

Victim Impact Statement – Aaron Quinn  
March 16, 2017

Thank you, your Honor, for this opportunity and with all due respect, I will speak to the defendant Matthew Muller directly:

"We're going to take Denise for 48 hours, pay the money, get her back and you can move on with your lives."

48 hours...and we can move on with our lives. 48 hours...

It's been over 17,370 hours since you said those words to me. If you don't remember saying it, I'll refresh your memory. I was tied up, ties that you and your associates forced Denise to put on me. I was in my underwear and you drugged me, threaten to electrocute or cut Denise's face if I did not cooperate. This was after you told me this kidnapping was intended for my ex-fiancée. This was after I told you she moved out because she was having an affair. This was after you knew Denise and I worked in a hospital helping the sick and wounded. But you and your associates decided to continue and trap Denise in a trunk of a car, rape her on video, and then allow us to suffer more at the hands of law enforcement and media. Then you decided to terrorize another family.

When does this 48 hours end?

You've said this was not intended for Denise, that this should have never happen to her, and you're right...this should never happen to anyone. But I stand here today, giving my victim's statement, in a courtroom full of our families and friends without a single charge against the premeditated violent crimes you committed against me. This act was not intended for Denise but it was intended for me and whoever was in my house.

You stalked me for months and convinced yourself I was an object that deserved this type of torture. However, I am not some character in a video game, or some villain in a movie, I am a human being. Consequently, let me share a bit about myself. I work as a physical therapist, I love my job, I was put on this earth to be a therapist. I've dedicated my life towards the goal of positively impacting the lives of people in need. The Sunday your group decided to "practice" kidnapping I was doing just that, helping people and their families recover from their own traumatic events.

One of my patients around the time you turned my life upside down was a young woman who suffered a severe brain injury. She always had family or friends around her, who were kind, warm, and loving. They spoke so highly of her, how she was a generous person who loved to laugh, and how hard it was to see her after the accident because she was occasionally agitated and aggressive, which is a common result of brain injuries. The first time I treated her, I could see how difficult it was for her to process information. There was too much stimulus in the room, her brain was in overdrive attempting to make sense of the nonsense. I took her to the quietest part of the gym. I spoke softly and in short phrases. I made sure she was comfortable as possible and I worked with her in a way to help her contain the frantic energy that was spreading throughout her body and mind. Her mother observed the treatment. Sometimes I worry people won't understand my approach, that they might expect physical therapy to be grueling and intense. But when I looked over at her mother she had quiet tears streaming down her face. She told me, "that's the calmest I've seen her since the accident. She looks more like

herself." Because of your actions, I never had an opportunity to help that patient or her family again.

48 hours and we can move on with our lives. We could attempt to live in the house that you made my prison. As if the memories of our terror would fade away.

I loved that house. It was my first big purchase, that's the American Dream. Work hard so you can get a good job and buy a nice home. My father and I worked on that house together. We put in hardwood floors, we built custom entertainment center and floor to ceiling bookcases. My father has always loved woodworking, so when I bought my house it was something we could share together. I would come up with ideas and my dad would teach me how to make them. I love the stuff we built, and visitors always complimented them. A year before the kidnapping, my father was diagnosed with stage IV melanoma, thankfully he's in remission now. But when I wasn't sure how much time he had left, I would admire those pieces and think they were the physical representation of a great man. Those memories of my home are so far away, in a whole different life, now all I can see is my prison.

At one point you moved me down from my closet to my constructed jail cell. You used a sharp knife to cut the zip ties around my feet and escorted me down my stairs. I almost fell on the first step, I felt so heavy and uncoordinated from the sedatives. I heard the sound of the camera as you instructed me to lay down on the couch. After your group left, I fought so hard to stay awake for the sake of Denise but the sedatives won. It took me hours to fight off that heavy fog. Finally, I was able to peel my eyelids open and see the terror of my former living room. The blinds closed, tape marking my confinement, and a camera pointed at me, supposedly monitoring my every move. Hours before Denise and I sat on that couch, watching tv, eating pizza, and talking. I love talking with her. The last time I heard her voice was through the walls of my prison, answering your questions to keep me safe. Now silence, just silence...except for that camera. "Dung..dung..dung" every time it picked up motion. "Dung..dung..dung", anytime I moved in my prison. I heard it for hours. I can still hear it to this day.

I had to make an impossible decision, put Denise and my family at even more risk by going to the police or hope your group would keep its word. If the decision was sacrificing my life for Denise and my family then that's an unquestionable "yes"; but knowing if I turned to the police then I would be safe yet Denise could be killed...that is a decision I do not wish upon anyone. Once your group communicated that the money drop would occur Tuesday night and you would return Denise Wednesday morning my decision was made. I believed that if I showed up with the money, you would take me too and kill us both leaving no witnesses. You cannot trust people who systematically planned a terrible crime.

