

DECLARATION UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY
PURSUANT TO 28 USCA 1746

I, _____, declare and state as follows:

1. Cinnamon Hills Youth Crisis Center
2. Utah
3. 1997-1998

4. I, _____ [Anonymous], declare under penalty of perjury that the foregoing is true and correct, in accordance with Title 28 U. S. C. Section 1746(2). Furthermore, I give HEAL the authority to place this correspondence on there website regarding the suffering taking place at Cinnamon Hills and other such facilities, under the condition that every word is published as I've written it.

There are a great many of us that have experienced and survived the abuse at Cinnamon Hills in St. George, Utah. But there are still many that presently remain there. We must not ever forget them, for they are our little brothers and sisters in this struggle. And make no mistake about it, the struggle does continue, though we ourselves may not be there, because Cinnamon Hills has been impressed upon us forever. As for me, I still have nightmares to this day that I'm stuck there, wandering the rooms and balconies aimlessly as if I were stuck in limbo; in a purgatory of sorts, with no way to escape. I can still smell that place. I can still hear the screams of terror coming from the L-3 room at the far end of G2 Boys. And I remember my own experiences all too well. But part of my own trauma, is that endured by those around me. The things, not only that I faced, but the things that I saw, and heard, and smelled; the things that were done to others.

I arrived at Cinnamon Hills, I think March 13th, 1997 from the San Bernardino County Juvenile Hall. I was dropped off to the front Admin. office. Shortly after that, Kevin Brooks and Mark came to escort me and the kid who came with me upstairs to the G2 Boys area. They grabbed us by our arms and belts. It was at that moment I knew I wasn't in Kansas anymore.

(Actually if you look on the CH website and click on "Family Re-unification", you'll see a picture of a family group session during what was then called "Family Week". Sitting on the back wall by his lonesome you'll see a man. It was he that transported us. Why he's in that photo, I don't know. Unless it's just to be an "extra" smiling face. And The Hispanic therapist that Jolene Morgan wrote about, Garcia, he's in that photo as well)

The staff's most notorious move is their restraint technique. Some called it "The Pretzel". More often than not, the execution of this restraint would begin by you getting slammed to the floor. Then they would place you flat on your stomach (depending upon how you landed when you got slammed). They would proceed by crossing your legs;

sometimes at the ankles, sometimes by tucking one foot behind the knee of your other leg. Then they'd bend your knees until your foot or feet were touching your behind. Once in that position, they would then sit on your foot or feet to keep you firmly in that position. Next they would place your hands behind your back. The catch is, is that they would then twist your wrists. But let me describe that part a little more clearly. I'm going to ask you to follow along. Place your hands behind your back, palms down. Your thumbs should be pointing downwards. Now start twisting your wrists, rotating your thumbs upwards until your palms are flat on your back again. Well that's what they did. The longest that I can recall that I was sat on in this position is about an hour and a half. The technique was never used to calm or deescalate a person or situation, but rather solely to punish, brainwash, and control. Long after the person stopped resisting, they were still seated on the kid. And we only resisted because of the sheer pain of the restraint. It had more to do with reflex and instinct than with malice or defiance. Unless you're in that situation, you don't realize how profoundly panic sets in because you can literally barely breathe. You think you're on the verge of dying by suffocation. And no matter how much you plead your case or concerns, they don't care, but rather just tell you to "shut up". All you can seem to think about is when it's going to end.

