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Personal and Confidential

Dr. "Bill"

RE: Your Emails Concerning [Maryann]

Dear Bill:

I am forwarding this to you as an attachment at [Maryann's] email address, which you previously informed me is commandeered and regulated by you, not used by [Maryann] who, therefore, will not be seeing this attachment and related attachments. I am unable to snail mail something like this to you with various other enclosures referenced in this letter, that are only available in hard copy form, because you have been afraid to confirm to me who you are and your address. I am reluctant to send this stuff to you at [Name of Medical Center] or anywhere else, without being certain. Nevertheless, this communication is intended to be my last with you.

The purpose of this letter is to get a few things straight, in response to your various, very misinformed and offensive, as well as frankly insecure, email communications and veiled threats and insults contained therein from several days ago. Each of them was no doubt the product of my former fiancée, [Maryann's], spins and misinformation she has provided to you in her pathetic quest to find yet another sugar daddy to provide support and comfort for her. In writing this, I want you to know that I share the sympathy of many others regarding your lack of sufficient information and experience necessary to be able to see right through her—something that took her ex-husband, [Full Name], several years to achieve and, despite his and others' warnings to me, several subsequent years for me to achieve. [Maryann] is indeed not only very charming, but also very good at making any sufficiently gullible man, feel that he is the most important God-send she has ever encountered, that she has been so misunderstood and mistreated by those who preceded him, and that she is a real catch. I can assure you that, despite your wishful thinking and delusions to the contrary, and certainly despite all of [Maryann's] typical crocodile tears, feigned softness, wet, gentle kisses and victimization, and justifications, you are not that person, and that ignorance is not bliss for anyone, particularly not for a physician, a lawyer/judge or an engineer.

What I am about to write is primarily based on non-privileged admissions and information that [Maryann], herself, imparted to me during the past several years, many of her own non-confidential writings to me and to others which will be detailed or referenced below, statements by others concerning her, including statements from one of her best female friends in Wells when she lived with me there, and my own observations of [Maryann's] conduct toward her children, her exes and others when we were together. Everything I write and say, unlike a

great deal of what [Maryann] writes and says that she so cavalierly and typically decries as all “lies”, is the truth and is, therefore, not defamatory, regardless of how unpleasant it may be for you or her to read. Further, it is not privileged, as none of the information contained herein is anything other than public knowledge or based on everyday observations, living experience and statements by [Maryann] and others, not by me, under non-attorney-client circumstances. To the extent that things are stated that are based on my opinion, my opinion is at least based on my personal observations and beliefs to which I am entitled, but are made in complete sincerity, not for the purpose of harming anyone, but only for the purpose of speech. And, given the things that you, she and her pathetic, perennial runner-up, [High school boyfriend], have been writing, saying and threatening concerning me, for which I will hold you all fully, financially and otherwise accountable as the circumstances and eventual proof will merit, you deserve to know every bit of what is to follow.

I have only been married once, for 20 years before I left for [Maryann]. Unlike [Maryann] when I met her, I had never, ever cheated on my spouse, never, ever planned to do any such thing, much less with anyone who might ever be a client as [Maryann] became for me when she hired me to handle her divorce case in March 2003, never alienated my in-laws, and never had serious (or even any) debt problems. Prior to getting married, I spent my college years at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore and my law school years in the Wilmington, Delaware/Philadelphia area getting all of my wild energy out of me, to the tune of almost 30 difficult women at the most intimate levels. Several of the women I knew and became involved with were pageant winners, models, medical students, nurses, law students, fashion design students, etc. All were very intelligent and classy, with great work ethics and good morals despite being hooked up with me when they were. There were several longer term relationships among those encounters, the most notable of which involved a lady I dated for three years, [Full Name of ‘Dreamgirl’)], a 5' 11" piercing blue-eyed brunette, former Miss Baltimore and first runner-up to Miss America, working as a model, bit movie actress, and rising television reporter very close to Oprah Winfrey. [Dreamgirl] wanted to marry me while I was in law school and renewed her request after I'd become an attorney, but I wasn't ready. During a time when I was away from [Dreamgirl] for about 8 months studying for and taking the bar in New England, I met my wife, [Wife #1's Name], and found myself more interested in [Wife #1] than I suspected. After I passed the bar I took stock of the women I'd known, including my three most recent love interests, all of whom I was involved with at the time, and concluded that I must have been a head case for being unable to find someone who just bowled me over. I convinced myself that feeling like that about anyone only happens in the movies, and that I simply needed to settle down and commit. So, I chose [Wife #1], and committed to real monogamy and to being a great husband and father—all of which I was, as [Maryann] even curiously observed when she was my client weeks

before I fell in love with her—until I fell in love with [Maryann]. The point of all of this, though, is that [Maryann], from a physical appearance perspective, was not even in the top 1/3rd of the women I've been involved with, even though I do think that she is in the top 2% of Maine women, yet I ended up being in love with her more than anyone I've ever known, and I ache for her even now for reasons I just can't explain but simply, deeply feel.

I have spent my life working very, very hard and, at least until I became romantically involved with [Maryann] in 2003, excelling in everything I did, with attention to detail and honesty. I met [Wife #1] in early 1981. She was on the pill and, unlike [Maryann] for [Ex], did not try to get pregnant by me to hook me. We married 1 ½ years later. She then joined me in Kansas where I was serving as an Army JAG officer and as an Assistant United States Attorney. Four years later, we returned to her home area of western Massachusetts, where she stopped working so that we could have our three children while I worked very hard to build my private legal career. I succeeded in building a strong reputation as a trial lawyer, general practitioner and municipal prosecutor. [Wife #1] and I were very happy, building and improving on our home, my income and our assets, and raising our children. Eventually, however, she convinced me over wine coolers at Wells Beach one summer vacation, to take the Maine bar and to consider moving to Maine before our children got too far into school and friendships in Massachusetts, so I did. After passing the Maine bar, we moved to Maine in late 1993, where I joined a medium sized, well-known Portland/Saco law firm and ran its Kennebunk office.

In 1995, I decided to break away and renew my own firm, this time in Maine. With the support of my devoted wife, I worked very hard and built a successful law firm with offices in Sanford and Wells. I also ran for the office of York County probate judge and unseated the long-time, popular incumbent in a landslide, which was repeated when I ran for my third term four years ago despite (by then) [Maryann's] very heavily publicized bar complaint against me instigated by her penchant for trying to publicly harm licensed officials who shun her romantic and related expectations of them as I unfortunately, but hardly willingly, did in 2003. In any event, during the 5 years preceding my introduction to [Maryann] in 2003, my annual income was in the neighborhood of \$220,000, and my net worth was approximately \$1 Million and rapidly appreciating. I was also considered to be one of the top 5 trial lawyers in Maine at the time, by many. I was exceedingly popular, I was a model husband, and I was a model father, including perennial service as coach of my sons' Little League and Senior League baseball teams and coming home to kids who wanted all of my time when I arrived home nightly.

Meeting [Maryann] forever changed all of those things for me, for the worst. But I, like you, as well as [Ex] before me, just didn't know any better at the time. She was just so good, so persuasive, so sensual, so charming, so endearing and so effective at making me believe in her downtrodden, misunderstood and mistreated plight and projected honesty, loyalty, decency and depth, that I just felt for and wanted to believe in her, to take her side as any truly dedicated significant other should do, and to provide for her and her children so that she would not have to work and could simply be an alleged

"homemaker" as she declared her desire to be. I wanted to believe that everyone was wrong about her, no matter what anyone said and no matter how anyone reacted about her, and that I was really that special person for her, and to believe that, as she herself several times stated, there was never, nor could there ever be, any other for her who could make her feel as allegedly in love as she claimed to be for me. It was absolutely the relationship that should have lasted beautifully and forever, and one that emotionally speaking should have been unmatched and at least in mythical terms was definitely unmatched by any other relationship and love imaginable. But the reality, as I have now come to know and accept and as [Ex] before me and, I am certain, you hereafter, will agree, is that such concepts are impossible for a person like [Maryann]. She

really, really had me fooled, for a very long time. Even after she destroyed me last July as the final blow in a series of professional and personal attacks and betrayals over time, I still somehow wanted to believe that what I had heard, seen and suffered because of her wasn't really true and that she really did love me the way she often professed and as I had deluded myself into believing.

