

*****DISCLAIMER***** The following story contains the facts as I remember them. I have FOIL requested multiple documents, and spoken with multiple participants and witnesses to make sure that I made this story as accurate as possible. With that said, this story contains very strong allegations against a handful of powerful people, at least one of whom is a practicing attorney. This story is truthful to the best of my memory, and my memory has been supported by research. There are parts of the story where I state opinions or beliefs, and I have done my best to make clear distinctions between facts and beliefs. I encourage readers to question what I am saying, and to seek out their own truth. I am making available multiple tapes, recordings, and documents associated with this story. Much of what happened to me I still do not fully understand, and I may never know; but I have done my best to be honest. I have been threatened with lawsuits for telling this story, and I want to therefore make it clear to any readers, do not pass judgement or consequence on the individuals mentioned in this story until their guilt can be proven by a source other than myself. While I am running for Tioga County Sheriff, I am not trained in any investigative techniques, and I hope this story leads to an investigation and a dialogue; not immediate retaliation against the individuals mentioned in this story*****DISCLAIMER*****

The following is a combination of highly redacted and edited portions of a much larger book that I have written on my experience with organized harassment in and around Owego. I will be releasing more stories in the near future.

I had gotten involved with politics in the Village of Owego and had taken two controversial stances, both of which were related to the misuse of the position of Village Attorney to squash debate and prevent matters from being brought before the Village Board. The Mayor and Village Attorney were claiming that debatable issues were in fact matters of law, and that the Board had no right to discuss or make decisions on them. Instead, the Mayor and Village Attorney would unilaterally make these important decisions while keeping the public and Village Board in the dark. I never thought that getting involved politically would have serious repercussions on my life, and open myself up to becoming a victim of an organized group of harassers, but it did. This story is just a small part of my experience with a group of government and corporate supported stalkers and harassers, focused on destroying me. I found myself sabotaged in every aspect of my life, both personally and financially; and increasingly isolated.

Immediately after taking controversial stances, I began to notice that I was plagued with untrue rumors about myself. The police were being told that I was a drug dealer, druggies were told I was a police informant, neighbors were being told that I was turning them in for code violations, even my sexuality was called into question. These rumors kept floating back to me, but it would be years before I realized how organized this smear campaign was, and also how successful. Despite all this, my life was going fairly well, and I was invested in several real estate projects and felt that I was on a positive track towards success.

My life would be turned upside down, for the first time, when a girlfriend of mine and I purchased a home on Chestnut Street in the Village of Owego for \$100. This house was one of three houses that according to the auctioneer, would have to be demolished. We had originally purchased it for salvage materials, but when we spoke with Superintendent of Public Works Jeff Soules and code enforcer James "Itchy" Meade to determine what we could do with the building, we were, much to our surprise, encouraged to write up a plan and begin working on the house. The purchasers of the other two properties however, were strongly discouraged from saving those structures.

The property was in salvageable condition except for a small addition on the western side which had a flat roof that had been neglected for decades. I secured all the necessary permits and surveys to conduct the demolition; with an asbestos survey turning up no asbestos in the addition. I removed the addition in a very short time frame and had cleaned up the site of all debris. It was at this point that I was ready to begin renovating the rest of the property, and was preparing to move into a section of the house that was fairly complete. I was financially invested in the project and Itchy and Soules would begin a sinister plot to use the house to financially and emotionally ruin me, as well as an attempt to saddle me with a criminal record.

The house on Chestnut Street was located next door to a property lived in by a woman named Laura Rodd and a man she claimed was her boyfriend. Laura Rodd and I had been on very friendly terms when I first acquired the property. We were both avid gardeners and would trade perennials. Laura lived with a Lockheed Martin employee named Erik Young, who she claimed had high level security clearances and a job that she couldn't openly talk about. Laura ominously bragged that her and her boyfriend were not the kind of people to mess around with, they had power and influence and had the potential to be dangerous adversaries. I had been warned by neighbors that she was "crazy" and that she had filed criminal charges against many of them. Neighbors claimed that these charges were frivolous or were simply made up, but that her relationship with the Owego Police Department (OPD) resulted in these individuals being arrested. A neighbor claimed that Laura was giving all the neighborhood children snacks after school every day, then one day she decided to no longer feed the children. When the children came to her house after school, as they did every day, she reported their parents to CPS for neglect, claiming she couldn't afford to feed the neighbor's children anymore. I was therefore friendly yet cautious with her.

I was making good progress, and just a couple weeks from being able to connect power and water, as I worked to move in to a section of the home. I began to remove some of the windows on the second story, on the back of the structure, as the framing around them needed to be repaired, and I was using the opening to remove debris from the inside of the house. While things seemed to be going well, one day I received a notification from the New York State Department of Labor, that I was being held responsible for an "incidental disturbance" of asbestos. I was shocked, since I had complied with all asbestos laws, had an asbestos survey done showing no asbestos, and did all of the work myself. What was even more strange is that the asbestos was found more than a month after the addition had already been removed and the site completely cleaned. Even worse, a stop work order was put in place, and I was illegally forbidden from doing any work on my own property. James Meade, Trustee Doug Worden, Superintendent Jeff Soules, and others came on to my property and searched it without a warrant,

without seeking permission, and without notifying me either before or after the illegal search. In the process of searching the entire house, they were able to find a small amount of asbestos wrap around a long removed air conditioning duct. The "disturbance" had likely occurred more than 20 years earlier, yet I was suddenly facing tens of thousands of dollars in fines, as well as thousands of dollars in removal costs, for what would amount to only a couple grams of asbestos in the entire house.

Itchy and Soules thought that they got me really good, and Laura Rodd openly bragged that she had used her connections to bring the State Labor Department to the site. I would later learn that similar tactics were employed on other people, however none as seriously as with me. In charge of the case against me was an individual named Gerald Leahy, who Itchy boasted, had a nasty reputation as a by the book kind of guy who wouldn't let anything slide. I began negotiations with Leahy to figure out my options, and I told him about the stalking activities that Itchy and others were conducting against me. Leahy thought very lowly of Itchy, and openly told me that he was abusing the system, and believed that I would be the first homeowner in New York to be charged under the statute which was intended to penalize contractors who illegally conduct asbestos removal. I was told that I could not remove the asbestos myself and was given a list of contractors who could, I was also told that I would be fined thousands of dollars every day that the asbestos remained.

