

December 16, 2024

20CF2603AO

Mr. Michael Kraynick -

REC'D FROM JUDGE

I am enclosing please my complete statement to you and the world as I partially read during my sentencing hearing. By my reserving particular parts of my very true and meaningful statement, I was hoping to have been graced with your forgiveness, understanding, and consideration in any level or degree. For me unfortunately, and regardless of whom I had speak on my behalf, or the number of, your ignorant mind was already made up.

By your clear error and full-blown, unfair bias against me since your involvement in my crucible case as a whole, I have been unsuccessful in receiving anything from you as a supposed fair and neutral judge, except for your wish that I spend the rest of my life in prison.

Please know and always remember Mr. Kraynick, I forgive you. Still, and sincerely. Please understand also the judge, according to Cicero, "is never to lose sight that he is simply a man, and that he cannot exceed the power given to him by his commission; that not only power, but public confidence

has been given to him; that he ought always very seriously to attend not to his wishes, but to the requisitions of law, of justice, and religion."

Cic-pro. Clientis.

I am excited in my appeal which speaks for itself. My career as well in which I am extremely proud to have achieved, and will continue doing so now that I am no longer in your corrupt court, and free from your malevolent judicial grip.

Sarah BOONE vs. State of Florida.

I also have added to my statement as a result of your blindness and impartiality, foremost your disgust in me as being an outspoken woman, determined defendant, and proactive client, hoping the next time you put on your listening ears, and do not unfairly oppress the next as you have so blatantly done me.

You will never admit your many judicial errors, nor will the prosecutors theirs, and I will never admit to what you have wrongfully accused me of and judged me as.

I am not a murderer. I am a survivor.

Sarah Boone

Black Robe Disease - arrogance in a judge, a slang term for a judge who flaunts judicial power and dominates proceedings at the expense of the dispensation of justice.

Impartiality is the first duty of a judge, before he gives an opinion, or sits in judgement in a cause, he ought to be certain and absolute that he has no bias for or against either of the parties. If he has any interest, even the most slightest, in the cause, he is disqualified from sitting as a judge, and when aware of such interest, ought to lawfully and justfully refuse to sit on a case. The delicacy which characterizes the judges in this country, generally forbids their sitting in such a cause.

The judge must not only be impartial, but must also follow and properly enforce the law, not abuse. He is bound to declare what law is, and not make it; he not an arbitrator, but an interpreter of the law. It is their duty to be patient in the investigation of the case, understand circumstances and difficulties by all parties, careful in considering parts of a case in whole, and decent in judgement. - Bouvier Law Dictionary (2012 Edition)

"But at the risk of practicing 'judicial-centrism', a word I have coined in this presentation, others have called it 'Black Robe Disease'... whether he was correct or not in my behavior, it is widely accepted that judicial behavior affects the jury."
- Murray Richter, The Simpson Trial (1996)

"And then there is the worst of judicial ailments - the Black Robe Disease, which is otherwise known as arrogance." - Lynn Toler, A Practical Guide to Becoming an Emotional Genius (2007)

"Trial judges are affirmatively charged with securing a fair trial, and must intervene sua sponte to that end when necessary." - Brown v. Walter, 62 F.2d, 798, 799 (2d Cir 1993). That duty encompasses not only the avoidance of error before it occurs, but the fair correction of error that may have occurred earlier in a proceeding. - Carlisle v. United States, 517 US 416, 437 (1996)

"In the instant case, the trial judge did not analyze the evidence; he added to it... dealing with a mere mannerism of the accused in giving his testimony. The judge put his own experience, with all the weight that could be attached to it, in the scale against the accused." - *Queiroz v. United States*, 289 US 416, 53 S.Ct. 698, 77 L.Ed 1321 (1933)

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Kintsukuroi is a kind of Japanese ceramic style which means "to repair with gold." In this tradition, when a ceramic piece breaks, an artisan will fuse the pieces back together again using liquid gold or gold-dust lacquer. So rather than being covered up, the breaks become more obvious, and a brilliant new piece of art emerges from the brokenness.

