My name is Mark Anthony DiBello. I am the 62-year-old, first born, son of my 90-year-old father, Mr. Anthony Francis DiBello and my mother Dorothy Burek DiBello, who died of cancer in 1982.

My dad is a Korean War Veteran and former concert promoter, who fathered eight children with my mother and was a multi-millionaire entrepreneur; primarily as the publisher of DiBello Publishing Company; the Greenbush Area News; the publicly held Hospital Newspapers Group and a company called Backyard Barns. He's even gotten letters of commendation from deceased New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller, with whom my dad worked; and a formal letter from President Ronald Reagan.

I began working for my father when I was 8-years old, helping build our family home, even having a large rock dropped on my head in the process. I also worked at times, freely, or as an employee for each of those companies.

After the death of my mother, I struggled with drug and alcohol codependency. Thankfully, I have been clean and sober since March 3,1991.

At that time, I became a minister and counselor, even briefly ordained a Reverend; a self-important title, I later dropped. However, I continued to minister and counsel others working for and with countless churches and organizations including the Holy Catholic Church, The worldwide ministry of Father Ralph DiOrio, The Billy Graham Evangelistic Association; In Touch Ministries with Dr. Charles Stanley; Benny Hinn Ministries; Victory Outreach International; The Salvation Army, The American Red Cross, Alcoholics Anonymous, Narcotics Anonymous; and many governmental agencies. In what would later become a world-wide media ministry of my own, I even worked with the Emma Willard School, some years after both Judge Elizabeth Walsh attended and the petitioner, in this case, Donna Murphy was employed, at the same juncture, it appears.

Closely following the recognition of my own codependency; I was more able to define the unhealthy relationship codependency of my own father; who, after the death of my mom, became involved with Donna Murphy, who was 21-years younger; and who seemed to already have a financial dependency on my dad.

In fact, my father asked me to record his recollection of meeting Donna, who used a family friend for an introduction to the "wealthy widower." My dad states Donna, under false pretenses, gained access to his office and began what he felt and domestic abuse counselors' term "love bombing" him. He's also shared, Donna was not broke, when they met, but had profited from an inordinate amount of life insurance policies taken out a couple of short months before the death of her husband, a gun collector, who died of a gunshot wound, in the kitchen, with Donna, just weeks after Donna met my father; which my father has stated, he has evidence it was murder, and done to "clear a path for her to be with me." A claim he, repeatedly, reported, to no avail, to the East Greenbush Chief of Police, Angela Rudzinski.

Shortly after the death of my mother, my father gave Donna a job as his secretary; and later, in what he's recorded as "the biggest mistake of my life," against the advice of just one other, his best friend, Jack Selkis, the owner of Latham Ford, who is now deceased, he married this, Donna. Thus, any children who lived on my father's estate, in our family home, were told to vacate or were unceremoniously evicted, even by Donna, herself; so, Donna could move-in with her four children.

It was only a couple of years after Donna moved herself in; that I was standing in his kitchen, with Donna, standing next to me, and I asked my dad, who was walking up the stairs to his bedroom, permission to borrow something to drive, since my car was in the shop. As was usually the case, he generously agreed and said, "Take the keys to the red truck, they're right there on the kitchen table." So, I did.

When I walked down the driveway, to the apple tree, which was a landmark spot at our family home, where he kept the pickup truck, which was used to deliver Backyard Barns; the key did not unlock the door. However, the keys did unlock the door to a dilapidated, beaten down, red truck I didn't recognize but assumed, since he owned many vehicles, he had recently purchased for the business.

The next day, when returning the truck back to my dad's and to thank him; I was shockingly pulled over, with guns drawn to my head, by police officers named Haskins and Edward Miano. I knew each because Haskins was nicknamed "Harraskins" because he often harassed many in the town. As for Eddie Miano, I played football with Miano at Columbia High School before I played for the Hudson Valley Vikings, semi-pro Albany Metro Mallers and defending National Champion University of Miami Hurricanes.

With a gun, repeatedly pointed against my head, Haskins threatened, "I've waited for the day to get the chance to finally end you and if you so much as flinch I'm going to put a bullet in your head."

Still in shock, as I was handcuffed and shoved into the back of the police car; I asked, "Why am I being arrested? What did I do?"

I was informed, "You're being arrested for driving a stolen truck. We got a call from a Donna DiBello and was told to be on the lookout for a Mark DiBello as being the driver of a stolen truck."

I said, "What?"

One of the two, Haskins, I think, who did most of the talking and silenced the bullyish, Miano, replied: "Shut-up asshole, or you die."

At the East Greenbush Police Station, the former site of Clinton Heights School, where I attended the 1st grade; I was somehow given the opportunity to give my father's name, call him, and go home; but that my arrest would appear in our Greenbush Area News "police blotter"; so, I said nothing to protect my dad and our family name. I also felt he would be disheartened to know that this person he just married had me falsely arrested.

I don't recall what jail I was sent to, but 6 days later I was released. When I appeared at my father's office, for work, he asked, "Where have you been?"