During my relationship with [Maryann], I learned that she had had some pretty wild sexual times with guys she met in college, including a guy from Eastern Europe named David with whom [Maryann] bragged she had intercourse on his lap on the steps of Carnegie Mellon University behind a plastic barrier as a touring group was being escorted by a guide, and another guy on the hood of a car parked in a cemetery near a busy street during a driving rainstorm. She also was involved for years with her high school sweetheart, [Name], and described some explicit activities in which she engaged with him. While I, too, have had more than my share of wildness and variety before I married, at least that all stopped for me when I became married, until married [Maryann] came along 20 years into my very good, secure marriage and in [Maryann's] own (I believe) proud words, became a "home wrecker" for me. When I think back on the sex stories [Maryann] told me, which generally were far more risqué than anything I did much more discretely in my relationships, it tells me something about her that maybe isn't such a good thing.

Anyway, [Maryann] eventually ran into [Ex], with whom she states she had been "in love" since they were in school a few years apart (she told me how she'd kiss his yearbook photo often as a child), during a wedding of a friend. They went to a motel for sex, leading to their engagement and her relocation to Michigan where he was employed as a promising engineer. While in Michigan, she claims that she came to realize that she did not want to marry [Ex] but that it was too late because she'd become pregnant. [Ex] says the same thing—that he decided he did not want to marry [Maryann] but that it was too late because she was pregnant. Given all that I now know, I tend to believe [Ex], who at the time was a promising computer engineer with a very good job and good earnings. Anyway, they obtained a J.P. wedding and [Name] was born. They relocated to the Pittsburgh area in connection with [Ex's] job, [Maryann] alleges (if she is to be believed at all) that [extremely private information about Maryann's married life follows, which Maryann told Bob while he was her attorney]. [Maryann] also began to have major arguments with [In-law] that have endured ever since. [Ex] once confided in me that [in-law] caught [Maryann] flirting with and kissing a guy at a party they attended. In any event, any or all of these things should have been red flags for me or for anyone but I was instead sympathetic and so wanted to be [Maryann's] knight in shining armor coming to her emotional rescue.

[Maryann and Ex] then moved to Massachusetts in connection with a further job relocation. [Maryann] says that she then decided to have a second child, [Name], in an effort to try to make her marriage work. [Ex] agrees that that is why he decided to have [Name] also. Thereafter, [private medical information Maryann told Bob when he was her attorney], so in 2000 she visited [Dr. Love's full name and address], where [more private medical information] and where she admits that she went secretly with him to the fourth floor of his medical building. There, she told me, he bent her over and had sexual intercourse with her from behind as she held on to a railing. [Ex], in the course of suspecting that his wife was cheating on him, provided me with a tape recording of a subsequent telephone call he clandestinely made, in which [Maryann]

can be heard bragging about and explicitly describing the fourth floor intercourse to her friend, [Name] from Pittsburgh. [Ex] also provided me with a tape recording of a conversation he had with [Dr. Love], in which he admitted to [Ex] in clear trepidation, when challenged, that he had sex with [Maryann] but that it was only oral sex on each other. [Maryann] told me after we reunited in 2005 that [Dr. Love] lied, and that sexual intercourse did in fact take place on the fourth floor, consistent with what I heard [Maryann] bragging about to her friend, [Name] on [Ex's] tape. I also saw several hard copies of emails [Maryann] sent to [Dr. Love], in which she wrote such things as offering to give him oral sex as he drove, if she could ride with him to the airport to catch a flight on one occasion (but, of course, [Maryann] incredibly insisted that [Ex] fabricated those emails to make her look bad or to entice [Dr. Love], using [Maryann's] email address, and that [Maryann] knew nothing about them!). I also heard a tape recording [Ex] made of [Maryann] ultimately, telephonically complaining to [Dr. Love], "I mean nothing to you!" I still have those tapes. [Maryann] informed me that when [Dr. Love] didn't continue his relationship with her, she completed a medical board complaint to be filed against him, in which she claimed that she was vulnerable and was taken advantage of by him, and that the sex was all his fault. She informed me, however, that she ultimately did not file the complaint, but that [Dr. Love] paid her a hush settlement of \$5,000. [Maryann] claims that the email hard copies were created by [Ex], using her name, and that she did not in fact author them, but [Ex] insists that [Maryann] authored them herself. Given all that I have now seen during my own relationship with [Maryann], I believe [Ex], not [Maryann].

[Maryann] also [more private medical and marital information Maryann told Bob while he was her attorney]. [Ex] denies that. Given all that I have seen and heard concerning [Maryann], including her affairs and writings to and activities with men to be detailed further, below, and given the many lies and deceitful things I have heard from her under oath and otherwise witnessed, I believe that [Ex] did not [do that] to [Maryann]. I could be wrong about this. However, I know, in fact, that [Maryann] has a penchant for blaming anyone other than herself for anything unfavorable, and I have learned how very, very deceitful, dishonest, secretive and flirtatious she is.

In 2002, [Maryann and Ex] moved to Wells, Maine, at [Maryann's] urging, for a change of scenery, even though [Ex] continued to work in Massachusetts, pulling down income in the area of [private information] annually. Soon thereafter, however, [Ex] lost his job due to downsizing. As [Ex] floundered at home, depressed about the job loss and depressed that [Maryann] was going out and staying out very, very late at night regularly, while leaving him home to watch the children, he fell into an alcoholic state. As his severance pay began to dwindle, [Maryann] came to me in March, 2003, to file for divorce. I represented her diligently, as she acknowledged, to the point of obtaining [Ex's] consent order to vacate the marital home by early July, 2003.

On Friday, June 20, 2003, [Maryann] made an appointment to see me at 4 pm, but she did not arrive until roughly 4:30. I am convinced that she timed things so that she could be in my office after the staff and other attorneys left for the weekend. During the meeting, she repeated the same questions she had asked of me on several prior occasions. I thought that this was puzzling, even a bit aggravating, but I once again provided my responses. She then asked me if I had read hard copies of nasty email exchanges between herself and her in-laws that she'd

delivered to my office previously. I told her that I did and that they could be used as evidence in her case. She then said, "No, no, I want to make sure that you saw something." She then stood up, walked around my desk and stood next to me as I sat, leaned over me in her alluring dress and perfume, and pointed to some verbiage in one of the documents. I responded again, that, "Yes, I've seen it and it could be used as evidence." She finally stood back up, walked back around my desk, and sat back down in her chair.

[Maryann] then pointed to a magazine that she'd also delivered to my office for me to read a [private marital issue] article contained therein. She asked; "So what do you think of this?" Thinking that she was referring to the article, which I had by then read, I responded that it was informative and helpful. She then laughed and said, "No, I mean her!" She pointed to a young lady in a bikini on the cover of the magazine. At that time, I responded inappropriately, stating that I thought that [Maryann] would look better than that model wearing the same bikini. I then caught myself, realized that I was crossing a professional line, and informed [Maryann] right then that I could no longer be her lawyer and that she would have to get a different lawyer to finish her divorce. She protested, stood up, and instead of simply gathering her belongings and exiting my office door, she walked back around my desk, wrapped her arms around my neck as I continued to sit in my chair, and planted the most melting kiss on my lips that as of that time I'd ever experienced, while then laying her body against mine as the chair bent backward a bit. She then slid down to her knees, undid my belt buckle, unzipped my fly and performed oral sex. I was overwhelmed and very taken in, like a complete idiot.

After a while, [Maryann] stopped and stood up. I indicated to her that I'd like to have more with her. She then informed me that she was wearing a tampon, but to wait. She went into the restroom adjacent to my office, and returned a few minutes later, nude. We had sexual intercourse, first with me on top but, because the office carpeting chafed her, she asked if she could take the top. She then did so, with relish and clear purpose eminently revealed by her confident facial expressions as she looked down at me, encouraged me to "come for me", and we finished. I was stunned.

It was immediately apparent to me that I needed to inform my wife and to move out of my marital home to consider a new relationship with [Maryann]. [Maryann] told me later that she drove home, planning for a scheduled 2-week trip back to Pittsburgh while [Ex] packed and vacated, and that she informed her then "best friend", Nancy Madore, on the telephone, that she just had sex with her lawyer. [Maryann] said she exclaimed several times while driving. "Yes! Yes! Yes!" She also told me later, that she'd allegedly been in love with me for two months preceding the encounter, and that she had previously told Madore that the only person she'd met in Maine whom she'd want to be involved with "is my lawyer, but he's married!"

