

Your Honor,

Case # 1999-CF-68

Many years ago now Robert Woodall was sentenced to prison for horrible crimes he committed against my family. There can never be enough punishment for these crimes. He took <sup>the</sup> ultimate in life from us. Our Child!

Why is the fact he was 19 at the time make him eligible for any less time than before? Heather is still gone! He is responsible for that and should have to spend everyday of his miserable life paying for it.

My family did nothing but support that young man. My folks too. We lost my Dad in 2017 and Mom in 2023 and as much as I hate it that they are gone, I'm glad they aren't here to have to go through this. It's devastating to find that he might actually get out sooner rather than later.

The pain this man caused our family has and always will be raw and debilitating. It has taken from me the ability to be happy, to even smile anymore. You know when someone dies your friends always say "Let me know if I can do anything" Those words I'm sure are sincere, but there just isn't a thing they can do.

I hate the word "closure"! When something like this happens there is no closure! The pain never

leaves us! Brenna will never get her mother back! He killed her mother with Brenna in the other room!

When Brenna was 5 or 6 years old she found a caterpillar. She left <sup>it</sup> on the garage step and someone stepped on it and squished it. She cried because she knew it was dead because it looked like Mommy's ear when she died. Can you imagine?!?

Brenna can never call her mom on the phone and talk about her day, ask her for advice when she's unsure about something, she can't even call to share a recipe! Might seem trivial to some but it's an example of life, the life she had stolen from her by Robert Woodall!

Why should he be allowed to experience his "Lifes Little Treasures"? We can't! How about Tisha? She couldn't have her sister by her side on her wedding day or to ask her things about planning it, or having her 1<sup>st</sup> child, talk to her later about how proud she is of her girls or how much she loves Ryan (I thank God for him every day) Sister Stuff! That was stolen from her too. She loved her sister so much. She needed therapy after it all.

I still don't understand how we missed it. When he and Tisha were going together we thought we were lucky she had a boyfriend

we could trust. They spent most of their time at the house so we didn't have to wonder what they were up to. My Dad helped him work on his car. Mom liked him too. We were all so wrong. He was not the person we thought he was. We were only allowed to see the side of him. He wanted us to see. In reality he was cold and calculating.

Life for Mike and I has changed too. We don't really go anywhere. We stay home all the time. Doors and windows locked at night even if the weather is warm enough to have them open. I'm afraid of everything. I worry about everything all the time. We have no faith in the human race.

Was he angry at us? Did he want to destroy us? Our home, our dog, my job. That would be enough for revenge, but apparently he wanted to totally destroy us. He was setting me up for weeks. This wasn't just a crime it was a premeditated crime.

As a judge you may have heard a coroner describe an autopsy. But how would it feel if it were your own child's he was talking about? If he were describing horrible procedures? I had to leave the court room. Then later the nightmare, comes of her laying on the table in a blood filled room!

Does this not qualify for the punishment he's been given?

I implore you judge to see this crime for what it was a cold, brutal, calculated murder. He should have to spend all of his sentence in prison where he belongs. We think he should have gotten more than he received in the 1st place.

Sincerely,  
Mike and Jeanne  
Ballance  
2/3/23

## Attachment F

I would like to open with a scripture I found. Psalm 34:18 "The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit. Even in our grief we are not alone. God offers comfort and salvation."

Every morning when I wake, I get to be a mother, an experience that was taken from my mother and something that constantly reminds me that I didn't have one growing up, which has played a huge part in my life in so many ways. When my children are upset or hurt, they run to me but who am I supposed to run to? I am always second guessing myself as a mother, as I didn't have an example of what a mother is or should be, throughout my childhood.

Growing up without a mother to hug and comfort me has caused me to become uncomfortable with being touched, held or taken care of. It has caused me high levels of independence, content with being alone and forced me to grow up quicker than the rest of my peers.

I often feel emotionally distant from my husband due to being numb to my feelings and a lack of self-confidence that comes from not being nurtured by a mother as a child. I perceive conflict as a threat and detach myself from the situation. I become easily overwhelmed and have a hard time engaging in social relationships. I don't feel like I fit in with the rest of my peers because I was never taught proper communication.

I have grieved in so many ways over the years. It comes in waves and never seems to end.