You have blamed bipolar disorder, you have blame Gulf War Syndrome, and you have blamed vaccines for all your hurtful acts. I am not psychologist, I cannot diagnose you but what I do know is that saying after forty-eight hours we can move on with our lives means you knew this was wrong. No one needs to move on from a pleasant experience. People move on from trauma and tragedy. And that is what you brought upon me, Denise, our families, and friends...severe trauma and tragedy. How many nights do I have to wake up Denise from a nightmare? How many nights do I need her to do the same for me? How many opportunities did you have to stop and you decided to continue? How many other people have you terrorized? And for how many years?

You have done jailhouse interviews, and you knew that law enforcement listened to them. You graduated from Harvard, you know talking to the media is not privileged. You told

the press you did this crime by yourself; however, the facts don't match up and I have legitimate concerns about the quality of this investigation.

You have been connected to crimes as far back as 2009. I do not believe you took six years off before you attacked us. You have practiced being a criminal, you have practiced terrorizing human beings. You like to feel that you are in power and the rules do not apply to you. That's what makes you so dangerous. You are smart enough to manipulate situations to get away with crimes but not humble enough to seek help.

From what I can tell, you have a supportive family. A family that wants the best for you. Why did you not go to them? A simple phrase "Mom, Dad, I'm struggling and I need help" could have changed our entire trajectories. But instead you chose a path of torture, rape, and terror.

I hope you find some meaning in your life, that you use your intelligence and law degree for some good. Maybe you provide legal counsel for other inmates that cannot afford it or have been provided a seriously overworked public defender? For I have personally seen the necessity of legal representation because I have experienced the unchecked power of the law.

I also hope that any law enforcement officer or agency that wants to learn from our experience and make meaningful change will reach out to Denise and I because we are desperately hoping to help.

It is no secret that law enforcement exacerbated our suffering but I would not stand in this courtroom if it wasn't for your actions, Mr. Muller. My family would not be in this courtroom if it wasn't for you. You strategically destroyed our lives. You constructed a false narrative that stalking a human being, bounding, threatening, extorting him while you tortured his love one would be a self-contained forty-eight hour event. I cannot and will not ever be the same. My family cannot and will not be the same. My nieces, little innocent girls, now have my brother and his wife check their bedrooms before they go to sleep. They're afraid that a man is hiding to take them. They are not checking for the Boogey Man, they're checking for a man, they're checking for you. My other brother is an Iraq war veteran. The military was off limits in your "gentlemen criminal" code but I guess military families are fair game. My father is a retired doctor, my mom is a retired nurse, they are both over the age of 55. That was another cut-off in your code, an arbitrary age limit. Instead you created one of the worst scenarios for a parent, feeling absolutely powerless when your child is in danger. That is the rationale of people who will create any justification to cause harm.

This tragedy will always be with me, always trying to drag me under. There are times when I can keep it at bay, forgetting my heavy heart, and enjoy life. But it never leaves for too long. It hasn't granted lasting contentment. I live in constant anxiety, always worried that one of your partners is watching. If I see a security camera when Denise and I are out for dinner, it drags me back to my prison. Never did I consider someone would stalk me, that someone would commit pre-mediated violence against me...I don't have enemies, I'm not rich, I'm not that important. Now I constantly wonder if my patients know about the case, are they judging me as a hoaxster or pitying me as a victim? How can I help people heal when I am so broken? How can I help people when I'm afraid for my family? This is just a small taste of the world crashed upon me.

During this time, I am beyond grateful for our friends who have supported us. Those messages remind me of the good in the world and help me rebuild a ruined life.

I would not have the capacity to stand here without the unwavering support of my family. I truly do not know how to express the sheer depth of my gratitude for them. All I can say is that I love you all so much.

I saw a quote that read "In the end, be your own hero, because everyone's busy trying to save themselves", that person never met Denise Huskins. She sacrificed her mind, her body, her spirit to save those she loves...to save me. When we were finally reunited, she told me of the horror she endured. Every bone, every molecule, every atom, violently shaking as she described the vile way you raped her. She worried that she was damaged goods, that I would no longer want her. I will never forget holding her, feebly trying to keep her together when I myself was crumbling inside. Denise convinced the devil to let her free only to be demonized by self-proclaimed saviors. Nevertheless, she is a woman of beauty and warmth, serving those in need. Denise, you are my favorite person...you are my hero.

Finally, I could blame you for my suffering, or I could blame law enforcement or blame the media, or all the painful comments. I could live my life as the victim without justice, letting this tragedy negatively define me. However, I am accountable for my actions, accountable for my thoughts, and I alone define my life. And I will define it by loving people. That is what I am doing today, loving those you have victimized who have no format to voice their suffering and preventing future victims you most certainly will have if you ever step out of prison.

You must be held accountable for your actions. Not because I need revenge, not because I want to see you suffer but because society is safer with you behind bars for the rest of your life.