Immediately after [Maryann] left my office, I dictated a motion to be filed with the divorce court while [Maryann] was away in Pennsylvania, seeking leave to withdraw as her lawyer, as [Maryann] already agreed. Her case was well on track and no work needed to be done prior to the next court hearing in late July, 2003, which I had already scheduled for her. Technically, however, I was still her counsel of record under Maine rules until the court granted the motion, which did not occur until July 13, 2003, after [Maryann] returned from Pennsylvania and retained her new lawyer. So, my non-professional relationship with [Maryann] technically

continued until July 13, 2003, several days after [Maryann] invited me to move into the house which [Ex] had just vacated to move back to Pennsylvania, and even though no further legal work was needed or performed between June 20 and July 13, I was thereby technically in violation of a bar rule until July 13, 2003. Unlike Maine law, it is not unethical for a lawyer to have a relationship with or to marry a former client. However, [Maryann] wasn't technically my "former" client despite, her acknowledgement on June 20 before we had sex, that I told her I could no longer be her lawyer, until the court granted my motion on July 13. That's where I screwed up, because two months later, when I decided I had to leave [Maryann] to try to give reconciliation with [Wife #1] a chance at the strong urging of an idiot counselor I was seeing who shared my concern (actually, I was becoming depressed), that my middle son I'd been seeing daily was [private information] because of my relationship with [Maryann], [Maryann] became convinced that I must have been unethical and used her up until that point and/or that I should be required to pay her money and pay the professional consequences if I did not immediately return to her as she did try to convince me to do and I almost did during a meeting we arranged at Kennebunk Beach a few nights later.

Leaving [Maryann] in 2003, after spending several of the seemingly most wonderful, intense weeks of my life with her and the kids, was extremely difficult for me to do (especially in the manner I was told to do it—leaving a note on [Maryann's] counter while she was away from her house, and avoiding discussion she truly deserved that would have caused me to simply tear up the note and stay with her, I am certain). But I hoped that somehow [Maryann] would know me enough by then to know I'd eventually return to her after things with my kids were straightened out, because I really did love her as she really did seem to love me so much, and that I'd never leave her. I really thought that she loved me, and I knew that I really loved her. Unfortunately, I was wrong, my secret but untold plan to return to [Maryann] forever and to make things right despite everything, after spending a few weeks saving my kids and going through the marital reconciliation, went badly awry, and I emotionally died inside for the next two years because my lawyer told me that I could never, ever communicate with [Maryann] while her bar stuff was pending against me, no matter how much I wanted to do so and no matter how much I worried about and missed [Maryann and her children]. Indeed, [Maryann] had then done what she'd actually once suggested she'd do if I ever did leave her—file a bar complaint against me a la [Dr. Love] that quickly became public, humiliated me, and financially devastated my law practice. She also hired a new attorney who began pursuit of a civil money claim against me. I learned two years later, when [Maryann] and I could talk again, that she, according to [Maryann] (again, if she is to be believed), thrice tried to withdraw her complaint after it was filed, but that Bar Counsel stated that that train wreck was out of her hands by then.

While [Maryann] and I were still together in 2003, but shortly after I left [Wife #1], the two other attorneys who worked for my firm decided to leave my firm because of my relationship with [Maryann]. They subsequently filed a lawsuit against me and my firm, laying claim to certain accounts that I felt belonged to the firm, not to them. In their effort to induce a quick settlement, they decided to publicize in their lawsuit my relationship with [Maryann] and the otherwise non-public bar complaint [Maryann] had just filed against me after we separated, in a clear effort to not only compromise [Maryann's] divorce case but also to embarrass me. The bar complaint, the lawsuit, and the repeatedly adverse front page publicity against "Judge

Nadeau” (not just “Attorney Nadeau”) and his affair with a client, and more related fallout, caused several years of huge defense costs, lost income and public and professional humiliation for me and everyone close to me, much of which [Maryann] knew little about and did not endure, experience or apparently even care about because she had moved back to Pennsylvania after meeting and becoming engaged to Timothy Cook, M.D., of Rutland, Vermont. She ultimately didn't marry Tim, due to perennial reject [High school boyfriend's] pleas to her not to do so (according to [Maryann]) and because [Maryann] told me that, in a nutshell, Tim didn't quite pass her "not unacceptably homely test" (my words, not hers, to sum up her clearly expressed view), regardless of his medical degree.

Despite all of the ensuing negative press against me, etc., I survived five challengers for re-election to my judgeship in 2004, but not without more professional problems stemming from campaign tactics utilized by my opponents against me, highlighting [Maryann's] bar complaint, that resulted in my campaign's responsive ad decrying the qualifications of each of my opponents. One of the ad statements was ultimately determined to have been inaccurate by the Maine Supreme Court, so I suffered a 7-day suspension from the bench last April, while [Maryann] and I were still living together.

In any event, after an initial bar hearing on Maryann's complaint against me in 2005, at which it was recommended that I should either be suspended or disbarred as an attorney after [Maryann] traveled to Maine to testify against me, she unexpectedly telephoned me on my car phone from Pennsylvania while I was driving one Sunday in June. At that point, I didn't care about my career anymore, and I was just plain missing [Maryann] and not believing what had happened, so I spoke with [Maryann]. It seemed immediately, that we knew that we just needed to be back together, forever. She flew back to New England, we spent wonderful times on the beach, I flew out to Pittsburgh, we went to Orlando with the kids, and I then paid \$5,600 to have all of [Maryann's] stuff moved back to Maine, where I had left [Wife #1] for the last time because of [Maryann], after two unsuccessful years of reconciliation with [Wife #1] and, frankly, of missing [Maryann] incredibly but, of necessity, silently. I also spent roughly \$20,000 to satisfy a deficiency concerning the sale of [Maryann's] Pennsylvania house, and I bought a house [Maryann] found for us on Harriseckett Road in Wells, overextending a mortgage commitment with huge payments and using up \$50,000 of my IRA funds toward the down payment and related expenses, so that [Maryann's children] could go to school with their old friends. [Maryann] seemed very happy.

[Maryann] thereafter began leaving me late at night, often until 3 or 4 in the morning, while I read stories to, bathed, snacked and otherwise watched her kids, while she supposedly drove down to Newburyport or to Hampton Beach, to party with and visit Nancy and other “friends”. She often came home inebriated and smelling like an ashtray. She sometimes would not call me to let me know where she was or whether she was all right, and she sometimes would not even answer her cell phone or she would incredibly claim that its power ran out. I couldn't believe what I was seeing and experiencing. It seemed so imbalanced and uncaring. This led to some arguments and my temporary moves to a different bedroom because I was hurt, and to [Maryann's] screamed threats to me that "I ought to stab you with a knife!" and "I may as well just go and jump off that bridge” (the green bridge crossing from Maine into New Hampshire), as well as to her loud insults in front of the children and others, that I was "deranged",

“insecure”, etc. On other occasions, she just gave me alibis about her whereabouts and activities or say that her cell phone lost power, that, stupid me, I often believed but have subsequently learned the truth about.

During that time, also, [Maryann] was having email and blog problems with her ex, which stressed her, allegedly causing her to be unable to continue doing her job with First Data which she had just acquired but which was clearly going nowhere anyway, in my opinion. In fact, [Maryann] tended to use that job to justify being out at night at bars, “because that’s how business is done” for that job, in her words, while I was home feeding and caring for her kids, reading them stories and putting them to bed, and then waiting sleeplessly for [Maryann] to come home smelling of alcohol and cigarettes. Anyway, [Maryann’s] email and blog feud escalated to a point at which [Maryann] filed and unsuccessfully testified at a protection from harassment hearing she initiated against her [In-law]. Immediately after [Maryann] lost her case against [In-law]; [Maryann] drove to Newburyport where she decided, with Nancy’s help, to hack into the email accounts of both my wife and [In-law], and pretend to be [Wife #1] so that [In-law] would unwittingly share information with “[Wife #1]”, to confirm that [In-law] had actually lied at that just completed hearing. [Maryann], being the ex-wife of a former computer engineer, knows much more about computers than most including, I suspect, you, and about how to hide, delete and recover things many guys would never know about, discover or suspect. [Maryann] and I endured her angst with her [In-law], but I did not condone the criminality of [Maryann’s] hacking and I told her so.

