

I had described part of my Trauma story on my timeline and wanted to continue the story. Back in 2000, I had been married to Lynn Denise Krupey for 7 years. We lived as a married couple after getting engaged in 1994. I was very much in-love. I can never forget the look on her face when I gave her a ring back in 1994. There was a problem though with the perfect life scenario. She was born with Cystic Fibrosis (CF). People with CF didn't live to adulthood not that long ago. I met her in 1992 when we both were 26. She was one of the healthier patients with this disease. We had great hope that there would be a cure. The gene that caused the disease was known. So, this was a prime candidate for the development of gene therapy. It was just a single gene and there was a pathway for delivering the corrected gene to the parts of the body that were affected by CF. It mainly affects the lungs and digestive system. Most people die from infections in these areas.

Anyway, I was willing to give up my dream of being a father because I was in-love with her. Her health was compromised to the point where she would not be able to carry a child to term. She had to take vitamin supplements and drugs to help with digestion. Antibiotics and other therapies had improved so much that people began to live to 40, 50 or later. Living in NC, the Child Health Program (CHiP) was still covering adults with CF. If we got married, she feared losing access to lifesaving treatment. Her health condition understandably was an extremely terrifying matter for both of us. We couldn't take a chance on pregnancy or loss of access to health care. It would have been nice to have a billionaire friend to always get her the best treatments at a moments notice.

I was trying to reconcile my religious ideas about marriage and "living in sin." The church initially would not perform a ceremony without an official marriage license. She wasn't from the same Christian faith but respected me. I tried to make sense of ideas where at the time when Jesus was born to Mary, marriage might be seen to begin at engagement or when one is betrothed to another. Occasionally, I said during these years that I might not be sure about whether we were sinning. This caused me to feel guilty because she would ask if I regretted what we did together. I had a lot of guilt because I was suggesting to the one, I loved so much that I regretted expressions of our love. Any grief that I might cause to the one I love is profoundly wrong. I was always seriously concerned about the happiness of Lynn as it was a source of profound joy for me. Any words that would cause her pain, sadness or grief were unbearable.

In 1992, when I first met Lynn at the Coastline Convention Center in Wilmington, NC, I had a bachelor's degree in Electrical Engineering from Georgia Institute of Technology. I took a job at Corning in Wilmington and later began to pursue a radically different career in Social Work. Eventually, I'd become a Licensed Clinical Social Worker, after receiving a master's degree In Social Work from the University of South Carolina. I was both Psychotherapist and Social Worker, with experience in public mental health, a state inpatient psychiatric hospital, and private psychiatric hospitals. The state psychiatric hospitals first exposed me to both good and evil. Some psychopaths get put into wards for the criminally insane. As an aside, I'd discover much more about evil and psychopaths later after working at the state psychiatric hospital but that's part of another story.

During the 90s, I did have identity issues as a result of changing careers and finding all my best friends from the poetry community in Wilmington, NC. I was guided more by my passions than ever previously in my life. Falling in love contributed to that. I have never found a more powerful emotion than being in love. My passions also were expressed on the job when I saw clients or patients being abused by staff and the system. Some professionals thought that private practice would be best for me. I wasn't

advancing as much in my career with several jobs ending with me having to resign. Clients or patients thought I was great, but that was not always the case with employers. So, that was a career direction that I pursued.

I had skills for helping people who had Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) and later Dissociative disorders including Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID) which was made popular by the book and movie "Sybil," which involved a condition called Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD) at first. At first, I treated some combat veterans with PTSD and rape survivors. One can imagine the desire to help a victim of rape if one had skills to do so and the rewards in seeing a victim heal. People with DID present a challenge in that the severity of the trauma is more profound, begins in childhood, at very young ages, and is repeated over and over. It is important to note that people suffering from PTSD and DID are vulnerable to further victimization, repeated victimization, and other mental illnesses, addictions, low income, high risk lifestyles, and worse. In the book, "The Wisdom of Psychopaths: What Saints, Spies and Serial Killers Can Teach Us about Success," Kevin Dutton presents research that shows that psychopaths have skills in which they can recognize vulnerable people who would make good victims.