Despite feeling sorry for me, Leahy told me that a reported incidental disturbance could not simply be ignored, state law demanded that the problem be fixed and the fines imposed were outside of his control and authority. He gave me a very short window of time to hire a licensed asbestos removal company. I lacked the money necessary, and the low value of the property made it cost prohibitive even if I had the funds.

I immediately began researching the law and determined what options were available. I found that an owner of an owner occupied, single family home could remove the asbestos himself. This was a 4 family home, but it had once been single family, and it had not been lived in for years, and the last time it was lived in, it was by the owner who lived in it while slowly fixing it up. Upon researching the law further, I discovered that regardless of what a property was zoned for, or what classification the county gave it, actual use is what determines the legal classification. As long as I occupied it as a single family, it was in essence a single family. This was not a slam dunk legal argument; when I told Leahy about it, he laughed, said it was very clever but he did not think my logic would fly, but that he would send it on up to his superiors anyway and wished me the best of luck. I also alerted him that the asbestos had been removed, and disposed of it properly; and that they state could come inspect.

Fortunately, the illegal and harassing behavior by the Village Code Enforcement, as well as the fact that the asbestos was gone, combined with my twisted legal reasoning; I was given a pass and was not fined. James Meade and Laura Rodd were outraged, and the harassment began to accelerate and reach shocking levels. One morning I came to the property and in the basement I could see that someone had smashed an entire section of the foundation with what I assume must have been a sledgehammer. James Meade refused to drop the stop work order, despite the asbestos having been removed, and the state deciding not to press civil or criminal charges against me. I was for months, not even allowed to board up the open windows; if I wanted to inspect the place, I needed a police escort outside. James

Meade and Jeff Soules now demanded that if I wanted the stop work order lifted, I needed to spend thousands of dollars on architectural surveys, despite having already approved my original plan; and regardless of the fact that a survey had been done a few years earlier.

At this time, the Village of Owego began to increase their attacks against me and pushed forward with legal proceedings to demolish my house, yet refused to get a warrant to enter the premises to identify code issues. I was repeatedly threatened into signing a document they claimed was simply to check for asbestos. I read the document and while it did give them that right, the document I was demanded to sign, also declared the house unsafe, and allowed the village to remove the building at my expense. The document also prevented me from suing the Village for their actions, while making me liable for any issues that arose. I laughed at their dishonestly and told them I would not be signing anything and that they were to stay off my property or they would be arrested. The Village then moved forward with proceedings against the property to have it deemed unsafe and to remove it.

At this time Laura Rodd had begun to harass the neighbors across the street, as well as a commercial lot contiguous to her backyard. Just two weeks after a devastating flood, when most of the residents of the Village of Owego were coming together and helping one another, I came to my house, and along our property line were a bunch of signs with arrows pointing at my house and calling for it to be demolished. I had been on friendly terms with Laura and saw her looking at me through her door. I approached her door in a nonthreatening manner and was greeted by her boyfriend. I asked him what happened, since we had been on friendly terms days earlier, and he first told me that Laura did not wish to speak with me, and to leave. I stepped back off the tiny porch and began to walk away when Laura came flying out of the house yelling "Your house is making me ill." Laura began to scream about the condition of the house and that it needed to be demolished. She claimed that the house had somehow made her ill and doctors could back up this claim, this was in spite of the fact that the home she was presently living in had been highly impacted by the flood, and she had been breathing in flood related pollution for the past two weeks. She threatened a lawsuit, and stated that her and her boyfriend (Erik Young) were not people to mess with. The conversation mostly took place on the sidewalk and I walked away, puzzled, but not worrying very much of the incident. That was until I received a phone call from the Owego Police Department, and I was issued an appearance ticket for a Trespass violation.

A couple days later, Officer Kobylarz of OPD told me that I needed to come to the police department, and when I arrived I was threatened with immediate incarceration if I did not sign an order of protection. I was unclear on what was going on and told Kobylarz that I owned the property next door, and was actively trying to save it, and that Laura and I were both regulars at Village Board meetings, and that there would be unintended contact with Laura. He refused to give me a clear answer on whether or not I would be able to be on my own property or attend Village Board meetings, he suggested that I may not even be allowed to attend my own unsafe structure hearing if Laura chose to attend. Instead of giving me clear answers, he gave me riddles, and a long winded story about going to the grocery store, listing off dozens of items being loaded into the cart, mentioning random meaningless details about what other customers are wearing or doing, going into every possible detail involving a trip to the grocery store, until it was finally time to pay, and Laura Rodd walks into the grocery store. His advice at that point was to "immediately get out of the store and hope she doesn't see you." He openly declared

that he had a personal friendship with Laura Rodd, and that if she called the police on me, that I would be arrested and the courts could figure it out. Kobylarz flatly called me a liar when I told him that Laura Rodd had made up the entire story. Throughout the conversation Kobylarz acted in a physically threatening manner towards me and while never drawing his weapon, he continued to reach for his gun, despite calmness from me, and the fact that we were in the police station. Kobylarz would also yell at me for interrupting him every single time I spoke, no matter how long he was silent for, or if he had just asked me a question. Kobylarz would say things that were silly or appeared to be intentionally humorous at times, laughing himself, but every time I smirked, I would be yelled at, with Kobylarz claiming that "this isn't funny." It was a scene straight out of the movie "Super Troopers." Kobylarz was clearly messing with me and taking great pleasure in doing so. I left the police station completely confused on what my rights were and what was going to happen.

From then on, I was, in essence, no longer allowed on my property and Laura Rodd began to follow me around in an attempt to have me arrested. The following day after the order of protection was issued, she made repeated claims to OPD that I was driving by her house, giving her the middle finger. She also repeatedly harassed my employer with similar untrue claims. FOIL request showed that she made multiple false allegations against me, in an attempt to have me charged with felony level crimes. As a cab driver, I drove a neighbor of hers, and one day Laura ran out of her house when I was dropping them off and stood behind the cab, making me unable to back out. Fortunately a bystander, unaware of the situation, told Laura to move, that the cab was trying to back out. While claiming to be in fear of me, Laura also began to take over my property, going so far as to extend her garden deep into my yard. This type of harassment continued for months. When I was to appear in court, the judge refused to drop the order of protection, despite the fact that I had no history of violence, and that the order of protection created an undue hardship on me. I would learn later, that Laura had a history of filing false and exaggerated police reports and seeking orders of protection as a means to harass individuals for personal and political purposes.

