

To whom it may concern,

Clayton has become a brother of mine in the time he has been my brother-in-law. Culture has taught us the meaning of gentleman as a man who opens the door for you or helps you carry your luggage. But the true meaning of a gentleman is a man who is at the very core of his being –gentle, like Clayton Allison.

My husband and I lived with Clayton and his wife, CJ, for two years and are a great reference for his character. I have known Clayton since I was ten-years-old. He was never dangerous then, and never has been, nor will be. A child can perceive a dangerous person or at least recognize the danger they may have been in when they get older, but Clayton has always been a safe place. My brother is gentle, does not lose his temper and has strong morals that are not swayed by stress. Clayton was a dispatcher for Guardian Security and was praised for his ability to stay calm in stressful situations. He also worked for HOPE Community Resources and was given extremely difficult emotionally and physically disabled clients because they were impressed by how well he cared for them.

Jocelynn's mother - Clayton's wife, Christiane Joy (CJ) Allison, has been in rapidly deteriorating health since the death of their daughter and the claims that have been unjustly and unduly made by the state against her husband. CJ suffers from Ehlers-Danlos Syndrome, a diagnosis made by the Mayo Clinic. Clayton makes a huge difference in helping her with daily life and slowing the deterioration of his wife's condition through his support and presence. In the time that Alden and I lived with them I have seen Clayton be an irreplaceable aid to CJ every day; I saw Clay carry her up the stairs and to her bed when she had tripped on the grating outside the house and injured her knee. He gets things for her when she doesn't feel she can. He encourages her to get out and exercise with him when she is well, and he even helps bathe her when her pain gets too high and she cannot reach back to wash her hair. Clayton recently took CJ and our youngest sister, Vivian, who also has a disability, to an event fair and wheeled them around while they took turns sitting down, so they would not have to leave early like they would have had to if they had to walk the whole time. But more valuable than any of the numerous physical things my brother does to assist my sister; he makes her laugh and smile and is her partner through every storm they weather.

I also got the pleasure of seeing Jocelynn with her father on uncountable occasions before she was gone. I have a memory of him feeding her breakfast as he told me how he'd found this creative way to sneak green vegetables into her food by mixing sweet peas into the strawberry oatmeal that she loved. He had raised his hands while giggling to say, "She always gobs it up into her hands which mixes it up anyway so she doesn't even notice the difference." Clay was absolutely radiant about the fact that there were so many things that he could do for her by just being himself. I remember watching him playing with her on the floor of her grandmother,

Helen's house. He had spread a double-sized soft-lined sleeping bag on the floor that was green on one side and a thick yellow plaid on the other. There, he was carefully disguising Jocelynn's therapy from her as a game so she would have fun and last longer through her exercises. I remember him encouraging her to reach by putting objects just far enough away so that she would have to try. He and I had made a barrier around the edges of the sleeping bag out of pillows since Jocelynn had gotten pretty fast at her 'army crawl' to get around places. He even helped her get her legs up underneath her when she would drag herself on her belly, which the doctors and her parents were hoping would help her figure out how to crawl. He loved taking her fishing, and camping, and had events at home with not only him and CJ but every family member and friend they could get together, which is why I had seen her with her parents so many of the days of her life.

I understand that at this juncture the courts are not willing to acknowledge Clayton's innocence. For the sake of Jocelynn and her family, I ask that you reduce his sentence, if you won't set him free entirely.

Jocelynn would cry now to see what has been done to her momma and daddy in her name.

Set the gentle father free.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Bethany Rozanne Grothe". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned above the typed name.

Bethany Rozanne Grothe