

The End Of Herstory... I'm semisure

To My Baby Boys

Once again I say to my sweetie-peeties. That I love you so very much and it is writing to you that has kept me sane or semi-sane all of these years.

You all have been taken away from me. My parental rights has been taken away in the court house of Bell County in November 2004. I paid \$15,000.00 for a trial by jury believing that it would increase my chances of getting custody of my babies. However, there were so many thing against us that things did not work out in the best interest of our family of three.

The main thing and most instrumental thing in keeping you little-men away from me was Elizabeth's restraining order. I could not see my precious angels and the restraining order would insure that I did not see you men and it ensured CPS would not have a chance to evaluate your relationship with me. Thereby allowing Elizabeth and the others in the Singleton family to protect the lies they'd told CPS about you boys not being bonded with me.

Elizabeth claimed to CPS that you men were not bonded with me and I not bonded with you therefore it is in your best interest to remain with them . They lied. Elizabeth know that you men loved me and that I love you and will love you always. However, in light of this tragedy (the death of your father) those people lied and lied and lied to insure that they received custody of you men..

I am so hurt and I am so disgusted with the way things turned out . I will continue to attempt to get custody of you men until the day I die.

I put forth all that I had and I so believed in Reggie and his desire to do the right thing that I entrusted all that I am to Reginald Terrence Singleton and I would not have ever given up on him. I would have forever believed in us, in our family... I believed; was I so wrong in believing? When should I have given up and decided that our family was no longer worth the trials I had to endure? I'm not perfect, I'm flawed. I am flawed in not knowing when to give up on something that really matters to me... and my family mattered, my baby boys mattered. I could never give up on trying to do right by my little men and I know it wasn't wrong to believe and trust in your father. In my Faith in Christ, I know that God's name will be glorified somehow in

this mess and you boys will be blessed. There will be a glorious victory in all of this some way, some.... there just has to be.

In life, all throughout my life, there was always clarity in what was right and what was wrong. There were some, but not many "gray areas" in my way of seeing things. Presently life has never been so shaded. I don't know any more what is right or what is wrong. Things that were clearly "wrong" to me in the past don't seem so wrong anymore. Things that were defiantly "right" don't seem so definite anymore. There is a fine line between sanity and insanity. Before you men were taken away from me I knew where that line was and I did not cross it. I may have hovered near the line, but I definitely knew where I stood. Reggie said to me on more than one occasion that his family thought I was crazy, but he told them that I wasn't crazy that I was just stubborn. Reggie, knew me. Reggie believed in me and knew where I stood. He by-far did not agree with me but he understood. And I so respected that about him. It was important to me to hear him say that he understood.

What lines don't we cross when fighting for the right to parent ones own off-spring? What are the boundaries when faced with jurogenocide (extermination of ones family by the justice system) in ones own family. You men have been taken away from me by the justice system. They have taken you from me and given you to your paternal grandmother. I am not allowed to see you until you are 18 years of age. You will have no connection with anyone from my side of the family until you are 18 years old. You will know nothing about us except what you are told by your paternal relatives. You will throughout the years grieve the loss of your father and recognize him on special days such as his birthday, fathers day, and other special days throughout the years. You will visit him from time to time at his grave site. Throughout your home with your paternal grandmother and when visiting your other paternal relatives there will be pictures of your daddy and pictures of you all with your dad. You will consistently have reminders of how wonderful your dad was.... I could go on and on. However, you will not know when my birthday is or recognize the loss of your mommy in any special way on mother's day. You will not have any pictures to remind you of how very special you were and are to me. You will not know or remember how special you all were to your Oma, Opa, and all the relatives who loved you in your maternal family. You will grow up thinking we are unworthy of your presence. You will grow up believing I harmed your dad. You will grow up believing that I left you little

men to pursue my own happiness. You will grow up hating me.... So I ask you my honey-boos, what are the boundaries? What lines don't you cross when facing these facts. As of this day I don't know if you know I am out here alive, well and fighting with all that I have to get you home with me. To bring our family back together.