Laura Rodd at this time also began a campaign to destroy my reputation, I believe she did this with the assistance of her boyfriend Erik Young, utilizing Lockheed Martin resources. Laura Rodd used her connections with all of the local policing authorities to falsely implicate me in criminal activity. Laura Rodd also continued to contact my employers and falsely claimed that I had threatened her life, and that I was continuing to harass her, even while I was working. Laura Rodd used her connections in local government and the many local nonprofits that she is involved with, to spread vicious rumors about me and to prevent me from getting employment as a paralegal in the local governing bodies, as well as local real estate and law firms. Laura Rodd appeared to go out of her way to create relationships with my neighbors and other individuals connected to me, and spread vicious falsehoods about me.

Despite the Trespassing charge being my word against hers, the District Attorney would not dismiss the charge, instead, she tried to pressure me into a deal where the order of protection would stand for years, but charges would be dismissed after a set period of time. The DA told me that the deal was a good one and that if I had a lawyer they would encourage me to accept. I knew better, I had realized that there was a conspiracy against me. I knew that I would be forced to leave the county and abandon my properties if the order of protection stood, or I would be jailed for violating the order. I would be

forced to move or I would be an incarcerated felon, that was the plan that they had in store for me, as Laura would simply make false statements against me, as she already had, and if Officer Kobylarz was on duty, I would be arrested. When I told the district attorney of these concerns she claimed they were unreasonable, until I told her that Laura had already made a false statement against me, why wouldn't she make another? The district attorney had no reply. I decided that I needed a trial, and that my story had to be put on the record.

I was quite nervous, a trial was a considerable risk. The charges were not severe enough to entitle me to a jury trial, so I would be at the mercy of a judge who was close friends with the Mayor, Code Enforcement, and others, and who also knew Laura Rodd and believed her to be a reputable, contributing member of society, which she was not. The day of the trial I asked the judge for a dismissal of charges due to a lack of evidence. To my surprise, the judge seemed to be willing to entertain the idea and set a new date for trial and asked that I make my motion to dismiss in writing. It was at this preliminary hearing that the district attorney stated that she would be calling a witness, Erik Young. I objected, and requested discovery so that I could prepare my defense against his accusations, but I was denied. Instead the district attorney stated that I too could call surprise witnesses without providing discovery, so therefore it was allowed. The court was acting more like a civil court than a criminal court, but I was optimistic that the charges would be dropped.

After consulting legal advice on how to best write the motion I came to court expecting a quick disposition, but was heartbroken to find that we had a new judge for the case and she took one look at my professional motion to dismiss, and flatly rejected them with little debate. We were there for a trial, not to entertain motions. My heart sank, while technically prepared for trial, having to go immediately to trial was still a surprise, and most of my time had been spent perfecting my motions, not preparing for trial. I began to fear that I would lose this case and that I would be forced to move from the area in order to avoid becoming a felon.

The first witness called by the prosecution was Laura Rodd. Laura made outrageous claims against me and the property, claiming I was intimidating and dangerous. She tried to paint me as a lazy slumlord, while painting herself as a victim who was at her wits end. She expressed to the court that she felt like she was being harassed by simply being compelled to testify in court, despite the fact that she filed charges. Laura believed that she should not have to testify, that I should have simply been found guilty based on her filed complaint, and that the court case further victimized her.

Laura Rodd's testimony was largely a rant about my house needing to be demolished as well as others on the street. Many times I could have objected because the testimony had nothing to do with the case at hand, but as she got more and more confident on the stand, I saw a grand opportunity. She began to tell a downright silly story, that while I was the owner of the property, a bunch of kids broke into the house and were smoking marijuana and hanging out upstairs. Laura saw them through the window and called the police. According to her, the police officer also saw children through the window in the abandoned house, but because I could not be located, the police could not do anything about it, and the kids remained.

That story was completely false and I knew that I could prove that it was false, so when it came time to cross-examine I knew exactly what to do. My plan was to show that she has a history of filing false police reports, harassing neighbors, and that she either lies or lacks a grasp on reality. Unfortunately, I was unable to ask most questions, including the questions relating to making large numbers of police reports, many of which have been proven false. The District Attorney objected to that question and the judge somehow went along with it. Somehow, none of my questions were "relevant." This was a common theme, I was not allowed to ask either of the witnesses any material question; every single one was objected to, and every single time the judge sided with the district attorney. I once again began to fear that I was in a kangaroo court where the verdict had already been decided. Fortunately, I was able to ask for specifics about her unbelievable story involving the kids doing drugs in my house and leaping from second story windows. She went on and on, filling her fictitious story with more and more detail.

Next, the district attorney called Erik Young, and my objections to the lack of discovery were denied. I had no idea what stories he was going to tell, all I knew was that it was the man that Laura Rodd lived with, a man who she claimed had top level security clearances and was a high ranking employee of Lockheed Martin. The law demands that a defendant is allowed to know the evidence against him, this is basic discovery, but I was forced to cross-examine this witness without an opportunity to prepare. I was very fortunate that Erik Young was not a good witness. He was afraid to perjure himself and so he claimed that he was on the phone for most of our conversation, that he was only present at the very beginning when I first asked Laura why she put up signs. In truth, he had stood by the door the entire time with his phone in his hand, keeping an eye on things. He claimed that he was afraid for her safety, yet he went inside to finish a phone call. I attempted to ask him questions but the DA objected to every question and the judge, not being a trained lawyer, went along with her every time. Erik Young refused to even answer what his relationship with Laura was, Erik acted like he was above the proceedings. Erik also made the outrageous claim in court that when I went to the door, he had no idea who I was, despite having seen me more than 100 times; he even claimed to still not know my name the day of the trial. He also claimed to be unaware of the multiple large signs that were placed in his yard the day before and were mere feet from his door. I was able to humiliate him by asking him why, if he feared for her safety, would he go inside and leave her alone. He was unable to adequately answer.

I was very fortunate that the case would be adjourned for a week, before I would raise my defense. Originally this was because arresting officer Monteiro was expected to be called to court, but he was unable to that day. I intended to question him, because the original paperwork had him as the complainant, despite the fact that he never witnessed or participated in the event. Laura Rodd was the complainant, and the statements made in the complaint were those of Laura, not of him. Monteiro immediately accepted that he had made an error and fixed the paperwork to show that Laura Rodd was in fact the complainant and that he was just the responding officer; I therefore never needed to call him. This stroke of luck gave me ample time to prepare a strong defense.