My love for Lynn was my greatest passion but I was also passionate about wanting to help vulnerable people. I was exposed to profoundly evil people who had traumatized vulnerable women and children. Lynn, who had CF, had a limit on how much she could work. So, I felt a pressure to support us both. I wasn't as successful as I'd like early on with job turnover and the doubts, I felt along with a feeling of being irresponsible as an adult and a husband. Lynn, were she alive, would attest that I wasn't trying to be the breadwinner as an expression of a patriarchal attitude. Her health condition limited her income potential. I also felt guilty because I didn't keep the home clean enough and that could increase the risk to her of infection. Infection is a major health risk for people with CF.

During the year 2000, her health took a dramatic turn for the worse. I was terrified that she would die. She became unable to work at all. My income was increasing but only if I kept every client and worked very hard. Some clients had insurance that paid over \$100 per hour so I tried to earn \$2000 per week. I had a great deal of debt from college and a car loan, etc. I wanted to be there more for Lynn, but I also had to make more money, which required working more. I had a limited social life, having cut back on spending time with friends and having any entertainment to balance my life. I was making decisions that made me vulnerable and I was both deliberately compromised as well as allowed myself to become compromised.

I was referred clients with DID by a person named John Freifeld in 1999 and I would learn over a year's time that he was a psychopath who had been harming people in Texas, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia and then North Carolina where he moved in 2000. He moved with a young woman named Tracey H. She was trying to figure out if she had Multiple Personalities or if she her problem had been caused by John Freifeld who had provided therapy online for her.

At one point, in 2000, I had hoped that he would help resolve a matter in which Tracey felt afraid for her safety in the household where she had been staying after moving with John Freifeld down to Wilmington, NC. Instead of helping her, he confirmed that she rejected his sexual advances, failed to show respect for him and threatened what he was doing. I was shocked. I didn't have this recorded and the call was made from a pay phone. I knew if I said anything it would put her in greater danger. This was a man with a striking resemblance to Charles Manson, thin but charismatic. He literally looked a bit like Manson, and he had the same qualities of being a psychopath who would use people to achieve his

goals and to hurt others. The only thing that was different than Manson was that Freifeld was not carrying weapons. He had successfully alluded authorities for a long time and my initial reaction was to threaten him and run him out of town. I didn't act on that. Instead I spoke with authorities and I helped Tracey return to New Jersey and find a safe place to live there.

Lynn would not die for many years after that, but she had first decided to return to live with her mother due to my problems, financial, career and an inability to continue to pay the rent on the home her mother bought. She didn't think the home was clean enough and that was the original reason for moving to live with her mother while receiving IV antibiotics outpatient. I was terrified that she was dying. I couldn't process the idea of when she would return to me if ever. I was losing my career as well. I was traumatized as well by the witnessing of trauma as described by my clients for over 20 hours per week. What they experienced was described in detail by them. Some of the time I employed hypnosis, but it is the case that people with dissociative disorders live in a trance-like state like hypnosis and this complicates the issue for therapists. This is the reason that therapists are told to take no more than 2 clients with DID at any one time.

I was afraid that some of the clients would end up only receiving therapy from this Freifeld, as I had only persuaded one of my clients, as well as a few that came to a family support group for those with DID. This was more of a mutual support format. More than one person stated that they were very uncomfortable with John Freifeld being present, so I had indicated he is not welcome for the group. That was prior to realizing just how dangerous he was. One of my DID clients early on said she was uncomfortable with him and would not ever attend the group. Another person, a client of someone else, later called him evil. In the research and literature of psychopaths some people do explore the concept of evil. Evil is hard to describe scientifically. There was a program on tv where a researcher tried to rank the "most evil" criminals.

My trauma during 2000 resulted from the fear of the loss of the woman I loved, or with whom I was in love. I was traumatized and unable to process the loss of the best feelings imaginable. I felt guilty because she needed me at this time, not the other way around. I also was traumatized by the witnessing of trauma experienced by others. The only thing that made sense to me was to seek justice for people being hurt. I provided detailed information to law enforcement in at the state and local levels. Sadly, the victims never found justice. I hope I have something to offer now.