

October 7, 2009

Dear Honorable Judge Barnes,

Hi, I am Pastor Alamo's daughter. I am eight years old. I really miss my daddy and my friends. I am home schooled and look how neat I'm writing. Please let my daddy out of jail. He is really a good person; He gave us horses, dogs, and a swimming pool.

We had a huge yard to ride the ponies and play with the dogs. My daddy preaches the Bible because he wants people to go to Heaven. My friends would always want to come over to play with me, and we would go in my room and play with all my toys. I had a whole bunch of Bible and Disney movies to watch.

Then we would go outside and ride the perfect sized ponies so we wouldn't fall off, and the carousel, and our jeeps and bikes. I just had a lot of fun there. But now I hardly have any of that.

Everyone liked and loved me and never spanked me. We never even needed to be spanked anyways because we were

all so good being raised the way we were. I wanted to write this letter to you to show you how happy we were before the raid. Me and my friends were just about to ride the ponies. Then all of a sudden one of my friends came rushing over to me saying, "There's a bunch of people banging on our door! So we were all scared. Then police came into the lock yard,

They had guns in their hands and they had masks on. Me and my friends got really scared, I was the scariest I've ever been in my life. Then they pulled and pulled until they finally got me out of my mommys arms. We were all screaming and pouring tears. They were trying to take me out the door away from my mommy and I was holding onto the door. I was screaming so hard they finally put me down. Ever since that horrible day, I have never seen my friends again. Out here all the kids are all so mean to each other

But in this church we all were  
friends. Well I guess I'll go now.  
But please let my daddy and  
everyone else from our church out  
of jail and please let all of my  
friends go home so I can go home.

Sincerely,

Antoinette Alamo