It embraces flaws, weakness and imperfections, and also teaches the essence of resilience. Every crack in a ceramic piece is part of its history, and each piece becomes more beautiful because it has been broken.

This is the wisdom of kintsukuroi.

In my wisdom, and with all of my repairs then, now and ongoing, God is, has been, and will always be my Artisan. All of my gold, is forgiveness. This has held me together, made me shine brighter and overcome the damage caused by Jorge Torres, the Torres family, the justice system, Judge Wooten and Kravnick, Orange County Corrections Department, social media, scoundrel detectives, infamy, defamation, ongoing constitutional Rights violations, second degree murder, forced into being Pro Se.

Just as gold is very precious, forgiveness is invaluable.

● sleep because I had to go to work or my son's field trip the next day.

For ruining my deceased family's heirlooms, traditions, and keepsakes, my son's furniture, destroying the television we watched together.

For wrecking our townhome by breaking windows, punching holes in the walls and doors, ramming his entire body into glass doors, kicking in my front and back door over and over and over.

● For breaking or removing the locks from all the doors and sometimes the knobs altogether, so I had no where to feel safe, including the sacred space of my son's room where he beat me bloody on his bed.

For terrorizing and threatening my blind and deaf dogs by leaving the gate open I built to keep them safe, telling me he hoped I'd find their bloated dead body in the pond, or scrap their remains off of the pavement, for kicking them off the bed and throwing across the room because they were trying to protect me.

● For threatening to make me unrecognizable to my son by breaking all the bones in my face, like his brother Meiser did to him after he kept seeing all the bruises

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● Forgiveness is not an attempt to change or forget who, what or how you've lived through to be so gold, but an act of grace, humility and considerable self compassion, to be set free from sorrow.

Withholding forgiveness denies your brilliance and adds even greater grief and deeper heartache, irreparable cracks on top of the already that no one deserves, no matter the pain or disappointment, untruths or injustice. It doesn't matter, as the more broken you are, even though now different than before, you've become more outstanding and more extraordinary.

Above all, when you let go of blame, misunderstandings, excuses, give up your anger and cease from resentment, this is forgiveness, and when you forgive, you heal, and when you heal, you move forward.

My gold begins with Jorge Torres and everytime he slapped me, kicked, punched, spit on, raped, stabbed, choked, laughed at, pushed, pulled, dragged, whipped, tripped, stole from, lied, terrorized, threatened, humiliated, forced, degraded, made me cry. Everytime he tried to end me, defeat or destroy.

I forgive Jorge for beating me senseless for trying to

● From Jorge beating me, like all the times their father beat their mother.

for all the drunken rages and fist fights with so many neighbors when wandering into their apartments during hunting expeditions after I escaped.

for drowning me in liquor and wine because I didn't want to drink, causing me to urinate on myself, then butting the end of the bottle in my face giving me 2 black eyes and a bloody nose

● for making me experience what it is to be sodomized.

threatening to kill my friends and the neighbors when they checked on me to make sure I was alive and in one piece.

for threatening to burn down our townhome and set my car on fire because I got a job.

for holding me hostage on weekends my son was supposed to come over by keeping my keys around his neck, my phone in his crotch, and a butcher

● knife stuck in the middle of the table as a warning not to ask anything or try to leave.

● For stabbing me in the leg and not letting me call 911 for an ambulance or seek help, where I nearly bled to death until I concocted a lie to save him from being arrested.

For destroying my phone with a hammer because my son called.

For me experiencing ever being arrested, and after today, prison.

For beating me almost blind, crushing my occipital lobe.

● For having me experience what it means to see "stars" like in the cartoons where a character has a tall lump on their head, I had that too, many times.

dragging me downstairs by my hair in the middle of the night just to sit next to him.

