

AN OPEN LETTER TO MY DEAR BROTHER, DANNY BRUCE HILL

Dear Danny,

I hope heaven finds you well these days, and that you are enjoying the peace that you so rarely had while here on earth. As you know, the sentencing hearing of your murderer, Char, is scheduled for this Friday, and I'll be able to speak in the courtroom for the first time. The media is calling all of us, asking for interviews, but we were too scared to speak with them, because of the way they twisted things around and told a one-sided story - even after the first 11 jurors found Char guilty! They must think that the oddity of your marriage, and the anger that each of you carried, is a much better way of getting ratings, rather than simply telling the truth: you both lived on the edge and you both had a life that the public rarely saw.

We are all angry that the woman who murdered you and has been found "guilty as charged in the indictment" by a second jury, may soon be set free on probation because of a justice system that would rather see a deal get cut than wait for a jury to render their final verdict. Do we tell the world how angry we are or do we try and make a statement by not showing up to the hearing? These seem to be the choices that our earthly guidance is giving us.

Big moments like these always lead me to prayer, and as usual that prayer has changed my original thoughts about what to say and how to say it. I'm writing this letter to you because it is what I was moved to do.

Danny, you know how much I looked up to you, and how much I respected your loyalty and commitment to family, your good friends and just about anyone else that you ever saw do a good deed. Your life here was an American story of coming from nothing, never finishing school, building a family, becoming a deacon in the church, building a legacy for your children and accomplishing things in your life that only a small percentage of Americans every really do. Although your life was full of contradictions, in the end, God spoke to you, and you began to find your purpose for this world. Unfortunately, that moment with God and your desire to become more peaceful in your life made you vulnerable to the woman you always loved and to some of the friends that you thought were true.

It's now been over six years since your near-death experience from the motorcycle accident, and over four years since your murder. I remember when you first awakened from your coma after the motorcycle accident, and you told me that God had spoken to

you about finding your purpose and becoming a better man. Although you only had a few years left before you would eventually be murdered by Char, I congratulate you for touching so many people during that short time.

When I attended your funeral I saw, met and heard from many people that told me the stories of how you had touched their lives. Whether it was the old woman you always brought breakfast to, or the many laborious tasks that you did for people just to get a smile and a thank you in return, there were many wonderful memories shared about you. Your children also came together, rallied around their father and shared so many wonderful moments and memories with me. I never thought I'd hear "Free Bird" and "Simple Man" played at a funeral but that was who you were. You were a unique and amazing man and a wonderful brother to me. I pray that you fulfilled God's purpose in the short season after the accident that you were still here with us.

As your youngest brother I cannot express how much I miss you, and how much I regret never telling you how much you meant to me while you were alive. I miss the times we would call each other on our shared birthday just to see who could call first and get a good laugh in return. I look back at all of the discussions that you and I had about family, politics, religion, our justice system and your view that one day the world would come to an end, and everyone in it would rally to people like you who were prepared to die for their country and their beliefs.

Danny, we disagreed on many things but in the end you were right about our justice system and your wife. I just wish that it would not have been your murder trial that made this so evident.

Oh how our justice system has disappointed. It's now been over four years since your wife and partner-in-everything has murdered you. Twenty-three members from two separate juries have sat and listened to the evidence and have found her guilty of murder, yet she is about to get a slap on the hand and be free on probation, because the conversations in the jury room were leaked to the defense team that a guilty plea was eminent. What else could explain how an emergency meeting was called by the defense team to negotiate a plea deal on a lesser charge just minutes from the final jury finding of "Guilty as Charged" in the indictment?

You were also right about the woman you married and stayed with no matter what. You once told me that you loved her so much, because she was just like you and that no matter what happened in life, you could count on "having each other's back". Whether it was the aliases that you each maintained, the vast number of guns that you each acquired (and hid while you awaited the end times), or the other crazy beliefs that you each shared about society, the races and our justice system; you thought that together you could stand as one and win.

I thank you for honoring my request to respect our differing beliefs, and you let my children gain theirs from me and their mother. You were always unique in that way, and it's the main reason my young children were only allowed at your home when you were present. Your presence always prevented Char from imposing her belief system on my children and trying to convince them that they could trust no one. Fortunately, your children and mine grew older and were eventually able to spend a considerable amount of time together as young adults, and with you. They had much fun together with you, and they will carry those memories always. I'm especially grateful that my children were able to really get to know Jobi, that wonderful son of yours, prior to him committing suicide over the stress of the pending first trial of his mother. After the murder Char did evil things to Jobi, and the videos were never let into the trial!

Your ability to recognize and honor other peoples' boundaries was something that I always respected about you. The beliefs that you and your wife held were not always shared by other family members or the community, yet you went out of your way to respect our views and those of others. Your wife did not respect those boundaries, and I know that this situation caused much confrontation in your marriage and sometimes with the rest of the family. Even with these confrontations, you and your wife were each bound to each other for reasons no one else truly understood. Your confrontations were so common we could all predict a coming event one week prior to each major holiday or family gathering. The strange became commonplace with the two of you. It was odd but it was a reality that you and your wife found acceptable.

Looking back, I wish that when you were in your twenties you would have realized her deceitful ways when she first abandoned you. You had each been dating for quite some time and just wrapped up your military careers, only yours ended terribly wrong. You were wrongfully sent to prison for drug violations, and she knew it! She decided to leave for California to be with another man while you rotted in Fort Leavenworth.

