

RECEIVED ON: December 1, 2022

Council Meeting: 12/13/2022  
Agenda Item No. 13.A.

---

**From:** Deske <[dawad155750@gurnick.edu](mailto:dawad155750@gurnick.edu)>  
**Sent:** Thursday, December 1, 2022 1:36 PM  
**To:** WebMail - PubWks <[PubWks@cityofwhittier.org](mailto:PubWks@cityofwhittier.org)>  
**Subject:** Murphy Ranch Little League Baseball Lighting Project

**[NOTICE: This message originated outside of City of Whittier -- DO NOT CLICK on links or open attachments unless you are sure the content is safe.]**

This is a letter in support of Lighting at Murphy Ranch Little League. I have enclosed it in the body of the email if you don't want to read an attached document.

To Whom it May Concern,

This is a 7 page letter and contains personal details that I feel are important to understanding THE REAL ISSUES that are happening in our lives and what we are facing, all to try to help our children and do what is the best thing for them. If you don't want to read it all, just read the parts in red.

My name is Desiree, my son is Vince, and he is now in Minor B baseball at Murphy Ranch Little League.

I was born in Whittier and raised in Hacienda Heights.

I married a man and his job took us to Utah, where he could build his career. We bought a beautiful home there. Two and half years ago, I returned to live here with my parents. I fled my home in Utah because my ex-husband was emotionally abusive and mentally cruel. While I was working nights part-time as a custodian to help pay for preschool for my children, my ex-husband found time to have affairs and dragged my precious innocent children into those affairs by having them form relationships with them. All without my knowledge, of course. I found out about his affair from my own daughter, who told me about his girlfriend. Turns out, he manipulated my children into talking to this woman on the phone, showing my children pictures of her and her children, having them tell her goodnight each evening, or act in videos telling her they were sorry she had a headache that day, even had them tell her that they loved her in the videos. They were manipulated into thinking that she was their friend, and that I was bad if I didn't like her. They were manipulated and used for his own purposes, as he was trying to make himself look like a great father and make videos to impress a married woman who lived two states away. In the months leading up to this, I'd noticed he had grown distant and wouldn't pay attention to my children or to me. He began to pick fights with me and criticize me for small things. I began to slowly minimize my own needs and rationalize his behavior, thinking I hadn't done enough to please him, so I worked even harder to make my needs small and make him very happy by doing everything he wanted. By the time I found out about his affair, he was now refusing to speak to me and had turned mean. He gaslighted me if I asked questions, denied everything if I uncovered truth about his behavior, and made me feel like it was me who had the problem. I learned that lying liars lie. I learned that abuse doesn't have to be physical, that people can cause great harm just making you question your reality by continuing to deny things that you know are true. I learned this was called gaslighting and that he was doing it to me. I remember after I found out about his affair, he had become so mean that after the children

CC: CM; ACM; CA; Council; Original to CC; Public Binder; Department

RECEIVED ON: December 1, 2022

Council Meeting: 12/13/2022  
Agenda Item No. 13.A.

were asleep, I hid myself in a closet downstairs and called my mom, asking her to stay with me on the phone until he was asleep because I was scared of what he would do to me. I got the courage to leave him, packed up my children and our things in our minivan, left with his permission, and drove off into my future.

In the months that followed, I learned there was tremendous financial infidelity too, as he had hidden tremendous amounts of money, and lied about it, of course. When I would ask questions, he would just deny the truth. Even my own home, which I purchased with him during the marriage, was only in his name, despite my signing the paperwork for it to be in both of our names when we bought it. Somehow he managed to have my name removed. He purchased the home with me, while we were married, with the sole intention to only use it for profit, purposely keep my name off the title, to win financially in the event that I got wise and filed for divorce. I learned that he had poor character and that he was an abuser and a gaslighter.

There was a lot of deception and lies. It will always hurt. My children will always hurt from the poor decisions their father made and the person he showed himself to be.

And I have been left to clean up the mess.

When I returned, I had to juggle legal issues to iron out a separating agreement and what would become a divorce, liaising with lawyers, endless amounts of legal paperwork to secure custody and child support for my children (which he wasn't paying), securing a quality school for my two young children on a shoestring budget, find activities and sports for them to do, and plan for a future without a spouse. I immediately set out to return to school to further my education as I am a healthcare professional, but because I was raising children, I couldn't build my career like my husband did, with all the time to dedicate to school and work; I had to balance it with the demands of being a responsible mother. I knew I needed to be able to earn more money now that I was on my own. I began working full time to increase my chances at being accepted into a two-year program as spots in programs are very competitive.

