

I will continue to fight for my kids

1 message

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I hope you all know the pain being inflicted on my kids and myself.

Every morning, as I open my eyes to another day filled with uncertainty, I'm consumed by a relentless question: how much more can we endure? The injustice inflicted upon my family cuts to the very core of my being, leaving me shattered and reeling.

On April 10th, a police officer with a court order knocked on my door, accusing me of contempt—a stark contradiction to the truth of what happened during the April 8th court proceedings. The sheer absurdity of the accusation left me speechless, and the threat of arrest on May 13th if I failed to comply with ambiguous court orders only added insult to injury.

As if the weight of injustice wasn't crushing enough, another devastating blow came when a notice from All Saints Catholic Academy threatened me with arrest for simply setting foot on school grounds. But why? I think the answer is very clear. The package, pointed out by the officer as I signed for its delivery, left me reeling with confusion and fear. Why was I singled out for such cruel treatment? The mere thought of being targeted in this manner sent shivers down my spine and left me questioning the fairness of it all.

These threats, without explanation or justification, plunged me into a state of fear and despair. Stripping me away any semblance of normalcy from my life, leaving me in a sea of uncertainty and anguish.

Thinking my kids would finally return home on April 8th, I prepared for their arrival. I cleaned their rooms with care, prepared their favorite foods, and eagerly placed their car seats back in my car. However, as I stood before the judge, pleading for answers as to why my children were still kept from me despite Thomas being under investigation, my heart shattered into a million pieces. The judge's silence echoed through the courtroom, leaving me to grapple with the agonizing reality of their continued absence.

During the court hearing, instead of focusing on the welfare of my children—the heart of the matter—precious time was wasted scrutinizing inconsequential details like my grammatical errors in the motions I filed and the scope of my investigations. Chuck Roberts even speculated about whether the judge had any involvement in these investigations and how I referred to the people I was asking to be investigated. Yet, amidst this of irrelevant questions, not a single question was raised about the well-being of my children or the unjust circumstances surrounding them being taken away from my care. It was a stark reminder of the system's failure to prioritize the needs of innocent children over protecting Thomas Neal.

Driving away from the courthouse with the empty car seats, tears streamed down my face, mingling with the profound sense of loss and longing that gripped my soul. Every passing week, as I am forced to see my children for one hour, they keep asking when they can return to the warmth and safety of their home pierce through me like a dagger. It's a question that tears me apart, especially when both they and I know there is no valid reason for us being separated.

This is an abomination! These actions are not only tearing me apart but are also eroding the well-being of my precious children with each passing day. I was their primary caregiver, the one who cooked their meals, tended to their needs, and provided them with love and protection. When they were hurt, they come to my arms, not his. It was me who wiped away their tears and comforted them in the aftermath of his abuse. I refuse to stand idly by as all of you allow their innocence to be tarnished and their spirits crushed.

What is it about me that makes my rights insignificant? Are my feelings not worthy of consideration? Do I not have the fundamental right to care for my own children, but their abusing father does? Is it because I am Mexican, because I am gay, or because I am an orphan? Is it because I don't have the financial power like he does? These questions plague my mind, echoing the deep-rooted injustices that plague our society. But regardless of the reasons, I refuse to accept this blatant disregard for my rights and the welfare of my children. I WILL NOT STOP!!!!!!

My home was their sanctuary, a haven where laughter echoed and love flowed freely, full of compassion and understanding. Yet, Rick Roberts, Chuck Roberts, Wendy Musielak, Roger Thatcher, All Saints, and Judge Louis Aranda ruthlessly illegally tore it from them. The agony of witnessing their longing for the familiar comforts of their rooms, the solace of their beds, and the warmth of my embrace is a wound that sears deeper than words can convey.

I am utterly heartbroken by the unjust turn of events that has befallen me, but what breaks me even more is the thought of the profound impact it's having on my children's lives. It's unjust, cruel, and utterly unfair for us to be treated in such a callous manner

by a legal system that was supposed to protect us, especially without any clear reason or understanding. The legal system's disregard for my children's cries for help is a bitter pill to swallow. Their lives have been upended, their innocence shattered, and yet I feel utterly helpless, unable to rectify the situation for them. It's a pain that gnaws at my soul every single day, a burden I carry with me constantly.

For months on end, I've languished in the depths of despair, grappling with sleepless nights and an insatiable ache that consumes my very being. The torment I endure leaves me unable to find comfort in food or solace in my work. This ordeal, thrust upon me without a shred of justification, has stripped me of my former self, leaving me a mere shadow of who I once was.

But amidst the relentless anguish, there's one burden that eclipses all others: the excruciating agony of being torn from my children. The reasons for their separation remain veiled in shadows, leaving me to grapple with a pain so deep, so unfathomable, it defies understanding.

I'm bewildered by how a school, law enforcement, a judge, social workers, and lawyers seem more intent on protecting Thomas Neal than ensuring the safety and well-being of my children. It's a grave injustice that defies comprehension.

Every day without my children is a day dedicated to fighting fiercely for their return gets stronger every day.

Mario