A separate problem arose with my divorcing wife, after [Maryann], my mother and I attended an 8th grade graduation for my youngest son, only to witness [Wife #1] flip the bird at [Maryann] and to remove my son from the graduation and leave. [Wife #1’s] actions in that regard, including an email [Wife #1] sent to me in which she referred to [Maryann] as a “whore”, were horrible, but [Maryann’s] responses were no more becoming and were, in fact, vintage [Maryann]. I enclose herewith, in snail mail form, an email [Maryann] sent to [Wife #1], laden with [Maryann’s] usual, gutter-level profanities and method of communicating with anyone with whom she disagrees. She wrote in a second email to [Wife #1], at the end of it, after insulting [Wife #1] (as [Wife #1] generally deserved), “Now, I’m going to sit on Bob’s face!”

[Maryann’s] writings are pretty indicative of what I received both verbally and in writing from [Maryann] on many occasions, while on so many other occasions receiving nothing other than the most melting, loving, sensual commentary and personal attention I ever wanted from anyone. She was simply, so often, all over the map. Her behavior on so many levels seemed impossible to reconcile, yet she would always turn my bewilderment around when I couldn’t accept or adjust to it, by calling me names, sometimes often profanely, and making things seem like I was crazy and she was, as always, a misunderstood victim and perfectly normal. I would be “baby”, “sweetie pie”, “handsome”, “sexy boy”, “honey” (the usual term), “babydoll”, “nice ass”, “come home and eat me tonight”, etc. when things were good, and things I am not and never was, such as her “Dad”, “oldfuck”, “deranged”, “insecure”, etc., otherwise. After my January 2008 hiccup that seemed to be the end of everything for [Maryann] and me in her mind, she told me (probably out of hurt and jealousy, but nevertheless) how “old” I looked, and how I had facial wrinkles and 6 age spots, gray hairs, as well as “love handles” above my hips (that frankly aren’t there), that she told me in anger that you don’t have—just days after telling me that she had

told you "no" and told me, "You are right, I can't live without you!" and thereafter called me more of the nice and sexy names described above. In contrast, all I ever heard from [Wife #2] after [Maryann] hurt me so badly in late July 2007, has been, on a daily basis, how "drop dead gorgeous" [Wife #2] and all of her friends say I am, how "handsome" I am (even her high school daughter's friends are complimentary), what "a magnificent body" I have, how I am so much fun, classy and irresistible, how she wants to have my baby despite our ages, that I make her laugh so much, and how I am her "Chippendale"—things that make me realize even further, how little [Maryann] REALLY loved me and how much less she will inevitably, really love anyone else, including you (even though she will convince you and even herself to the contrary until, at least, the novelty and excitement wear off).

[Maryann] then decided that she wanted to look for a different house in Wells. She found one, on Elinor Lane in Wells, and implored me to go look at it with her. It was very large and nice, with an in-law apartment for her mother when she visited, and a swimming pool for the kids I'd always promised for [Maryann]. It was so apparent from the look in [Maryann's] eyes that she wanted that house badly, so I pulled out all of the stops to come up with very difficult financing to buy it, based on the incorrect assurance of our broker that Harriseckett would sell quickly so that I could manage the new purchase. We moved into Elinor in July, 2006. I spent the time ever since, however, unable to sell Harriseckett, so, I became burdened by four mortgages on two houses I simply couldn't pay for and that [Maryann] couldn't or wouldn't help me to pay for but was later, when my financial struggles began, quick to say it was my problem based on my imprudent decision to buy Elinor before Harriseckett was sold, regardless of our broker's erroneous sales advice and confidence. [Maryann] basically only paid for food for our household and, as I eventually learned, for expensive shoes and other things she purchased with her parents' credit cards her mother entrusted to her without [Maryann's] father's knowledge and that [Maryann] maxed out until June 2007, as well as for many things with my own credit cards which began to be uncontrollably non-payable.

In late June, 2007, an upset creditor called [Maryann's] father, [Name], about one of the cards—a matter that caused [Maryann] to disclose the problem to me and to scream at me to pay to her mother \$4,500 immediately so that her parents wouldn't disown her. I quickly borrowed from my life insurance policy and complied, and [Maryann] then supposedly loved me for another day or two after that. Significantly, she did this to her own parents after having filed for bankruptcy, herself, in 2005 based on several credit card and other debts she had run up, herself, and even though she thereafter often used my credit cards to purchase restaurant "snacks" for her children, herself and her friends, clothes for herself and her children, and gasoline for her car, and even though I ran up my own credit cards (which historically had monthly balances of \$0 before I reunited with [Maryann] in 2005) to the tune of almost \$100,000 to take her and the kids to restaurants (because [Maryann], a great cook, very often didn't want to cook), pay for her babysitters, take the kids to movies, bowling, etc., buy food and furniture for the house, pay for vacations, buy her \$15,000 wedding and engagement ring set, gifts for her family members, children and probably her friends, lawyers for her various, on-going disputes with her exec, etc., etc. that I recently had to go into Chapter 7 bankruptcy to address, myself. All for what—to try to make a person like [Maryann], who was constantly cheating on and lying to me for well over a year if not longer, happy or at least "love" me a little bit longer? What an idiot I was!

Nothing I did or tried to do for [Maryann] stopped her late night activities from increasing steadily throughout our relationship, both in frequency and in duration. Several times she did not come home until the sun was nearly up, and twice she did not come home until after 8 am. There I was, in our house, watching her kids, with no phone calls or explanations, and no apologies, from [Maryann], who often didn't answer her cell anyway when I tried to call her to ensure that she was okay and to know her whereabouts and itinerary. This led to more arguments and upset. I occasionally, continued to relocate for a few nights or less to the in-law apartment just to get away from [Maryann's] screaming, unsympathetic insults that I was "insecure", "deranged", an "old fuck", etc.

It got to the point at which, by mid-January, 2007, I got online one very late night, discouraged, while [Maryann] was again out without me (even though her mother was home with us then, babysitting the kids), and checked out a dating service, Perfect Match, which I cancelled three days later after [Maryann] learned about it and seemed to be so devastated. I felt very badly about doing that and about doubting [Maryann's] fidelity and love for me, after I saw [Maryann's] seemingly hurt reaction. But in retrospect, I don't think that I should have felt too badly, because I am thoroughly convinced now that my instincts were on target, that [Maryann] was and had been fooling around on me on her nights out and regularly deceiving and using me anyway. I am not the type of guy who ever needs to be looking over his shoulder in a relationship, especially when I never gave [Maryann] cause to have to feel that she ever needed to look over her shoulder in the face of my exclusive commitment to and loyalty toward her.

Things really got bad thereafter. A senior attorney in my firm, [Attorney], came into my office in early February, 2007, and expressed grave concern about a statement [Maryann] made to her when they were at a bar for a few after-hours drinks just a few nights earlier. [Attorney] informed me that [Maryann] had confided in her, that [Maryann] was "going to have an affair with [Rusty Hammer], without Bob knowing about it." [Rusty Hammer] was a junior attorney in my firm with whom [Maryann] had become very friendly while [Maryann] "worked" at my firm for \$35,000 per year plus health insurance, her monthly VW payment, paid cell phone, paid gasoline and vehicle repairs, and pre-paid babysitting—all for doing essentially no work for my struggling law firm and effectively draining my firm's already limited financial resources. [Maryann] and [Rusty], I am told, would take numerous outside smoke breaks throughout each day. According to [Maryann's] best friend in Wells, [Judy], [Maryann] was also using [Judy] for cover at night on the pretense that [Maryann] was out with [Judy] when in fact, according to [Judy], who has no reason to make things like this up, [Maryann] was at [Rusty's] residence in [location] or otherwise out with him. An investigation of [Maryann's] phone records indeed confirmed many very late night and early morning calls and text messages between [Maryann] and [Rusty]. When [Attorney] and I then confronted [Maryann] about [Rusty], [Maryann] did not deny [Attorney's] assertions, but merely, quickly exclaimed, "Thanks a lot, [Attorney], for making Bob want to throw my kids and me out into the street!"