I have experienced depression and anxiety my entire life. Throughout my teenage years, I attempted to cope through medication, drugs and alcohol but those were all just Band-Aids for the pain of having my mom taken from me.

Having my heart broken at such a young age caused me to build an emotional wall to protect my heart, which has become taller, thicker and stronger over the years. This has made me feel distant from my surroundings and disconnected to the present moment.

I couldn't tell you what my mother smelled like or even how her voice sounded because she was taken from me so young. I have nothing to hold onto her, other than a small amount of picture evidence to prove that she even existed or that I experienced a mother's love, but that's not enough for me.

My mental health declined significantly when I was 24 due to my anxiety being at an all-time high. I was consumed by thoughts, reminding me that this was the age she was at when she was taken from this world and me. I often thought about how my children would turn out if someone were to take my life or wondering how much different my life would've been had she still been here.

I didn't just lose one parent that day, I lost both. The loss of my mom caused my dad to seek out self-medication with drugs and alcohol. He was always grieving so it was hard for him to be a parent. I spent my childhood watching my dad suffer, never trying or even wanting to find another woman. I had plenty of aunts and family friends who tried to step up and fill the "mommy" role, but it wasn't the same... it wasn't her. During this time, my grandparents pretty well raised me and made sure I never went without the material things, all the while still mourning their daughter.

There has always been this hole in my heart like something is missing, which has caused me to never fully love properly because I never wanted to love someone fully and have them taken away from me again.

The only memory I have of my mother is a terrible one. The morning I tried to wake her up, but she wouldn't, and I couldn't understand why. At the time, I thought maybe she was just sick, and I remember being on my own for an extended period of time until my dad came home much later. I told him "I think something is wrong with mommy, she is sick and there is blood coming from her ears". It was at that moment that my whole world was flipped upside down. I was told that during the interviews and interrogations that I remembered and muttered "Robbie" and told my aunt that I hid behind the couch while he was in our home.

My mother-in-law was Robbie's classmate as a child, they went to school together for 13 years and she considered him to be a close friend. She worked at McDonald's at this time. When my now husband introduced me to her and when she realized who I was and what happened to my mother, she told me that she remembered Robbie coming through the drive thru for a happy meal the morning he came to murder my mother. She found it quite odd considering he didn't have any children yet at the time. You bought the child of your victim McDonald's and then just killed her in cold blood and went about your day? "I killed your mom but at least you aren't hungry?"

The only home video I have of her has him in it, ruining it. He was holding me, playing with me and smiling like he was a part of our family, because he was. Our family let him in and trusted him and he did the worst thing he could have ever done to repay that.

I didn't get closure; I still must deal with so many "what-ifs".

We lost a mother, a child, a wife, sister, friend and grandmother. How are we as a family ever supposed to move past that? My kids ask about their grandma, and I have nothing to tell them because I don't remember anything about her. All I have are maybe 10 pictures that I can give them but no funny stories or memories to go along with them.

Every Mother's Day, every year on her birthday and the anniversary of the day he took her from me, I am consumed by emotions that I must keep locked up tight and pretend aren't there so I can keep going for my kids and husband.

I have had a very difficult relationship with God, as I always blamed him for letting something so incredibly awful happen in our lives, even though I should have been blaming the devil who persuaded Robbie that this was even an option.

With that being said, I'm going to end with another scripture. Revelation 21:8 "But the cowardly, the unbelieving, the vile, the murderers, the sexually immoral, those who practice magic arts, the idolaters and all liars-they will be consigned to the fiery lake of burning sulfur. This is the second death."

Brenna Woods (Lynch)

## Attachment G

Your honor,

My name is Ryan Behl and I'm the husband of Tish Behl (Heather's sister). Although I am not directly a victim of this crime, the impact has been a part of my life for 20 plus years and will continue to be for many years to come. When Robert Woodall committed this horrible act against Heather and this family, the emotional wounds and scars are so deep that they can never be healed. Every family gathering, holiday, birthday, random Sunday dinner there is a reminder of what Robert has stolen from the family. That empty seat where Heather should be is a constant reminder of that day she was taken from us, even if it isn't talked about every family member thinks about it.

