbach:

My name is K.V.D.H.. I am the daughter of Ron Van Den Heuvel. My dad is strong, loving and giving. He is an amazing person, and an even more amazing dad. He has always donated to the community and helped out around the Green Bay area. He has always taught me and my brother that it is God first, family second, and community third. He is a very charitable man. Growing up, he was always working. He would work six days a week. This means that he couldn't come with us on vacations to Florida to be with my mom's family most all of the time. Whenever he was not with us, he was working. I understood his dream. No matter where we went, if my dad saw trash on the ground he would pick it up. He would sit and talk to us about it all the time. When we would go to see him at work he would walk us around and explain the process and how it worked and what test results came back and what they meant. I didn't pay attention like my brother did, but my dad was always so excited about it and how it was going to change the world and make it a better place. He didn't tell me that it was going to change my world and it wasn't going to be for the better. That all that hard work and all that time away from us would mean nothing. Leave us with nothing but each other. I wonder if he would have worked so hard to change the world and do the right thing or would he have chosen us.

My dad is a great man. A great man that had a great dream. He has taught me to be a great person. To believe in myself and have dreams. He has taught me by example to believe in God and that praying was an important part of our faith. I miss going to mass with my dad and I miss all the candles we would light together after mass for our families and my brother H.V.D.H. that had died. We would light them every week and when we were in Florida he would call us after he went to mass and tell us who he lit candles for.

My dad is a so good. He has always wanted the best for people, like I want the best for him. He always believed the best in people. Many people think they know my dad based on what they read in the paper or saw in the news. They judge him. They don't

know him. Not the way I know him. The way he is always there for me, and the people he loves even this community. He has been there for so many people, not just charities he believed in. They don't write that stuff. I have read what they wrote. I know what they have said and I know the truth. I have lived it. I know that my grandma Phyllis paid for every trip there for us to come down and be with her and my cousins, and she still does. I have known that since I was nine years old. I know that she has also paid for my schooling and my uniforms. I know that my grandma Pat, before she died helped too. That is what family does. We all believe in him and know that his dream is real. It hurts me that people want to believe the worst of someone and not give them a chance. That they don't look at the history of my dad and see who he has been his whole life. I went to see my dad the other day and he told me that he had made mistakes and what they were. He told me that he should have done better and known better. I was crushed, but when I got home I thought about him and what I know. I think he got lost in his dream that he didn't pay attention. I know that he is sorry for the mistakes he made. I also know my dad and that he did not mean to hurt anyone. That is just not my dad. He is too kind and giving and like my brother Henry, too trusting. My dad is all about making the world a better place and helping people. That is why I know that his dream is real. He has worked so hard on it for so long.

I believe in my dad. I know that he will make things right if he gets the chance. I just don't know how he will do it in jail and I do not know how we will live without him or how he will live without us.

Sincerely,

K.V.D.H.