

Yeah - so this has gone off the rails and backwards almost immediately.

I have been dealing with my issues for 30 years. I've hunted predators for 25 years. I've consulted for my medical community for almost as long - both in Canada, the US and overseas.

Almost everyone is getting overwhelmed by the death - and ignoring the murders and beatings.

Does no one know or care that Larry was beaten 4-5 times a day - so Rosanne could scream at Dennis not to lend me the house, money or food ? Do you not understand how violent and criminal that is ?

Does no one know or care that Dennis was beaten 4-5 times a day - any time I wasn't there to stand between Rosanne and Larry - or take Larry's beatings for him ?

Does no one know or care that Rosanne spent 10 months trying to kill Larry - screaming at me she'd kill him outright if I left or told anyone - screaming at me that she didn't care if Larry died because he'd already signed the papers giving her, his pension, when he died - screaming at me that she didn't care if Larry died because she didn't live in the house - everyone would blame me - she'd make sure everyone blamed me ?

Does no one know or care that I had to sneak to the food bank to feed Larry for 10 months - while I starved ?

Do you understand what it takes as a person to starve to death while literally cooking food for someone else ?

Have you stopped to consider - Rosanne lured me across the planet with the promise of money from Dennis for medication - and then forbid me to take the medication or Larry would be killed ? That I had a year of medication and it has been 5 years.

I don't think people are reading or processing what happened ?

I don't care if there are legal consequences for my childhood - legal consequences for my 2017-2019 rape and murder are my second concern. My first concern - Rosanne will do this again and no one is there who knows what is coming or how to handle it.

I will answer bluntly in this document.

Why won't you go to a counselor, doctor, etc

As I have written, many times, Karen, Rosanne and I have known about my terminal medical issues and the struggle to see my 40s, since 1992. That's the answer to most of my siblings' past questions - there's a whole folder on it.

As I have written, many times, I made peace with my life and lived the best one I could from the age of 19 onward.

My life doesn't look like much from the outside because I've never, until now, told you what I've been doing.

All these folders, anything labeled DieDec, is a portion of my Dying Declaration - I am required by law to limit myself to the topics specific to my homicides. So there isn't time or room to discuss anything else. I've lived 10 times what you are reading about. I've lived and worked in 18 countries. I've run a small charity / nonprofit / volunteer thing (I hate labels) for a quarter century. That's my personal thing, a coping mechanism. I never talk about it because who would care - it would only sound like bragging. It's referenced in my CVs and LinkedIn.

As I have written, many times, I have been handling my medical issues - every minute, every penny - for 30 years. My diagnosis - June 1992 - was 30 years ago.

No one has read about David Reimer - so no one knows what I spent half a million dollars medically learning to live with over that 30 year period. No one has the slightest idea what Rosanne did - and it's only 1 part of 1 of the 7 murders she attempted.

Almost everyone has asked one version or another of what do I want, how can I (you) help, why won't you (Jeff) accept my help

I don't want anything - not in the sense of something you can do, or say or give. I warned everyone, in 2017, my death would be a circus - and that's just the Vietnam and China situations - which I haven't even had time to upload. If Karen and Rosanne had left me alone - this mess would have started in June or July of 2017 - when I had a year or two of good health. I didn't get that good health.

If Karen and Rosanne had left me alone - the only things you'd be learning about are Vietnam and China. I'd have left Beach Meadows after a month or two and you'd be getting a letter from lawyers after my death.

This idea - that I won't ask for or accept help is ludicrous.

I have always asked for help when I needed it. Most of the time it has come from John Paul and Katherine. Sometimes I've repaid them - like the \$1500 in \$5 bills I slid them in an envelope after the California debacle. Sometimes I can't - like the time they came to rescue me on Easter Sunday - because I was unlucky enough to break down in March, in Alberta, on a motorcycle trip.

My siblings have never said no to me. Sometimes I'm the one that helps. I helped fly Suzanne to Walter's funeral. I've helped Danielle over the years. Sometimes I'm the one that needs help. John Paul and Katherine have picked me up at airports on no notice more than once.

When I called for Dennis' help in 1994 - he was never told. John Paul was threatened. It's in the repo.

When I called for my sibling's help in 2017 and no-one could get that much money together in such a short time, I asked that Dennis be contacted. Dennis was never told. I asked for Dennis' house - my childhood home. Dennis was never told.

If you want to do something - do what I've already put in writing - read the repo - this is what a lawyer will be sending you after my death. Read it, ask your questions while I'm still around, the legal mess will go on for years after I'm gone.

Childhood Injuries - Why :

It's all in the repo - the folder Before 2017

I was beaten and tortured the same as my siblings until Suzanne and John Paul were given to Rosanne.

I was beaten unconscious and into brain damage over a week because I told the teachers at District 7 what was happening.

I was beaten until I passed out, at Wilhelmina's, every day for another month, because I wouldn't tell their lies to the teachers.

Everything that happened after that - until I left for college - was Karen and Wilhelmina trying to get even with a child that wouldn't tell lies to cover up their child abuse. I haven't had time to write this up yet.

Who were the men - why didn't you go to the police.

No idea who they were - people that came to Wilhelmina's in the early 1980s. I only had to deal with that in spring and fall. Summers were spent in Ontario and winters in the shop with Dennis and Erlin.

I was threatened for 14 years with Suzanne and John Paul being given to the same men if I told anyone.

Erlin either knew or suspected. His death bed confession - also in the repo - was that he said nothing out of fear his wife and daughters would go to prison. His death bed confession was that he helped me as much as he could to make up for it.