A boy there named Reggie Harris got his arm broken during one of these restraints. He walked around with a cast for quite a while. Another named Daniel Sharp had his knee popped out of its socket. And if my recollection is accurate, it was Nale Fakahua who did this to both of those boys. Fortunately, Nale is knowledgeable in many areas, so he just popped his leg back into place. On still another occasion Ryan Sandman was taken to the floor by Eddie Wright (aka "E"). Let me just stop there for a minute and say a few things about The Sandman. This kid was as scrawny as they come; a sweetheart with a big mouth that loved to make you laugh but you'd never take seriously. He loved him some Michael Jordan and all he wanted was an MJ jersey. I'll never forget his reaction when I gave him mine. They made him walk around with a white bike helmet all the time (except at bedtime), and carry a sign around his neck that had his "diagnosis" written on it. Ryan may have been 100 lbs soaking wet. "E", on the other hand, was a good 250+ lbs, an ex-high school/college running back, of Samoan and Jamaican descent, and quick to threaten or intimidate you. (And for purposes of identifying, he has two tattoos on his arms. One is a Samoan-style tribal band. The other is the number 42, which was his number when he played football. Also he went by the name Night Train, most likely a cross reference to his athleticism and dark skin tone). And he had the nerve to switch out with Kevin Brooks after some time had passed. (And for purposes of identifying, KB was once said he was offered a football contract with the Cincinnati Bengals, which he refused because it was only for a year's duration). To continue, there was the very memorable restraint of resident and close friend, Gene Robles. I have a lot of respect for him because the first time he got pinned in the pretzel, he no doubt was going through the same pain the rest of us experienced, yet all you could hear coming from the then-called 1on1 Room (before it changed to the L-3), was Gene saying stuff like, "Ooh that feels good. Do it harder, I love it. Is that all you got?". And we could hear it as we sat in the classroom and we were all proud because it was like a small victory over our tormentors. I remember one time when I was in the G2+ classroom, Nale slammed the shit out of James Lujan. It was so bad that Lujan's face turned beet red, and for lack of a better

explanation, his face had tiny red spots all over it like somebody took a needle and poked thousands of holes in his face. Still another time involving Lujan, Eddie Wright took a running start at him from the classroom to the L3 room and just plowed through him, lifting him up in the air, and slamming him. Because the G2 Girls L3 was directly beneath us you could sometimes hear the hellish screams of the girls through the floor and ceiling and I'm sure they could hear us.

Whenever the subject of trying to escape was brought up by the staff, they would threaten that if we decided to try to go AWOL, they would send out "The Team" to track us down and if that happened, "They won't be nice about it". The reference was to the Dixie State College football team. They let it be known often enough that polynesians are a very close knit race of people... Though I never seen that happen, it was just one more way they attempted to abuse and intimidate. Nevertheless, I remember two boys that tried to get away. The first was Brian Doyle, who somehow picked the lock when everyone was asleep and made a run for it. He was quickly caught by Sean Williams. I think he got as far as to the bottom of the stairs. (And for purposes of identifying, Sean Williams is a member of the fraternity Omega Psi Phi and actually has the Greek letter Omega branded on his arm). The second person to make an attempt was Daniel Sharp. They were both placed on "Belt Status", which consists of being led around by your belt, like a dog on a leash, whether inside or outside the building. It's very humiliating. To speak more on Sean, there was another of his frat brothers that came later in my stay at CH. His name I cannot recall, but there was an incident where one of the residents found out how to throw up their fraternity sign. So one day he walked up to the staff thinking he'd get a laugh out of him and threw up the sign. When the staff member saw that he nearly lost it, had it not been for Sean to calm him down, although he said to the kid, "What the hell's wrong with you?". He still sided with his frat brother.

I remember a time when I was caught whispering after lights out, and I was escorted to the dining room and made to strip to my boxers. I was then made to lay on the floor. They opened the windows and placed an industrial sized fan right in front of me to make it just that much colder. I had to lay there until the next morning when it was time for everyone else to get up and start their day. And this is the thing. We weren't allowed to be on our beds at all during the day for any reason. So no naps...ever. Even a regular day, without being punished all night like I was, caused one to be tired. Yet the stress caused on any given day made it virtually impossible to go straight to sleep, so it was like we were always tired. We had to start waking up at 5:45 and get our hygiene done and be in the classroom by 6:00. At 9:00 at night we were dismissed from the classroom systematically, one by one, to take a shower and return to the classroom. At 10:00 we were released to go to our beds. So all that said, we functioned on less than 8 hours of sleep per night.

