10 Your Honor, at this time I would ask pursuant 11 to Minnesota Statute 611A, that Tina Herdahl give her Victim Impact Statement to the court, Your Honor. 12 13 THE COURT: All right. Ms. Herdahl? 14 MS. HERDAHL: I have two letters to read 15 today. One is from Nicole and one is from myself. 16 Nicole writes, "Dear Judge: Brian should say in jail 17 forever until he dies. I miss my Mommy and MacKenzie very 18 much and judge, please keep Brian in jail so he won't hurt any other people because I like everybody. 19 20 Nicole." 21 And then this is mine. I'm going to start out 22 by saying nothing I write or say will ever bring back 23 MacKenzie. There will never be someone who can put 24 themselves in my shoes and even imagine what kind of hell

I have been through.

This past year has been a living nightmare, and I wish it would just end. I am a so-called victim but I don't think of myself as one. My daughter, MacKenzie, was a victim. She is the one who suffered the most from Brian's cruel acts. Because of Brian, I can only imagine what MacKenzie would look like today. I can only imagine what she would have been as an adult. Because of Brian, I will never know.

I went from being a happy, healthy person to unhappy and very lonely. I can't concentrate on one thing at a time. I can't be by myself for long periods because I get scared. I start thinking about MacKenzie and what Brian did to her. I think about how much I really do miss my little 'Kenzie. There's just too many emotional things I have had to live with every single day so I only mention some of them that come to mind as I sit and write.

I have to make myself get up every morning. I used to like getting up every day. I had two smiling little faces to see. Little MacKenzie used to come in and open my eyes with her little fingers and say, "Mommy, are you sleeping?" We had lots of hugs and puppy kisses from each other.

I used to make breakfast every morning. Nicole had cereal; 'Kenzie, eggs and toast. They argued over

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which chair they were going to sit in or which Tippy Cup they would get to drink from, but things eventually worked out. We always enjoyed our time together.

Today I don't see a point in getting out of bed. I remember playing the quiet game while riding in the car together. 'Kenzie always wanted to play. Of course, I always lost because the girls then always got a treat. Today when I ride in the car, I would make quiet games because there are no giggly little girls in the back seat. MacKenzie always used to make me laugh by doing something silly. Today I don't laugh much.

MacKenzie had a cute little laugh, a special little smile and a bubbly little voice. Her personality was one of a kind.

Today I can't remember all those things because my mind has completely blocked it out. It would be too painful for me to remember. I have pictures and videos but that's it. I hope that some day I can regain the memory of my precious little 'Kenzie.

I have been a burden on my family and friends. They have all put me first in their lives. They have given me hope, strength and courage. I just wish that I was able to give them the same back, but I don't have much to give anymore. I don't like meeting people or telling things to people. My trust for people is

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completely gone. I loved and trusted Brian at one time. I trusted him with my child's life and now she is not here. I trusted Brian and I was betrayed. I don't know when I'll ever be able to trust again. Brian took that all away.

I'm becoming rundown and out of energy. kind of tired of sticking up for myself. I'm sick of trying to prove to everybody that I didn't know Brian was I have been ripped apart from head to toe by attorneys, social workers, family, friends and psychologists. If I knew Brian was so mean, I would never have been with him. I'm tired of being screamed at, lied to, and really sick of people not believing me. I have been forced to remember every last detail of my entire life when it's hard enough for me to remember what I did yesterday. If I couldn't remember something or got something mixed up, I was called a liar. Does anyone know how degrading it is to be yelled at and called a I have been made to look like a horrible parent because I let Brian do this to my girls. I'm not the horrible parent. Brian is the horrible child murderer, and I couldn't have known he was going to do this. I know I wasn't a horrible parent, and you know that, too. can't tell me you are a perfect parent because there's no such thing. I'm still trying to prove to this day that

I'm not the criminal. Brian is.

I'm tired of receiving bills from hospitals, clinics and transportation. I have bill collectors calling my house, sending me nasty letters. I received a letter once saying, "On March 9, 1996, Life Link Three provided transportation and hope you are satisfied with their services. From all of us at Life Link Three, we hope MacKenzie enjoyed a speedy recovery and is now feeling much better." Next paragraph it says that I owe them \$2800, and it's past due.

I watched my best friend drink herself to death after MacKenzie died. She couldn't live with the things she heard that Brian did to MacKenzie and couldn't handle all the details. She felt guilty for not being there for me and the girls. She was angry at herself for not being able to save MacKenzie. My best friend died in an alcohol-related car accident last May.

I have horrifying nightmares and horrible flashbacks of MacKenzie lying there on the hospital bed with hundreds of different tubes running in and out, lying there with no smiles, no laughs, not even tears. Helpless. I had to make the decision to really end her life, and I always say I don't wish that feeling upon my worst enemy, but I do. I wish that Brian only knew what love was and how horrible a feeling it is to watch your

child lay there brain dead and helpless.

I guess what kills me the most is I do have Nicole left, and I'm still fighting to get her back. I have spent every penny I have on lawyers. Nicole has been through a hell of a lot for her age and she is suffering bad and she wants -- all she wants to do is be with Mommy. Just ask her.

Nicole not only lost one sister. She lost two out of this whole thing. I have lost two children. I had Brian's baby last September, and I placed her for adoption. It would have been selfish for me to keep her. She needs a fair chance at life. And I worry about Brian coming to find Nicole and even the baby. Brian is a horrible person, and you can't trust what he'll do when he gets out of prison. Nicole is already worried about him getting out. Nicole is deathly scared of Brian.

This is only some of the suffering I have been through as a result of Brian. I couldn't possibly tell you it all.

The court asked me what I thought was a fair sentence for Brian and his crime. I really don't know what to tell you because no matter how much time he gets, it's not enough. He should sit in that prison and everything many years for every year that my MacKenzie cannot get to live her life. Brian is a horrible person and a slap on the hand isn't going change him. You know

he'll do it again. They all do. Whatever you end up giving him, whether it's 12 years or 25 years, it's not enough for taking away a life that is so priceless, precious, and so dear to me.

This kind of behavior is not acceptable in this world. Why show you can actually get away with it?

Nicole and I have to suffer for the rest of our lives.

Why shouldn't Brian?

I'm going to close with this. I hope that
Brian thinks of what he did to my sweet little 'Kenzie
every day and his guilt eats him alive. I have enclosed
a picture of myself and what I do. Quite often, pictures
tell a thousand words. Sincerely, Justina Beth Herdahl,
MacKenzie's mother.

THE COURT: All right. Thank you.