While I worked full time, I reluctantly enrolled my children in daycare, something they had never been in before, a program that was care BEFORE school began, as my job in Vernon, CA required me to be there at 8:30, and my children's school was in Orange, CA. I would wake up at 5AM, wake my children, and leave my house by 6:15AM so we could be at school by 7:00AM. Then I drove to work on the 5 Freeway and sat in traffic to be there by 8:30AM. Then I would begin working my shift.

When it was time for the children to be picked up, since I was at work, my elderly mother would drive the 24 miles to Orange and pick them up, drive them home, and care for them until I got home. I worked until 6:30 PM. I didn't get home until about 7:30. I was home in time enough to bathe them, read scriptures, say prayers, talk to them about their day, and put them to bed. Not much time to interact or play. Often, they find me at night and still want to sleep with me as they miss their old life in Utah and want to be near me for comfort. Because I was at work – I was missing the important part of their day, picking them up and asking them how their day was, and all the time after school. I couldn't even eat my dinner with them; instead they ate dinner with their Grandma.

After a year and a half of juggling this full-time work schedule, I got accepted into a school program. I quit my full-time job to open up my schedule for the required hospital hours I have to work for the school program. Unfortunately, I cannot chose my own hours or the location of my hospital. The hospital assigns me the hours I am to work, and I have to work them. I don't have flexibility. Now, I work all day on Saturday, which means if there is an extracurricular activity or a birthday party, or bowling, guess who takes them there? Grandma.

This year, I was able to enroll them in an after-school daycare program at their school, which allows me to be able to take them to school and pick them up, if my shifts at the hospital are timed right. Most often, they are no, and I have to call on my mother to help me when I cannot coordinate the schedule by myself.

My mom has health issues that prevent her from making the drive to take children or pick up children often, it hurts her back and she cannot sit for long periods of time. She is 76 years old. To circumvent this, I had to hire a driver to pick up my children as I couldn't work at my job and pick up my children at the same time. I can't be in two places at once. That really sucked and was expensive, but what else could I do? Pull my children out of the school they were in? Not an option, it is a good school and a good education is paramount to me.

CC: CM; ACM; CA; Council; Original to CC; Public Binder; Department

RECEIVED ON: December 1, 2022

My greatest fear is that my mom will die and I won't have any help at all, and I will have to quit this school program and go back to a job that pays a lot less. That means no financial security for myself and living paycheck to paycheck. I have considered quitting the program several times since I started, and it is always due to the same thing – problems with coordinating child-care-related issues.

I hope you can understand the pretty terrible predicament I am in. I don't have a set schedule with school and the hospital as the hours and schedule changes based on where we are in the program. I am currently in the 9<sup>th</sup> month of a 2 year program, and more schooling will follow after that, if I make it through. All of this is to achieve a better paying job and secure a better future for myself and my little children, but it is HARD to do and it requires a great sacrifice for these next few years.

I write all this to explain just what I am up against. This is just me trying to SURVIVE.

But I am not just thinking about SURVIVING. I am trying to do MORE THAN SURVIVE. I want my children to THRIVE. I am focused on how to do this while simultaneously giving my children what they should be having, giving them an excellent classical education at their school in Orange, CA. They need enrichment, they need to practice good values, they need good role models, they NEED ME, and they need extra curricular activities, where there are also good role models, and mentoring, like coaches, which help build their character and provide guidance in ways that fill the deficit that my ex-husband created.

Currently, in order to make baseball practice work this most previous season, my mother would pick up the children from school on Tuesdays, and take Vince to practice, as my shift at the hospital didn't end until 4:00 in Garden Grove. Without her, I would have to pick Vince up from school in Orange and take him to little league practice in Whittier. The traffic wouldn't allow me to do all of that and get there by 5:30. So my mom would pick up the children that day at 3pm, go home and have a quick snack, leave at 5pm to be there by 5:30 for practice. I would leave the hospital in Garden Grove at 4pm and sit on more freeways to get to Whittier by 5:15. That was WITH my mom helping me that day. If it wasn't for her helping me, Vince would have never been able to go to a practice.

Vince is in baseball, my daughter is in ballet, and my daughter takes piano lessons. Because of my schedule, my mom takes them to ALL of their extracurricular practices. I put in the work and help my daughter practice piano, sit with her and help teach her to prepare her for her lessons. I throw the ball with Vince, I picked out his bag to carry all his gear, I paid for his clothes and the registration for baseball, his gear. But his Grandma had to take him to practices because I can't be in two places at once.

I am grateful that my mom is willing to take him. But she is elderly, she isn't as patient with children as she used to be, and I know my son prefers to be with me. But she is my only option right now.