For taking my car driving drunk with my debit card to buy more alcohol while I slept, even after I kindly explained the importance of my car, to take my son to school, to work and me to his batterer's intervention classes and probation officer meetings, where I would be forced to sit for hours in the parking lot waiting for him.

● For causing me so much trauma and pain mentally, physically, emotionally I had to be hospitalized, more than once.

For destroying my reputation and integrity, for my "M" for murderer scarlet letter, not letting me feel safe to live, talk to other people, spend time with my son, have a job, friendships, simply go to the bathroom with the door closed, or go to sleep soundly or comfortably.

I forgive Jorge for lying, for him trying so many times to end me with his terrifying love.

I also forgive the Torres family, his mother and father foremost, also his 2 ex-wives and daughters, all for knowing who Jorge was, capable of and has done in the past, his history of violence and where he learned it, then to keep turning a blind eye when I would ask for help.

All of his siblings, including Farel Torres who is now on his way to prison for stabbing the mother of their baby in the side of her head, for everyone who knew what Jorge was doing to me, sometimes how and when, but allowed and enabled.

● I forgive them for caring too late.

I hope they all ask themselves while quiet and comfortable in bed at night the uneasy question:

what could I have done to stop this from happening? To both of them? and after all the times Sarah tried to, by asking for help? From all of us and so many times?

Another great contributor of my gold is social media with its greed, insensitivity, deception, obvious exploitation, and advantageous gain from my criminal case as a whole, and for sentencing me by anticipation as a result of ignorance and have conjured and fabricated by the organized crime that is social media, which condemned me in the court of global public opinion since the beginning. My family law case is the new prey, waiting to be picked apart and pillaged from me being made infamous by social media in my criminal case. If simply seems I cannot forgive and be forgiven and move forward.

● Social media has made me a pariah. It has caused great oppression and undeniable disadvantages,

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● especially by broadcasting and manipulating my cases online. In my criminal case as a result, my opportunities to be given a fair, proper and uninfluenced, successful conclusion was heavily depleted and poisoned. I forgive them. Also all the media tycoons for not having a life of their own, trying so desperately to make themselves seem so right, by making me appear so wrong. Forgiveness for prejudgement, ridiculous theatrics, lies, making and taking blood money from my and other's misfortunes, accidents and catastrophes. It's all over their hands and keyboards.

● And even after all that's been said and done, theorized, hypothesized, scrutinized and blasphemed in my case... still no one knows me.

My gold also runs deep for my prior attorneys, Mauricio Padilla who sold me the world with empty promises, then abandoned his responsibilities as my attorney after taking 2 1/2 years of my life when finally realizing he was in over his head, all while hoarding JAC dollars to fund his staycations with his family when in town from Miami. For having resources ready and available, not allowing me, the client, to ever utilize which could have greatly progressed my

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● case and perhaps concluded, only for him to decide water parks, fine dining and choice hotels were more important, and on the JAC's dime.

I forgive Frank J. Bankowitz for committing perjury to the Judge and on court record about my attempts to be a proactive defendant and client, inquiring about my discovery, then trying to communicate with no answer or correspondence in any manner for 1 full year and 2 months before I was able to finally meet with him in the courtroom, only to receive his motion to withdraw. Frank J. Bankowitz

● is forgiven for his greed in taking \$15,000 from the JAC who honorably aid indigent defendants as myself, for taking advantage of and robbing the justice system by lying and avoiding clients, taking their money and the JAC's.

Winston E. Hobson receives my forgiveness who also unethically perjured himself to the Judge and on court record about all the progress and attorney work he did in my case for the 2 months he was court-appointed as, for his allegations of my supposed unethical requests which meant me

● asking about my discovery and trying to have him file a motion for my lawful inclusion to my pre-trial conferences cited under FRCP Discovery

● Rule 3.220(c)(1). I wanted to be included in my case and know progress from being excluded by Barkowitz and Padilla, over 3 years prior. Forgiveness also in telling me he would return in a week with my discovery, only to receive his motion to withdraw in the meantime, still not receiving my discovery and I filing my own motion obliging me to go to all my hearings, including my pre-trials.

