

Dear Honorable Judge William Greisbach:

I have watched by as children wrote letters to you on behalf of their father. My daughter was unsure what to say. So, I told them to write from the heart and to share with you their truths. I did not read them when they were done as I felt they were private in nature, but I could tell that my son H[REDACTED] whom you have seen in the courtroom with me, wrote many pages and included some photos he found among his father's files. It is my hope that within those letters you will see the essence of my husband. I have longed believed as I was taught, that we are reflections of our parents. This is true in the case of my children, as well as in me and my siblings to my parents and my husbands to his. So, beyond what you will have read from H[REDACTED] and K[REDACTED], I feel there is more to share beyond the eyes of my children. I would like to tell you what I know to be true of my husband, Ronald Henry Van Den Heuvel in the hopes that you will see a side well known, but certainly not written about as of late.

My husband loves to tell the story of how he is a great salesman because he was able to convince a Miami girl to move to Wisconsin. To this day he still believes this to be true, but it is not. When I met my husband 17 years ago in Atlanta, I saw a man much like my father. A self-made man that worked hard, was fair, helped who he could and loved his family. Like my father, my husband is giving to a fault and trusting in the good of people who may not have always earned that trust. My husband, as with my father, believed that a handshake agreement was as good as any contract. All of these qualities my husband and father shared, but one thing set them apart, my husband's faith. It was a struggle for me at first. His conviction that God comes before family wasn't how I saw it, but it was hard to deny as he governed his life by it. Though my husband may be a good salesman, it was his integrity and his character that persuaded me to move and to eventually to stay through all the hardships.

The first hardship was the premature birth of our sons. At 38 years old I was considered high risk with the additional strain of carrying twins due to maternal gestation. At just over 24 weeks I began what I believed to be labor pains. I immediately went to the hospital only to be turned away. The following night I again found myself in the emergency room only to be turned away once again with the advice to 'see my doctor tomorrow'. By morning I was admitted to the hospital in full labor. Too late according to Dr. Winston of the NICU to give the boys a drug that would have helped develop their lungs and give them a better chance at survival. Dr. Winston stated that it was protocol to notify the NICU team when a high risk mother comes in as it is the NICU team that performs the assessment. The boys were born that day. Twin A at 1.4 pounds and Twin B at 1.2 pounds. Two weeks later, Twin B, our H[REDACTED] passed. I will never forget the day my OBGYN sat with me in the waiting room crying as she admitted she had made a terrible mistake. All I could do is hug her and tell her

that it was going to be okay. That my husband and I would get through this and how very blessed we were that God had allowed H[REDACTED] to stay. It was my first recognition of the fact that my husband was right. It must be God, family and community or I could not have forgiven her or not have blamed God in some small way. It was my husband's faith that showed up in me that day and it is that same faith we have since shared as a family.

Our son H[REDACTED] remained in the hospital for four long months. When he was finally able to come home, he did so on a heart monitor and a feeding tube which required around the clock care. Every time the heart monitor would alert or his complexion was pale or he would projectile the one feeding we could get in him that day would remind us of the uncertainty before us. The fear was for me at times overwhelming, but my husband was steadfast in his belief that H[REDACTED] was a fighter and we would get through this. It was the first time I noticed that my husband was a positive looking person. He still tends to see the positive in all situations and believes beyond my reasoning sometimes that people are inherently good. Nonetheless, my life was forever changed by our little miracle. I can't help but think that my husband's wasn't as well. He was still running the family companies and the demands on him were great, both at work and at home, but he never complained. He just worked harder and continued as much as he could with the charities he was involved in. Within 17 months, our daughter K[REDACTED] was born at 32 weeks. My husband was no longer working with the family companies as he had ventured out on his own with the Oconto Falls Mill.

K[REDACTED] came home after two weeks in the NICU. It was difficult caring for two children alone that needed constant medical attention. My husband was working all the time and could ill afford to travel back and forth with me to doctor appointments both here and in Milwaukee. That is when he hired Julie Gumban, an experienced nanny. She was so smart and well-traveled. A live-in nanny who quickly became a big part of our family. She made our lives infinitely better by her calm presence and her steadfast confidence in her ability to control all facets of a household and the occupants within it. Overtime, I deferred to her for most things. She was there when my husband could not be. She was an integral part of H[REDACTED] healthcare and survival as well as K[REDACTED]. She was a constant companion to the kids and I.

