



My father is Joseph James DeAngelo. I am his oldest daughter. I lived with him almost my entire life of 38 years, and my daughter lived with him almost her entire life of 19 years. My father, the person that I knew, and know today...

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I could never tell you all the things my father did for me, because he always put me and my daughter first, all our lives, so there are far too many. He made my bed, my daughter's bed, cleaned, cooked, and did me and my daughter's laundry up until the day of his arrest at age 72. He is the best father I could have had, and my daughter could have had. He was my daughter's grandfather, but he treated her like his daughter. Anything my daughter or I ever needed, he provided. He was consistently selfless about caring for and providing for his family. As evidence of his selfless care for his family, my father worked 7 years beyond his 65 years of age of retirement. He did not retire until the age of 72, just weeks before his arrest. This was to enable all his children to have college graduate degrees, to make sure me and my daughter never went without anything, and to give us the best quality of life. My father is a combat veteran who has fought for and saved American lives in Vietnam. Growing up, I thought I had the best and most loving and attentive father in the world. He was, and still is, my number one provider and support system. I chose to live with my Dad almost all my life, and for my daughter to, instead of living with my mother. Even though my mother made way more money, and lived in a much nicer home, I chose to live with my Dad. Because my father was, and still is, the best parent...a loving, caring, and present one. My father allowed me to make mistakes, but was always still there for me, and he was always a good listener. He has always and consistently given me the best advice, knowledge and guidance, and my daughter also. He protected me and my daughter, every single day, all of our lives. The absence of my father today is a trauma that my daughter and I will never overcome.

My daughter and I spent a lot of time with my father. His is attention and care as a father was, and still is, his only priority in life. The father I know and love is a good person. He is witty, humorous, kind, and intelligent. He has all the qualities of a good parent, role model, and friend. He has shown unconditional love for me and my daughter all of our lives. I admired my father, and I looked up to him. He always protected me, and always gave me his time. Anything I needed, he would take care of. Our house was always clean, food was always good, and we had anything our heart desired. My father would do anything I or my daughter ever asked of him, just to make us happy. He always picked up my daughter, and took her and her friends places, all the time. He built my daughter a secure and beautiful mini house in our backyard, just because my daughter asked him to, for fun.

My father has taught me to appreciate things in life, and to be kind to both people and animals. He took care of our two guinea pigs with so much love and care, and a rabbit I had growing up, and my sister's horse she had growing up. He would always give them treats, clean and care for all their cages and needs, built them bigger enclosures, to give them a better quality of life. As a single parent, he consistently supported his family financially, mentally, physically, and emotionally, every single day of our lives. My father allowed me to be my unique self, and still loved and supported me. He let my daughter be herself, and treated her as his fourth daughter, because her biological father was never there for her. My father has so many good qualities, I cannot express them all here. I am missing many. He was open-minded, he let me try things in life, and would still be there for me and support me if they failed. My father always respected my values and opinions, even if different than his. My father always spent quality time with me and my sisters, all of his children, his granddaughter, everyday...all the time. He always took us places, did things with us, played sports and games with us, and he knew how to have

fun with us. He was always there for me, and was present at all 3 of my college graduations. My best memories growing up were spent with my father, swimming, going boating, and going places with him. Or just being home with him, as he fixed one of his delicious meals for me, having a good laugh, or playing all kinds of sports with him. I love my father so very much. My father always took the time to listen to all his kids and have a good, easy chat. He was a fair disciplinarian, firm, but reasonable. He would make time to help me with my homework, every night if necessary. I attribute much of my academic success to his good parenting. All of his children have college graduate degrees, because he was consistently a very present, supportive and good parent. My father is very loving, and very loyal. He would challenge me in a healthy and supportive way, to help me grow. So I could be the best that I could be. My Dad taught me to be independent, and to learn how to face setbacks and conflicts in life. He taught me how to drive a 5 speed, and provided me with a car at age sixteen, when I got my license to drive. My father could fix anything, big or small, verbally or physically, so I always came to him for help (as did so many people we knew). He was and is the most helpful of anyone in my life or my child's life.

My father has taught me the most lessons out of anyone in my life, to mold me into a well-rounded member of society. My Dad would sacrifice anything for his children and my daughter, be it his comfort or his life, anything for his fatherly duties. My father could be extremely tired from work, working a full time hard physical labor job as a truck mechanic, on hot asphalt (until age 72), but would still come to my aid to address any situation to help me or my daughter. My father is my protector. He was my main provider of security and necessities. He would put his own safety on the line to keep me and my daughter out of harm's way. My father has taught me the most about personal sacrifice and selflessness. He would show us on a

daily basis that we are what matters the most to him. He always cared for and helped his family, his parents, siblings, and in-laws. My father would always give a compliment when deserved, and provide anything to anyone in need. He consistently stayed in contact with people he loved and cared about, and that cared for him. This includes a surrogate family that cared for him when he was younger and in need himself.

My father often would show his kindness by doing a good deed for someone, without asking, and for no reason, or taking the time to make someone smile and tell them to have a nice day. My father would help them and do anything for them, and he often did. My father took care of the people he loved, his friends and family, and he was always very generous and supportive. He would offer to help or fix anything for anyone. I have witnessed him doing helpful things for other people all my life, so many things. For example, he helped my 91 year old grandma, my mother's mom. Before his arrest, he built her a ramp for her walker at her home. My Dad would help anyone, and was polite and kind to everyone. He did so much for our neighbors. He would fix anything, put in hours of his time and effort, if only asked. My Dad would share or offer to let our neighbors have any tools if they needed them, for anything. He was always generous with his belongings, and would help anyone we knew, any time of day. My father taught me to think of others, and to have empathy for other people who are struggling in life. My father had a very hard life. He never wanted any of his children to go without, as he had to go without, or experience the suffering that he had to endure in his life. So he worked so hard to be the best provider for us. My Dad has so much kindness and love, and empathy and support for others. My father has taught me to go the extra mile to help anyone, and to be kind to loved ones, as he modeled that behavior. My Dad always made the best out of every situation. He would apologize if he was wrong, and he would make it up to me or my daughter. My Dad would always say he

"loves us more than anything", but more than that he showed it. My father always smiled and laughed with me growing up, those are the best memories that I have and hold onto today. He would always be there to take away any pain or discomfort I had, any day, for example while growing up at school. He always took me and picked me, and my daughter, up from school. And he would always take us out to eat or ask what we wanted him to make. Then he would go to the store and buy whatever we asked him to and make it for us, all by himself. He always paid for anything we needed, and was the best provider. He would do anything I asked within reason, and he was always reasonable with all my requests. My Dad, Joseph James DeAngelo, has made me and my daughter the happiest in our lives, which is why today with him gone we are the saddest. My Dad was always there for me when I was sad, and would always rejoice and give praise when I accomplished anything. My father has made me a better person, a successful person, able to contribute to society and help others in need in the community. My Dad taught me to appreciate life, and never take things for granted. I cannot begin to express how much of a loss my daughter and I are experiencing right now, without him present in our lives.