

To: Honorable Judge M. Hannah Toebe

It is with much pain and
disillusion that I write this letter.

I am the grandmother of Dikembe
J. Jones; Kimbwe is what we have
always called him. The "w" is silent.

I have been informed that he is
facing 27 years for armed robbery.

I have helped raise ~~raise~~ Kimbwe
since he was born. I raised

him with my daughter, who was an
active-duty soldier, so I was often
his legal guardian as well. She was
eighteen when he was born.

His father was also in the service,
but was dishonorably discharged before
Kimber was born. He was consistently
abusive and dishonest. ~~My~~ My daughter
divorced him when Kimber was three
years old.

Kimber was diagnosed with ADHD
at the age of ~~one~~ two. He was diagnosed
with ADD (Attention Deficit disorder) at
the age of four. He had speech
challenges at an early age. We were very
lucky his pre-school had a wonderful
therapist who helped him at that time.
He overcame his speaking deficits, but

Always had challenges with staying
focused on my one subject.

I worked full-time because I am
a single grandparent, so I was
not able to devote a great deal of
my time to helping him overcome all
his challenges. I was raising my young
daughter also. She was twelve years old
when Kimbree was born. She adored him
and babysat him as she got older.
He was more like her little brother.

Kimbree's mother was often deployed
so he spent a great deal of time
with us. //

Kinsue was a good student in school. He was never disciplined for any bad behavior. Once he was reprimanded for using his cell phone in high school. In grade school, he was suspended from riding the bus when he fought off a boy who kept punching him on the bus every day. He was easily intimidated and often bullied in school. He was often the new kid or the loser because of transitioning moving. He was raised in Colorado, Texas, Indiana, Washington, Germany and eventually Virginia. His longest stay was in

Washington State where he was attending junior high and high school.

He had made quite a few friends there. He spent 3 years in Germany with his mother who re-married during her service there. He was adopted

legally by his stepfather Jerome Jones.

Jerome was also in the Army. He was a devoted father to Kimbrie. //

Kimbrie is a ~~good~~ sincerely good individual. He loved his friends

in Washington. He had 2 sisters

he loved to babysit for. He was fifteen years old when they were born. They

call him "Bubba". Kimbrie has always enjoyed being helpful. He volunteered in Washington with his mother to work "Habitat with Humanity."

He often picked me up from work & brought me home. He would give me his last dollar if I needed to catch a bus.

One Summer, he came to Indiana, and worked as a volunteer at the Jewish Nursing home, where I worked. The residents adored him. I once received a beautiful "thankyou card" from a woman who was enamored by his manners and his character. He is always

gracious to others.

In his last year of high school my daughter and my son-in-law decided to move to Virginia. I cannot tell you how devastating it was to him. He begged and pleaded with me to persuade his mother to let him finish school there. (in Tacoma)
When I came to stay with them there, (in Newport News)
I realized he had not made any real friends. The move was a huge cultural ~~misfit~~ shock. ~~He was not prepared.~~
He was struggling with his homework.
He couldn't sleep up. But he tried.
He was depressed over leaving his friends.

For the average person with no learning challenges, the move may have been easier. I think we didn't realize the difficulties he was having. Making friends in high school is not easy.

His behavior and associations with more deviant personalities grew out of despair and depression.

I know because it happened to me (at the age of sixteen) when I was raped. I suffered for many years over the trauma of it, not knowing why I saw life through the strange lens of perversion. I was lucky, although I never received any therapy,

I was lucky to have met some good people who liked me and cared about me.

I do not know exactly what other traumas my grandson has experienced, but I know his associations with derision is not intentional. I have been around him and raised him since he was two years old. He is still a loving and gracious individual. If it were possible I would fly to Virginia to tell you on my knees and plead his case.

Before this happened, I talked with Kimbri regularly. He had lost his
(by phone)

other job at the pizzeria, but he
(The pizzeria closed due to slow business)
persuaded and found another one.

It was only a part-time job. He
needed to supplement his income. He
was hired at the Theatre District, where
he met those other associates. Kimbure

was a good worker. I ate at the
pizzeria place, and they even let him

manage it when they were absent for
(He is an unbelievable honest young man)
a few hours. He was their "best" employee.

If my grandson had not taken the
job at the District, he would have never
met those other associates. I do not
know those persons, so I cannot judge

them. My grandson had a car, they did not.

For his activities, he must be sentenced. Those are the consequences for that behavior. I know you must sentence him.

Judge Hannah, I am only making a plea that you might consider giving him an opportunity to serve his time in a facility where he will not experience more of the hardness in life that comes when you lose faith. I know this is what happened to my grandson. I am 66 years old. I may not live to see him on the outside again.

I have been dreaming about spending more time with my grandson. I will retire this May.

My greatest and deepest regret in life is that I will not get to spend time with him. He is my "heart".

Judge Hannak, my heart goes out to you. I pray that you will be able to sustain the challenges that beset you on a daily basis in your job. You have an extremely difficult job. I know because I majored in Poli-Sci and I studied law.

You are positively "special" and
I appreciate what you do. If ~~you~~ only
take the time to read this letter;
I must say I respect you, and I
thank you.

Sincerely
Ms Barbara Kelly