

A vital component of the abusive and chaos given free reign in the Lambrix household was Donald's alcoholism. The Lambrix men had a long tradition of alcohol abuse; Donald's father was a mentally ill alcoholic who had attempted suicide in the past, and his brother suffered from the same disease (see Affidavits of Lorita Yeafoli, Appendix 10, Ella Umland, Appendix 12, Debra Lambrix, Appendix 13, Mary Lambrix, Appendix 15). Donald became more demented and bizarre as time went by, flashing back to his days in the Korean War as he abused one of his daughters:

Dad used to get drunk and talk about Korea. He said that he fought in the Korean War, and would sit around and sob over the children he had seen getting shot and couldn't help. I remember when I was about thirteen and Consuela's mother gave me some makeup. I put it on all globby, like a kid who didn't know how to use makeup would. When dad saw me he went completely crazy--he beat me so bad that I thought he would kill me, and I hurt so bad that I wished he had. While he was assaulting me, he kept yelling about how I reminded him of some woman in Korea.

Close in time to the makeup incident, another really strange thing happened. We had gone to a local carnival, and there were some boys there who didn't have their shirts on. Dad took his shotgun and held it on them until they covered their chests. The next day he took me to the doctor to see if I'd had intercourse.

Appendix 13.

Donald's fixation on his children's sexuality soon became overwhelming, and it took a tremendously detrimental turn when he began molesting the girls. Consuela meanwhile began taking Donnie to her bed. An especially pernicious form of sexual violation was

reserved for Cary, who was pimped out by his father and stepmother to a middle-aged male neighbor who had befriended the family.

I ran away too when I was a young teenager. It happened when Consuela was away in Canada for a couple of months and dad got me into his room by asking me if I wanted a new dress. To get the dress, I had to rub his back, then his leg. When he tried to get me to rub up his leg to his penis, I broke down and said I didn't want the dress and left the room. He kept hounding me after that to go into his room, but I wouldn't do it. I tried to stay around my brothers and stay out of his way. He finally just started coming into my bed every night, feeling my vagina and fingering me, climbing on top of me. The last time he did it, I told him I'd sleep outside, grabbed up some clothes and left. I hid out in a friend's room for a few days, not knowing what to do. She snuck food to me, or I would have gone hungry. The authorities finally found me in Tampa with a guy I'd met at a teenage hangout called the Jungle Club. I didn't even like the guy, but he helped me get away, and I was determined not to go back. When I was put in juvenile hall, I was happy. I liked it there; I felt safe and I wanted to stay. Of course, I was forced to return home. Pretty soon after that I got pregnant and moved out for good.

I felt so sick when I found out that dad also molested our sister Janet. I don't know who else was a victim of his, but I do know that Donnie and Consuela had a sexual relationship. I saw my older brother in bed with her several times, sometimes he'd be on top of her, under the sheets. Once I saw him rubbing her exposed breast. Donnie left home at seventeen and never looked back. I'm sure there were lots of other disgusting things going on in our house. I didn't want to see or know about them, and I still don't.

Appendix 15.

A major event occurred during the later period of Michael's [Cary's] latency and that is his relationship with an older man named Charles. Charles befriended Michael around age nine and would buy him gifts, take him on overnight trips

and pay him to do off jobs. Michael was often asked to undress and bathe in front of Charles and was photographed naked by him. Michael was also aware of boxes of pictures of nude children that Charles kept. Charles also gave Michael 'driving lessons' during which genital fondling took place. Michael was made to sit on Charles' lap in the driver's seat and was there manually molested by the older man.

Charles gave Michael his first drink at age nine or ten and Michael reports getting drunk for the first time at age eleven with Charles.

There is no evidence that Michael's father or stepmother intervened even though Michael's younger sister, Janet, reported an episode of fondling between herself and Charles to Consuela. In fact, there appeared to be actual encouragement of Michael's relationship with Charles by Consuela and Michael's father. They would receive money from Charles for Michael's 'work.' When the family moved to Florida, Consuela is reported to have threatened Charles by saying she would report him if he did not send money. This could be viewed as Michael's parents prostituting Michael to Charles--a very intrusive type of child prostitution.