I took this opportunity to request the police report for the incident Laura claimed occurred. Of course, no report existed, and the police acknowledged that the event could not have taken place as she claimed without a report existing. This was the proof I needed to destroy the case, and to prove that Laura Rodd was a liar. I was therefore extremely prepared when the trial began again. While there was

no evidence against me other than the testimony of Laura Rodd, I was still forced to testify on my own behalf in order to not only show doubt about my guilt, but to prove my innocence.

I began my testimony by shattering Laura and the DA's assertions that I was a lazy landlord. I worked a full time job at a hardware store, drove a cab part time, was a landlord, as well as an active real estate agent and paralegal in one of the busiest real estate offices in Owego. The judge and DA were clearly taken aback by this information, as they began to realize that I was not some monster, rather I was a hard working, intelligent, educated individual; being harassed by someone with either evil intent or lacking any grasp on reality. I explained the truth of the event, that no trespass took place, that I left when asked to leave, and stood there when Laura wanted to speak with me. I went on to state for the record that much of the conversation did not take place on her property, but on a public sidewalk; and that Laura was the one who escalated the conversation and I left the scene without yelling, threatening, or committing any acts to intimidate anyone. When I was done, it was District Attorney's turn to cross examine me.

I probably should have simply refused to answer any questions under my fifth amendment protections, but decided instead to play along and answer every question asked, even when it was clear that it was the DA's objective to verbally trap me. Over and over, her line of questioning tried to place me on Laura's property after she told me to leave, but the truth was on my side, and I was able to avoid all her traps which she had been perfecting for years as a District Attorney.

In my closing statements, I repeated over and over again that this was a criminal, not a civil trial, and that I needed to be found guilty with proof beyond a reasonable doubt. I brought up the nonsensical nature of Erik Young's testimony, who claimed to not even witness the alleged trespass, as well as stating that Laura does not like me, has a motive in getting an order of protection, and that she has been provably dishonest in her testimony. The DA used her closing arguments to once again place me at the property after being told to leave, without any evidence to back up this assertion, and claimed that the testimony of Erik Young, being an engineer at Lockheed, should most sway the court.

The Judge announced that she would make her decision and I would receive a copy in the mail. Sources told me that this was a good sign, that for some odd reason, the local judges don't like to find defendants not guilty in front of the District Attorney. Sure enough, I would receive a letter in the mail saying that I had been found Not Guilty, of course, it took two weeks for the judge to sign the paper, keeping me in suspense and at risk of being arrested during that entire time. Unfortunately, no charges were ever levied against Laura Rodd for lying under oath.

On September 4, 2012, the Village of Owego had an unsafe structure hearing for the property on Chestnut street. When the hearing began, something extremely strange happened. At the beginning of the meeting Clerk/Treasurer Rodney Marchewka read the motion that the Board was to vote on. As he read it, the trustees all seemed confused, and so did I. Rodney read a motion calling for a hearing, it was the exact same motion read weeks earlier, simply calling for the hearing; there was no language in regards to findings, and more importantly, there was nothing read that declared the home unsafe and

calling for its demolition. The intent of the meeting was clear, despite no formal motion being read, and the hearing went on.

Laura Rodd read a speech, Itchy lied and made it out like I wasn't doing any work on the property despite him giving me every opportunity, making no mention that they threatened to arrest me for doing any work. When it was my turn, I began by telling my story of harassment, the criminality of Laura Rodd, the dishonesty of James Meade. I went on to show that the village had not even secured a warrant to enter the property and to inspect it, and that the property was in the best condition it has been in for the last 10 years, that the dilapidated addition which I removed was the only unsafe part of the structure. Code enforcement refused to even state what specific issues with the property made it unsafe, and refused to provide a list of specific violations that needed to be remedied. After a very lengthy debate, in a split vote, my house was determined unsafe and was to be demolished. I sat through most of the meeting, until the Board went into executive session, and I never heard a formal resolution read, declaring my home unsafe. While the intent of the Board was to declare my home unsafe, they never actually approved a motion to do so. Now I knew full well that the village board intended to vote to demolish my house, I also knew that they could easily call the motion at a future board meeting and tear down my house legally, but I was excited that I seemed to be given a little more time, and with the board members so split on the issue, it felt like a fateful opportunity. I went to the Village offices the day after the statutory requirement for filing a motion had passed, and asked for a copy of the motion. At first the Clerk's office stated that they had not filed the motion yet, and I alerted them to the statutory requirements. Within 24 hours they told me to come down to the Clerk's Office and I could get a copy. I was afraid that the motion they intended to vote on would be on record, that they had possibly approved the motion when they returned from executive session, but it wasn't, it was the motion I remembered them reading, a motion simply calling for a hearing. I almost screamed out of joy. I showed Clerk/ Treasurer Rodney Marchewka, and I told him that they needed to bring it back to the Board, and that I planned on putting up a fight.

What happened next was absolutely shocking. Rodney Marchewka printed up a new motion calling for the demolition of the house, and signed it with a September 4th date. There were recording devices in the room and I warned him that his actions were criminal, he simply laughed. Rodney refused to acknowledge that he had made an error and he and the Mayor said that they would not bring the matter back before the Board without a lawyer or judge demanding them to. I took the two motions to the Sheriff's Department and when I showed them my evidence, Investigator Hogan agreed that their was probable cause that a crime took place, and began an investigation on Rodney Marchewka for Fraud and Official Misconduct. Shortly after the investigation began, Investigator Hogan contacted me and told me that he had sat down in a meeting with Judge Boland, Rodney Marchewka, Village Attorney Robert Mckterich, and others with the Village, and that the Sheriff's Department decided they would simply drop the investigation since Boland would dismiss the charges on the logic that Rodney had no financial gain from the forged motion.

I was not ready to give up, and I decided to contact the individuals who recorded the hearing and at first they were willing to give me copies, but Mayor Millar and Village Attorney Robert McKertich contacted them and told them all that he needed the tapes first. The tapes were all confiscated by the Mayor,

with the direct support and help of Village Attorney McKertich and it was weeks before an edited audio recording was provided to me, which stated the forged motion. The Sternburgs had a video copy of the meeting, and at first gladly offered a copy, but then were suddenly unwilling to let me have a copy after the Mayor demanded that they send copies directly to him. Trustee Earl Hartman had a recording of the meeting, but he too changed his position and told me that he was sending his copy to the Mayor. I would eventually give Hartman my copy of the recording to compare to his copy, and he said he would do so, return the recording, and tell me what he found; he did none of those things.