When you all were with your dad and I believed that I would die and not be here to raise you, I at least knew your dad would tell you how much you were loved by your mommy (he promised me he would and I believed him). I know he would have allowed you all to have pictures of me and you would have considered me on special days and may have visited me at my grave site from time to time. I know this. I know your daddy loved you and would have taken good care of you. I know he would have told you about me and when my birthday was and about my siblings, my birthplace etc, in other words you would have learned a little about your mother through him. He would not have discouraged you from asking questions about me. He would have allowed you all to have pictures of me and us together. You would not have been raised the way I would have raised you nor the way the two of us would have raised you together but I would have known that you would have been happy and well cared for.... I was very comfortable entrusting you to your father. Maybe later once he remarried we may have been able to co-parent and certainly we could have been good friends. However, he was too controlling, overly demanding and emotionally abusive for us to have been able to co-parent at the outset of the divorce. You men would have grown up watching me grovel at your father's feet (literally), begging, pleading, apologizing and constantly being criticized at the least little things... I couldn't put you men through that and I certainly didn't want you growing up thinking that's the way a man should treat a woman. I knew nothing else to do but to allow your father to have custody of you and continue to trust and believe in my Faith for the good of our family.

Presently I am faced with the possibility of spending the rest of my life in prison or being executed by the judicial system for the murder of your dad. I don't know which outcome is best. To spend the rest of my days in prison waiting for you men to come of age and come see me to ask whatever questions you have on your mind. I so believe that the time we did spend together after the divorce was quality time and you men will always know and remember in you subconscious minds that you had a mommy whom loved you immensely and cared for you with tenderness. I believe your subconscious minds will remember me telling you that I would never leave you and the only reason I was not with you is because I was sent away time

and time again. I believe it is the subconscious mind that will have you come seek me out and want to hug me once more and hear me tell you that I love you and there was not a day that went by that I did not think of you or reminisce about the time when we were a family and you all were secure in your home and we shared life as a family. There will not be a day that would go by that I would not wonder what you precious little angels are up to, or a birthday that would go by that I would not whisper a birthday wish to you or holiday that would past that I would not whisper a greeting to you. Your conscious minds would be so poisoned by everything you hear growing up with the Singleton's that you would not want to have anything to do with me or my relatives. You will be angry and hurt little men on the inside believing the things you hear and not knowing where or how to find the truth. On the surface you will not want to see me but it would be your inner-strengths and what you remember about me from your earliest years that would have you seek me out... it is because I think you would want to see me and have questions of me that I would want to live and be alive when you come looking. If I am executed you will never have your questions answered.

I have never in my life been so confused about what is right and what is wrong. One of the reasons people are sent to prison is as a deterrent for others to not do the same thing. What I did was believed in my husband. Believe in human decency. Whatever the cost to me I was willing to sacrifice all that I am in effort to maintain the sanctity of our family. I planned for my own death men. If Reggie's family did not help me with the issues that Reg and I were faced with I knew that there was a good chance that I would die in the streets fighting this fight. Refusing to be a part of giving up on our family. So it was my death that was planned. I was at peace with the choices I made in dealing with Reggie. I had no regrets and was not afraid to die... but something happened. Something awful and unimaginable happened. I won't get into the details of it all because I don't know them. Only my dad, your Opa could tell you what happened on the early morning of March 18th 2004. At this point I have to believe what he is telling your Oma and that is he is being framed for the murder of your papa. I'm no idiot, it really sounds far fetched, but he's my dad and I've known him all of my life so I will believe him. There's already too much hurt and loss in our families to embrace the idea that your Opa have left you fatherless and as a result motherless. God! Oh God! I know he meant well if he did have anything to do with this tragedy. I know Elizabeth Singleton is every bit as much to blame in all of this as your Opa if this were not a case of random

violence. She is not a victim. She is a dysfunctional grandmother whom is taking advantage of this horrific situation. No one on this Planet could have made a difference for our family the way Elizabeth could have. She could have made a difference for better or for worse and she opted for "for worse". Reggie's life meant more to me and our family unit than his death.