Proffer of Dr. Sharon Maxwell, Appendix 17.

Donald and Consuela eventually graduated to more formalized pimping, receiving money for children in their care to be vaginally and anally raped by neighbors and covering this up whenever detection was possible. Consuela also took to tying children up for days at a time, burning them with hot knives, as she had threatened to do with Janet, and forcing them to hold and burn each other. (See Affidavits of Mary Lambrix, Appendix 15, Ella Battensby, Appendix 19, and Angela Johnson, Appendix 20.)

As discussed above, Consuela was someone to be feared, and the children were in fact terrified of her. In addition to the physical

and emotional abuse she inflicted on them, she possessed other habits which confused and frightened the children:

Consuela is very, very superstitious. She believes in evil spirits and ghosts, and she has more than once called the Catholic church for an exorcist. When we were kids, the only stories she'd tell us were about witches, ghosts and how she used to play with human heads when she was little. I remember her telling us that a witch put a spell on her father and made him leave her mother. Listening to her was totally terrifying.

Appendix 15.

I always thought my grandmother was a witch. She was very strange sometimes. She talked a lot about ghosts, and she used to have exorcisms. She brought a priest to the house, and we all had to hold hands in a circle. She said the house was wicked and possessed by devils. She would talk in tongues and sprinkle what she called 'holy water' around the house. It was really scary being around her when she did that.

Affidavit of Ella Battensby, Appendix 19.

Many in the community knew something about what was going on in the Lambrix house. They saw the bruises on Cary, they knew of Donald's alcoholism and violent propensities and steered clear of him, and they saw Cary tormented by peers for his mental slowness and his incontinence and constantly filthy attire. The house itself was so disgustingly filthy that it made neighbors gag, and neighborhood mothers refused to allow their children inside.

Through the years I recall seeing Cary come to school with black eyes and bruises up and down his arms. The bruises on his arms were large and it looked like someone was constantly grabbing him by the arms and squeezing. Cary was always embarrassed about these bruises and tried to hide them under his clothing.

The other kids knew that his father had caused these bruises and black eyes. It was common knowledge at school that Cary's father was mean. His father was known to be a heavy drinker and to have a short temper. He was a frightening man well-muscled and unpredictable.

I recall one time I was with Cary and his father at a fast food restaurant. Cary was standing next to his father, who was ordering food. For no reason at all Cary's father turned around and struck Cary hard in the face in front of me and others who were there getting food. I knew at that point I wanted nothing else to do with his father and was going to keep my distance from him. I remember how sorry I felt for Cary being hit like that in front of me. I always felt bad that Cary had to live with that man. It just didn't seem right. It made me more appreciative of the family I had.

Cary was such a quiet boy and never caused any trouble. I guess one of the reasons he was quiet was because he was so slow mentally. He just wasn't as smart as other kids his age.

Affidavit of Jeff Barger, Appendix 21.

I grew up in San Anselmo and lived on the same street as Cary Lambrix. Cary's sister Debra and I played together as children, sometimes at their home, but mostly at my home. Every time I went into their house I remember there was a strong odor of urine. It was a very overwhelming odor, and that was one of the reasons my visits there were so few.

My contacts with Cary's father were not pleasant. I recall one time when the older Lambrix children were playing on a flag pole Mr. Lambrix had made which extended from the front of the home. The flag pole broke from the weight of the children. When Mr. Lambrix discovered what had occurred he became outraged. He announced to his children that they were to be beaten with a belt. When he began to hit the first child with his belt, he counted twenty-five strikes. When he reached for the next child, I became extremely frightened and ran home. I have never understood the severity of his punishment.

The Lambrix's left my neighborhood in the 1960's. I recall having a conversation with an acquaintance who lived in the Lambrix's neighborhood. She asked if I knew Cary Lambrix. When I told her I had played with his sister, Debra, she said that Cary was going to her school. She said that he was filthy, that he would urinate and defecate in his pants and that Cary would take a lot of abuse from the students because of this.