I remarked, "Nowhere dad, you don't want to know."

For decades, I told nobody who didn't know of it, of the false arrest.

In fact, it was after my "born again," healing experience of my own addiction, and attending an AA meeting, and following a "step," at Hudson Valley Community College, in Troy, New York, where I formally attended before graduating with a degree from the University of Miami; I saw Donna, squatting by the door in the downstairs bathroom of the home where I remember my mother would often bandage my sports wounds; and my father washed my mouth out with soap for using a curse word; that I asked Donna if she wanted to say she was sorry for having me falsely arrested years earlier?

I still remember she smiled, snickered and then snarled, saying, "No f-in way. I would do it all over, again. You need to know I'm in control now, I'm the boss, not you or even your father and you'll come to realize that someday; and if I didn't show you that back then you wouldn't know I'm going to own this all or think you still have a say around here."

I was shocked into silence and only later, told my father, "Dad, you need to be careful with Donna, she's evil." Predictably, he mildly defended her.

I walked away and said nothing to anyone about the false arrest, for decades. I just didn't want to hurt my dad and figured I may have a remarkable story to share one day.

Moving on, in the early 1990's, with Donna still drawing a paycheck as my father's secretary; my dad's second son, Joseph, who was the company's president, told me he was looking to get out of the family business because my father was putting too much trust in Donna instead of turning the company over to Joey. A short time later, as Joe [mildly] and myself [vehemently], voiced concern, all my father's companies would go bankrupt and out of business.

Following the failure of my father's businesses, he invited me to be involved in a charity bingo hall, in East Greenbush, called Bingo City; a project involving other family members, friends, and the Defreestville Chief of Police. I respectfully declined, telling him, if it was another idea of Donna's, which all previously failed, I wouldn't be involved since it seemed anything Donna was involved in was destructive. Instead, I would put my time and energy toward my media ministry and work with addicts, the homeless, and animals. My father berated me, insulted me, and disowned me; however, weeks later, we made up and I even attended a night of bingo with some relatives.

Regrettably, months later, my father, his son, Joe, the Chief of Police, and the other family members and friends were all criminally charged. To this day, my father and brother claim it was politically motivated. Actually, I don't doubt my dad, to a degree. Just recently, in fact, he confessed, to me, on recording, he was protecting somebody which is why he took a felony charge. The only felony and most serious charge on his virtually, spotless criminal record. For the record, everyone, including the Chief of Police, who was forced to resign from office,

suffered some legal consequence. The only person who, curiously, faced no charges or ramifications was his secretary and second wife, Donna.

Fast forward to about 2014. By now, after another failed home-building and other businesses involving Donna; my father had sold off, three plots of land on his large-scale property; later, he was also forced to convert the upstairs bedroom, of his home, into a rental apartment.

Eventually, as I cautioned him and predicted, my father, with deep regret, told me he was being forced to sell our family home. It was the home his and our family grew-up in; the home his wife and my mother died in; the home he once corralled five horses in; the home his and our beloved family dog Nugget, died and was buried, even though, my dad said, although the only person I ever witnessed to ever kick the little dog, was Donna, she was not to blame for Nugget's death and that Donna helped bury him. My dad also regrets losing the pastor who my father was trying to help and died in his arms near the apple tree.

The truth, regarding the house, my father told me was Donna wanted the money, instead, and wanted to move closer to her children; and my dad was getting too old and weak to take care of the home and property on his own.

That's when I tracked across the country, having worked for years, with the presidents of the New York Racing Association, to turn the home into a profitable and sustainable location for the up-and-coming breeding program for New York Breds or offer my proposal to turn the home into an Airbnb so my father could keep living there.

I also offered to help with a garage sale; to sell-off some incredibly valuable possessions my father owned. However, after I went to hand my dad his half of the proceeds from the first sale; Donna came storming out of the house and grabbed the money out of my hand. I never saw anyone grab a $10 bill so quickly and determinedly. I was only mildly shocked since my dad would later, agree, Donna is the greediest person we've ever known. Later, Donna used her power and control over my dad to put an end to the garage sale and that's when my father, basically, threw $400 in my face, as a refund for my airfare; and told me he and Donna "wanted their life back."

Deeply depressed I couldn't save our family home or my father from Donna's coercive financial control, I left a note for my dad along with half of the proceeds from what I did make at the abbreviated garage sale, which probably wasn't more than $100. Years, later, my dad told me he never got the note or money; and we agreed the money-hungry Donna must have kept it.

In tears, I stumbled to the barn on our property, where there appeared to be a noose hanging from the rafters and felt an evil force telling me to kill myself although that's the last thing I wanted to do. In a violent storm, the likes of which I have never seen; I stripped myself of all my clothing, and the necklace my dad gave me, with an inscription saying, "I would always be his son" and I wrestled with that evil spirit and noose for five hours.

By the time the storm ceased, I was still lying, rolled up, in the dirt, naked, in my own tears. When I finally heard a voice, I lifted up my head. It was a Donna approaching the opening of the

barn and when she saw me, she giggled and said something I know was mocking and derogatory, something to the effect, "Oh, good, that's right where you belong."