Eventually, the charges would be dropped and you would be honorably discharged. You loved her so much that you forgave her and drove to California to ask her to join you in marriage. She agreed, and you again started life together back in Houston. You would later try and adopt her son, and you would forever treat him like he was yours. I remember the college trip the three of us secretly took together, because Char did not want him there. I remember her saying that college would ruin him, and that he needed to earn things the hard way. She even refused to pay for it. In the end he graduated from a fine college and is now raising your grandsons. I remember how proud of him you were on that graduation day, and how awkward Char looked in the moment. You would be very proud of the grandsons that you now have. They will miss you.

Regrettably, the mental scars and tattoos from prison would stay with you for life and would later be used by your murderer to define to the rest of the world who she wanted

you to be. Instead of tattoos that you allowed to be put on your body for protection after being bloodily beaten in prison, these tattoos would become your present. Instead of telling the world that you kept those tattoos as a way of teaching your children to avoid prison, she turned them into who you were in the present. The scars and symbols of your life became a weapon to be used against you in a court of law. I'm so sad that your side of the story was never brought up in the courtroom of why you kept those tattoos. Once again something with real meaning became a weapon against you.

I recall the first event at your new Houston home. She threw you a welcome home party. My future wife and I were invited and were shocked to see that she had invited ex-convicts to the function. They had all been released from prison prior to your discharge. We were even more shocked when she proudly and boastfully introduced each of them by the crime they had committed to earn their incarceration. When she introduced them that way you seemed as shocked as me. She was truly twisted!

For some strange reason her bravado, military police status and special training always intrigued you. I remember how proud you were when her little five-foot-plus frame flipped me in your backyard, and then she held me with her military issued baton. I was only 17, and it was for demonstration purposes only, but with me at 220 pounds and quite the athlete, this was an accomplishment. What a strange coincidence that the trait you found so intriguing would one day be the trait that she used to kill you.

Unfortunately, after the motorcycle accident that almost killed you, the woman you dated in the military, the woman you married, the mother of your children and the woman whom you considered your partner in everything, no longer believed that you were capable of fulfilling the shared vision and lifestyle that you each had chosen. I'm not sure if it was your physical handicaps, the loss of significant brain matter or your desire to find God's promise for keeping you alive, but things were noticeably different, and you were no longer mentally capable of seeing what was so obvious to everyone else. Like an angry wolf, the injured had now become the prey.

What you once shared together was now being used against you! You were now a risk and an obstacle to her future, and now you are dead. What would happen to her if you suddenly decided to go completely straight?! Could she trust you to cover her lies and nutty deeds?! I can only guess that having a few million dollars in the bank is what made her decision to eliminate you so easy. Even today her tears are fake, and her stories are twisted. There is no remorse, my brother. The trial has been more theater than anything. I'm sure you watched it and laughed. You always said that good lawyers with no conscience and clients who can act like victims usually come out ahead. You would have predicted what happened next.

Your murder and the relentless taunting and threats made by Char have significantly and forever cost your children, your family and your legacy. Your daughter who once had hope is now addicted and wayward again, but I know she has it in her to find the right path and I pray that she will. Your youngest son who was becoming independent and self-reliant killed himself in despair just months prior to the first trial. Your eldest son will never have a grandfather for his children, while your brothers, your mother and the rest of your family will never be able to experience the fun, energy and caring spirit that you always brought with you. We miss you so very much.

The estate that you planned to leave to your children has now been destroyed by a defense team and your wife. The gun collection has suddenly disappeared - your wife's aliases and her new life under those aliases are already underway!

Why can't our justice system see what is so evident?! How could this happen?! Why?! Why?! We will never truly know, however, we can speculate. It may have something to do with the evidence that was not allowed in the court during the first hung-jury trial (11 guilty vs. 1 innocent), or it could be what may have transpired between the jury room and the defense team during the second trial. One can only ask why just minutes prior to a jury's guilty verdict to a more significant charge, the defense team calls an emergency meeting with the prosecutor and cuts a lesser plea deal. We will never know why!

All we now have left is the sentencing phase of your partner and your killer. I'm told that because of the plea deal and the general sentencing tendencies of the presiding judge, that some type of probation is in Char's future, however, I'm extremely hopeful that there will be more consequence than this. I'm praying that the judge will do the right thing and give her the prison time that only he has the power to demand. He seems like an honorable fellow, and I'm praying that he will not let this moment pass without asking God for some guidance first.

Whatever happens, you will forever be gone in everything but my memories - the many pictures and those memories still remaining with all of the people that you so positively touched.

Your family saw a court case that allowed into evidence everything bad about you, while removing everything that was wonderful about you, yet even with this unjust method of presenting who you were, a jury still found your killer guilty. This should speak volumes to the community about just how bad and evil your killer really is, and why she should not be allowed to roam freely in the community. If this trial had been about her and her lifelong misdeeds, she would have never made it out of the first trial.

When this second trial began I prayed for three things. I prayed that Charlene would find some part of the spirit that God gave her at birth and confess her actions, and that

HE would enter her life. I prayed that something would happen in the court that would force her to confess that she murdered you. I prayed that God would touch someone in the court capable of delivering a proper judgment, and that this judgment would fulfill God's Will.

I'm not sure that the first prayer has been answered but the second one has. The only prayer left now is the prayer for judgment.

Why did a woman that called you a child because of the brain injury and called you a defective man because of your physical injuries, lure you into a room that had a gun strategically placed on your shared bed and expect anything other than the reaction of a child, disbelief and retreat! You didn't expect this...you couldn't have known there was a gun waiting for you; you couldn't have defended yourself!

Thank God the first shot hit your back and severed your spinal cord, and you felt no pain after that. You were ambushed!

May God's Will for Charlene be done and may the earthly-bound judge she now sits in front of deliver the fair judgment – the judgment of time in prison that she rightfully deserves.

May God Keep You Always,

Your brother Kenneth