I reacted to the news and to [Maryann's] non-denial, by serving [Maryann] with a 7-day notice to leave my house at Elinor, and I went away to see my brother in Vermont for the weekend. While I was away, [Maryann] evidently hooked up with a guy named [Houseguy] in Massachusetts, whom she later told me had a house she could live in. I knew nothing about [Houseguy] until several days after I returned from Vermont, whereupon [Maryann] managed to

persuade me that [Attorney] was lying, that [Rusty's] very feeble, baldly credible efforts to deny [Attorney's] assertions when I confronted him about them should be believed, and that she was deeply in love with me only. I bought [Maryann's] tearful, typically endearing but deceitful lines and soft hugs, wet kisses, etc. The notice to quit was rescinded. [Maryann] and I then had passionate relations and renewed commitments to each other nightly, and I took a day off from work on the Thursday afternoon of the ensuing week, to take [Daughter] sledding. Little did I know, that all of that time, [Maryann] was mailing enticing emails to [Houseguy], discussing the night they already had that "meant so much to her", calling him names I thought she'd reserved for me such as "Babydoll", "baby", "cutiepie", "darling", etc., discussing their "3 hour call" and a possible "all nighter", and planning new trysts that "Dad" ([Maryann's] name for me, I learned) would not know about so that she could be with him. So, while she was out that Friday night, supposedly to spend some time celebrating her birthday with Nancy, I discovered [Maryann's] email strings with [Houseguy]. My heart was broken. And, [Maryann] did not come home until after 8 am the next morning. I was literally shattered. An emailed copy of the [Houseguy] email strings is attached, and a hard copy is enclosed herewith. They say it all, so I won't repeat them here. Just read them. So much like the [Dr. Love-Maryann] strings of several years earlier.

[Maryann] wasted no time trying to convince me that there was nothing between [Houseguy] and her. However, [Houseguy] had a different take on it. He wrote about [Maryann], in an email to me after I contacted him in disgust (and after [Maryann] apparently dumped him because I found out about them), that in his opinion [Maryann's]:

"behavior is deep rooted. I would never believe her myself ... especially ... someone who is obviously crying out with inappropriate behavior. ... (S)he is not mature enough nor solved her sense of self enough to be in a functional adult relationship. ... I understand there are two innocent modeling children involved"

While it is reasonably clear that [Houseguy] was now downing [Maryann] because he felt ultimately jilted by [Maryann], his comments were certainly apt, and [Maryann's] credibility and professed love and loyalty for me were clearly, very shallow. For my part, I emailed [Maryann] (snail mail copy enclosed herewith) about how I felt about being left home alone all night to babysit her kids while she was out doing the things she was doing and now, obviously, deceiving, lying and apparently much more, all along, but I reassured her that she didn't need to panic about being homeless just because she didn't want to be with me anymore, if that was really the case, because she could stay in my house and I'd stay in the in-law apartment away from her and the kids and let her live her own chosen life for as long as she wished Nevertheless, I, once again, wanting to believe in and be with [Maryann] so much, ultimately fell for her renewed excuses, tearful, soft reassurances, and claims that everyone was lying about or misrepresenting her actions and true intentions, and that she was simply misunderstood and innocent.

Winter, 2007, turned to Spring and to Summer. [Maryann] persuaded me to purchase tickets to see a Morrissey concert with her in Boston. I did so, as her mother, [June], who had returned to Maine to help with the kids, watched the kids at our home. The concert was cut short, as Morrissey's voice went after about 8 songs. So [Maryann] and I went down the street to a pub/restaurant, where we sat at the bar, snacked and drank. Sitting next to [Maryann] at the bar

was a guy named Andy who was working long-term in Boston and hailed from the Pittsburgh/Ohio area. [Maryann] and Andy struck up a conversation.

When I returned to the bar from the men's room, I observed [Maryann] hurriedly hand a note to Andy, apparently with her phone number, as she noticed me approaching. She obviously didn't think that I saw her do that. I learned several months later, from a very apologetic [Judy], that [Maryann] subsequently used [Judy] for cover from me, while she escaped to have an overnight with Andy. [Judy] also informed me that [Maryann] had been having secret interludes into the late night hours with [Rusty Hammer] during the Spring. Indeed, [Maryann] acknowledged to me that, despite her claims that [Rusty] was of no interest to her, and was "ugly with yellow teeth", and as of late February, 2007, supposedly wanted nothing to do with him ever again, she had gone to a restaurant in Wells with him in early June, 2007, after [Judy] confided that minimal information at the time to me and I confronted [Maryann] about it to see if what [Judy] said was true. Of course, [Maryann] then tried to minimize that night out with [Rusty] in her tale to me about its alleged innocence.

On July 4, 2007, [Maryann] confronted me in our bedroom regarding something her son had said to me to the effect of, "Well, Bob, when Mom leaves you, she won't ruin your things the way that your wife did!" [He] made the statement to me one night when [Maryann], as usual, was out late at night. I may have misconstrued or misheard what [he] said to me, as it caught me a bit by surprise, but I told [Maryann] about it on July 4th. This sent [Maryann] into a tirade for allegedly misconstruing what [her son] had said. She then followed me upstairs into our bedroom, where she screamed profanities and struck me three times in the arm, chest and face. I was shocked and hurt emotionally although not physically. [Maryann] then backed off, apparently realizing that she'd gone too far, but certainly, never apologizing. I got up, made my way to the bathroom, locked the door and showered, but [Maryann] picked the lock, entered the bathroom and resumed screaming at me. She then left for the downstairs. I dressed into summer clothes, and I traveled to the Wells police station where I requested an escort so that I could simply remove some clothing without [Maryann's] characteristic, screaming insults and tirades, to rent a motel room for a couple of nights in the hope that [Maryann] would cool off. When I returned to the house with the police, [Maryann] burst out into the garage and lied to the police, that she'd done nothing and that I somehow was at fault and a lunatic. I was hurt and shocked by her dishonesty which, until then, I'd never really been able to confirm except with respect to the damning [Houseguy] emails [Maryann] couldn't truly deny. I then got some things and stayed at a motel for a couple of nights. Two days later, on Friday afternoon, [Maryann] showed up in my law office, sheepishly apologized (and subsequently denied that she ever did that too), asked if she could take me to dinner that evening, and asked to borrow one of my gas credit cards in the meantime. I obliged, accepted her apology, and took her to Bintliff's in Portland that night while her mother watched the kids.

One week later, [Maryann's] VW required major repairs. When it was repaired, she informed my office bookkeeper of her demand immediately, for a \$1,300+ check to pay for the repairs. When my bookkeeper responded that the funds were not immediately available and that the car would have to wait a few days, [Maryann] screamed at the bookkeeper that she was my fiancée and was entitled to immediate payment, regardless of whether the firm had the funds to pay for her car which did not even belong to the firm.

My long-awaited divorce judgment that held up the ability of [Maryann] and me to get married and my share of my marital equity to pay off and reduce debts and to give us some breathing room and a future, arrived on July 17, 2007. However, the judgment was horrible and clearly appealable (and is under appeal). It awarded almost all of the marital assets to [Wife #1], almost all of the substantial debts to me, and excessive alimony, child support and attorney fees payable by me to [Wife #1] that, if left unchallenged, would render it impossible for me to pay the mortgage and living expenses on [Maryann's]/my house. It was also replete with negative court findings about how I spent so much money on [Maryann] and her kids, went into debt because of them, and (in a prior order) criticized me for leaving my wife for "that woman". The judge wrote in part,

"Yet during this period he was able to afford approximately \$30,000 to pay [Maryann's] deficiency and moving expenses, buy her an \$8,200 engagement ring (actually, the engagement/wedding ring set cost over \$16,000), diamond earrings, a diamond pendent, take her on trips to Florida, Philadelphia (sic), a Caribbean cruise, Nova Scotia and San Francisco, provide her with a job and support her and her two children in his home, ... purchase ... two new homes, incurring in the process approximately one million dollars in debt and liquidating roughly \$50,000 from his retirement account ... \$12,000 worth of furniture for this (sic) new home."

I was very despondent, because the judge not only said things about [Maryann] that I didn't appreciate (but that [Maryann] very incorrectly believed I felt were accurate and somehow blamed her for, as I now realize I probably should have done), but also because it seemed to make things so much more financially difficult for me to fulfill my primary goal of just taking care of [Maryann] and the kids well, giving them a great and happy future, and finally being able to marry [Maryann]. Worse yet, [Maryann] actually then **BLAMED ME** for those expenses, activities and debts, telling me that they were all my choice, that they were stupid choices she had no interest in and nothing to do with, and that they were my problem because she was moving on with other plans. Her attitude really hurt, because everything I did, rightly or wrongly, I had done and did for her. It told me that much more, how quickly [Maryann] would trash and abandon me whenever it suited her.