In fear, I immediately got up and left the property and didn't speak to my dad for 4-years; and have never yet been back to our family home.

Following the sale of the $500,000+ home, I was given $1,000 by my father, which I had to use to hire movers to remove my belongings, which were long kept there in one of the Backyard Barn storage sheds.

In 2018, I heard news that my father was despondent, depressed and in deep despair because he could ill-afford the rental home he was now renting, in East Greenbush, for he and Donna; and the only car he could only now barely afford to lease; and that she, again, wanted to move him, against his will, this time to Schenectady, so she didn't have to drive so far to be with her daughters.

Again, I traveled across the country, to try and aid my dad. However, because I never got a formal apology from him, and I know I would never get one from her; I could only justify my going to see him for work reasons. At the time, that meant my videotaping him in reference to the biographical story of my mom and our family, which I did.

It was at that time my father relayed to me, Donna was more brazenly stealing his money, coercively controlling him, and being more verbally and emotionally abusive; and that he was under stress, anxiety and pressure to try to find a way to make money for the rent and her car payment.

Because I always loved my father and long-ago predicted the price, he would have to pay for the domestically abusive relationship he was in with Donna; and his own growing codependency, as he only got older and weaker, I accepted his anxious apology at reuniting.

Truly, I never stopped loving or wanting to help my own dad. In truth, I was torn and divided as I tried to heal and didn't take his phone calls over that period. Sadly, daily, I lived in fear and great sorrow of getting a phone call telling me he was gone, forever.

Thankfully, by this time, my work had developed into a worldwide media ministry and non-profit corporation named DiBello Production Company, Inc.; which includes being a credentialed media member at countless spiritual, show business and sporting events; and working with many more nonprofit churches, charities, corporations and government agencies.

This work includes my working with the Canadian Football League, the National Football League and the New York Giants and Chicago Bears, and many other franchises; the NBA, NHL, NCAA and Major League Baseball and other sports leagues, teams, commissioners and players; and in show business with many studios, television shows, films and celebrities; which includes almost 40 appearances and production on various programs as a minister and counselor; including my, almost, two decades of work with and three appearances on the "Dr. Phil" Show. It also includes a 2016 letter of commendation and recommendation from former President

Barack Obama; and a video acknowledgment as founder of "The Committee for a Christian President" by former President Donald Trump.

On the more recreational side of work and making my father and I money, he and I have long waited, as sports fans, for wagering to become legalized in the state of New York, which it did, in addition to 10-12 other states, all of which I traveled, making winning plays, so I could send my father money, which I've done, to the amount of about $2,500 to $5,000; in just the last two years. In addition to spending my life savings, to the amount of $10,000, or more, within that time frame, on him, for his care and recreation. And in almost each and every case, he either forfeited, had stolen, or Donna coercively controlled most of the finances earmarked for him!

In fact, in the 35 years since my father's been with this person, I've probably spent and sent him $30,000; and he spent, or sent, maybe $2,000, on me. Yet, by my account, that's okay; because I owe him my life and before he met Donna, he generously gave me and his seven other children anything we could have ever asked for or bought!

This leads me to 2019, when my father, still begging for financial help and the protection of his remaining finances from theft; in addition to making at least one call to me, almost daily, for a year, literally crying how Donna was emotionally and verbally berating and threatening him, abusing him, and coercively controlling him; that I did a deep dive study into what is called perspecticide; to learn of that the form of abuse my father, it's obvious, based on the evidence, has long suffered from at the hands of Donna.

Tragically, perspecticide also involves a cultish practice of brainwashing which could often be misdiagnosed as Alzheimer's or dementia, since dementia is known to be brought on by abuse. In fact, it's common the abuser, in an effort to distract the victim, will deceive them into thinking they have Alzheimer's in an effort to continue their nefarious grooming for abusive power and control.

Thankfully, although my father, was negatively reinforced the notion he had Alzheimer's, for years; a known doctor has refuted that diagnosis. In fact, my father testified to me that Donna secretly took a tape recorder to one of my father's appointments and she was deeply dismayed and dejected that doctor didn't concur with Donna's longstanding Alzheimer's assessment.

In addition, my father's deeply disturbed Donna's daughter, who has great disrespect and disdain for my dad, and is only a physician's assistant, with no legal grounds to prescribe medication, has been tricking and forcing my father into taking needless medications. This includes the debunked memory drug Prevagen, even after my father was diagnosed as not having Alzheimer's, and he related to me, that which I always knew, and the physician assured my father he is "in the top 5% of his age group mentally."

In fact, in counseling my dad, I educated him there's a big difference between forgetting something and not knowing something and having his brain washed of it. This was never more evident than when I took my father on a one-week vacation to Tampa, and his request, and my expense, and I recorded documentary footage he recalled from his work as a promoter and the likes of Elvis, The Beatles, Frank Sinatra, and Johnny Cash from over 60 years ago and didn't take a single pill and even joyously, more than once, broke out in song!