Affidavit of Charlotte Blumenberg, Appendix 22.

Cary and I were in the same cub scout troop and attended the same elementary school. Cary left the cub scout troop because some fellow scout members tied him and his brother Jeffery to a tree during a scout jamboree. When they were discovered some hours later by a scout leader, Cary was crying and begging to be untied. Children can be terribly cruel to other children who are seen as being different; Cary was always treated poorly by other scouts because he was so mentally slow, and because he was always filthy and smelled bad. Jeffery was disliked because of his cursing and obnoxious behavior, not because he was slow like Cary. I eventually left the scout troop and joined one that was closer to my home. Cary had already joined that troop. When I arrived for the first meeting I saw that Cary was being picked on by those scouts too. Cary was an easy target and he never complained. He took all of the kidding and insults that the other scouts gave.

Our scout troop would go on camping trips several times a year. Everytime when the trips were over and everyone was waiting for their parents to pick them up, Cary would go to every scout and ask if he could go home with them. Everyone said no, because no one wanted any contact with the Lambrix family. We all knew that Cary's father was a drunk and our parents would say no.

Cary was very slow in picking up on things, and was withdrawn and quiet. When the other kids teased and taunted him, he never said anything back or defended himself in any way. Instead he just laughed when they laughed at him. He'd

do anything to get along with them, and didn't even seem to realize how badly he was being treated.

I had been to Cary's house a few times while they lived in our neighborhood. It always smelled awful, and it was hard for me to breathe when I was over there. I recall the last time I was in their house was when I fell off a wall behind the house and cut my head. I went to Cary's for help. When I entered their home that smell was still there, and it was so strong that it almost made me sick. My mother came over to pick me up, and as soon as she walked through the door she began to gag. When we left my mother told me that I was not to go back there again.

When Cary and his family moved from that house, the new owners had to have it fumigated because of the awful smell. The fumigation did not take care of the problem, so they had to have some of the interior walls torn out and replaced. I was told later by my mother that the smell was from urine.

Through the years I saw Cary with many black eyes. Cary would say that he got the black eyes from fighting. The whole time I knew Cary he never said an unkind word or got in a fight with anyone. Cary was a gentle person, and I knew that someone was beating on him at home.

Cary and his brother Jeff and I were playing on some jungle bars on the school playground. I was in the fifth grade and I believe Cary was in the fourth grade. Cary was hanging from the bars by his hands. Cary's back became exposed during his play on the bars. As I looked at his back I saw these long bruises that stretched from one side of his back to the other. I asked Cary what happened to his back and he said nothing. Cary's brother then said that his father had beat Cary. Jeff said that he too got beat by his dad. Jeff continued to say that Cary always got the worst beating because their dad did not like Cary.

During the years Cary lived close to me, he never went to any parties or school activities. Cary didn't have any real friends so he stayed at home.

One thing that stands out in my mind when I think of Cary was his personal appearance. He was so skinny that his clothes hung on his frail little body. His face and body were so bony that he reminded me of the way the Jewish people looked when they were in the concentration camps during world war two.

Affidavit of Robert Klain, Appendix 23.

It always seemed to me that Cary's parents didn't care much about him. In addition to Cary never wanting to go back to them at the end of a trip, he was always in dirty clothes and in need of a good washing. I never met his parents, but I always felt that he did not have a good home life.

Cary is one of those kids you remember through life and wonder whatever became of him. I have thought of him from time to time, and wished the best for him. I hoped that somehow the sweet, slow, troubled boy I knew was able to get some kind of help and grow into a productive adult. I now know that that didn't happen, and it makes me sad.

I now help run a boy scout camp myself in the Sierras. If a boy as troubled as Cary came to my camp, I would try to guide him and help him any way I could.

Affidavit of Phillip Galbreath, Appendix 24.

