

**EXHIBIT "D"**  
**COPY OF AFFIDAVIT OF JENNIFER BARDINE**

To whom it may concern:

A While back I was in an unusual situation, to say the least. I had arranged for two teenagers to sit with my child while I went out for the night. When I returned home, I was devastated. My daughter was gone and no one would tell me where she was. As the day went on, I frantically put the bits and pieces together.

My older teenage son had gotten into some trouble and when the small town cop came to tell me, he was met by my sitters. In his own opinion, he said, "boys shouldn't babysit girls," and sent them home. He took my daughter and charged me with neglect for "leaving her unattended"!

Anyway, to make a long story short(er), I eventually learned that my daughter "went" to my sister's home in town. Now is where the story gets weird. My sister was dating, and living with a man (Bruce Christiensen), who I was very uncomfortable with. I didn't like the way he acted around my young daughter-forcing her to hug him, sudden movements and changes in posture when I entered the room, etc. When I said I wanted him to stop making her hug him and to quit bathing her (she was 8 years old), I was no longer welcome in their home when he was home.

I expressed my concerns with a friend of mine, Kelli, who had been raised by Bruce as her stepdad. She told me that I should be worried. She said, "ask my ex, he will tell you." She called him and we went to his house. That's how Steve and I met. Bruce was his father-in-law for 17 years. Steven & Kelli Samuelson both expressed concern about my daughter since they too had to deal with him around their three girls.

Steve and I got along really well. He said that he didn't want me to go through what he went through and offered to try to help get my daughter back. He knew the routine, and gave me a ride to AA meetings, treatment, doctors, lawyers, and court dates. There were tons of appointments! He never complained, asked for gas, or anything; but I learned that's just how he was. He does everything he can to help his friends, neighbors, and even strangers.

Steve and Kelli had their own tragic past because of the county and the "Advocates for Family Peace," (a local independent and very powerful women's group that controls the people and even the courts through intimidation, abuse of power, and false accusations). They too had their children taken without warning or any sort of investigation; based on lies.

As time went by and as I learned more about Bruce, the more he would tell these lies to turn my sister against me; "for being with Steve." He was saying that Steve abused Kelli, so I asked her directly. She told me that Steve never hurt her and that her mom and Bruce got the advocates to take their kids and charge Steve falsely, by black-mailing Kelli.

Now, with the help of these "Advocates," false things were being said about me. No matter how good I did, it didn't matter. The director, Melissa Skia, of the Advocates, went to my treatment center, got me thrown out, and then the next center as well, all because I was seeing Steve. She tried for nearly a year to convince me to file false charges of assault against Steve; and I refused.

When I lost my own place, Steve let me move in with him. I got to know him very well and I don't understand why the Advocates are so against him. But he didn't let it bother him. He kept helping me, driving me where I needed.

They finally got their break the day before Thanksgiving of 2009. Steve and I needed to get up early, go to the pawn shop so we could buy some food for the next day. It was a stressful day and we were both frustrated by the time we got home.

That evening, Steve and I were quarreling at the moment my 21 year old daughter called. She had been drinking, and Steve and her didn't always get along. He hung up the phone when she started yelling at him. Being drunk, and 150 miles away, she couldn't come over, so she called a family member and told them that he was "beating up my mom," and they called the police. The next thing we knew was there were cops banging on the door. Because Steve is on probation, he hid. I went to answer the door so I assumed he would have snuck out the basement door.

That is "the beginning of the end," for Steve. The deputy lied in his report, saying Steve "hit me where it wouldn't leave marks" and that I was shaky and scared. If I was scared of anything, it was the way the cop was running all over, screaming, and acting wild.

They found Steve and arrested him. He tried to leave me the money and cigarettes we got in town, but they said no. That left me penniless and desperate.

When his first court appearance came, the baliff made me and Steve's daughter leave the courtroom, so I had no opportunity to state my feelings, facts, or anything. The court knew that I didn't call the police and I've told them there really wasn't an assault, and still they put a no-contact order on him. I've tried several times to have it dropped, but they always refused. In the meantime, I was the worst kind of broke! The jail deputies told me I could bring Steve his va and social security checks to sign, so I could pay bills.

When I had a friend bring in the checks, the jail held them and wouldn't give them back! I was very desperate and started leaving messages on the jail voicemail system for Steve. They said it was over 100 times a day, and it's true. I needed to talk to him! I told him on the system how I had no money or cigarettes (which he knew). The propane ran out, so there was no heat. The pipes and septic froze. Our animals were freezing and eventually I had to watch some of them die. I was hovered by the oven to try and get warm, and the electric was soon going to be shut off. I needed him to call me and tell me what to do! So he did.

They even admitted after listening to the calls, that he didn't threaten me, we didn't argue, etc. But it didn't matter they wanted him, and now they were going to send him away no matter what.

I told officer Mike Bliss on the phone about the desperate situation I was in within the first week Steve was gone. He, or anyone else, never asked if they could help me. They were only concerned with getting stuff to use against Steve. Later on, Melissa from the Advocates, even called my P.O., and they said if I continue to live at Steve's, they would put out a warrant and arrest me. I was even told to call homeless shelters. Freezing, or homeless, they didn't care.

When Steve's trial came, the judge wouldn't allow me, or his lawyer, to tell the jury that I wasn't assaulted, didn't call the police, didn't want or need a ~~no~~ contact order, and that I called him begging that he call me and tell me what to do! I wasn't allowed to tell the whole truth.

Steve had called to tell me what I could sell to get by, and to hang in there. He encouraged me to be patient and not give up. Steve was in jail, suffering, and was still the only person on my side.

Steve was found guilty of violating the no-contact order and sentenced to the maximum of five counts. The judge ran them back to back so with the max of a year and a day for each. He got five years, five days in prison!

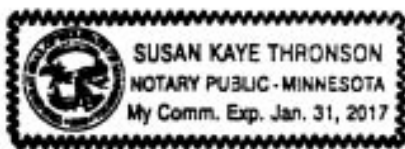
Two year before this, I had a restraining order against my ex-husband. I did ask for that order. Well one night, I came home and he had broke into my house. He trapped me in the basement and viciously beat me for an hour and a half. He put me in the hospital. The same court, same judge, gave him 30 days in jail. Steve tells me, "I love you, hang in there," and he gets five years?! The judge even refused to give him credit for the days he spent in jail. Over 400 days extra that he sat!

Also, since I was forced out of our home, everything he own\$ had been stolen. His shop tools, all his electronics, and even the buildings are being destroyed. The siding, wiring, everything-including the kitchen sink.

Steve dose not deserve this! He is a good person. He hurt ~~no~~ one. Not his ex-wife, not a girl he dated for like 6 years, and not me. We all were in court for him, but none of us could say what we wanted. He is one of those "do everything for everyone" kind of people. He keeps insurance on his car, wears his seat belt, and helps his neighbors. He isn't afraid to stand up for the rights of others, and now he suffers for it. The nice guy truly ~~does~~ finish last. He lost everything he loved for helping those he loved. Ironic, but true.

Steve doesn't, and never did, deserve to be locked up. Someone needs to help him for once-and fix this, so he's free.

*Jennifer Baseline*  
8-7-12



*Aug 7 2012*

*Susan Thronson*