

From: Catherine Broad catherine.broad@yahoo.com
Subject: Fwd: Oakland County
Date: September 2, 2020 at 2:51 PM
To: Catherine Broad catherine.broad@yahoo.com

Begin forwarded message:

From: []
Subject: Oakland County
Date: August 23, 2020 at 2:30:50 AM MDT
To: catherine.broad@yahoo.com

Dear Mrs. Broad,

My name is [], I am currently [] and live in Bloomfield Township, Michigan, where I was raised and have resided for the past twenty-one years.

First and foremost, allow me to express my deepest condolences and sympathies for the hell, turmoil, angst, and absolute madness that you and your family have had to endure. I know that nothing I can say will come close to even conveying a shred of the requisite level of sympathy, and that all of the disgusting, harrowing, upsetting feelings I have experienced when reading about what you and your family have been subjected to do not come remotely close to the actual horror that you all live with daily. Understandably, you are no stranger to such proclamations, but I want to emphasize that my remarks are as sincere as humanly possible and not merely recycled platitudes.

I first learned of the Oakland County Child Killer case in December 2007, when I was a freshman at Andover High School (now consolidated with the old Lahser High School to become one Bloomfield Hills High School). I stumbled upon the case after searching the Internet for information regarding kidnapers, killers, or sexual predators in Bloomfield Hills and the surrounding area. The search was catalyzed by my attempted abduction. On an early morning in December 2007, while I was waiting in the pitch-dark winter morning for my school bus to arrive, I was nearly abducted by two masked men. It began when I noticed a tan-colored, older-model SUV pull onto my street and drive slowly past me. The SUV continued on, but I was immediately alert and concerned as I had become very familiar with the patterns and routines of the neighborhood at that time, and the vehicle was unexpected, older, and not to mention cruising at a suspiciously slow speed. When I heard a squeal of tires and saw it racing back towards me, I bolted to a nearby tree. To my horror, the SUV stopped at the corner where I had been waiting initially, the front passenger door swung open, and a man, wearing a full ski-mask, looked at me and began chasing me. I ran as fast as I could, refusing to shed my weighty backpack for fear that my school papers and books, littered with identifying information, could be used to locate me later if I was lucky enough to make it out of this predicament. As I continued running, the man kept shouting at me to stop, yelling things like, "Boy! Boy! Come here, boy! Stop! Just stop! It's not going to work, you won't get away, just come here!"

Miraculously, I was able to elude the man. I still don't know how; I hated, and still hate, running, but I suppose adrenaline is truly a powerful stimulant. I made it to my home, jabbed the key into the lock and let myself in. By then, the man let out a few curse words in defeat, jumped back into the SUV, and they sped away. To their credit, the Bloomfield Township Police responded promptly and sent nearly 10 squad cars on a hunt throughout the local area. Unfortunately, the men were never apprehended. I never ended up encountering them again, although months later, in May 2008, the Bloomfield Hills School District notified parents in an e-mail that several students and bus drivers had reported seeing an older model, tan SUV (just like the one I saw) with two men occupying it, that appeared to be following buses and taking notes on their routes. That was the last I ever heard of the men and the SUV.

The experience was a profound turning point in my life. I had never thought something like this could happen in an "affluent" and "safe" community like mine. Though the man I saw had a ski-mask on, when he first emerged from the SUV and made eye-contact with me, I knew immediately that his intentions were malicious. There is not a doubt in my mind that the duo intended to abduct me. For a long time, I was paranoid, terrified, sad, and later, angry, enraged and intent on revenge.

It was even more frustrating to explain the story to others and have to respond to their disbelief, or their questions: "*You sure they weren't just lost?*" (Yes, they didn't ask for directions, it was 6:40 am, and why wear a ski-mask?); "*You sure it wasn't just a neighbor?*" (Yes, I'm sure. I waited at that stop every morning, I became familiar with which neighbor left and at what time); "*You sure it was a ski-mask?*" (Yes, I saw it plain as day.); "*You sure they wanted to hurt you?*" (You tell me...he had a ski-mask on, ran towards me and kept yelling at me to stop, give up, and come to him.)

I've always been a voracious reader of mystery novels, so the first thing I did was research whether or not something like this had happened before. I may have been young, but I was old enough to understand predators who are brazen enough to attempt an abduction in such fashion have likely struck before. That's how I first learned of the OCCK case, and it is why I have no doubts about the evil in our community. If others find it hard to believe the OCCK case was connected to a wider, depraved child-pornography and pedophilia ring, they are voluntarily blinding themselves.

Perhaps more aggravating than the existence of such evil is the deliberate willingness of our "trusted" authorities to turn a blind eye to it or, even worse, obstruct and hinder any attempts to learn about crime. Less than a year ago, a teen boy who lives on my street was arrested after a domestic disturbance. Curious, and equipped with the requisite knowledge [] I submitted a FOIA request with the Bloomfield Township PD. Disappointingly, I was met with bureaucratic stonewalling and provided a report that was 90% redacted. I sent an e-mail to the FOIA coordinator, explaining that I felt the two-pronged test for redaction, under the privacy section of Michigan's FOIA law which allows for redaction of highly personal information, was not met. The FOIA coordinator assured me

she would consult with the Township attorney and get back to me. A few days later, I received a PDF of the report. 80% of the originally redacted portions were now exposed. I presume they suspected I would not go away, so they caved in.

One would expect that I would have been pleased with the result, but I was instead left feeling more aggravated. Why did I have to threaten an appeal or demonstrate [FOIA knowledge] to get the actual report? What if I was just another citizen, who officials know would have to shell out money for an attorney to appeal (and would therefore be unlikely to do so) their original report? I began researching to see if others in the local community had similar experiences, and came across your father's blog, which then led me to yours. I delved deeply into both and was left with an indescribable feeling of anger and frustration.

I apologize for the length of this message, but I felt it would be prudent to sacrifice brevity in exchange for a thorough outlining of my experiences. To learn of the hassle you and your family have endured is mind-boggling. The Oakland County Prosecutor's Office should be absolutely ashamed of itself. The stonewalling, maneuvering, and silly bureaucratic, obfuscating tactics employed by Jessica Cooper (thank God she is out, but only time will tell if her successor will be fairer) and the law enforcement agencies your family has dealt with is despicable. They have added insult to injury in a manner I never believed possible and for which not even substantial compensation could remedy.

In spite of all of the pain, your entire family's resiliency, resolve, and grit have been of Herculean proportion. I have often marveled at how people can move on after a tragedy. To observe what you and your family have done in response to not just a tragedy, but one unfathomable calamity after another, is inspirational to an extent that words cannot ever adequately convey. Your bravery, enthusiasm, persistence, and determination in the face of one obstacle after another moves me to tears.

The memory of your beloved brother, Tim, and the other innocent victims of the OCCK will truly live on forever. Your online presence, media involvement, and willingness to be transparent have now indelibly etched every aspect of this devastating ordeal into permanence. Even if the local authorities won't do them justice, posterity will.

May God bless you and your family always!

Respectfully Yours,