What is the message of deterrence that the judicial system will send out by sending me to prison? One should not have Faith. One should not believe an X-spouse is capable of doing what is right and moral by his family. I really question this thing called "moral turpitude"... is it worth all that you give up by choosing to do what you've been raised to believe is morally correct in any given situation. How much more fun would I have had being mean and caniving towards Reggie. Causing him mental anguish and unrest. How easy it would have been to replace him and find comfort and affection in another man's arms. How wonderful it would have been to lose time and forget my woes by using illicit drugs as an escape. I question these things now, I never, in my life questioned the right and wrong of my avoidance and choices to not engage in these behaviors. But I do question them now. I question the value added in doing the right thing. Every one knew what was the right thing to do... Reggie knew, his mama knew, but it was much easier and more self-serving to ignore what was right. Well, I may have made choices that will send me to prison in this life because people don't understand but I know when I go before the Throne of Grace and I am judged by the most Righteous One, I know he will not judge me the same way I was judged here on Earth. I think I was born in the wrong Era. I know that a few decades ago my behavior to put my Faith in Christ to restore my family and to believe in the decency of my husband and the involvement of his family to help us through our rough spots would not have been so far fetched. I know that putting my personal concerns and cares aside in effort to do what it is my husband was expecting of me would not have been so far fetched. But that does not matter in this date. People associate those behaviors with those of a psychopath, narcissist, murder, and unfit mother. According to the Texas judicial system, men, I am worst than those whom didn't try to help our family. I am worst than those whom exercised values inconsistent with Faith in Christ for the restoration of our family. One day you all will be old enough to get the facts for yourselves and you will draw your own conclusions. I just hope that you will be strong, confident and secure in yourselves and your self worth and know that you have a right to confront those whom you feel were responsible for the destruction of your family. Your disconnectedness with your mother, your maternal relatives

and the loss of your father. I sure hope you men can keep it together and not be destroyed by hate, anger or drugs. I love you so much and I will keep trying to get our family back together. I never would harm Reggie, because he's your daddy and if you could not be with the both of us or with just me, I would be secure and at peace because you are with him. The same is not true for your paternal relatives, having you men with them and not with me while I am alive, well and capable of caring for you... I am not at Peace and I will not rest. I will get you men home with with me or die trying if I am free. I think if I kidnapped you all the law would kill me to get you back and deliver you to Elizabeth. If ones family is not worth dying for then what is. Elizabeth and her agents have done a terrible thing by taking you men away from me and I know of nothing else to do but to get you back. You are my babies you men were blessings to both me and Reggie and no one has a right to take that away. They accused me of being insane before, when you men had not been taken away from me... I was not insane and Reggie told them so. If insanity is not knowing what's right and what's wrong then indeed I have crossed that line once my parental rights were taken away and you all were given to Elizabeth to raise. What mother (or father) would not try to rescue her family from this jurogenocide. How many people would just sit idle and do nothing knowing their family is being destroyed and their children will be raised to despise everything about them. I know of nothing else to do except to get my men back or die trying and if I don't die I will surely be confined by law for attempting to kidnap my precious angels. But I love you men dearly and I will never give up on my family. You men are my family. You are my loves and home is where the heart is so believe me, I will be in South Carolina at the first available opportunity. I will be near my men.

Copy of Letter Written To American Civil Liberties Union:

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10 December 2004

To Whom It May Concern:

I wish to seek your help in dealing with Governmental agencies in the State of Texas that has given permanent custody of my two sons to my x-in laws. Something terrible is happening in the lives of my children (ages 5 and 7 years) and I have no way of stopping it. The Bell County Court after a jury custody trial took away my parental rights based on testimonies that were misleading and in some cases inaccurate. I believe Child Protective Services (CPS) of Bell County Texas has violated my civil rights as well as those of my minor children in the handling of the unfortunate situation that made it necessary for my children to be placed in Foster Care.