On that trip, my dad also had begun to further share alarming stories of this Donna, before they were married, including her admitting to him she did shoot her husband in the kitchen and

Donna and her sister Anne, whom I've never met, when in California, even thew a man out of 9th story window, when she and her sister were there together! For the record, since I had never known my dad to lie like that, and as unbelievable a tale, that is; my dad has never been mentally ill, apart from this spousal abuse; and while he told me, that which is obvious to me, that Donna has blackmailed and extorted my dad by threatening to put him in a dreaded nursing home or a mental institution; either of which my father is dreadfully afraid of almost as much as he fears living with Donna!

Tragically, she also ransoms and holds him hostage because every time my father seeks liberation financially or otherwise; or anyone, like me, contests the care my father is getting; he fearfully pleads, "Don't anger her...You don't have to live with her." Regrettably, this stems from his accounts of her overmedicating him, hitting him in the nose which also leads to nosebleeds; throwing him down and breaking his ribs, from a cabinet above; and beating and battering him in the back; and waiving knives at him! All of which, again, he asked I record.

What makes these calls all the more criminally disturbing; is the evidence my father has, or had, and Donna destroyed, or threatened to destroy; that she has over a million dollars stored and stolen away from her life with him! In addition, she controls all of his banking and sports betting accounts; and has criminally tried to bribe and coerce a bank teller into controlling his remaining, independently controlled, Key Bank account; the account where he has access to his Social Security and Veterans benefit; and a couple of thousand dollars which remains from the sale of cherished belongings he was forced to sell.

In addition, the house she controllingly compelled him to move to, in Schenectady, is priced at approximately $200,000, and was purchased in cash, solely in her and her daughter's name, with no mention of my father or any of his family on the deed.

Furthermore, my father is forcibly threatened and forbidden from going to the upstairs locked "office" of Donna's. She's also seen to it that his driver's license be revoked, and that the only car is in her name, and he is disallowed from possessing his own keys to the car or home.

Most alarming, for me, however, had to be the times he accidentally left the phoneline open, on three separate occasions.

The first was whereby he asked for $250 of his own money, to do the thing he probably loves the most, apart from eating, which is playing the horse races. At that request, I heard Donna grabbing knives and threatening my father with language I had never, ever, heard my father use, in 60 years of knowing him, she screamed, "I am not giving you any effing [she uses the curse word, in every instance] money, no effing way, none of my effing money is going to you, not $250, not any amount. I don't effing care what you want or need it for! I'm in charge around here not you, don't effing forget it!"

In a second call, not unlike I've heard in a cult, Donna, again rattling a knife, which she often does, demands undying loyalty and allegiance from my father; manipulating and misleading him into believing nobody cares for him the way she does and that everybody in his life wants

his money but her; and that if she wants somebody out of his life, he needs to follow her commands to be the one to do it. My father robotically responded, "If you want me to kill for you, I will."

Donna replied, "Good boy. That's what I want to know."

In a third call, Donna threatens to cut back on feeding my father, further neglecting him, which he screams out and laments is the only thing he gets to do and enjoys in life anymore. She gets to travel, on vacations, alone, everywhere she wants at his expense; and she ends up reprimanding him telling him he is "cheap and doesn't contribute." She also tries to cunningly and coercively gain access to his Social Security and Veterans benefit; as mentioned, the only account she's yet to control. My dad fearfully and frustratingly cries out, "What more do you want my skin? You already have everything, now, already!"

Furthermore, I actually have hundreds of phone messages and recall many conversations from and with my father, whereby Donna has threatened him with a knife, but said she was only joking; threatened him with violence to sign documents and accounts over to her; and many phone calls of him, at all hours of the day and night, fearful she's going to, again, hurt, hit or even murder him!

Now as one who has worked with abuse victims for over three decades; I wasn't surprised that this Donna's manipulation was also ramped up regarding my dad. This also includes ransoming and reward scenarios for emails she wants sent since my dad has never opened or sent an email, on his own, ever.

Two cases, in point, were one whereby Donna disrespected one of my dad's daughters, and my father wrongly defended Donna; to which my father's daughter, Julie, wrote a scathing rebuke. Like a referee at a sporting event, they don't see the first punch, but they penalize the retaliatory strike. In this case, Donna had framed the response, and placed it next to my father's desk, where he toils and labors futilely, repeatedly reminded him of how useless and ungrateful his children are. At one point, I was actually on the phone, when my father was at his wit's end and finally cried out, he'd had it with this daughter. That's when Donna intervened, telling my father she didn't want to see him suffer any more, so she took down the frame, reassuring him,

"This is what somebody who is your caregiver does for you; they take you away from harm and the ungrateful."

Eventually, after intervention on my part, my father saw the light of this manipulation and reunited with that daughter.