Cary was a kind, slow, troubled kid who seemed to enjoy scouts. His brothers, Jeff and Donnie, were extremely disruptive. Donnie used a lot of profanity and was very loud; Jeff was his sidekick. Cary was considered an outcast by his brothers, and he was treated terribly by them. Donnie, who was a lot bigger than Cary, was always pushing, shoving and beating on Cary, who did nothing to defend himself. Pretty soon others in the scout troop began to pick on Cary. Cary was an easy target and refused to fight back. Cary wanted to be accepted so bad that he would do anything the other kids told him to do.

Cary was very slow and he had a tough time learning the scout handbook. Cary didn't read anywhere close to the rest of us, and we were

all close in age. He also had a tough time speaking. He would say a word or two, and then it would take him a long time to say another word or group of words. It was a real struggle for him to speak. Usually he didn't try to talk, but would just nod his head or make some gesture that he understood.

When our troop would go on camping trips Cary was really happy. He was like a different kid. He would smile and seemed to enjoy life. When we weren't out camping, we would never see him smile. When it was time to go home from camping trips, Cary would get very quiet and obviously depressed. When we arrived back to where our parents were to pick us up, Cary would ask the other scouts if he could go home with them. No one would take Cary in because no one wanted any contact with the Lambrixs due to the father's reputation as being mean and a drunk. I don't remember ever seeing anyone come to pick up Cary or his brothers. I guess the scout master had to take them home.

Cary and I went to the same school but we had different teachers. I recall hearing from kids who were in his class that Cary's teachers made fun of him and humiliated him in front of the other students because he was stupid and he always smelled so bad. The other kids did not like to sit next to him because of the terrible stench coming from his clothes and his body.

Affidavit of Dennis Mason, Appendix 25.

As bad as things were for Cary and most of his siblings, the family situation deteriorated when Cary's paternal grandparents died in a car accident and Donald lost the family business. The loss of this financial base forced the family on welfare; they lost essentially everything, loaded up into a couple of campers and moved to a campground for several months. Ultimately they journeyed across country, ending up in Florida. Donald and Consuela found a house eventually, and they and their children moved into it. Cary and his full-blooded siblings were rarely allowed inside, living for years

in the filthy campers without running water or other basic necessities. Cary, although entering his teenage years, was still subjected to his father's drunken violence and his stepmother's cruelty.

Cary's father was a brutal and mean person. I can't remember a time going over to his house that I did not see the results of his father's out of control temper. There were holes in the walls from him punching the walls with his hands. Or the holes came from objects he had picked up and thrown at Cary.

Cary was lucky in that he did not live in the house. Instead he and his sisters and other brothers lived in camper trailers. If he had lived in the house he would have suffered more physical abuse, if that could be possible. Cary always had cuts or bruises somewhere on his body. Usually the bruises or bumps were located on his head. Cary would usually say that these bumps and bruises came from his own misfortunes, usually saying he fell or ran into something. Knowing his father and his mean streak, I was sure that his father caused these injuries.

The living conditions Cary lived in was terrible. He lived in a little camper trailer. His sisters also lived in a little camper trailer. There was [no] running water or bathroom. If they had to use the bathroom they had to go into the house. Cary did not have good hygiene. He said that it was better to be dirty than to have to go into the house and listen to his father and stepmother yell at him for using the bathroom. Cary's stepmother made sure that her children used the bathroom first and then Cary and his brothers and sisters were allowed in.

Cary like his brothers and sisters always had head lice, scabies and impetigo. The trailers always had roaches running on the floor of the trailers or through their filthy bed linen.

After I began to get head lice my mother did not allow me sleep over at their house anymore. If I was to spend the night with Cary it would have to be outdoors camping.

Cary's father and stepmother cared for Cary's stepbrothers and stepsisters and showed no affection to Cary or his siblings. They always got the nice clothes and spending money where Cary and the others got nothing.

Affidavit of James Chambers, Appendix 26.

I first met Cary in Plant City, Florida, when he was a young teenager. Cary and I became friends and we spent a lot of time together in school and after school.