Continued Forgiveness in his greed and selfish intentions, also for robbing the JAC and indigent defendants of \$15,000 more for nothing justifying any work he really did do, in the handful of days he represented me as my attorney.

Finally and with all my gold received from this one, I forgive Patricia A. Cashman for her mean, snotty, egotistical attitude, and not listening or caring that I finally receive my discovery. I kept asking her for which she fully withheld from me, citing her ridiculous, untrue reasons was because I saw with my 1st attorney... 4 years prior and while she being my present, at that time attorney. I saw not one page of, or any digital evidence of my discovery she prohibited me from seeing.

Patricia A. Cashman is also forgiven for admitting

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● I had a right to a bond I asked her for, so I could actually utilize one of my rights as opposed to having them always violated as prior and still ongoing, then her deference of all my opportunities to do so. For all her lies, condescension, gross unnecessary arguments and anger that I asked any questions and wanted to understand, for her doing nothing other than give me an even harder time and request transcripts, then brazenly lie for over \$16,000 for doing so, also from the precious resources provided from the JAC. I forgive Patricia A. Cashman for being a liar, and a bully.

● Forgiveness for all those who did not include me to receive my \$15,000 share I worked for when Judge Kraynick forced me to be my own attorney, to represent myself as pro se. I actually and finally got my own discovery, almost 5 years later, filed motions all prior should have done, making them the most expensive motions ever, at over \$46,000 between the 3 prior attorneys: Frank J. Bankowitz, Walter E. Hobson, Patricia A. Cashman. Would they have done so when supposedly representing me, the motions would have been price less for the proper use of the JAC funds toward ethics, professionalism, honesty and freedom. I honorably utilized my

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● JAC resources and mentorship as a proactive, indigent defendant, avidly defending myself against the liars, thieves, and real villains in my criminal case. Who really is the criminal? The JAC can hopefully include their forgiveness for them also.

Judge Wooten and Kraynick I have great forgiveness for also, in not protecting me in listening to my valid requests for judicial intervention so I could properly and fairly defend myself against my charges. Instead, I had to defend myself against the attorneys, all appointed by the Judge and court, against their lies and exaggerations, reasons unjustifiable why they were really creeping away from the battlefield and abandoning their professional duty as my attorney.

Judge Kraynick I forgive you for not giving me any opportunity to stand at your pulpit, to stand at all, to explain the real, truthful side of the story. I believe if the justice system, including yourself, would and should have done any vital homework on the already-almost-see-through-attorneys from being spread so thin, and simply sending an email to care about their present workload,

● number of clients, trial schedules already in place BEFORE throwing another inmate-defendant-unknowing client on the heaping, unimportant pile of warm bodies, more tax payer dollars could be conserved, and less time consumed and wasted for everyone, regardless of what part they play in the supposed system of justice. My forgiveness is deepened for taking even greater time of mine away, years, by not caring to ask me anything about anything to understand so you could justfully render your life defining judgements and withhold anyone's bias and prejudice.

● Foremost Judge Kraynick, I forgive you for kicking me when I was down and choking the life out of my constitutional Amendments, most profoundly my 14th, Right to Counsel as a result of my wholehearted use of my 1st, Right to Free Speech in being my own advocate since no one else would be and received a paycheck for. In all of my Free Speech, experienced driven letters only for remedy, in any collaboration, inclusion, receiving my discovery as an inmate, defendant and client, not removal of any attorneys to cause more delays or any reason or excuse you may try to force on me and have already inappropriately accused me of doing prior with your heavily insinuated

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● "strategies" of mine, to try and deflect the glaring red flags, disappointments, and true crime in and of the justice system.

