

TO: Honorable Court

FROM: Mary A. Stafford

This is my life as sister, wife, mother friend and caregiver and loving human being who has shown kindness to all my family and others in my life. This is what life is all about; you should help those who cannot help themselves.

This is the first time in my life I have faced a life change involving charges that could send me to jail for committing a crime!

Date one: In December 1982 I, met Clifford Stafford based on blind date. In December of 1983, we went out for dinner and after that we said let's get together after the New Year. We got married May 9, 1983 in the State of Ohio, Lucas County. Clifford was married and got divorced. He had 2 children in that union, Clifford L. Stafford Jr. and Lashawda Stafford. One year later I gave birth to our son, Kevin L. Stafford born on May 18, 1984. Clifford received full custody of his children, at that time, Lashawda was 14 years old, Clifford was 12 years old, and also Monique was 12 yearx old.

In 1985 his daughter at the young age if 15 years old got pregnant; she had Nathaniel Hardrick. He came to live we us at 9 months old, under a court order. Lashawda went to Job Corps in Ohio. Nathaniel lived with us until age 15 in 1999. Kevin and Nat grew up like brothers, not like uncle and nephew.

I would like to go to March 2000. This is when my sister Rosalind Green and my daughter Monique M. Stafford, also my brother Larry Sheridan, moved in to the same home that my husband and I had. This gave me and my family an easy way to take care of my sister and daughter.

My sister Rosalind Green was a victim of street violence; she was shot in the head and the police never found out who shot her!

My sister suffered with seizures and was paralyzed on the left side of her body for the rest of her natural life. Rosalind did not have any children but she a loving family that care for her. My sister passed December 28, 2015

Around that say time my daughter Monique went in to kidney failure. Monique was only 25 years old when she found out she was born with one kidney. My daughter came in to this "**WORLD**" 2 1/2 pounds 3 ounces, she is fighter to live her life to fullest.

At the age of 50 years old I gave my kidney to my daughter Monique through Henry Ford Hospital as a living donor. I was one of the first living donors.

In 2004 Monique lost the kidney that I gave her and she went back on dialysis, and back on the transplant list, as of today. [She is a fighter for life]. All at the same time my

girlfriend Sherry asked me for help while she was working. Her mother had dementia. I would take Monique to dialysis and go to Sherry's home, to bathe and dress and also give her mother Florence breakfast and lunch. I sat with her until 2:00 p.m. Monday through Friday. Florence passed on at the age of 82 years, October of 2005.

Let go back to 2003 when my husband Clifford moved his sister Shirley J. Stafford into our home. She was born disabled at birth, mentally challenged. Around the same time in 2004 we found out Shirley had breast cancer. She didn't deserve that kind pain and suffering. Shirley was a sweet warm-hearted, happy and friendly human being I knew. She loved sports especially college games like basketball and she knew all the players on every team. Shirley received chemotherapy at Botsford Hospital. I think she received three (3) treatments and then went to Garden City Hospital where she received six (6) radiation treatments with medication. Shirley had some side effects from all the treatment. She made it through all that. Shirley was then a cancer survivor for four years. She got her blood drawn every month for the rest of her life.

In the middle or end of 2010 Shirley's cancer returned. Now she is going to Providence Cancer Center on Foster Drive off 9 mile. Again she received six (6) chemotherapy treatments, but the cancer spread to her left breast; it had to be removed. She was put on hospice and they sent her home because it nothing else they could do. Shirley passed June 14, 2014. I sat with her until Shirley took her last breath and she was gone.