I recall one time, when we were in the dining room, Reggie Harris was arguing with the staff, Tigi. At one point, Reggie got so bold as to tell him "fuck you", but in Samoan, Tigi's native language, which is "ufa". Tigi snatched him up by the neck so quick and with such intensity, that even the staff that was working with him had to calm Tigi down

and get him to let Reggie go. Reggie was so scared he was shaking uncontrollably. His face was all red (and he's black), And his eyes were all red and watery.

There was an incident in the L3 room when Terrence Shaw was supervising it, that with a wink wink and a nod nod, he allowed one of the kids to walk over to the AC/Heater where Donald McFadden was sitting, and as he was approaching it as if he were to adjust it, he all of a sudden started beating on Donald. Because everyone else gets to go to lunch while we have to remain in L3, there were no other staff around to hear and respond. So "T" let it go on for about 15 seconds, then decided to call it over the radio. The others came running to respond but it was only Donald that got restrained because T covered for the other kid. Later on that night when all was back to "normal", T told Donald, "You shouldn't have talked shit about Kay. There's cats around here that love her like a mom."

There was another kid there named Ted Buttemeyer who was very friendly and outgoing, but who was ostracized by mostly everybody there. He was thought to be too soft or effeminate or what have you so after this opinion was generally established, they kept him on L3 for as long as I can remember, even until I left. They kept him segregated from the rest of us, and he couldn't talk to us. At dinnertime he had to eat separate from us. When we went to the gym, he had to stay close to staff. There were rumors, but those I don't speak on. Aside from that, Ted was a chubby young man, so KB would occasionally poke him in the stomach and make that giggling sound that the Pilsbury Doughboy makes. It was humiliating to him, and a few times he was so close to tears.

The staff used to carry around a 3-ring binder that had those plastic paper protectors in it. Inside those protectors there were our resident profile summaries and memorandums that admin would occasionally send to the staff. Well one day when Damien got out of the desk he was sitting next to us in in the classroom, I went through it and found one of those memos, taking it out, and being excused to use the bathroom, I read it. Later that night when we were taking our showers, I looked to see if the coast was clear and quickly pulled out one of my bottom dresser drawers, throwing the memo beneath, and returning the drawer to its slot as quickly as possible. The next day, I wrote a lengthy "Statement of Facts", which was the grievance procedure allotted by CH. In it I cited the memo that they had just issued the day before, giving specific examples of how the staff were violating it. But when I handed it to staff, they read it over, refused to pass it along, and made me give the memo back. It was both Damien and KB.

I don't know if it's still the same today, but back then the staff would work for 24 hour shifts. Shift change was like around 4 in the afternoon everyday. And on the weekends, whose ever turn it was would have to work for the whole weekend. The catch was, that at lights out they were technically off the clock, though they were technically still on duty. So if something popped off, they would have to respond, but they received no pay for it. So I say that to say that Cinnamon Hills tried and continues to try to abuse anyone they can, every chance they get. It wasn't too long after I got out that someone or someones challenged this in court, and it was decided that the the administration were to review all the records of the staff and compensate them for the rest of the 24 hours of each day they had worked without compensation.

Don't forget your little brothers and sisters in the struggle, by any means. We need to fight for them. We need to speak for them. Remember how it was when nobody spoke up for us. Remember your lonliest time.

I want to pay my respects to those I remember that struggled beside me: Eric Keith (EK); Kevin Menafee; Gene Robles; Ted Buttemeyer; David Sanchez; Jeasan Maurice McGinnis; James Lujan; David Contreras; Brian doyle; Reggie Harris; Daniel Sharp; Ray Sanchez; Donald McFadden; Ryan Sandman; Larry Meyers; and Sarah Vigil.

I give HEAL permission to use this statement. I declare under penalty of perjury that the foregoing is true and correct. Executed on ____ January 24th ____, 2011.

(Signature)

SPECIAL NOTE: STATUTE DOES
NOT REQUIRE NOTARY]