However, more maniacal and manipulative was in the summer of 2021, when my father begged me to take him to the racetrack and to come rescue him and save him. Yet, for me, not only was I going to try to help liberate my dad, I asked for a year, and promised him, even recording FaceTime pictures of him giving me permission to duplicate and transfer priceless family footage which was disintegrating on VHS tapes. Additionally, he and I are of the belief that Donna would simply dispose of anything she couldn't sell after my father dies; and he wants her possessing nothing for the years of torment she has put him through. I don't blame him.

Therefore, when I arrived at his home, for a discreet 1:00 p.m. meeting, after we had not seen each other for many months, and only perhaps the third time in 8 years, we hugged and prayed, and were mutually at peace and thankful Donna wasn't in the area. However, at, 1:00 p.m.,

exactly, Donna stormed in the door; rudely berating me and shamed my dad. To which he said, quietly and reservedly, to me, with regards to Donna's timing: "Satan really does exist."

In the following moments, my father had to negotiate the opportunity for me take him to our long pre-planned lunch at Cracker Barrel, his favorite restaurant. I rounded up the video tapes and called an Uber to take us to the restaurant.

Not surprisingly or shockingly, after speaking with Donna, my father had second thoughts on my borrowing the video tapes, for a few days, to duplicate and transfer them before returning them. Because of the verbal dissension he and I were having, we were asked to leave Cracker Barrel. I headed to Ballston Spa, where I was staying, and he went back to East Greenbush.

Within a day or two, he was calling to threaten me, with arrest, for stealing the video tapes; and that if I dare to return to the property there were security cameras everywhere and I would be arrested. And that I should leave the tapes, with a family member, who I previously mentioned was also manipulated by Donna.

With complete distrust of Donna, and now distrust of my father who is acting like no more than a drug addicted codependent, again threatening arrest; I pressed to get the tapes duplicated at a professional establishment on Central Avenue, in Albany. However, during the time-consuming process of accomplishing such, I received a phone call from my father which was the most disturbing phone call I've ever gotten from him.

This call was not only disturbing because it is devastatingly heartbreaking; but because I knew he was being victimized and manipulated by his abuser; but that he was also codependently no different than a drug addict who was married to his drug dealer. In this phone message, my own father threatens to sell my intended grave plot, next to my deceased mother, for $835, [which I think may be related to the cost of the lease on Donna's car] and tells me I can be buried somewhere else!"

Ironically, the same daughter who I mentioned in the previous manipulation, later informed me, she and others were already allowed to copy the video tapes; and that in a different circumstance, Donna wanted to see to it that my father had his daughter, Julie's, grave plot also sold. Regrettably, I didn't get to see my father the entire summer nor take him to the racetrack.

Now later in '21, the calls from my father were more frequent and depressingly desperate. There was no doubt to me he needed serious help and freedom from the use and abuse he was suffering. Yet, on a positive note, I could also detect that he might be breaking the codependent streak that he had of having to call his oppressor, out of habit and fear, and to gauge her pleasure or displeasure, 25 times a day. Not to mention, the displeasure he had that she was continuing to travel at his expense; come and go as she pleased and was further neglecting and not caring for him by taking on volunteer jobs at places like Proctors Theater; where my father believes she's targeting her next wealthy victim; or the gentleman she babysits for is somebody she's secretly having a sexual relationship with; and also targeting.

To make matters worse in my efforts to lovingly serve my dad, after returning from a ministerial, animal rescue and spiritual retreat, in Mexico, I have to be detained at the border, like a common criminal, because of this legal matter! When I arrived back to Las Vegas, I saw an ominous yellow envelope either in the mail or on my apartment door. Since I live in one of the

most dangerous, criminal and poor parts of Las Vegas; I was worried, since I've been receiving death threats, for months, because of my controversial appearances on national television and since I live in a high crime area.

Much to my anger, the extensive paperwork looked like some kind of documentation or a court order falsely accusing me of threatening, harassing and being a threat to use a weapon against my father's second wife Donna!

The contention of the claim read something like, "Mark DiBello wants me to leave his father and I am his father's caregiver. He's also ranting to his brothers and sisters in emails to them and me."

For the record, since I have never owned a gun or threatened anybody with a knife, in my life, ever, nor ever threatened or harassed this person Donna; I chose not to read any more of this false accusation; and show the paperwork to my father's lawyer, if I was able to return to New York to rescue him, as planned that summer; because it was my dad who informed me he wanted and found it a life-saving necessity to divorce Donna and pleaded for my help!

In the following months, I was called and emailed, on my religious day of observation, at 6:00 a.m. Pacific Standard Time, in the past, regarding what may be this protection order against my father; in which case, I didn't open or respond, since I must honor my "day of rest"; and not once could I conceive any person or court could be so complicit in the destruction of the lives of two men. I was also told, the communications would come from a spam number, but it was really the court. Well, with over 10,000 unread messages in my email, and as one who had his identity stolen and thefts, weekly, because of this order, and theft of my computer; I wasn't able and was cautious about responding.