The agency acted prejudicially and without consideration to the children's bond with their mother or their maternal relatives. They acted solely in the interest of my children's paternal relatives whom were seeking to take away my parental rights so that they may adopt my children. I was denied contact with my children for months due to a restraining order put out by my children's paternal relatives. The children were removed from Texas and brought to live in South Carolina with their paternal relatives further limiting my contact with them.

My X-husband was murdered in his driveway in March 2004 and I have been a suspect in that murder. I was in route to Virginia at the time and that is how my children ended up in Foster Care. Their grandmother came to town first and she was allowed to take them out of State. I haven't been able to see or speak with them since. The paternal grandparents are financially stable and more secure than I am and based on the material aspects of what they can offer my children, my children have been taken away from me permanently. I have been deemed an "unfit" mother. The only people that are accusing me of being unfit is the children's paternal relatives whom are seeking to adopt my children and CPS workers and their professional witnesses none of whom have ever seen me in any capacity interact with my children.

They are accusing me of being mentally unstable when in fact I have never been treated in any mental health facility or taken any psychotropic medications. On the other hand they completely ignored my concerns related to the emotionally charged and potentially abusive situation my children are in being allowed to remain with their paternal relatives and now, to be adopted by them. These people have been on psychotropic medications and probably still are.

Please help me to block this adoption and gain custody of my children. If I cannot raise my children in this Country due to the financial requirements of obtaining and keeping custody of them, then I should be allowed to go to another Country to raise my children. But somehow it doesn't seem right that our soldiers are fighting for civil liberties in other Countries throughout the World, yet right here in our own back yard my right to raise my children came down to who had the most money to present a better court case.

I have had a lawyer working with me on regaining custody of my children since March; however, due to my limited funds I was unable to pay for depositions or professional testimonies that potentially could have aided in my legal battle to get my children. Working with State agencies and utilizing the funds available through my sons' social security following the death of their father this grandmother effectively used the judicial system against me in an act of judicial genocide. I am my children's sole living parent and I have never committed any act of neglect or abuse towards them. I have photos and DVD and many people including the children's school teachers that could give testimony to the my involvement with my children when I was with them and allowed to parent them. However, based on the ruling by the justice system I am not allowed to be a part of my children's' lives. I cannot raise them. This is insane.

This not a criminal case. My parental rights were not taken away because I have been charged with any crime, I have not been. What I've been accused of is child neglect and abandonment. I was accused of having abandoned my children because I had not seen them or spoken with them since August 2003 (7 months) testimonies given during the trial did not consider the fact that my x-husband was not allowing me to see the children. He allowed me in the house throughout this period of time (up until November 2003) but he would not let me see the children at all although I pleaded with him on every occasion to allow me to spend time with them. He always had stipulation and conditions. In the trial they also added on the time that had accumulated from when my children first went into protective custody through the date of the trial meaning that I had not seen my children in over a year and 8 months of that time was due to the fact that the parental grandparents had put out a restraining order against me and I was not allowed to go near them. I was accused of neglect because they said I failed to protect my children from the loss of their dad resulting from the alleged crimes of my dad.

I believe this case would be an excellent case for the ACLU to look into because of the many other factors involved here that contributed to the final decisions made by the jurors in their unanimous decision to remove my parental rights. I believe the jurors made the best decision that they could related to the testimonies that were presented. But I believe my children and I and the family created by my x-husband and myself have been ill-served by the justice system. Many of my choices in how I dealt with my divorce were based on my interpretation of my Faith, these choices were used against me in a court of law. Mental illness (my x-husband and his mother) was a major factor in some of the behavior involved in this case and none of that seemed to have been taken into consideration.

My x-husband was a Doctor, a LT Colonel in the US Army and he was involved in our Church which he attended at least 3 times per week. Therefore his character was beyond

reproach in the eyes of the jury and none of the ills he projected onto me and how it affected my ability to have a healthy relationship with our sons were considered. I believe there are so many "test" issues here for the ACLU to consider that would benefit many others and possibly break new ground for interpretation of our constitutional rights.