I spoke with Village Attorney Robert McKertich over the phone, and accused the village of fraud. McKertich denied these charges, and offered little reasoning for why he and the Mayor would confiscate the tapes. I told him that I would be reporting him to government agencies and the public. Within 24 hours of this phone call, my cell phone no longer worked properly. My phone would be on and people could call, and it would never show up on my phone. I would have large blocks of time where I was unreachable. I drove for the cab, and we used cell phones, I was forced to borrow the boss' cell phone. I would later determine that someone had cloned my SIM card, a feat that was surprisingly easy at that time. This was done at a very important time, when I was speaking to government officials and law enforcement; I will never know how many important calls were missed due to these criminal actions.

Immediately following this conversation, Code Enforcer Meade took enforcing village code violations on my neighbors and falsely claiming that I turned them in to new levels. He gave verbal warnings for the most trivial of violations to most of the houses close to mine and was extremely vocal that I was trying to scapegoat everybody else so that I could be a slumlord. At this time I also was the victim of vandalism to my vehicle and to my properties. I was forced to stop riding my bicycle because the same Jeep would try and run me off the road, screaming at me to scare me, and once even lightly clipped me with their mirror. I had a flock of sheep with 40 breeding ewes, and I rarely went out to the bar, but on the one night I did, I would be dropped off home, fairly intoxicated, to find a scene of horror, with sheep lying on their sides, screaming in agony. It was my biggest, healthiest sheep that were the most sick, which supported the theory that someone had poisoned them, and the sheep that generally ate first, were the ones most sick. Only 2 sheep ended up dying that night, but for months I was plagued with still born lambs, and sick mothers who had no energy to push out lambs who had no strength to assist in the birthing process. I was forced to reach inside and pull out nearly a dozen lambs that while alive, would never stand up. I went from 1 assisted birth a year (I had a breed that has few lambs but very self-sufficient) to more than 30. With everything going on, I was drained emotionally and financially.

Things escalated dramatically when one day I was walking down the street with my girlfriend and as we walked past Laura Rodd's house, she came out and began to yell. She was calling me names, and said over and over again, that my house was coming down. I never turned around, I never stopped walking, I didn't even break stride, I simply said "Whatever you say Laura." and continued walking to the store. An hour or so later I received a call from OPD, Laura had once again filed criminal charges against me, this time for harassment, and once again a temporary order of protection was issued.

I was shocked. I had proven Laura Rodd was a liar, who was willing to perjure herself in court and I had a witness that saw that nothing happened, but the police had no interest in the witnesses' story, I was

told to take it to the judge. When I went to court, I was called before Judge Boland who had recused himself the last case. I politely told him that I had been told to discuss the order of protection with him and I asked it be dropped due to a lack of evidence, and that I have no violent criminal history. What happened next still haunts me. Judge Boland who seemed to have been in a great mood, joking with the other defendants; suddenly screamed on the top of his lungs at me. The entire courtroom jumped as he slammed his fists on the table and screamed, "You have already been here for this, Who told you to ask me that?" I didn't know what to say, and he began to demand I tell him who told me to ask him that. Judge Boland would not stop his demands until I answered him; he gave the firm impression that I would be arrested if I did not give him a name, he demanded to know who told me to ask him about the order of protection, as if that person was guilty of a crime. Finally, I gulped, took a breath, and in a voice loud enough for the entire courtroom to hear, I told him that the police told me that it was up to the judge to determine the validity of an order of protection. I said, "Who else am I supposed to ask about removing the order of protection?" I went on to say that I had not only been found not guilty, but that I proved my innocence, that I was being harassed by Laura Rodd, not the other way around. Judge Boland seemed quite surprised by my sudden jolt of confidence, and changed his attitude, but still did not remove or even discuss the validity of the order of protection which once again prevented me from entering my own property.

The District Attorney was the same as before and despite her knowing that Laura Rodd lied in the last case, she still refused to dismiss charges. I was outraged, and I told her that if this went to trial again, that I would sue the Village of Owego for wrongful arrest and harassment, and that I would write letters to the editor calling her out specifically. I had my girlfriend as a witness and a woman down the road who witnessed the event also was willing to testify on my behalf, further Laura claimed that her friend witnessed the event, but this friend refused to corroborate Laura's story, and did not even provide a statement to police. I gave the DA the contact information for all these individuals and she told me that before the next court date, and after talking with witnesses, that she would make a determination. It would take months, but eventually, charges were dismissed.

I would be arrested by Officer Kobylarz a third time for possession of a shovel and rake on my property. It was claimed that I was violating a stop work order, by cleaning leaves and debris from my yard. I would be handcuffed, loaded into a police car, and detained for over an hour, with Kobylarz acting increasingly erratic and confrontational with me. It appeared that he was trying to instigate a fight with me, and so I screamed the Chief of Police's name, requesting her to intervene. The Chief came, and Kobylarz was told to leave, and I was released without charge.

Throughout this time, there was a concerted effort to destroy my reputation and to bully me into submission. The Mayor contacted the press, making false statements about my property, and told them that I was unreachable, so that the story would run on TV and in the newspaper without a statement by me. I went online and commented on the story, and after receiving a number of "likes" WBNG contacted me, wanting to run another story on it. "Will it Come Down" was the headline of the story, which was a pretty fair article for both sides. This is when online trolls began to blow up any article or

mention of the property. James Meade and Jeff Soules had created a Facebook account (one of many troll accounts they created) with the name Andy Wilbur, with the sole purpose of harassing and trolling individuals he didn't like. I was able to prove that it was him, and got him in trouble with others in the village he had harassed, including Earl Hartmen, and he was forced to end the trolling campaign. James Meade claimed that Andy Wilbur was his son, and that he had nothing to do with it, but it was a lie, because this individual claimed to have been inside my house and seemed very interested in Village politics yet his son lives out of the state.

I was painted all over the internet as a slumlord, but soon something incredibly strange happened, I was beginning to be labeled as a drug dealer, specifically heroin. I had heard from a few people that there was a rumor circulating that I grew large quantities of marijuana, and that I was involved in the sales of prescription pills and heroin. These rumors found their way on the internet, and Laura Rodd herself had commented on articles and comment boards that drugs were being sold from my house. At the time, I believed that these comments were completely false and were only used to destroy my reputation, but truth turned out to be stranger than any fiction, as Laura Rodd and Itchy seemed to know before anyone else, about a secret that would soon become common knowledge.