At this point, I contacted former Rensselaer County Family Court judge, The Honorable Christian Hummel, twice, who knows of both my father, and my, and our family's life work and was willingly to freely offer his support. Not to mention, the mutual respect he has for my father and family; just as I have for him; but said he knows nothing about the character of this Donna. What he advised me, and I educated him, was that most abusers never stop because either they don't want things to change, or they don't believe they're doing anything wrong!

Therefore, it was I, who suggested to multiple people, in law enforcement, government administration, including the Mayor of Schenectady; that my father needs help; not only for the brainwashing cultish perspecticide against him; but also offered an olive branch knowing that Donna, even though it’s obvious she fits the profile of a spousal abuser who neglects my dad, and is also one who has committed cultish brainwashing in the abuse and neglect of my dad; that she, also, could benefit from professional counseling.

Furthermore, I even offered multiple times, after my father asked me to call the police, and then told me not to bother calling the police because they didn't do anything, anyway. In truth, the same can be said for APS in both Rensselaer County, whereby my father told me Donna gave money to APS employee as she walked away; and in Schenectady County, Donna, met the APS person at the door, and assured the young girl there was no abuse going on!

For the record, again, my father was the one who made me aware of his desire for a divorce and his need for help and seeing his lawyer. In addition, he requested that I transcribe multiple emails on his behalf and in his words; and if I took the initiative to send my own email to his children or to Donna; I transcribed them to him and got his authorization to send each and every one; either, mostly before, but perhaps on one occasion afterward.

From that point on, I was determined and devoted to help my father under any circumstance, or false accusation, against he and I. Not once, in all our phone calls and plans, from the time I received that document, moving forward; have I ever encouraged anybody to harass or bring harm to Donna other than to separate her from my dad and express his and my righteous anger and outrage. Indeed, I completely exercised my First Amendment right, as a media member and with the constitutional right of freedom of speech, and as ministerial counselor, in practicing my religion, to document this case online.

Now, in 2022, again, my father had called me virtually every day for a year; and our conversations were usually all the same. Most of them, he even asks me to record, or I ask his permission, which he grants. We talk about God, sports, movies, past memories and our undying love, respect, pride and thankfulness for each other. Primarily, however, my dad rather recounts how Donna has stolen from, lied, and cheated him for decades; how she's murdered men in the past, how she used and emotionally, mentally and physically, abuses him and he states, "she belongs in jail." Constantly, he cries, and begs me to come help, rescue and save him! I have spent countless hours counseling, advising and praying with him.

Ultimately, he wanted me to plan to help him with a divorce, to protect what remaining finances he has left, make money together, and maybe have him recoup some of the million dollars she's stolen; to take him to the racetrack; feed him; and simply help him enjoy his dying days through his depression of what he says is "the biggest mistake he's ever made"; and I wholeheartedly agree and see the obvious results by simply, "following the money."

So in 2022; after realizing and learning how physical the abuse against my father had gotten; and knowing, in many abuse cases, the abused either becomes suicidal or wants to murder their abuser; knowing my father, who is just as I am, and respecters of life, and ones who suffer in sacrifice for others; the torment and torture my father is experiencing turns to tragically desperate talks of his depression and suicidal thoughts.

More alarmed than ever, I then began closely working with a New York company called Aptihealth; and not coincidentally, but miraculously, a pair of practitioners who are long-time family friends of my father's, from his hometown of Mechanicville, New York. Yet, because of my dad's ineptitude on the phone and experience knowing Donna would be against my father's deprogramming; he's yet to have a visitation or consultation with either.

In addition, I began talks with the famed Dr. Phil McGraw: to assist in getting my father freed from this IPV, or Intimate Partner Violence, and perspecticide my father is imprisoned, victimized and enslaved by; in addition to counseling for his codependence and his own responsibility and accountability for the condition and state of deterioration and loss of the quality life he is mired in; but seemed, while I was counseling him, to be dramatically improving.

Regrettably, while my father did everything in his heart, his mind wasn't able to function enough for him to board the plane for the flight to meet with me in California and appear on the program, which and I knew Donna was firmly against and feared being exposed. It's not unlike when the local news wanted to report on my dad's accomplishments and those of his children, who have won on many nationally televised game shows; but Donna put an end to that by scaring the television reporter, away, and insisting my dad was not competent enough to do anything without her oversight.

Therefore, in May of 2022, since my father was still suffering and deeply missing his son Joe, who is a highly successful and wealthy horse owner in Tampa, Florida; I offered to take my dad, at my expense, to see his son.

During that trip, I witnessed my father's mindset and condition improve dramatically. Much to our delight and surprise; his son, Joseph, verbally vowed to underwrite my father's relocation to anywhere he wanted to move; and I would provide the counseling, care, and other necessities and recreational opportunities that my father has begged me, for years, to provide for him.

In addition, I was able to video record my father reminiscing, as mentioned, stories from 60 years ago, of his work, as a promoter, and we recalled much of the great positive things we had each accomplished in our lives; despite the fact we were both angered and stressed at the pressure this person, Donna, was putting on him, going so much as to contribute to the rumor and rhetoric we heard that my father was kidnapped! A charge, it may appear, she should stand trial for since my father is isolated and cultishly held captive.