I believe my basic rights and those of my children for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were trampled on by the judicial system and Child Protective Services. These agencies of the Government wish only to see the worst in people so when faced with things they do not understand they have a tendency to interpret them in the worst possible way as they did in my case as you will find if you further investigate this case.

I believe I am being persecuted by the the agencies of Government mentioned earlier because of the way I expressed the interpretation of my religious faith and my freedom of expression in choosing to not allow my x-husband to control my very existence outside of our marriage.

Sincerely,

Deidre

Copy of Letter Written To U.S Department of Justice:

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December 2004

To Whom It May Concern:

I wish to make a formal complaint against Child Protective Services (CPS) of Bell County Texas. I have been dealing with this agency since March 2004. I believe that this agency has violated my civil rights as well as those of my minor children (ages 5 yrs and 7 yrs) in the handling of the unfortunate situation that made it necessary for my children to be placed in Foster Care.

The agency acted prejudicially and without consideration to the children's bond with their mother or their maternal relatives. They acted solely in the interest of my children's paternal relatives whom were seeking to take away my parental rights so that they may adopt my children. I was denied contact with my children for months due to a restraining order put out by my children's paternal relatives. The children were removed from Texas and brought to live in South Carolina with their paternal relatives further limiting my contact with them.

My X-husband was murdered in his driveway in March 2004 and I have been a suspect in that murder. I was in route to Virginia at the time and that is how my children ended up in Foster Care. Their grandmother came to town first and she was allowed to take them out of State. I haven't been able to see or speak with them since. The paternal grandparents are financially stable and more secure than I am and based on the material aspects of what they can offer my children, my children have been taken away from me permanently. I have been deemed an "unfit" mother. The only people that are accusing me of being unfit is the children's paternal relatives whom are seeking to adopt my children and CPS workers and their professional witnesses.

They are accusing me of being mentally unstable when in fact I have never been treated in any mental health facility or taken any psychotropic medications. On the other hand they completely ignored my concerns related to the emotionally charged and potentially abusive situation my children are in being allowed to remain with their paternal relatives and now, to be adopted by them. These people have been on psychotropic medications and probably still are.

Please help me to block this adoption and gain custody of my children. If I cannot raise my children in this Country due to the financial requirements of obtaining and keeping custody of them, then I should be allowed to go to another Country to raise my children. But somehow it doesn't seem right that our soldiers are fighting for civil liberties in other Countries throughout the World, yet right here in our own back yard my right to raise my children came down to who had the most money to present a better court case.

Sincerely,

Deidre

Copy of Letter Seeking Asylum

(first written December 2004)

Seeking Asylum

General Information

Place of birth: Columbia South
Nationality: American
Religion: Baptist
Profession: Nursing
Education: Baccalaureate in Nursing, May 1992
Where living before leaving U.S: Killeen Texas

Persecution

I have been denied access to my children. My rights to parent my two sons RQue and Terrence Singleton ages 7 and 5 years have been taken away. I am not allowed any contact with them. I can no longer make decisions regarding their basic needs or instill values in them according to my beliefs. My children's future, their beliefs, moral values, perspectives, mannerism etc... all that is not genetic will be determined by someone else; someone hostile to my biological family and me. They will be estranged from their mother and all of their maternal relatives and friends. They are my descendant and I am not allowed to parent them. The rulings of the court have interfered with my parent-child relationship and if no farther action is taken by our judicial system on behalf of my sons and their inalienable/inherent right to be raised by their parent our family bond will be permanently compromised.

This persecution occurred in the State of Texas originally through the family court system. However, the ruling handed down November 2004 to have my parental rights removed will be upheld throughout the United States. No matter where I go with my children in the U.S. I will be sought after as an abductor or kidnapper.