Since I was no longer able to be on Chestnut street, i was forced to find a new place to live. I had a single wide trailer that I rented to 2 single men. I wasn't close with either of them, and they were under no obligation to do so, but agreed to allow me to make a small 1 room "apartment" on the back porch, in exchange for a reduction in rent. While technically I would be roommates with my two tenants, the porch was blocked off from the rest of the structure, and I had my own entrance in the back. I had a toilet, a shower, and a bed, and that was about it, all in one room. I rarely saw my tenants and was located in the rear of the property so I was unable to observe the comings and goings of the house. My two tenants were single men a few years younger than I was, and they almost always had friends staying at the house. Suddenly however, it felt like there were a lot more people around, I did not think much of it, and did not have the financial ability to evict the tenants anyway, further, they had done me an incredible favor in allowing me to build the apartment in the back, allowing me to both have a place to live as well as collect a rent.

What did immediately upset me was the random accumulation of scrap metal in front of the property that appeared almost immediately after my truck broke down. The tenant had a truck and was able to bring scrap to the junkyard at any time, but for some odd reason he began to load up scrap metal from various locations and deposit it in the most conspicuous spot possible in the front yard. The pile of old refrigerators and random scrap just continued to grow. The tenant would tell me dates that he would get it all out, but instead the pile just continued to grow. I did not have a truck, was completely bankrupted, and began to wonder if my tenant was somehow being encouraged to act against my interests.

One day I received a call from what was at this point my ex-girlfriend. She told a story told to her by strange, manipulative neighbors of the property, who also have a Lockheed Martin connection, and engaged in harmful activities against me. They claimed that a black man dressed "like a pimp" with a feather in his hat and an over the top outfit, had come to their house demanding to know where my

tenant was. The story seemed pretty unbelievable. They claimed that this man looked to be high on drugs and they believed he was in fact a dangerous pimp and drug dealer. After this event, they claimed to be scared for their children, and were conducting surveillance of my house with the police, the police had told them they were aware of drug activity on the property. The neighbors were hoping my ex-girlfriend would provide them with information about me and my tenants, trying to find connections between us. While I did not completely believe the story involving the pimp; at the same time I was absolutely flooded with people who informed me that heroin sales were being conducted from the house I was living in. It was as if a switch had been turned and in a single instant, it became common knowledge that heroin was being sold from the house I was living in, when moments before it was a well kept secret.

I told my tenant that he needs to get rid of the scrap metal, and should find a new place to live asap. I also informed him of the allegations of heroin sales I was suddenly being inundated with, and told him that if there was any truth to that, then he was a fool because I was being harassed by the village, and he was drawing so much attention to the property with all the scrap metal. I soon realized that I was likely being set up, and so I left town to spend over a month in Florida and Connecticut. Within a couple weeks of my leaving, the drug dealing had stopped, but the scrap metal was still there, he left it there the entire month I was gone.

A short time after moving out, the former tenant decided to come clean with me on what had been going on. He claimed he was no longer involved in dealing drugs, but that he had in fact been selling heroin from the house for a number of months. He told me that a black man who he had never met before knocked on his door and made him a business proposition. The person claimed to know something about him, and was confident that he could move heroin for him. The tenant was not confident in his ability to find buyers for any large quantities of heroin, but the stranger told him how much his cost would be, and to talk to people.

When the tenant talked to people he knew used heroin, they were shocked at the low price. At that price, there would be no problem finding buyers. A friend of his with a lot of street connections was eager to work out a deal with him. At first things were quiet as he really only had one customer, but as soon as one heroin user identified him, they all identified him, and things grew exponentially fast. Overnight, he was likely the largest mover of heroin in the area. When I left the state, and told him that people were coming forward with allegations of drug sales, as well as the intense battle I was having with the village, and the attention it was bringing; he decided to quit selling cold turkey. I firmly believe that there was an intent to make the home I was living in, the center of drug trafficking, and that it was to be raided while I was home, and my tenants were either conspiring against me, or would be compelled to make false statements, connecting me to the crime. It scares me to think what would have happened if I didn't flee where I was living and demand the tenant cease their activities and find a new place to live.

During this time, while facing personal and financial hardships in every aspect of my life, I was also faced with one of the most hostile tenant stories imaginable. In order to focus on the house on Chestnut Street, I worked out a deal with a local landlord, introduced to me by the code enforcer, who would take control of my house on Spencer Ave and I would get a set monthly amount, and he would handle everything. Kevin Pierce had similar arrangements with many other property owners in the area, and he had a good working relationship with the village code enforcer. With few options, I let Kevin manage the property and at first he had a decent tenant in, but after only a few months, they moved, and despite telling Kevin specifically not to allow Rusty Towner, a known scam artist and trouble tenant, into my home, Kevin moved Rusty into my house. I would never receive a single rent payment, Kevin had worked out a deal to buy the house that Rusty was previously living in. The landlord was eager to own finance the property because he had been battling with Rusty for months, and despite his felony convictions and horrible reputation, Rusty was being used by code enforcer James "Itchy" Meade to harass landlords (James "Itchy" Meade used his position to decide winners and losers in the Village rental community, harassing individuals, destroying neighborhoods, associating with unsavory characters, and I believe that he has a financial interest in a local rental company that received special favors). It was nearly impossible to evict Rusty, the process could last more than a year, and Rusty was famous for destroying properties, and then using the condition of the property to avoid paying rent or being evicted. His relationship with Itchy allowed the properties to avoid condemnation, no matter how severe the damage. When Rusty finally leaves a house, he leaves you out rent for almost a year, as well as tens of thousands of dollars in damage to your home. Kevin simply moved Rusty out of the house he was purchasing, and moved him into my house.

It was no shock to me that the rental agreement with Rusty went badly almost right away. Rusty does not pay rent, he never has and I doubt he ever will, and after months of nonpayment, I demanded that Kevin evict Rusty, and he agreed, but I would have to pay for the court process. Rusty was a no-show to the court and so Kevin was given an eviction. It wasn't until after I paid for the eviction that Rusty brought the case back to the court, claiming he wasn't served; wasting weeks of time and lots of money in eviction costs. The process had already gone on a very long time, but when there were no more legal loopholes for Rusty to use, and eviction was almost guaranteed, Kevin backed out of our arrangement and refused to attend the last court hearing. I demanded to know why Kevin would pretend to be a friend and sabotage me at the last minute. Kevin was at first unwilling to explain, he was concerned that his rental business would be impacted if he talked to me. He was only willing to reveal that James "Itchy" Meade had pressured him to sabotage me, and claimed that he did not have the ability to say no. I attended the final hearing, but as expected, I was told that since Kevin had started the proceedings and was now being uncooperative, I would have to begin the process all over again. Half a year and hundreds of dollars in costs, and thousands of dollars in rent arrears were lost.