Tish and I have been married for 22 years and we have 2 wonderful daughters. We have enjoyed our lives to the best of our ability thus far, even though there has been a dark cloud looming over us because of what happened to Heather. Before Tish and I had children, we would celebrate every holiday just like every other person with the exception of emotional breakdowns happening at some point through the holiday we were celebrating. My wife and I would be reminded in some way of Heather not being around anymore. It could be triggered by something as simple as a smell, a song, a decoration, or just reflecting about family. There are constant reminders that most families don't have to think about or emotionally deal with but since Robert Woodall chose to take Heather's life, it is a part of our lives now.

With that being said, our children were taught at a very young age about death, murder, and what that all means. Imagine trying to explain the concept of death to a child at the age of 8. It was about this age that our daughters start noticing an emotional pattern around mothers day, Christmas, thanksgiving, easter, and so on with my wife and I. They would ask me "why is mom crying" or "are you and mom ok" during these times. It was very difficult to explain to a child why we were emotional and to get them to understand the entire concept at such a young age was something I never imagined I would have to do. Nor would I want any other family to go through the same struggles we had/have to. This is a part of our lives that we are forced to live with because of the acts of Robert Woodall.

The impact of Robert Woodall's actions that I have witnessed in this family are unimaginable. What Heather's parents have had to deal with are something no parent should have to do. Jeanne Ballance has not been emotionally whole ever since this has happened, and how could she be. I understand that things happen such as illness and accidents where a parent would have to attend their own child's funeral, but to have to attend a funeral of your child that was murdered should NEVER happen. Brenna Woods (Heather's daughter) has gone through most of her life without a mother. A mother that wasn't there for her graduation, not there for her wedding, a mother that wasn't there for the birth of Brenna's children. That's a lot of events in Brenna's life that she didn't have the support and love of a mother just to name a few. All because of Robert stealing Heather's life away. Not only away from Heather, but from everyone in her life that she had in influence on.

I would like to thank you for taking the time to read this statement. I hope you consider this statement during this proceeding. The impact on families and friends is unexplainable when a life is unnecessarily taken away from them. Not only of the actions performed by Robert Woodall but by any individual that commits a crime of this magnitude, whomever commits murder should be punished to the fullest extent of the law. It is my understanding that the fact the Robert committed murder is NOT being questioned in this hearing, but the possible mishandling of evidence is. Weather the evidence was mishandled or not does not change the fact that Heather has died at the hand of Robert Woodall. And even though Robert has been punished and should continue being punished, the lasting effect on family and friends will go on forever.

Sincerely,

Ryan Behl



## Attachment H

Your Honor –

My name is Tish Behl. I am the younger sister and only sibling of Heather Lynch. Knowing Robert Woodall has impacted my life greatly in many ways. Knowing him has caused me a great deal of pain for many years of my life. He is a liar, a sexual predator and a monster.

I met Mr. Woodall when I was 15 years old. He seemed to be like any other high school boy but the longer I knew him, the more I realized that there was something off about him. I was a young naive girl that he took advantage of. I dated him for a while and that was the biggest mistake of my life. In dating him, I allowed him to get close to my family. He was so very deceitful and abusive both mentally and physically. After he began to be more abusive, I told him I didn't want to see him any longer and didn't tell anyone about the things I learned he was capable of. I just told my family that I was over the relationship, and I broke it off.

I have terrible guilt now, for not speaking up about the horrible person I knew he could be. I thought that if I got away from him, it would all be behind me, and I wouldn't have to worry about him causing any more pain for me. I was so wrong and now that I am an adult, I see how my choices were huge mistakes. If I hadn't pretended that everything was fine, he may have never destroyed my parents' home or taken my sister away from us.

He started ruining my life when he set fire to my family home, stole property from my parents and locked my dog in a room and left him to burn to death. It was really hard, but we figured out how to deal with what had happened, and we moved forward with cleaning up and rebuilding our home. My family lost almost everything they owned in that fire. I would have never imagined it, but little did we know, life could actually get worse.

The day we got the call that my sister had been murdered in her bed with my two-year-old niece in the apartment replays in slow motion in my head still to this day. I can remember exactly what I was wearing, what the weather was like, the sounds and smells. It is like a movie that I can't forget no matter how hard I try. Knowing that my tiny niece was all alone in her home with my sister bleeding in her bed just infuriates me. How could any human being leave a little toddler alone to find her mom in that state? He is a monster.