Recently my daughter had her first piano recital, and it was scheduled for Saturday. She was destroyed as she knew because of the schedule I have, I wouldn't be able to attend. The recital was changed at the last moment to a Sunday, as I was able to attend. As I left, tears filled my eyes and I thanked them for the change, as it was so meaningful to be able to attend her recital. We all cried happy tears as this was something I could be there for. It meant so much to see her playing piano in front of an audience and the smile on her face when she glanced back at me, knowing I was there in attendance.

My children are performing in a Christmas concert for school December 5<sup>th</sup>. But I have school and cannot attend. If I miss one day of school, I must write a 5 page paper, with citations on an assigned topic on top of whatever else I have missed. It takes several hours of studying everyday to stay afloat in my program, on top of several hours of attending a live class. I will not be able to attend and my mother will go in my place. I just shake my head because I am missing this and I'm not supposed to be. *None of this is how it is supposed to be.*

I believe in the family unit. I believe in love, marriage and family. I value them, which is why I said no to the abuse and wouldn't let my ex-husband harm my children. I gave my ex-husband a year to think about his choices and turn it around. He left me nothing to work with and I had no choice but to file for divorce. He wasn't paying even half the amount of recommended child support and off living elsewhere, doing whatever, leaving me and my mom to foot the bill and raise these precious

RECEIVED ON: December 1, 2022

little children.

**I tell you all of this, private things in my life, so you understand just what kind of a life I have. The decisions you make AFFECT us. I am not the only person who is in my situation. I am not unique. Lots of men and women are married to people of poor character and are sadly a causality of one person's poor decisions. But you need to know that in today's world, because of selfishness, narcissism and entitlement, a lot of adults aren't adulting. They are leaving it to the good people of world to do the adulting while they go play or focus their attention elsewhere. And the adults who are adulting can't be in two places at once.**

I attend Church weekly. I teach my children to pray, to read scriptures daily, to be good people. They are surrounded in their community with good people. On Sunday, I sing in my church choir and at times, direct the choir. People like me are becoming pretty small in number; families are splitting up and the people that cause the damage place terrible burdens on the good people. And as they shirk responsibility, they get off, as the saying goes, "scot free."

I know very few people here in California, who had the life I once had, with a home, a mortgage, and two parents raising children, with only one person working while the other is at home. It still exists in less expensive places in the country, as there were many families in Utah that had that arrangement, but California is extremely expensive and both parents work in most households here. Homes cost a fortune, and gasoline is high. Food is now sky high in price. Most families here have both parents working to make ends meet. Financially it isn't possible anymore to have one person solely devoted to transporting children to and from activities. Good schools aren't in every neighborhood. People are driving, like me, to find quality education because it doesn't exist in your own neighborhood. Currently, they are over 2000 children on a waiting list to get into my children's school. They drive from Pasadena and Long Beach and Riverside to come to my school. The parents that CARE about their children are giving it their all to do it THE RIGHT WAY, and it comes at a cost and sacrifice of time. Quality, wholesome activities aren't always available, like a simple baseball practice, because a child's school is in one place and the practice and team is in another place. And I can't always get them there. I have to rely on the goodness and willingness of others to fill the deficit as I am only one person if my child is in an extracurricular activity. This isn't how it is supposed to be, and I don't like it, but our world isn't changing for the better, you are going to hear more and more sad stories like mine because my story is becoming more common. I am sad I couldn't have it for myself and my children. This isn't what I wanted, and it isn't what I was promised when I married my ex-husband and had a family with him.

*Please, don't be another adult who lets my children down. I am fighting hard to make sure they become good, decent adults and it is a struggle to achieve this as just one person, on her own. They have had their lives turned upside down from their own father, who was supposed to look out for their needs, and he dropped the ball.*

*Even the judge assigned to my case, penalized me for reducing my work schedule from full time to part time for school and reduced my monthly spousal support by \$600 a month, because she thought I should be able to pick up more hours at a 'minimum wage job.' Like I have extra time for more work. I have a full time school schedule with a required 32 hours a week to work, unpaid. I have to children to raise, to mentor, to help practice piano, to help with homework, to care for, to teach, on top of all my other responsibilities as a divorced mother. She doesn't understand just how intense my schooling is, or that I also need to be AT HOME with my children, so I can be a mother. If I was working full time and not paying attention to my children, I would be faulted for being neglectful. Either way, I can't win. The court doesn't recognize a devoted mother who is trying her best to provide for needs as well as raising a GOOD person. The judge only cared that I wasn't working full time. The court system failed my children too. The judge, while acknowledging my undertaking to further my education was commendable and she was pleased, she failed to appreciate just how hard it is to be in school full time and raise children and work more hours. Probably because she has never had to do all three – by herself. She failed to do what was right for my children too. Instead, she was persuaded by lies my husband told, calling my program 'night school,' making it seem that my plate wasn't very full.*

*I have integrity. I don't lie and I am fighting that one in court still. But I sleep at night knowing I tell the truth. I will let the burden be on my ex-husband's head and one day he will have to account for*