Jurogenocide (extermination of family by the judicial system) is what would happen to my family if we remained in the United States. My children and I until they are 18 years of age will never again be under one roof. They will not know anything about anyone in their maternal family or me except what they remember from their earliest years or what is told to them. My children would be raised to despise me and everything about their maternal relatives. Every dream a parent dreams about raising children and guiding them through life's challenges will be loss. Those boys are my family. They were blessing to their dad and me and no one has a right to take that away because they disagree with my means of accommodating my husbands demands. My family would be loss. It would be as if I existed on this planet only to give birth to two children for Elizabeth to raise If I

had to put my children up for adoption I would want to choose the family I would want to raise them. I would never place my children in this family the courts have decided is in their "best interest"; a family hostile to me and my relatives. The one person on this Earth whom could have made a difference in the outcome of my children's family for the sake of the children is their paternal grandmother and she did nothing except coax her son to make choices that were self-serving...now as a result of the choices her son made for his family based on her orchestration my sons know sorrow well beyond their years. I plead to any Country that would allow us to allow my sons and me to come to live and exist as a family... it is then that the healing can begin for my little-ones.

My children were taken from me and given to their paternal grandmother whom will pursue adoption. Child Protective Services in the State of Texas made no effort to investigate my relationship with my sons or to look at what their lives were like when they were raised with me. Any area of our lives that they did look into they used any negatives as a means of tilting the proverbial "scale of justice" against my family (my sons and me). For instance I received a traffic ticket in the summer of 2003, for traveling 100 miles an hour my sons were in the car and they accused me of endangering the life of a minor. I had been driving my sons all of their lives and never received a speeding ticket for driving in excess of the speed limit because I don't usually drive that fast... Child Protective Services did not even consider the fact that I told them I had been told by my husband that if I did not bring the boys home on time after our outing that he would not let me take them out again... he would not let me see them again. We were running late, what mother wouldn't drive in excess of the speed limit to get the kids home on time if she were told she could not see them again if she failed to do so..

I did not honor my husband's divorce. I first asked my mother-in-law if my sons and I could come stay with her instead of doing as my husband demanded and that was for me to buy a home and start a new life independent of him. Divorcing my husband and raising our children in two separate homes was inconsistent with my faith based beliefs and I refused to participate in supporting that kind of a life for my sons. Living with my inlaws while my husband work through his "middle-age crisis" was more consistent with my values and religious posture regarding marriage and family. When my inlaws did not let us (my sons and me) come to stay with them I let my husband maintain custody of the children and I postured my self to be available for a reconciliation of our family. Because I did not buy a home or lease an apartment. I preferred to travel and live day-by-day. Child protective services considered my behavior unstable and they said I would be incapable of caring for my sons because I am mentally ill. These observations are absurd . If according to U.S laws I am unable to raise my sons because of my behaviors I would plea to any Country that would be willing to accept us to allow my sons and me to come to reside within your borders. I am employable and would be able to support my family. In addition I would petition the U.S courts to grant me the funds my sons qualify for through social security as well as any support fund from the estate I shared with their father.

This is a religious persecution, I acted on my values and all that I know in regards to what God expects from us and what He will do for us when we are obedient... if not for my

Christian beliefs and values my choices in dealing with my husband's divorce would have been different. Participants in my persecution were Ken Campbell Psychiatrist Killeen Texas; Neale Pott Lawyer; Richard Ward Lawyer; Fancy Jezek Lawyer; Shiela Banks Supervisor for Child Protective Services; Rosa Black CASA of Bell County; Elizabeth Singleton paternal grandmother for Rque and Terrence Singleton; Dwonna Singleton (maiden name) paternal aunt for Rque and Terrence Singleton.

I seek asylum for myself: Deidre Singleton and my two sons:

son: ReginaldQuentojhn (Rque) Singleton, age 7 years birthdate June 17,1997, San Antonio, TX

son: Terrence Devante Singleton, age 5 years, birthdate September 27, 1999, Wurzburg, Germany.

Sincerely,

Deidre M. Singleton

Date 14 April 2005