TO this day and all forward, I do not forfeit my Rights, any of them, ever, especially my Right to be bold, outspoken and right in my real-life experiences with the legal and justice systems. You weren't there Judge Kraynick in anything, no meetings, phone calls, visits, and still took my Rights and oppressed harder. I must now defend myself against you, praying you do not care too

● Late as all the others, and retaliate further against me as a still proud citizen of the United States of my America, and freely, excitedly using my God given Rights to still try and defend myself, to stand all the way up, for you to remove my Freedom altogether, by allowing and approving my stab wound, bloody body parts, rapes, bumps, bruises, and all the rest of the beatings I endured. I hope you can finally see and understand just some of the pain from the extreme difficulties, obstacles, and unfairness, especially in my due process, you have added in my criminal case, and life as an inmate, defendant and client... All is forgiven.

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● For detectives Koepsell and Lowen, I forgive their demonization, lies, blacklisting, coercion, law breaking, solicitation of my case before I even arrive at the corrections department to be booked and fingerprinted. This can be seen in my unbeknownst interrogation video where I ask what they are doing, what all the "pinging" was during their texting swarms, while I naively sit there waiting to be arrested which they know would happen the day before, for Koepsell for bald-face lying on the stand to the judge and court on record she didn't tell me to come to the station to pick up my phone. Why else would I go? I didn't even know about the surprise interrogation.

I forgive them for also lying how the news showed up to record my walk of shame, hand cuffed and confused on camera. I forgive them for trying to make me lose from the beginning by starting the unquenchable wild fire of sensationalism and distortion, ignorant hate, defamation, and greed by unlawfully broadcasting who they wanted the world to think I was by their schemes, learned lessons, and fraudulent stratagems from the school of manipulation and taking advantage. ● How much did they make off of me and still are for calling it in, then removing the curtain to expose

● their personally twisted murdering monster?

Also my forgiveness and greater god comes from wondering why nothing viable in my defense was taken from my townhome, AKA the crime scene, to aid in my truth such as the butcher knife, 5 prong garden claw or hammer under the table together outside where Jorge had easy access for use if I tried to leave or call for help while being held against my will during his rageful binges. Or my bloody pillowcase stained from me being backhanded because I hid the "magnum"

● size bottle of vodka from him? Why weren't any crime scene photos taken of holes patched in walls and doors, some doors missing knobs and all locks Jorge removed, cracked windows, broken furniture, obvious unnatural destruction in my townhome? How and why were these missed, uncared about or not questioned so I could explain some of my terror?

It makes no difference. All is forgiven.

Prosecutors Mr. Jale and Mr. Caccitore. my forgiveness is also extended, for your inappropriate attributed motives, for having to go through years of my pictures, videos, texts to erroneously

● piece together your deceitful, damning version of what really happened and who I am. After so much availability and for so long you were finally able to make the circle fit into the square.

I forgive your antics, theatricals, ludicrous comments to make sure the world got their money's worth while watching with ignorant pitchforks and burning torches, hoping for the best from you which is my worst. Instead of "dropping the mike," Mr. Vay, you dropped the bat."

● For the yelling, fingerpointing and intense underlining to force your theoreticals and fantasies on the jury by using imaginary space adventures and fictional characters to blind and bedazzle them with your far, far away from the truth dramatizations.

In all of your pieced together productions, I forgive you most for never seeing the light in people, their human goodness, humor and big hearts. You wake up to seek out the opposite, to condemn, to take lives in your own way.

● See the good that does exist, in all of us, inherently and unforced, even, as the proud Mr. Vay stated, "the

● "kicked dog that bites." Mr. Jay, who kicked the dog in the first place? In my wisdom, it's usually best to leave sleeping dogs lie, than they don't bite.

My gold goes out to the jury for not understanding my cracks from being blinded from the injustice and malpractice in all of the judicial and prosecutorial errors, the very apparent violations of my constitutional rights during my case and entire trial, which caused mass confusion and dysfunction.