I don't know many details from the trial because I was kept out of the courtroom. I'm not sure in what way keeping me out of the courtroom helped his case but his lawyer made sure that I had to drive all the way to Carlyle every day with my grieving parents and then sit in a room alone all day to do nothing but think about what might be going on. To say that the trial process was brutal is an understatement. I had to put off college because of what he did. I was an active college student when all of this happened. I had to miss class for hearings and the trial and overall, I just couldn't handle the things going on in my life and focus on school at the same time. I went through an emotional rollercoaster of anger, guilt and shame daily for a very long time. I went to counseling and have learned to deal with some of my pain but still face depression and anxiety on a regular basis. It took me an extra year to graduate college but I was able to finish with extra student loans and grades that weren't up to what they could have been but I was just happy to have finished after everything that had happened.

If you ask how all of this has impacted my life, I could write a book with all of the things that aren't right without my sister here. I will just touch on some of the major impacts on my life for now. I'll start with guilt. So many people have told me that it isn't my fault that my sister was taken away from us but that is a hard truth for me to accept. If I hadn't brought that monster into my family, he never would have had access to my loved ones. I stopped going to our town's festival every summer as I knew I would run into my sister's friends from high school. I still try to avoid anyone who I know she was friends with because I feel like deep down, they know it is my fault.

My family is very small, and we have always been very close. I had a great relationship with my sister's husband, Matt. I called him my brother. When I lost my sister, I lost my brother-in-law too. Somewhere lost in all the stress and grieving and guilt that I think we both felt, we just stopped talking to each other. The only time I have contact with him now is when my niece is involved. Part of me knows that he felt like it was my fault too but just has always avoided the conversation. My niece then had to grow up with a very depressed parent and deal with the trauma of the things she saw that day. I can still hear her little voice talking about mommy's ear being hurt bc she saw blood. I fought with my brother-in-law to get her some counseling, but I unfortunately didn't win that battle.

I did the best I could at 19 years old to be there for my niece, but I didn't get to see her a lot as we started to become estranged from Matt. I lost out on the times that I should have been there for my niece growing up and my daughters missed out on having a cool aunt to talk to and hang out with. When I was younger, I knew my sister was going to be my kids' best friend and would always be there for them when they didn't want to come to mom, but Mr. Woodall took all of that away from us too. My girls ask me about her often and wish desperately that they could have known her. She truly was the best sister.

I had no maid of honor at my wedding, just a table with my sister's photo on it and a candle that we lit for her. She wasn't there to offer advice to me when I was pregnant with my children or when I had a disagreement with my husband. She was supposed to always be there for me as my big sister but she's not. She can't be. She missed it all. There are so many holes like that in my life that just can't be filled now. She was my only sibling, so I now am learning what it is like to be an only child as an adult. The things that I always thought we would face together I am now forced to face alone. My mother has not been whole since we lost my sister. I'm not sure how a mother could ever be whole again after something like that happens. I lost a large part of my mother when he took her away from us too. I will have to make all of the difficult decisions as my parents get older, alone. If my parents need to be taken care of, I will have to face that alone too. The thought of being totally alone when my parents pass terrifies me. I am lucky to have a wonderful husband and two great daughters to support me when that time comes.

My family is impacted by my pain and sadness every year on her birthday, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and any other random day in between. I cry for no apparent reason or get mad when I miss her. It causes tension at Christmas time every year with my husband. I try so hard to keep the sadness hidden because I don't want to ruin anyone else's holiday, but I just can't hide it all and we argue until he realizes what is actually wrong with me and then he knows that it is just time for my yearly breakdown. At times, I feel like a crazy person, but I know that it is just part of grief and it will never really go away until the day I die and I get to see her again.

There is so much more that I could write in this letter today, but I know you have many statements to read. I hope that what I have written today has given you some insight into how Mr. Woodall has impacted my life in the worst ways. Allowing him to change his sentence would be horrifying for my entire family. He is a threat to my family and to others if he is allowed to shorten his sentence and I hope that my statement has helped you understand why I feel this way.

Thank you for your time,

Tish Behl