RECEIVED ON: December 1, 2022

*the deeds he has done and the harm he has caused, both to myself, my children and our families.*

*Please, I know you have choices to make with the money you are given and you are to be wise stewards with it. I can tell you that our children don't need more tablets and computers at school. I see so many people who are placed in charge of funds and throw money at the wrong things all in the name of doing what is in the best interest of children. They need THINGS TO DO, ACTIVITIES, TEAM SPORTS. They need time with good adults that BUILD CHARACTER.*

*We need these lights so we can play games later, have later practices. We need to be able to do things later in the evening, it is the only way for us to be able to give our children these activities. Families NEED TO BE TOGETHER, not shuttled around because mom works and dad's gone. My son needs to be able to hit the ball and feel good about what he just did for himself and for his team. And I need to be able to take him to the practices and the games. I need to be there. I'm the parent. I'm all he has. He needs to know I am there. Not a Grandma, because his mom is busy at the hospital. He deserves to have his mother in the stands, knowing I'm there watching him and he's going to try his best for me, because he sees me there, physically supporting them. All children need to have that. These lights for extended hours will give us those moments back.*

*If you want to effect REAL CHANGE for good, GIVE CHILDREN BACK THEIR CHILDHOOD. LET THEM BE WITH OTHER KIDS INSTEAD OF BEING ON DEVICES. I just read a study that over the last 50 + years, Americans, age 15 and older, have spent an average of 10-15 hours with friends. Over the past few years, even pre-Covid times, the number is now -4. That means ZERO HOURS A WEEK. People are ALONE and not spending ANY time together. They are on devices. Children use phones to talk to one another, when they are sitting side by side. People aren't even talking to one another anymore.*

*Please, think about what this can mean for our children and a chance for more children to be involved in practices and little league and playing games. Who were those of the Greatest Generation? Those who grew up in the Great Depression and became soldiers to serve in WWII are called the Greatest Generation. Well, they didn't grow up with tablets or devices. They had heart and courage. How did they learn it? They grew up with others who CARED ABOUT THEM. They grew up being able to have parents who spent time with them. And, they grew up playing ball in the streets. Talking to their neighbors and saying, "Yes m'am," and, "No, sir."*

*Having lights installed at the field gives us MORE TIME so that these experiences that the Greatest Generation had, are possible for our children, today.*

*Yesterday, my mom picked up my children for me as I had an exam to take and couldn't pick up the children and take the exam at the same time. She said as she was picking them up, she ran into yet another older woman who was also picking up children. Turns out, that woman was also a grandmother, picking up her own grandchildren. They got to talking, and her story was not unlike mine. This woman had a daughter, who was married, with three children. Sadly, the daughter was killed by her husband, and then her husband killed himself. The three children were left alive, and the grandmother was now raising them. She is alone too, trying to do it all on her own, just one person, cleaning up the mess somebody else made.*

*My mom cried when she got home. This could have been my story, too. I got out with my life. Some aren't as lucky.*

*Our world is falling apart. Look around you. The division between good and evil is becoming ever apparent. Good people need someplace good to go in crazy times like this. Please, please install these lights. Let me be able to take my children to a ballpark later in the evening, instead of daylight hours only – it doesn't make sense in today's world. My children and I lost our normal. Please make the adjustment in your mind that in today's world, we often have one person doing it all when it comes to raising children and financially providing. I don't like it at all, believe me. Let me be with my children, get them dressed for a baseball game, drive them there, sit in the stands, and watch him hit baseballs and score for his team. Equally important, give him the interaction with the adults and other children that kids today so desperately need. My son's father is absent now, and these coaches are father figures for him – they teach him how to throw a ball and cheer for him when he does well, they are examples to him of what a man looks like and how you are supposed to be with children. This time with father-like figures means the world to him. He is in a school where he is rewarded for practicing virtues like Honesty, Courage, Courtesy, Respect Citizenship. And he has to learn prudence, justice,*

RECEIVED ON: December 1, 2022

*temperance, fortitude. I am doing my part modeling these same virtues at home for him. I'm doing all I can to raise a good child. I am the sane parent.*

*I need you to do your part too.*

*Please, install these lights and contribute to the well being of the child – and nurture the SOUL with something wholesome and healthy for a child. Baseball provides interaction with others, good sportsmanship, meaningful relationships with adults who can be mentors. It is America's Favorite Pastime and it isn't just by accident.*

*This is your choice to make. I only have control over my own actions. I hope you make this decision knowing that your choices carry a lot of power. Please use it for good and help parents like me give all that we can to our children, in spite of someone else's character deficiencies.*

*Vince deserves that from adults.*

*Humbly,*

*Desiree*