I learned very quickly that Cary was physically abused by his father. During physical education class, Cary would never dress out in his p.e. clothes. One day I asked Cary why he didn't change clothes. As an answer, he lifted up his shirt and lowered his pants. I remember being shocked and disgusted when I saw the bruises that covered Cary. Most of his body was discolored and raw. When I asked how he got that way, he said 'my father.' He went on to tell me that his father beat him because he hated Cary. I had never seen anything like this, and I couldn't understand how a father could do that to his son.

When Cary was about 13 years old, he started coming to my house barefoot. He couldn't get his shoes on because his feet were a solid black and blue and they were swollen. Cary told me that his father had stomped on his feet as a form of punishment. Cary's feet were so severely swollen that he had to wear a pair of my older brother's shoes, which were at least two sizes bigger than Cary's normal shoe size.

Cary and I spent a lot of time doing things together through the years. Many times we went swimming at a lake close to our homes. I recall one of many times seeing these long deep impressions across Cary's back that were beginning to turn blue. I asked Cary what his father had beat him with and he said a two by four. It was apparent that a two by four had been used because of the width of the marks.

There were times I would be at Cary's house when his father would beat Cary. It seemed like Mr.

Lambrix enjoyed it, and he looked for excuses to beat him -- like being just a few minutes late coming home. During some of these beatings, I heard his father say, 'I wish someone would kill you or you would just die. I hate you.'

When he [Cary] came to the door I wasn't sure who it was at first. Cary had been severely beaten and was bleeding all over. My brother and I helped Cary into the house. His face was all cut and bruised, his face was lop-sided. Blood was coming out his ears, nose and mouth. We took his shirt off and one side of his ribs seemed to be caved in. I truly believed Cary was going to die; I have never seen anyone beat that bad. When I asked Cary what had happened, he said his father beat him with a baseball bat. I tried to get Cary to call the police, but he wouldn't. He didn't want to get his dad in any trouble...

Affidavit of James D. Coleman, Appendix 27.

Not surprisingly, Cary's early indoctrination into alcohol abuse through his middle-aged molestor and his genetic predisposition through his paternal genes lead to early and severe substance dependence. Cary was also especially vulnerable to chronic and extensive self-harm through polysubstances due to years of battering, emotional abuse and isolation. By his early teenage years, he was ingesting alcohol regularly, and he soon graduated to the readily-available mushroom tea, pills, and other mind-altering substances. People noticed that it took little alcohol for Cary to become intoxicated, and that he seemed to have a heightened effect from the norm. Cary's dependencies intensified as the years passed, and the constant bombardment of these central nervous system destroyers took their toll. They also lead to motorcycle and other accidents in which

he sustained head injuries. (See Affidavits of Mary Lambrix, Appendix 15, Debra Lambrix, Appendix 13, Janet Lambrix Wheeler, Appendix 16, James D. Coleman, Appendix 27, James Chambers, Appendix 26, and Medical Records of Cary Michael Lambrix, Appendix 32). Cary was not unique among his siblings in his addictions, or in other significant ways. None of the Lambrix children escaped substance dependencies, none graduated high school, almost none avoided involvement with the juvenile justice system, and almost all had children young and out of wedlock. The legacy of their upbringing proved universally destructive. (See Affidavits of Mary Lambrix, Appendix 15, Debra Lambrix, Appendix 13, Christina Lambrix, Appendix 28, and Janet Lambrix Wheeler, Appendix 16.)

By the time Cary was fourteen, his alcohol dependence brought him before the juvenile court. As his emergency foster care mother explains, Cary's family was aware of his alcoholism and was tolerant of it:

During the 1970's, my husband and I were foster care parents in Hillsborough County, and we took in children who were in crisis. In emergency situations, children came to stay with us while the juvenile court determined their ultimate placement. It was both emotional and rewarding work, but we believed strongly that it was important to be there for those troubled and unwanted children.

Overnight, in the mid-1970's, Cary Michael Lambrix arrived at our house. I still remember him well because he was so frightened and withdrawn. He looked like he desperately needed some tender loving care.