Meanwhile, [Maryann], of course, was out, allegedly with [Judy] when I received and reviewed the divorce judgment. In fact, as I learned when [Maryann] and her friend, Nancy, later concocted a court complaint against me, [Maryann] and Nancy admitted under oath, in a very proud and laughing fashion, that they had deceived me about their activities and contacts for months. [Maryann] did not come home until after midnight (uncharacteristically early for [Maryann]), whereupon I showed her the judgment as [Maryann] poured more wine to continue her evening activities. I then asked to go to bed because I had to work the next morning, was quite depressed and just needed to hold her. But [Maryann] simply stayed up into the morning hours in a private part of the house while I slept alone, probably visiting her mother in the in-law apartment and telephoning her friend Nancy and perhaps others regarding the judgment, after grabbing the judgment from me and announcing that our wedding was off.

The next morning, as I later learned, [Maryann] was out the door. She just couldn't wait to move on with her life, her new job pursuits and, as I later learned, a new residential setting. That night, she went out again, this time to attend an alleged Ben Folds Five concert using tickets

I purchased at her request for her two months earlier, that [Maryann] asked me for permission to take [Judy], rather than me, to instead, for another alleged, "girl's night out". In fact, however, [Maryann], as I learned when [Maryann] testified against me in court just a week later, had taken my divorce judgment and some confidential documents [Maryann] obtained without my knowledge and authorization from my law firm while working there, and had gone to visit Nancy. [Maryann] had been dishonestly claiming to me for months, that she hadn't even been speaking to Nancy because Nancy was threatening to attack me before the bar if I continued to seek her brother's payment of a sizeable legal bill he owed to my firm for legitimate legal work I performed on his behalf at Nancy's request. Yet, as I stated above, [Maryann] then gave my copy of my divorce judgment and some confidential, interoffice documents belonging to my firm, to Nancy for her to copy and use against me in connection with several professional complaints Nancy thereafter, immediately filed against me that I had to spend hundreds of hours of lost time and income opportunities successfully defending against. And, according to [Maryann's] testimony, she and Nancy (aka "[Judy]") did not even attend the concert that night.

While [Maryann] was away that night, I, after being told that [Maryann] no longer wanted to marry me because of the judgment, and knowing that [Maryann] was out again, having fun without me and without any care or concern for me, sent an email to [Wife #1]. In that email, I chose my words a bit carelessly. I complained to [Wife #1] about the judgment, and I wrote that I was "tired of living". What I meant to say in that email was that I was tired of living to the extent that everything I did and worked for had to go to [Wife #1] because of the judgment I had already decided to appeal, and because it was harming my ability to fulfill my hopes and my dreams with and for [Maryann] and the kids. [Wife #1] took that email as some type of suicide indicator and, therefore, contacted the police. They, in an ultimate exercise of caution after I had just purchased pizza for and fed the kids while [Maryann's] mother [June] was packing to return to Pennsylvania, visited my house while [Maryann] was with Nancy, and asked me to voluntarily meet with a "crisis team" at the local hospital. I complied, explained to [June] what was happening, and left. It is clear that [June] did not know or understand what was happening, that things were misconstrued and that the police request was routine. But, in fact, I have many times, as a judge, involuntarily committed persons who were in fact truly suicidal, to such safe procedures, so I had no intention of permitting police officers to hang around the house making the kids and [June] uncomfortable or giving them a hard time for simply exercising caution while trying to do their jobs. I was familiar with the procedure, it didn't bother me, and I didn't want to belabor the police "concerns" and to have them hanging around the house in front of [June] and the kids, so I tried to explain to [June] and reassure her regarding what was happening, and then left for the hospital.

I subsequently spent the night and the next night at the hospital, waiting for its staff neuropsychiatrist to arrive and conduct her routing evaluation. Throughout that time, [Maryann] stayed away from the hospital, never called to speak with, reassure or check on me, and in fact was, with Nancy's cooperation, planning to seek a protection from "abuse" order against me, without my advanced knowledge and ability to participate and defend, in court. When I finally met with the neuropsychiatrist on a Friday morning, she concluded and declared, as I expected, by adamantly walking down to the nurses' station with me right behind her as she'd requested, that, "There is nothing wrong with this man! He shouldn't be here! He is to be discharged at

once!” No admittee has ever been on that floor of the hospital for a shorter period of time than I was. It was a rather humiliating and sobering experience, but it was even more heartbreaking because, quite obviously, [Maryann] didn't even care to speak with, visit or believe in me, knowing me better than anyone else, or so I thought, and supposedly loving me more than anyone else, or so I thought.

I then drove home early Friday afternoon. I called [Maryann's] cell phone. She didn't answer. She didn't even respond to my voice message that followed, informing her that I was going home, that all was well, that I was appealing the judgment, and that I was looking forward to being with her. [Maryann], who clearly received my messages, never called back. As I learned later, she was in court later that afternoon, just before it closed, convincing a fellow judicial colleague that I was "locked up" in a "mental ward" and wouldn't be released until at least Saturday, that I had abused her, etc.—all clear, knowing lies. As I waited for [Maryann] the rest of the afternoon, after taking a short bike ride, I was greeted again by Wells police officers serving me with a "protection order", this time requiring me to vacate our home. I was once again, feeling very deceived, heartbroken and betrayed by [Maryann]—this time knowing that she'd not only been ignoring me, but also that she'd been lying to me about her non-contacts with Nancy who was knowingly only trying to harm my career and frustrate my right to be paid for honest work so that I could simply support our family, and that she'd even just lied to a judge I knew about me, my whereabouts and my circumstances (she'd even falsely, incredibly alleged that I was criminally charged with something), to make me look crazy and horrible. I knew, then, that [Maryann] never really loved me and that I'd been an idiot who was being used all along.

The judge, however, obviously sensing that something was fishy regarding [Maryann's] complaint against me (whom he knew), very uncharacteristically required, per his *ex-parte* order, an immediate follow-up hearing the following Monday, so that I could be heard. Ultimately, [Maryann] and Nancy testified, but not until [Maryann's] actions predictably caused the press to get wind of what she'd just done to the county probate judge, for foreseeable, first page purposes in the local newspapers to once again, further hurt me publicly. It did not take long for the judge to noticeably see right through [Maryann] and Nancy, and to be unimpressed with their lack of honesty and morals, so called the lawyers into his chambers, informed them that he was inclined to dismiss [Maryann's] complaint due to lack of legal merit, and encouraged them to work out a deal so that [Maryann] could have a little time to pack up and move out of my house. [Maryann], in that agreement, of course, also sought money, but I would only agree to give her money to pay for a car repair bill so that she could get her VW out of the repair shop. Her case was dismissed.

As a result of [Maryann's] actions, I had to stay at my parents' home in Kennebunk for the next two weeks. She then moved most, but far from all, of her furniture and things out of Elinor Lane, which was left in a mess, broke into the Harriseckett house where my tenant, [Judy] and her kids were living, tried to order [Judy] to leave, began throwing things out of [Judy's] house after climbing into it through a rear window, moved her things into the house and garage, and threatened and frightened [Judy] to the point at which [Judy] had to obtain police intervention to cause [Maryann] and her lawyers (whom [Maryann] hired because she was very aware of how much they disliked me) to stay away. [Maryann] thereafter, ultimately prevailed upon [a friend], the owner of a local bar/restaurant [Maryann] frequented, to let her and the kids stay in one of his seasonal cottages for the next several months.

As a result of [Maryann's] unbelievable actions and heartbreaking betrayals, I was simply stunned. My greatest fears [Maryann] had occasionally ridiculed and discredited, had already been realized, consistent with what others close to me had sensed for a long time but couldn't seem to get through to me about [Maryann] was, and would increasingly become that second wife I so often have to deal with from the bench—the one who uses, abandons, neglects and even abuses an ailing spouse, financially, physically and more. Just last week, for example, I issued an emergency order giving guardianship and custody to an adult son from a first marriage, of a frail man whose second wife pushed him in a wheelchair down the steps of their house into an attached garage, leaving the helpless man sprawled on the freezing garage floor where he was found several hours later by one of his adult children from his first marriage, shivering in a fetal position on the cold garage floor, beyond crying after the wife had caused all of his very substantial (more than \$2 Million) assets to be transferred into her name— a matter that is also being reversed by my orders. While I am pretty confident that I will always remain in very good physical shape with lots of power, energy, wit and attractiveness, unlike many, the story immediately made me think of [Maryann] and all that she's done to me and would pretty clearly, in my opinion, have not hesitated to do to me in the future whenever I was inconvenient to her.