In truth, I used most all my resources, time and energy, to plan on moving in with my father, in either Saratoga, Tampa, or Las Vegas, where I reside; and was prepared to do that, when I rented a place in Saratoga, for the month, and arranged appointments with landlords, including the highly successful, Mr. Roddy Valente, a mutual friend of my father's and mine; and followed up with my father to help him on his plan to meet a divorce lawyer named Mr. Anthony Ianniello, who's an old friend of my father's, who I'd never met or knew of. My father also wanted my assistance with protecting banking and sports betting accounts, and his Social Security payment and Veterans benefit. I also planned on taking my father to his favorite place, Saratoga Racecourse; and lunch and dinner wherever and whenever he wanted.

So, when I arrived in Saratoga, the first order of business was to take my dad for a father and son outing to the racetrack, which we had talked about and looked forward to, in anticipation, for months. Initially, he was going to have Donna drop him off at a downtown restaurant and then he and I were going to Uber to the racetrack, together, where I had reserved for us pricey seats in the exclusive 1863 Club, where we had never been. However, when the waitress rudely

kicked me off the dining porch because all I was drinking was water; I called my dad and asked him to meet me directly at the racetrack.

By total coincidence, my Uber dropped me off behind the car Donna was driving. Now, because I was somewhat aware of this protection order against, she and I, throughout the year, I told my dad I would never meet him if Donna was anywhere in the area; and when I met him, at the

Schenectady house, I would always meet him on the sidewalk or at a nearby restaurant. I was diligent and careful to honor, even if fraudulent and false, the court's restraining order.

So even though Donna left the trunk open to the car and perhaps purposely not give something to my father; after I saw my dad enter the racetrack, alone, with his cane, I whispered in his ear, I loved him hugged him and we began to pray. Seemingly, instantaneously, an intimidating stranger, whom I had never seen before, rushed up upon me, didn't professionally or politely introduce himself, and asked if my name was Mark DiBello? When I answered, "Yes," thinking he might just be asking for an autograph, but quickly realized all I've gotten, lately, because of my controversial work in ministry and media, was death threats, and this guy thrust the envelope under my arm and ran off; I sensed this envelope, and his actions might lead to something dangerous. Now, since I've suffered death threats; I've had feces left at my door; I had Covid, three times; I know of Anthrax and letter bombs being delivered in yellow envelopes; I immediately rejected opening it.

It then dawned upon me, since my father and I both recognize Donna is always causing a problem for he and I; that she may have something to do with this. In fact, nobody else on Earth knew I was meeting my dad, at that moment, and in that place; and somehow, especially since I had him on the phone letting him know of my travels, she must have been privy to it and plan something despicable to cause him and I a problem. Now since she is the type to add insult to injury, and I already was served with an order, once, regarding her; I expressed to my dad I couldn't believe she might be the one compounding that procedure.

In fact, I have on video, my seating my dad, and asking him about the envelope, but he had no clue other than to say if it is from Donna, "She used me to set you up!" If that were the case, he was angry, and I was furious. No matter the contents of that envelope, or who was responsible for it; it didn't seem in the best interest and safety of my father that I should open it. So, on video, I recorded the incident and disposed of the envelope, while another intimidating stranger stared my father and I down. Afterward, we relocated to another part of the racetrack and went on to try to enjoy the rest of our day.

That evening, since my father was disturbed and not feeling well over the incident, earlier, nor was I; he was going to return her house in Schenectady, but since my father couldn't locate Donna to gain entry; and because he said Donna purposely didn't give him his overnight bag, I clothed him, and he spent the night with me.

The next morning, he didn't feel well because of the broken ribs he suffered when Donna threw him down, many months, earlier, so I took him to the hospital, but he refused care and we went on to the track, for an unplanned second day, totally at my expense, including an overpriced $7 lemonade, my father insisted on, but spit out and moaned about in distaste. Only later, did he

loudly berate me, in public after I had to go momentarily, to the media department, and say hello to the president of NYRA; even though, I had him safely seated in reserved grandstand seat. Still, we enjoyed being together even winning about $350 each.

When the racetrack closed and my father said Donna was too busy and unable to pick him up and couldn't reach her; and that he couldn't take an Uber back to his house alone; although I had other plans, I rode back with him and dropped him off. Since I was concerned, I would be in

violation of some order against her, I paid the driver extra to take my dad to the front door. I then called Schenectady police to ask them to make certain my father could get in his house only because he was moaning, he wanted to get in, and yet he didn't have a key and couldn't reach Donna.

Not surprisingly, and alarmingly, the police called me back an hour and a half later, saying, "We just got to his house, and we can't locate your father!" Finally, I was able to contact him and realized he was okay and trying to sustain being verbally grilled by Donna.

A few days would pass, it was on Wednesday morning, September 14, 2022, when my father frantically called me insisting, I take him to a bank where Donna couldn't deceitfully gain access to his bank account. On the recorded call, I could actually hear her threatening him in the background. So that day, I hurriedly finalized the plan for us to meet with two landlords; and as my dad requested, at the Saratoga office of his lawyer; and take my dad to get something for dinner.