During the court proceedings which were to determine where Cary would be placed, a young pregnant woman and an older woman identified themselves as relatives of Cary. The young

woman told the judge that Cary had been drinking to excess on a regular basis. She said that it was all right for Cary--then about 14 years old--to drink but that he had been drinking to the point of drunkenness a bit too often.

Affidavit of Carol Wegman, Appendix 29.

Cary's troubled life and lack of guidance and love were not only obvious to his foster mother. Those who came into contact with him could not help but notice the fact that he was in dire need of care and compassion; nor could they fail to notice that Cary was, as he had been from birth, a kind and caring person despite the treatment he had received.

I have been the maintenance supervisor at J.S. Robinson Elementary School for well over a decade. It was there that I first met Cary Michael Lambrix, who worked with me in the evenings cleaning rooms at the school. At the time, he was only thirteen or fourteen years old.

Cary was very shy, afraid, and insecure when I first met him. It was awhile before I was able to get him to open up to me. I could tell that Cary didn't get love and attention at home, because he had such a great need for compassion. He just yearned for attention. Cary was visibly shocked when I showed him any kindness. It was evident one day when he asked me 'Are you always this way?' after I had been polite to him. I told Cary that I tried to be kind to everyone, and I wanted to be his friend. It obviously surprised him that anyone would be kind to him for no reason. I'm sure he'd never had that in his life before. It wasn't long before Cary and I were very close. He was my little buddy.

Cary was a responsible worker and was always polite to me. No matter what I wanted done, he worked hard to please me. Nevertheless, he always behaved as if he had something heavy on his mind. He seemed to be off somewhere else, like he was in another world.

On many occasions, I would give him fifty cents and tell him to buy a drink and take a rest after we had finished cleaning a room. Cary acted as if I had given him the world. I had never given another worker money before, but I just felt like Cary needed to know I cared. Once he told me that he was never allowed to have anything, and if he got money his family took it away from him.

Cary appeared especially tired one day. When I asked him why he was so exhausted, he told me he had been walking most of the day. He was supposed to go fishing that day, but when he arrived at the fishing spot, the person he was with simply dropped him off and left. As a result, Cary had spent the day walking back to town. Despondently, Cary remarked that no one ever kept their promises to him.

I'll always remember how awful Cary's shoes were. They were old, worn out, and torn on both sides. I thought he just wore an old pair to work in. I finally asked him if that was the only pair of shoes he had. I was stunned when he timidly replied 'yes.'

I thought it was odd the first time Cary stayed with me after he finished his work one night. It soon became quite common. When he would finish his work, Cary would linger around the school for an additional forty-five minutes, staying with me the entire time. It was as if he didn't have anywhere else to go. No one ever dropped him off for work, nor picked him up afterwards.

Many times while Cary was working for me, I wanted to take him home with me and care for him. All he needed was for someone to give him the love that every child needs and deserves to have. At the end of his last day of work, Cary hugged me as if I had become his mother. I saw Cary once or twice after that. Each time he would tightly hug me, but he still had that sad and lonely look.

Affidavit of Alberta Bennett, Appendix 30.

Cary was a good child, and I never had any trouble with him. He was a very caring boy who liked to help everyone and anything. I remember

times when he helped injured animals. He found a baby bird that had a broken wing. He brought it to my home to care for it. He fed it and tried to keep it alive, but it died, Cary was heartbroken. Another time he found a sack of little kittens that someone had thrown in a ditch along the road. The cats were almost dead. I told Cary that they would not live but Cary insisted on trying to save them. He tried to get them to eat but they were too far gone. They finally died, Cary was very upset. I told him that he did everything that could have been done to save them. Then there was the time when my dog got hit by a car. Cary again believed that the dog would live and refused to allow me to have him put to sleep. Cary spent a lot of time with the dog and tried to nurse him back to health. The dog died, and Cary was heart broken.

Affidavit of Alda Chambers, Appendix 31.