Rusty would make himself difficult to serve, I would have to enlist friends he wouldn't recognize, because I was threatened with arrest if I knocked on the door; and with the village police harassment I had already received, I was not willing to test the threat. FOIL requests would later reveal that over and over again, Rusty made false statements to police in an attempt to get a harassment charge against me. He was attempting to repeat Laura Rodd's harassment tactics, and was attempting to get an order of

protection which would prevent me from coming onto my property. Rusty was close with Officer Kobylarz who would allow him to remove windows and trash the house, and when I served notice to inspect and repair, I would be threatened with arrest. FOIL requested reports show Kobylarz claim that after two of these incidents I was told to file a report, but never did. This is false, I was told that I needed to get a lawyer, that I did not have any rights to my property unless I had a lawyer. Similarly, with the other house I owned, Kobylarz would claim that unless I paid for a survey of the property, that Laura Rodd could legally enter all portions of the property other than inside the house, something she took full advantage of.

Rusty was running a church group for kids, but it became more and more clear, that he was using and selling drugs with the kids, and there was evidence that pedophile activities were also taking place. Rusty was also conducting a check scam where he would buy goods on craigslist using bad checks, and then sell those same items on the street for a discount. Rusty would get close with pastors of churches and then he would steal, or run scams, and he would gain access to financial records and wreak all sorts of havoc. Churches would get complaints of inappropriate conduct with children and they would kick him out, and he would simply find a new church. He eventually went on his own, and ran a youth group out of my house. Marijuana and heroin were regularly and openly being used at the house, and many 16-18 year old addicts frequented the house. I made reports to the police, and they acknowledged that he was being watched, but no action was ever taken.

Rusty had a suspended driver's license and one night he was driving around in a rented U-haul (he would use fraudulent credit and checks to rent the vehicles and he even went so far as to remove the catalytic converter and sell it in at least one U-haul). Some friends and I notified the police, and he was pulled over in front of the house. I was next door, and as the neighbors listened to the police scanner, I went outside to see what happened. Rusty was with some children, and when they opened the back door of the U-haul, the smell of marijuana flooded the street. The cops openly talked about the smell, as did all the neighbors who had come outside to see what was taking place, and it was clear that they had discovered a recent indoor marijuana harvest being transported from a grow house. Village police had originally responded, but soon, the Sheriffs arrived and they took over. We were listening to the police scanner, and someone told all the sheriffs to go to cell phones, to get off the air. Rusty was not arrested that night, nor was his marijuana confiscated. Rusty was given a complete pass, even allowing him and the children to keep the pot. I would learn later that Rusty was acting as a police informant, and was also encouraged by the police as well as code enforcement, to make my life difficult.

Months and months were passing by and Rusty was continuing to build his drug front youth group. He was running clothes drives in Wal-mart parking lots. The kids would ask for clothes donations as well as cash. They would dump the clothes in the basement of my house, and use the money for drugs. It wasn't until I and others, contacted Wal-mart and other stores, that this scam ended. Rusty got into a fight with his girlfriend Melody, and turned her in for the check scams that he was committing. She was incarcerated and things at the house got even worse. Drug activity was completely in the open and no one was doing a thing about it. The Sheriffs were taking the maximum amount of time possible to serve Rusty and Melody with their final eviction paperwork. Melody was in jail, in the same building as the

Sherriffs, and it still took them a week to serve her. Either Rusty had connections everywhere, or someone else was using their connections to cause me harm.

Rants and Raves on craigslist is where I decided to open up, and tell my tale of corruption. I named names and ended the piece saying that when a 16 year old dies of an overdose in that house, it will be the Sherriff's department and individual members of OPD's fault. I also publicly called Rusty out as a pedophile and a police informant, and warned the police that he was far worse than any criminal he could possibly set up. The rant went viral, and multiple individuals stepped forward, backing up these claims, and the code enforcer and others, soon found themselves contacted by the District Attorney's Office.

It was as if a light switch had been turned on. Suddenly, the sherriffs and the courts, evicted Rusty with haste, despite tricks he continued to pull, such as filling the house with paper and clothes and random debris, because according to New York law, a landlord must have the trucks available at the time of the eviction to remove all of the contents, and must have an adequate place to store them. If a landlord is unable to fulfill these requirements, the eviction process starts over. The eviction was also allowed to continue, despite the fact that the person who served him the original paperwork had been tragically killed. Rusty had been exposed and soon others came forward, and it wasn't long before Rusty found himself back home in prison, where he belongs. Most alarming was that when he was finally arrested, large numbers of charges from the past were included. The police could have taken Rusty off the street months earlier, and they actively chose not to. I have always wondered why, and Rusty would not be the first or last individual who harassed me while serious charges were pending against them, only arrested after I finally succeed in defeating them or getting them out of my life.

I finally knew how to win battles against my stalkers. Public exposure of the individual acts of harassment was the only way to put a stop to these acts, but unfortunately, as soon as one act was stopped, the professional stalkers would devise new methods of harassment that were more anonymous.

Throughout this time period Itchy and Jeff Soules were using multiple facebook accounts to troll me and others, with "Andy Wilbur" being their main trolling account. They would make comments on articles involving me and my property, as well as engaging in other trolling activities. The account had a relatively short list of friends who followed it, but every one of them was involved in local government, business, or media. The friends list was a who's who of the power structure of Tioga County. Itchy and Soules were spreading hate filled lies using this account, as well as openly making threats; with the power structure of Owego actively watching and at times participating. Police Chief Vinti even made joking comments on the page, acknowledging it was Itchy and Soules behind the account; an account which was used to harass me and others while they were "on the clock" and likely using Village computers.

Andy Wilbur called out my employers by name in an attempt to put pressure on me. I was called names, not only calling me things like slumlord, but also implying that I was a crack cocaine user. Andy Wilbur made fun of my finances saying that the house could never be fixed on a taxi driver salary, despite Itchy

and Soules already having encouraged and approved my plan to renovate the structure on a taxi driver salary, as well as the fact that I worked multiple jobs, and they knew that I had wealthy family members and knew multiple investors who could theoretically be called to invest if the project wasn't being sabotaged. What was most chilling were the threats. The most specific threat was "This puke don't have the balls to confront any one,he is a coward,just like a host of others. Course any one with a brain wouldn't cross these two.LMFAO" The notion that I wouldn't confront them is false, as I personally got in Itchy's face countless times and told him exactly what I thought about his harassment and stalking, and exactly what I intended to do about it. They also acknowledge that it is both of them behind the account, and openly admit that they were engaged in stalking activities against me.