In any event, what [Maryann] did to and about me in July 2007 constituted the most unbelievable, hurtful, self-doubting abandonment I could ever have imagined anyone would have done to me. My first wife would have never done such an unfeeling, hateful and deceitful thing to me, and [present wife] definitely wouldn't. So, for the woman I believed in and loved so much more than anyone, to do such things to me (and that was only the beginning of what I eventually learned about her) absolutely destroyed me. I have never known a worse, more overwhelming and persistent hurt except, perhaps, in mid-January of this year, after I left [Maryann] and she then emailed me about how she rushed to you and was supposedly given the “most mindblowing orgasm” of “near stroke proportions by her “doctor”. In a way, I deserved that, given my departure from [Maryann] and the kids in my fucked up moment of final, temporary confusion I had to work out and did work out. But the irony is that her words and her subsequent hostility toward me reminded me once again, of why I was confused and had moved away from her by early August 2007, to begin with, and why I should just let it go for the sake of my sanity, health, overall happiness and future anyway.

[Maryann] continued to hurt and betray. She wrote in court pleadings about how "mental", etc., she thought I was, for judicial colleagues, attorneys, the entire public and press to see, even though I have endured SO much more than almost anyone, am hardly "mental" or anything else she has called me, and have been, unlike her, working with well qualified mental health providers who, despite my very strong preferences to the contrary, have unequivocally urged me to run from [Maryann] for months now, asserting that she doesn't and can't really love anyone other than herself and will turn any relationship into a "disaster", especially if the money or assets runs out or she is held too accountable for her extracurricular activities to the extent that she is deceitful and breaches trust. She eventually wrote in a court pleading about what an obviously bad father I am, in light of my divorce judgment, even though she had testified in my divorce case just 8 months earlier, that I was a wonderful father to her children. She stated on the witness stand, while never once looking at me, 29 lies I counted upon re-reviewing the transcript of her testimony from her July 2007 case against me. She even stated then, that a certain email

she sent to my mother, [Name], in March 2007, after I discovered [Maryann's] [Houseguy] email string, was all lies that I supposedly "made" her write. In that letter (see enclosed, via snail mail only), which [Maryann] had shown to me after she wrote and sent it, that meant the world to me, [Maryann] wrote:

"I just want to tell you that there is not another man in this world that I could want, other than Bob. ...I ... deeply regret the thought of wanting to see what my options were. Hurting Bob actually hurts me more than anyone will ever know, and no matter what has happened in the past, I was wrong for being a weak person. I really love him and think he is wonderful in many, many ways, whether I say it to you enough or not, I could not live without him. I hope you will understand and try to support us being together. I have been dealing with some pretty rough things lately, but none of that excuses hurting him. Please believe that I want to make him happy. I have been trying very hard to do that for a long time now, and plan to continue to, forever."

Because of [Maryann's] betrayals and numerous lies under oath, and clear lack of concern for me, I was so destroyed and I'd lost so much confidence in how [Maryann] really felt about me, us and our future, after July 2007, that I knew I had to try to move on. I was, frankly, convinced that I not only meant nothing to her, but also that she was what everyone close to me had warned me about—a manipulator, a gold digger until the financial possibilities no longer seemed to be there, a liar and a cheater. I'd never in my wildest dreams thought that they would be right and I would be wrong, until then. I was determined to move on. Even [Maryann], in the terms of the court agreement we signed, insisted that I should never contact her again. As a result, I did move on. I renewed my former, 3-day old membership with Perfect Match, was contacted by a large number of women, dated some, and ultimately became involved with [Wife #2], a beautiful, responsible, successful, loyal, honest, supportive and hardworking surgical and psychiatric R.N. I also vigorously pursued expensive, extensive psychological counseling, primarily to address what [Maryann] has done to my life and to enable me to cope and to move on.

[Maryann] ultimately learned about [Wife #2]. She then began contacting me again, and I her. I was very, very confused and hurt, but I still wanted to believe in [Maryann] somehow. I was very hard on her, and she tried to be apologetic and to try to convince me that she was everything I had always thought she was. Several times during the next several months, [Maryann] and I would meet, have wonderfully explosive, private times together at her cottage or even at Elinor when the kids were asleep or away, and she even moved back to Elinor partially in November. Throughout that time, I felt tugged between the pure love of [Wife #2], and the intense love I couldn't shake for [Maryann]. I found myself often ignoring [Maryann's] texted and email pleas to visit her at her cottage after her kids were asleep, and I continued to spend time with [Wife #2]. This angered [Maryann], who after learning [Wife #2's] email address, wrote to [Wife #2] and greatly harassed and upset her, as follows (tell me, Bill, how these things make [Maryann] not seem impetuous or harassing, as you instead now claim me to be, much less very crass!):

1. [Maryann's] email dated October 15, 2007, to [Wife #2], in which she wrote to [Wife #2] about me by saying in part, "I have had sex with him at least ten

times in the past 2 weeks, at my place, and also (sic) including right on the conference room table in the Biddeford office,..."

2. [Maryann's] email dated October 12, 2007 to [Wife #2], in which she wrote (at a time when [Maryann] and I had resumed living in our home and I had specifically asked [Maryann] (and she promised) not to contact [Wife #2], "Look, you stupid old hag ... you are old, hideous, your hair looks like "Flo" from Mel's Diner, you look like you have the body of a drug addict, and to top it all off you are an emotional wreck, a doormat, and a pathetic idiot. I am glad that you think good 'ol "Rob" just love (sic) you so much, but guess what—he DOESN'T. Never did. Never will. You were the runner up, the rebound, the best of the other computer generated pals he found ... and I just have to wonder at 48, how one becomes so very needy and so much of a total loser. Get it through that teased up mop of yours that you are History. Done. Finished. ... Oh, and lastly, we DID have the best hot sweaty sex last night I was thinking about you when he was ramming his cock down my throat :) Find someone else to be your "friend". He's all set." See snail mailed copy.
3. [Maryann's] email dated Thanksgiving Day, November 22, 2007 to [Wife #2] (see snail mailed copy), in which [Maryann] wrote, "I just wanted you to know, as you are at Bob's parents (sic) house eating pie today, that on Tuesday night Bob came over. Not only did he come over, he immediately walked in the door and pulled my panties aside, after kissing me so hard, and ate me out for ten minutes until I had to beg him to stop... Yep, then I blew him, after he pushed me to my knees saying how "hungry" I seemed for it, and that went on for a while. Then we went into my bedroom and fucked, not once but twice...it WAS fantastic"! So, afterward, you know, laying in the glow, we discussed how ... he planned on dumping you after today!!!! That being said, I just got some email from him saying yada yada (sic), and who gives a shit but if you REALLY are this pathetic and stupid and DESPERATE, you can HAVE HIM!!!!!!!!!!!! ... Please come to your senses, and even better, thoroughly discuss this with Bob and your therapist ... Have a nice life, stupid. Oh, BTW, we went to lunch and made out on Wednesday, too :)"

The purpose and propriety of communications of that type are at a minimum, very hypocritical of the standards you and [Maryann] claim to espouse and accuse me of violating, to say this least. But they are also indicative of much, much deeper issues, in the opinion of many. Nevertheless, the beat went on. First, [Maryann] announced to me after traveling to Pennsylvania with the kids in November (where, as usual, she did not inform [Ex] about their presence so that he could see his kids), that she had said "yes" to a marriage proposal just given to her by her old boyfriend and food store chain heir, [High school boyfriend] (who is truly [Maryann's] alter ego, it seems—even in the way he writes and insults!). Two weeks later, after [Maryann] convinced me to visit her at her cottage again where very intense, wonderful, highly sexual but emotionally confusing times were once again enjoyed, she informed me that she called off her engagement to [High school boyfriend] and so notified him, and we discussed reuniting. But [Maryann] then

seemed to call that notion off, only to thereafter re-ignite it only to thereafter inform me as we had intense sex again at her cottage, that she had just accepted a wedding proposal from you (the guy poor [yet another attorney] [Maryann] referred to pejoratively as "nostril man", was accused of being in rumors then circulated among members of the bar down here, after you and [Maryann] were apparently sighted in Portland together—[Maryann] seems to go for dark haired guys, 5'8" to 5'10", including [High school boyfriend], [Ex], [Rusty Hammer] and now you) in late December, 2007. By early January, 2008, however, while I was in New Hampshire at [Wife #2's] house for a weekend, I received a text message from [Maryann] informing me that she had just driven to your house, told you "No", and drove back to her cottage. [Maryann] wrote to me in her text, "You are right. I can't live without you." I was once again confused but not surprised, very, very happy, and somehow it felt then, that I belonged back with [Maryann] forever.