As mentioned above, Cary and his siblings did not manage to graduate from high school. When Cary was sixteen years old, he left home and joined the crew of a traveling carnival. By all accounts, this was the best time in Cary's life, as the carnival became something of a family to him. He married a young woman named Kathy Jones, and they had a daughter, whom they named Jennifer Nicole. Niki, as she was called, had serious health problems and frequent seizures. While Niki's medical condition caused severe stress for Cary and Kathy, Cary loved his wife and daughter and did everything he could to take care of them. This happy period did not last long, however. Neither Cary nor Kathy had the education, natural ability or family background to make their marriage work, and neither could overcome polysubstance dependence. The period between their marriage and Cary's arrest on murder charges, when Cary was twenty-two years old, was chaotic and unstable.

By the end of 1977, Michael had returned to Florida. He rented a trailer from his father and got a job at a meat market. One day, Kathy Jones -- a girl he had met at school and with whom he had been infatuated -- came into the market. Kathy was also one of ten children born into an alcoholic family, and was also a victim of sexual abuse (by her father, who committed suicide in 1978 after his wife left him). Michael and Kathy quickly became deeply involved, and there are numerous reports of Michael's devotion to and dependence on Kathy.

Michael moved into Kathy's mother's home around the first of the year. He was given the living room couch to sleep on.

Michael and Kathy got jobs at Southland Farms. His was seasonal work which terminated, whereupon the couple could not find replacement jobs. Michael and Kathy sold everything they owned and took a bus to Chicago, where Hicky Culpepper's Concessions was and where Michael again went to work. They traveled with the carnival. During this period both Michael and Kathy were alcohol and drug dependent, ingesting large amounts of liquor and substances such as quaaludes and amphetamines on a daily basis.

Kathy became pregnant in the summer of 1978; that fact did not end either Kathy or Michael's dependence on and use of alcohol and drugs. In a futile attempt to alter their lives for the better, the couple returned to Florida. Michael and Kathy were married in October; the following day Michael enlisted in the Army.

Michael had tremendous difficulty being separated from Kathy and experienced other difficulties while at boot camp in Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, including injuring his back. In addition, Kathy's mother and sister were attempting to reunite her with her former fiance, a fact which was made known to Michael when he would call to speak with Kathy. Michael was honorably discharged from the Army at the end of December, 1978, pursuant to an early termination program.

On March 8, 1979, Jennifer Nichole (Niki) was born after a protracted labor and via an emergency C-section, necessitated when

Niki stopped breathing. Attending physicians indicated that Niki had suffered brain trauma; she was hospitalized in the neo-natal intensive care unit at Tampa General Hospital for approximately forty days due to chronic bronchitis and a seizure disorder.

During Niki's hospitalization, Michael and Kathy lived at the hospital. Michael was not able to sustain employment, and the couple was faced with a great deal of emotional and financial stress .

When Niki was discharged from the hospital, the couple moved into a trailer park and Michael found work at a steel plant. Michael's alcohol and polysubstance dependence continued, as did Kathy's. The couple, with Niki, went back to Chicago and the traveling carnival in June of 1979. They worked in Illinois, Michigan, and Oklahoma, ultimately meeting up with Donald Lambrix, Jr. in Ft. Hood, Texas, where they stayed for a time. Michael and Kathy moved into a trailer; Michael worked at the trailer park and at Domino's Pizza.

In October of 1979, Michael was arrested for his first DUI. Both Donald Jr. and Michael report that Michael's drinking had become much more problematic. A second DUI arrest occurred within three months of the first; on neither occasion was Michael referred for evaluation or treatment of his substance dependence. On Christmas of 1979, Niki experienced her first grand mal seizure. Doctors advised Kathy and Michael that Niki might begin suffering seizures of this type often, and the couple returned to Florida so that Niki could be near her doctor in Brandon. Lacking adequate resources to rent their own home, the family moved in with Kathy's mother. Considerable pressure was placed on the marriage by members of Kathy's family during this time period. Apparently they were unhappy about Kathy's choice in a mate, and they actively sought the breakup of the marriage.

Shortly after the family returned to Florida, Michael sustained an injury to his head during a motorcycle accident. Michael describes a period of unconsciousness following impact; medical attention was necessary for this injury.