After the threat, I decided to go down to the Department of Public Works and have a few words with Itchy. Itchy immediately softened his rhetoric, claimed Andy Wilbur was not his or Soules' account, and would not specify what was meant by the threat, since he claimed he did not make it. Almost immediately after facing off with Itchy, and warning him that I was taking screen shots of his comments, the Andy Wilbur account made sarcastic public messages to all of his powerful local friends, about me getting him in trouble; most of these individuals being those who would be in charge of any disciplinary actions against him. He rubbed it in my face that the Village government was corrupt and flatly told me that there was nothing I could do about.

For years I had known Itchy, and when I first moved to the area, I considered him a source of information. Itchy had told me about criminal and pedophilic activities being conducted by local landlords as well as certain business owners and power players in the area. He seemed like a solid source of information until I realized that he was similarly telling fantastic tales about my involvement in drug dealing and even spreading rumors about my sexuality. It became clear that Itchy and Jeff Soules are involved in what is commonly referred to as "gang stalking" and they are actively targeting local landlords and business owners, spreading rumors and attempting to sabotage their business and personal relationships, and to bankrupt them, even going so far as to set individuals up on false criminal charges.

I had enough of the Andy Wilbur shenanigans and Itchy and Soules' childish, narcissistic, and at times dangerous behavior. I immediately reported the activities to Village Trustee Earl Hartman, who during the election, had also been harassed by this account. Itchy got into some trouble over these incidents, and he was forced to concede that the account was that of his son, not his. This of course, based on what was said by the account, is downright silly, as he does not have a son that lives locally who could have the inside knowledge that was stated by the account. The Andy Wilbur account continued on as a sarcastic F.U. to me and Earl Hartman, but no longer operated as actively as before.

Nearly 6 years had passed after the incident with the forged resolution, and I decided that it was time to try and get some justice, or at least to seek the truth. , I reached out to Earl Hartman and asked him what he found with my recording, and why he never called me back or returned my recording. Earl Hartman claimed that he was told by Robert McKertich that he was not allowed to listen to my

recording, and that he and all the other Trustees were not allowed to contact me. McKertich demanded that Hartman send the CD which McKertich had just given to me, back to him; and I was never contacted. Since Hartman was no longer a Village Trustee, he said that he could listen to his recording of the meeting, if he could find it, and that he would let me know what its contents were, and offered me a copy. I would wait, and after roughly two weeks passed, I wrote a letter to the editor calling out the fraud that had been committed against me.

The day that the letter was printed, Hartman would get back to me through email, with a cc to Robert Mckertich, despite the fact that McKertich was no longer the Village Attorney, nor is he Hartman's personal attorney. Hartman claimed that McKertich had said that the recordings taken by him were Village property and that they would have to be sent to the Village Clerk's Office, and I could FOIL request and pay for copies. Once again, Bob McKertich would prevent me from getting first access to evidence, and he wasn't even the village attorney anymore. It was all absolutely mindblowing, and I began to realize that Coughlin and Gerhart Law Firm likely played a role in the harassment activities against me. I requested these recordings, and also asked for the official recording, the one that had been provided to me years earlier, but the Clerk's Office claimed that they no longer possessed the official recordings, or the recording that was sent back to McKertich by Hartman.

I would receive a copy of all of the audio recordings taken by Earl Hartman during his long tenure as Village Trustee. All of the files were labeled numerically, using the date, for example October 15, 2012 would be entered as 121015. This was largely universal, except for the September 4, 2012 meeting and another meeting where I raised arguments to the Board. Someone other than Earl Hartman had renamed both of the relevant files. The recording provided to me, shows that at the beginning of the hearing, a resolution calling for the demolition of my home was read. This does not match the minutes from that meeting, which shows that only a resolution to hold a hearing was read at the beginning of the meeting with the demolition resolution being read before voting took place. The Village Board would postpone the filing of the official September 4, 2012 meeting minutes until October 15, 2012. At the September 17, 2012 meeting, when it came time to approve the meetings from the 4th, McKertich stated that he has to work with Rodney on some issues and to postpone approving the minutes. Despite this attention by the Village Attorney and Marchewka, the minutes do not match the recording I was provided.

I decided to show up to Earl Hartman's house, and I presented him with the two different resolutions, and asked which was read according to his recording of the meeting. Hartman claimed that in all these years, after all my requests, after recently making a copy of the recordings to send to the Village, and all my public claims of fraud, that he never took the time to listen to the first 2 minutes of the recording. I was completely blown away by this claim, which seemed like either a lie, or Earl Hartman consciously avoided learning the truth so that he could not be compelled to testify against the Village. During this conversation, Hartman stated that he was concerned about being sued by McKertich and the Village for helping me. Hartman took copies of Exhibit A and B and once again told me that he would email me, as well as the Village Clerk's Office, and Robert McKertich, a report showing what he found.

On June 6th, 2018; I finally received an email from Earl Hartman in which he claims to have finally listened to his original of the recording. Earl Hartman claims that the resolution read at the beginning of the meeting is the same resolution read at the beginning of the recording I was given. I will never understand why it took so many years for Earl Hartman to provide me with that simple answer; an answer I know to be a lie, or at the very least, a manipulated truth, whereby Earl listened to a recording that he likely knew had been tampered with. I will never fully understand how a Village Attorney and Mayor can demand private citizens and Trustee members to deny me access to footage that I know, shows a crime committed against me. In my opinion, Robert McKertich greatly abused his authority and his legal license, and helped conceal a crime.

I realized that the only way I would ever get justice is if I seized it myself. I have decided to run for, and have earned the Libertarian Party nomination for Tioga County Sheriff. I am going to restore law and order to Tioga County, and put a stop to rampant abuses of power. The actions of James "Itchy" Meade, Jeff Soules, Laura Rodd, Brett Kobylarz, Kevin Millar, Rodney Marchewka, and Robert McKertich were especially abusive, disgusting, and criminal. I hope other victims will come forward, and as Sheriff, I will work to prevent future victims.