I can remember back to the times Julie and I would scold Ron for his constant need to pick up trash wherever he saw it. When I think back to where the dream for Green Box came from, I am reminded of a story he told me when we were first married. I asked him why, after walking into a Walmart he felt the need to pick up other people's trash. His response was, 'when I was little, my grandmother Geurts would tell me that it is our job to keep what God has given us clean and that it didn't just mean our hearts, but the earth too'. I believe that his dream to make our world a better place to live started when he was young. All the charities he was involved in and believed so passionately about was his way of helping achieving part of the goal, but when he

realized that he could effect change in the environment, nothing stopped him from working hard to realize that dream.

Everything we had went into that dream. A dream we believed in as much as him. He would come home and tell us about his latest progress or the latest test results and we were so proud that his tireless efforts were becoming a reality for him. When I read articles purporting that this technology is not real or that it is a lie, I wonder if they know that their statements not only attempt to invalidate the years of work my husband and his employees did, but also the work of countless engineers, scientist, vendors and industry experts that contributed their efforts and expertise into making this dream a reality.

Your honor, I believe in my husband. He is a good man. I understand that he that made mistakes along the way. I have heard it said that 'we are hiding money' or that we lived and extravagant lifestyle. I can tell you that is not true. I live in a home that was built by my husband and his first wife. I do not own the home now and have been given 30 days to vacate. I have a company vehicle that was used extensively by the company to which I currently use, and which will have to be returned soon. My mother has paid for the kid's school, uniforms, travel to Florida and Christmas for the last 6 years with the help of my husband's mom before she passed.

I know that the majority of people in this community know the truth about my husband. They know him to be a practicing Christian and dedicated family man. A man that goes to the funerals of everyone one he knows and their parents so that he can share with them the memories he has and give his condolence. Many people would not know the significance of that, but it is a trait that in fact in the number one thing that emerged in trust studies. He is man that takes time out of his day to help any passerby. A man that believes in people in the good in them. I do not know how he does it. How he stays so positive. We visit him in jail and he is so happy to see us. He has that smile on his face that is so infectious and upbeat. I know it is for the kids and I, and we welcome it. He has recognized that he made mistakes and discussed those with the kids. He realizes he could have done better. Should have done better. Paid attention more. I think that he has come to realize that he is better at creating and sales than he is with the day to day business of checks and balances. I know your honor that he accepts full responsibility and is remorseful.

To that end, we have had many discussions with regard to my husband's restitution. I know not what the final figure will be, but I do know that I do not have the ability to pay any sums of money. I cannot make the technologies work nor can anyone else. When others have tried, they end up coming back to my husband for help. The world of tissue and linerboard is a small one apparently and even with his new technologies, these vendors that have worked with him for years won't work with anyone else contrary to what has been said. I believe the only way to achieve full restitution in an appropriate amount of time is if he is allowed to work as a consultant

for the company when he is on parole. He is no longer interested in running the company nor, working outside of the home, but he does want to consult and work on patents which would go towards restitution. However, if he is given a long sentence, I fear he will die in prison and along with him, the patents, technologies and the companies themselves. I cannot run them. I am and always will be a mother first and foremost. Having gone through this experience, I am fearful to make any attempt to step into the companies as anything but a shareholder. I know that this is inherently wrong as I have a debt to pay on behalf of my husband, but my debt first is to my children. I cannot allow my children to become collateral damage ever again. I see people positioning themselves already in the area of restitution and I wonder if they will have to prove their claims. I am not armed for anything other than a fair fight and can ill afford any fight at all.

In closing your honor, I beg you not to sentence my husband beyond reasonable. He is a good man. An asset to this community, not a threat to it. He is remorseful, and he desperately wants to make amends and if given the chance, he has the ability to do so. I hope that you see that in him on Wednesday. I honestly believe in my heart that his time thus far incarcerated has been good for him. It has made him realize that life isn't all about work and how far you get in life. That charity begins at home and that you can't please everyone. More importantly, he fully understands that an embellishment is less about truth than he previously believed. This is one he will never be allowed to forget.

Respectfully,

Kelly Yessman Van Den Heuvel