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Steven Michael Babcock

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My name is Steven Michael Babcock, the father of my murdered, beloved daughter, Trisha Lynn Babcock. I am here today to give my testimony not only on behalf of my daughter Trisha, but also for many, many other victim's families who have also lost their loved ones because of these capital crimes of First Degree Murder. I also do not support House Bills 4806 4807 4808 and 4809. The issue before us today not only deeply concerns me but many others as well. I am speaking in behalf of not only myself but many of our residents

I would like everyone to please assist me. Imagine a person you love very deeply. ... Say his or her name to yourself silently.....now look into their eyes and quietly tell them how much you love them and how important they are to you in your life. This is the reason you live....to love and be loved by families and friends. Then, suddenly, everything in your life and the world in which you live now changes and comes crashing down into a horrible ending. This is the tragedy of my beloved daughter Trisha and the vicious ending of her life.

On August first, of 2009 I received a phone call that changed my life forever. It was from my son Steven and he told me, DAD, you have to get to Detroit, Trisha has been shot. We were in Mackinaw because we had just left that day at 4:00 for our trip up north. I had spoken to my daughter Trisha at 10:19 that morning, just like we always did every day. She told me

how much she loved me and I told her how much I loved her. After I hung up the phone call from my son I was in disbelief, I was numb. He told me he and my oldest daughter were on their way down to Detroit. I then ran down stairs to the front desk of the hotel to call the hospital in Detroit at 4:00 AM. I began pounding on the door of their office and a gentleman answered and I told him that I needed to use his phone. I called the hospital, but they said that Trisha was not there. I told them that my son had already told me that she was taken there. They put me on hold and then they gave me the phone number of the police department. I then called the police department and they put me on hold, then a lady came back on the phone and told me "Mr. Babcock, I am sorry but your daughter did not make it". The feelings I had after this cannot be described. I staggered to my car, but I could not drive, my wife had to drive us home. I called 9-11 and told them I needed help. I called my mother next and told her what had happened. I could hardly speak and I will never forget the shear agony in her voice. When we got home I called the funeral home. They told me that Trisha is now being brought to the funeral home and I could see her at 4 o'clock. My mother, my son and I met with the Funeral Home Director and he went over the details of burying my daughter.

The testimony at her murder trial described just how frightened and terrified she was before being shot. The Medical Examiner gave further testimony disclosing how much she suffered and gave more detail about the path of the 45 caliber bullet that blasted through her innocent body destroying precious tissue that led to my daughter's death. The testimony of the witnesses who testified under oath literally made me sick to my stomach. I learned from the words of the first Police Officer to arrive at the murder scene, how my daughter acted after she was shot and how he tried to save my daughter's life. He later told me "Steve your daughter was a real fighter trying to stay alive". My family and I suffered horribly throughout this trial and I had no idea that I would have to continue to fight against these kinds of people and fight not just for my daughter but for all of the other American citizens who could face this same agony because of the way the laws are written in this state. This trial and the facts that were revealed under oath about my daughters murder caused me to run out of the court room many times sobbing in agony.

How do I or any parent pick out a casket for their murdered child? How do you walk up to your daughter at the funeral home and feel her cold body and look at her face for the last time? How do you find the right cemetery location and choose the right words to say on her tombstone? My daughter was your typical child while growing up. She loved Strawberry Shortcake Toys and Cabbage Patch Dolls. As she continued to mature she loved to read Goose Bump Books and loved having her friends come over to spend the

night and I could hear them laughing and giggling late into the morning hours. When Trisha was little I called her my "Little Best Buddy". A few months before she was murdered she said to me, "Remember when you called me your little best buddy". I told her of course I do sweetheart, and you still are my Little Best Buddy. Then she hugged me and said I love you Dad. My daughter graduated 5th in her high school graduating class and worked in a pharmacy for 6 years after graduating from high school. I received a letter from Mott Community College, dated August 18th, 2009, two weeks after I buried Trisha on August 5th. This letter was thanking her for continuing her education and for her studies that would lead her into a Nursing career. On August 1st, 2009 as she was sitting in a car with a friend when a 6 foot 2 inch tall young man stood next to her driver's side door. He then pointed a 45 caliber pistol at her and said "RUN IT, FUCKIN BITCH". She screamed and as she tried to avoid him he shot and killed her. These were the last words my daughter ever heard.

This was a "CAR-JACKING" and AN ARMED ROBBERY. The other person in my daughter's car ran for his life after Trisha was shot, he then ran to a home that was close to him and called 9-11. When the Police got to my daughter she was still alive, gasping for air and bleeding badly. The Police officer grabbed Trisha from her car and put her in the back seat of his police car. He tried to stop the bleeding and then again as they rushed her to the hospital in the ambulance. While in the ambulance they put 10 pints of blood into her shattered body and made every attempt to keep my daughter alive. She made it to Detroit Sinai Grace Hospital, but they pronounced her dead at 1:00 AM.

Now here is the history of the person who murdered my daughter. He was one month shy of his 13th birthday and had been finger printed at 10 years of age because he was trying to steal a car. When he was 11 there was an incorrigibility petition filed with the court (meaning that he could not be controlled). It was decided by the court, on June 1st, 2009 when he was 12, to issue a warrant for his arrest because of truancy. Eight days before he murdered my daughter the court signed off on the warrant, saying he could not be located. But when his finger prints were matched to my daughter's driver's side window they got a search warrant and went to his mother's home and picked him up that very same day. I was told by a friend that we were lucky to have found him because he had already been finger printed at 10 years of age. But because he wasn't quite old enough to be tried as an adult for my daughter's murder, he was tried as a designated adult and he was found guilty of First Degree Felony Firearm Murder. On June 17th, 2010 he was given a blended sentence by a judge and given the option to be rehabilitated. My daughter was given none of these options or second

chances. My daughter Trisha is dead, further more if the court feels he has been rehabilitated he could be set free at 21 or even younger.

With this sentencing option I am forced to relive this nightmare every 6 months as the court holds hearing to listen to the progress reports about how his rehabilitation is going. This in itself is not only traumatic to me but I am re victimized again twice a year as I have to face the murderer of my daughter. Where is my closure, there is no closure for me. It has been 4 years since my daughter was ripped away from me and with each hearing it seems as if it was yesterday. I go home with the same broken heart, the same disbelief, the same agony that she will never hug me and say "I love you Dad" again. "I can't heal." "I can't move forward because of the constant reminder these hearings bring with them, is this justice? The innocent are sentenced to a life of re-victimization and pain… well I think not and that is what this legislation proposes to do to hundreds of victims.

There are people in this room right now that would tell you, "Oh he was too young to understand what he was doing". I say that this is not true, young people at a very early age know right from wrong. They know that killing someone is wrong and killing anyone in our society is wrong. He knew what he was doing when he went to my daughter's car and then shot her to death. I am not only speaking for myself but I represent many families who have gone through this same terrible situation. We are all absolutely fed up! I say ENOUGH IS ENOUGH! These people are not sorry they murdered someone, they are simply sorry they got caught. WE need to be sure that our laws are changed to keep society and our family safe and doing so, we will create a safer state.

When I came into this room I came as one, BUT NOW I STAND FOR THOUSANDS AND FOR MY DAUGHTER.

OUR GREATEST TRAGEDIES IN LIFE BECOME OUR GREATEST TEACHERS AND THE LESSONS WE LEARN FROM THEM. THESE LESSONS MUST NEVER, EVER BE FORGOTTEN…….IN LOVING MEMORY OF MY BELOVED

DAUGHTER TRISHA LYNNE BABCOCK.

Steven M. Babcock

8-27-13