● I forgive the jury, truly, for being weary from this confusion and dysfunction, also from being hungry and tired and wanting to go home to their families after being away from in full capacity for 2 full weeks. I understand.

From this, and their brash, misguided, corrupted decision, I was wrongfully judged a murderer instead of a survivor. For this, all is forgiven. For this I can still survive and stand tall, having an even greater, the greatest opportunity, to finally be understood in the Supreme Court for my appeal.

● I didn't lose. God just wanted me to win in a different way. Freedom in forgiveness. ❤️

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● In the end, I forgive myself for not choosing my life sooner. For not being more brave, vigilant, bolder and outspoken, stronger-mentally, physically, emotionally, spiritually.

For being hopeless, desperate, simple-minded, weak, and inexperienced. I forgive myself for not realizing I was enduring a life of domestic violence and that the vicious cycle of never ends. I had nothing to compare to. I've never been hit by a man ever before in my life. I was raised hitting a woman was wrong and should never happen. No excuse.

I forgive myself for not escaping permanently, for not fighting back sooner to save myself, my son, my dogs, home and car, having 20/20 hindsight thinking of everything I could have done differently or better, to avoid the outcome. I think about this everyday since.

Also of all the good days we had together, for him at least, while I was constantly in hyperdrive high alert and paranoid making sure I did everything right, all the time. I knew it not, the great possibility I would be ended as Jorge threatened me with so many times before.

● I forgive myself for falling in love with a monster, and no matter how grotesque he may become, I still loved, hoped and forgave. I tried breaking the spell so he wouldn't be a monster anymore. I saw who he was inside. Jorge made me then, now and always love him for all of his cracks also. We made each other our own brilliant pieces of art from the cracks and repairs. Unfortunately not all cracks can be.

In all of my forgiveness, Jorge is my greatest lesson and will forever be a part of me. I think

● ^{him} everyday and still speak to him when alone on the rec yard. I ask his forgiveness and that he looks for me at the gates of Heaven so I can tell him how sorry I am, endlessly and that I never stopped loving him. In all of it and still.

When I first came to jail I put my mat under my bed and cried all day and all night, for months, only falling asleep from being so exhausted with grief. I wrote him letters. I wrote his family and his daughters apologizing and asking for their forgiveness, but due to fear

● that my life or son's would be jeopardized, I did not send. I am sorry. I cannot begin toathom any of their grief and sadness. Forgive me.

Almost everything reminds me of him, seeing my stab wound everyday especially. It truly reminds me all I really did live through.

Jorge haunts me. He is everywhere. I believe because I do still love him, think of him and miss his laugh the most. In my heart I know he is with me and understands that this tragedy was not intentional. I hope everyone can, his family foremost. I didn't mean for this to happen. Please wholeheartedly know that and always. I would never.

Forgive me Jorge.

Forgive me Torres Family.

Forgive me Judge Kraynick.

To the entire planet, Forgive me.

I graciously and humbly ask for consideration, for forgiveness to be extended instead of judgement. For reconciliation and restoration for all of us, to move forward.

My apology is profuse and ceaseless.

Allow me please to brush off the muck, wipe the blood off my face, and fix the cuts in my

skin. I ask for understanding, in what really happened and for how long. For second chances, repentance, and redemption to advocate for all domestic violence survivors, to help them overcome, heal, and still hope, always, to make their voices heard, to confidently walk with all of their scars on the outside and inside.

To help them not ever become a casualty of domestic violence as so many others. To stop the abuse and maltreatment before it's too late. There is always hope. You can survive.

In my soft spoken conclusion, I ask this:

Would I be the darling mother, celebrated woman of the year if it were I who died?

How many daughters, mothers, sisters, aunts, grandmothers, nieces, and friends have been because they did?

I am a survivor.

Learn to do good;

seek justice,

rebuke the oppressor,

defend the fatherless,

plead for the widow.

- Isaiah 1:17

All encompassing -

Protect the abused.

Sarah Boone
12.2.24



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