After having Uber ferry my dad up to Saratoga, where we met outside his lawyer's office, we arrived at the bank only 15 minutes before closing. To both our frustration, the bankers procrastinated and delayed in meeting with us. At the time, I already had my remaining life savings, in my pocket, and asked my dad for no money at all, and was simply going to deposit the money into a mutual bank account so we could have the security payment for a rental property or condominium lease.

As my dad has done in the past, he began to freak out, stress and panic that his "accountant" was going to be displeased that he was doing some banking. But I know my dad has no accountant; this I dismayed, is the normal procedure for having to process whether a victim's actions will please or displease his abuser and what repercussions will come from anything he does to her displeasure. So after he started moaning for water, although he had a bottle with him, and went from being too hot, to too cold, to too hot, to too cold; sweater on, sweater off, sweater on; in a matter of 15 minutes; he shouted and screamed at me for his cell phone, so he could go outside and call Donna so he could also, find out where to buy pain pills, later [again, from a rib and back injury suffered when Donna threw him down].

When it came our turn to be waited on; I heard him say only one sentence to Donna, "Yes, yes, I'm okay Mark's not hurting me." Suddenly, the bank closed its doors, and I screamed out in frustration! I told my dad to get off the phone and I would call him an Uber; and he could go home; and that he blew it and any chance of my helping him, or us, being with each other!

At that point, a body-builder bystander walked by and accused me of threatening an old man. I told him to mind his business and I went across the street to call my father an Uber since my

phone wasn't getting a Wi-Fi signal. Sure enough, the police showed up, and I wouldn't be surprised if it was Donna who called them, again, and I was being arrested.

I had no idea why I was being arrested. And while my father stood across the street, when I was placed in the cop car, I was told I was being arrested for contempt of court and violating a protection order against my father. I was in total disbelief and shock!

After being arrested, I was mocked, it took an hour to fingerprint me because of some mechanical problem, and I was placed in that cold cage for 16 hours and ate nothing. Thankfully, because I was residing in Saratoga, at the time, I was released on my own recognizance and this nightmare instead of ending was just beginning.

When I stood before the judge, I was told there was a protection order between me and my father, whether that's in Saratoga, by default, or instigated by this Donna, in Rensselaer County, against his will and knowledge; not once, not on video at the racetrack, or since November 2021, did my father ever tell me about a protection order between he and I; nor did this liar and thief Donna even mention it, other than to blurt out, once, in the background, which I have on tape, after she was done harassing my father, "Mark missed his day in court." Not once, did I read anything, nor had a single notion or the concept thereof, until my arrest, legally instructing me to stay away from my used and abused, suffering and suicidally depressed dad!

Furthermore, never, not once, since March 3rd of 1991; have I ever so much as lied to my father, stolen from my father, or threatened my father, nor have I posed any threat or hurt or harm against him!

And since my arrest, I have gotten at least 600 phone calls, and at least a few hundred phone messages; from my father, crying and begging to speak with me; and how much theft, use and abuse he is suffering at the hands of Donna, alone; and how much my father loves me, needs me, and is suffering in deep stress, loneliness, depression, and with suicidal thoughts; just as I have been made to suffer because he is my father and I adore him and I owe him my life.

In the end, this Donna Murphy is criminally victimizing my father and I; and this court is complicit in that regard. In truth, although there is no single shred of evidence proving I am stealing from, or my father needing protection from his son; or even the petitioner for that matter; this court is unjust in its dictate and determination.

For me, personally, I just met with the female president of an NFL franchise, which took me 20-years to arrange, about getting a job with the organization and when they do a background check on me; they're going to see a protection order against me! There is no way they will hire me with that on my record, all because this Donna and the court think it's more valuable to society that Donna keeps abusing my father and making $1,000 a month from him, and every last dime, and added insurance policies so she can keep stealing and making money off him till he is literally dead broke!

This Constitution of the United States is written to insure the civil and human rights of the people; and the rule of law offers citizens "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," yet this

perpetrator of perspecticide, and petitioner, along with the court, has unjustly done the exact opposite to my father and me!

In truth, the petitioner is doing no more than using the court to abuse, control and empower herself over the one person who has done better for his father, than anyone else on Earth. And the court believes my father, God forbid, when on his deathbed, should not be permitted to have contact with his minister, counselor, best friend, and eldest son!

At question is this: Am I disallowed and in fear of arrest for simply attending my father's funeral or under the abusive and cultish control of the one person, who has cost my father more money, emotional, mental and physical pain than anyone who has ever existed in his life or mine? And will I be in jail when my father dies, not be able pay my last respects and have to mourn in captivity?!

Thank God, literally, I choose to live by a higher constitution; that being a Commandment, chiseled in stone, which reads: "Honor thy father." This Law, truth be told, is what I shall do, all the days of my dad's and my life, till the day I die. He has my word on it and any other spiritual being or mindset can "Go to Hell!"