So, when I returned from Maine after that weekend, I called [Maryann]. We met for lunches. We made plans. The love was so very clear and intense, even though I remained hurt and confused because of all that she had unexpectedly done and lied about in 2007, and about whether she would repeat if we did get back together. I spent the money to move her things out of storage and back to Elinor, plus nearly \$5,000 for burst pipes and related water damages that suddenly occurred to the house as we were moving in and beginning to reheat it. We had the usual, wonderful warmth, and much more, with tremendous hope and what seemed to be a renewed sense of confidence and beliefs in each other, and had beautiful, intimate times with each other every night during our brief time back together. It could have lasted forever, and I truly wanted it to. [Maryann] had correctly, it seemed, recently emailed me that we both loved each other too much to ever let anyone or anything else matter or get in the way ever again. She with those words was finally bringing me back, all of the way, to her as a result, because I believed and felt that, too. She sent me a Moody Blues song via email (see attached) in mid-January of this year, as we were getting back together, that seemed (and I will always somehow believe despite everything, because I really do believe in myths, I guess) to hit the nail on the head, entitled 'Want to be With You', just days before I blew it so very badly and she went running to you. There is absolutely no doubt that our respective families and friends, as well as others (particularly jealous people within my profession) didn't want [Maryann] and me to be left alone and to be as happy as we often were and, I was resolved, would be so much more with greater efforts I was by then determined to make. [Maryann] and I had overcome so much because it seemed that we loved each other so much. And, when I had my final emotional hiccup in mid-January after we moved back in together, there is no doubt in my mind and heart that, if she had forgiven me for that final mistake, she would have had me forever, in light of the "5 points" we had promised to live by for each other's benefit. But then I received [Maryann's] email, telling me about the "most mind-blowing orgasm" of "near stroke" proportions you supposedly had just given to her when she visited you the following weekend, and about how much she hated me forever. As time went on, and as I talked further with [Judy] about [Maryann's] historic lies and deceit I knew nothing about because [Maryann] is so good about fooling fools like us, and with [Wife #2], I came to conclude that it is a good thing for me that I did have that hiccup after all. Worrying about [Maryann's] hypoglycemic condition seemed pointless, because it never seemed to prevent her from staying out at all hours, wherever, without me anyway.

I have little doubt that [Maryann's] parents, family and friends know virtually nothing about all of what I've written about the [Maryann] I've come to know, that they don't know. They only know [Maryann's] spins on things. They have, no doubt, made it that much more difficult for [Maryann] to have the continuing courage and strength to follow her heart and to make things work, and to just know what and how deeply we have felt about each other and how happy we truly often were and should and could have been even more, if at least [Maryann] didn't turn out to be the complete myth I fell so deeply in love with, instead of the person she apparently, actually is but concealed from me for so long. That's all I knew, too, for a long time, until [Maryann] betrayed and hurt me so badly, again, and this time people began talking, supporting me, and telling me so much I didn't know about the many things she was actually doing and saying behind my back.

You are and will be deluded, too, because you want to believe that you are special (and she will tell you so, but you are not—I've seen the photos of doctors such as [Names of all the "Dr. Bill's" he sent emails to] etc., and each is quite ordinary if not even downright homely in appearance although, no doubt, generally, financially well off), that you will now be her new knight in shining armor coming to her emotional rescue with unusually great sexual prowess and personal charm, etc., but I have no doubt that [Maryann's] unhappiness and extracurricular interests will eventually hit you up there in your area as she seemed to indicate she was non-specifically moving to. You will then (trust me now, because I would never have believed such a thing either, even one year ago, much less five years ago), think back on [Ex's] and my experiences, and kick yourself if not much more, as your colleagues and others may also do to you, much as mine have done to me. Why on earth do you really think [Maryann] jilted you to live forever with me last month, after she had already accepted your wedding proposal, if you really did bowl her over as you seem to think or wish to believe (as I am sure she would like you to believe)? Look, Bill, you don't have to answer those or any other questions, because I really don't care. But, for whatever it may be worth, I have dealt with hundreds of psychiatrists, psychologists and physicians, as well as thousands of various forms of mental health cases in my career, mostly from the bench, so although I appreciate your offensive approach regarding [Maryann] and your defense of her, I respectfully submit that you really are not very objective here.

Speaking of which, I have always been very, very unimpressed with and troubled by [Maryann's] parenting. The late night and overnight carousing and unaccountability, the drunk driving and ashtray smells, the demeaning and name calling of the kids' paternal family, the various, clear contempt of [Ex's] rights as a father and constant refusals to honor his regular calls and attempts to speak with his kids until it seems that he just gave up (I so often saw [Maryann] stare at her ringing cell phone and decline to answer it when [Ex] called on schedule), the threats and clear demonstrations of a desire for flight in lieu of permitting father-child contact, the dishonesty, computer hacking, regular profanity, angry screaming, violent behaviors, suicidal threats, and the outright brainwashing of those kids, causing [daughter] to cry when [Maryann] put down the kids' [p]aternal grandmother and father after their return from their last visit with their father well over one year ago, calling [Ex] "Gallagher" and his wife "a fat pig" in front of the kids and inciting their clearly uneasy, unhappy laughter in response (because they dared not act any other way), drawing and encouraging the kids to draw ugly pictures of their paternal

grandmother and to laugh about it, telling the kids under the fear of God not to disclose anything about their home lives to [Ex] and family while pumping the kids for mandatory information about the activities of the [In-laws], as well as [Maryann's] rebukes of me when I urged her to change her behaviors, speak of terrible parental immaturity, selfishness, disregard for the children's own self-esteem, sense of self-worth and best interests, and would not play well with almost any judge I know except, probably, the one I had for my own divorce. As a father who has been deprived of his own children because of the meanness and similar traits of their mother, I have not condoned and cannot condone what [Maryann] has done, and I have no doubt at this point that she should no longer have custody of those children. In fact, two weeks ago I presided over a child custody trial in which the mother reminded me of [Maryann], left the father for a series of extracurricular relationships causing him to become alcoholic (and a credible, hardworking, recovering one at that); I ultimately told the mother, to her face, that I felt that she was dishonest, manipulative, loose and in need of parenting courses to promote effective co-parenting, communication and cooperation, and I denied custody to her even though she, like [Maryann], does love her kids and is otherwise a good mother to her children. The parallels in my mind were incredibly striking in that case. The mother even looked a bit like [Maryann], and the father looked a lot like [Ex].

I will never understand why things did not work out between [Maryann] and me. I somehow believe that we had a love that can never be surpassed or probably even matched. I destroyed her, and in the long run, myself, by following stupid advice and leaving a note on the counter I never really meant, in 2003. We went through so much thereafter, and sacrificed so much for each other, to be re-engaged and back together again in 2005, and I think we believed in each other so much despite the huge amounts of endless, unwanted interference and lack of support from every corner—family, "friends", colleagues, the public, etc.—and despite my nasty divorce which was so needless and is now, finally winding down. The clouds are finally parting in my life, and there is hope, finally, on my horizons, but now, because of all that [Maryann] did during the past year to shatter my faith, and because of all of my struggles to believe in her and in us again—and I really was there by mid-January, but she couldn't hold on, and I understand—we lost us. Maybe it's for the better. She and I are both with people who adore us, it seems, and who can provide more for each of us on a material level than we could immediately provide for each other. And now I have real, unconditional love, loyalty and fidelity I am convinced I didn't have with [Maryann]. But it really is such an empty reality in so many ways.

I have moved back into a house I never thought I'd ever live in again, and I have furnished it. It is beautiful, much more so than it ever was when we lived there together, and near the beaches where I look forward to resume spending much time. But there is so much about it that is bittersweet, even sad. I see the numbered lambs on the walls in [daughter's] old room and the dinos and Pooh in [son's] old room. I hear the laughter of the kids and [Maryann] throughout that house, and I envision [Maryann] in the kitchen preparing those wonderful meals and tea, and see us on the air mattress at [Maryann's] Movie Palace. I remember us in our bedroom, with me playing midday hookie from work, interlocked and asleep, and missing the bus. And, I see me waiting up so often, late at night, wondering where [Maryann] was and whether she was okay, worrying about her, and feeling very hurt and confused. So much of what she did was just so confusing. You may be the lucky one, because at least now maybe, [Maryann] has learned from

her mistakes in a decent relationship and won't repeat many of them. The fact that she is now in the much less populated area of Lewiston/Auburn/Rumford will limit her ability to be out late at night, etc., so that should help somewhat. But, it's really all so sad and too bad.

I will wind down [Maryann's] legacy to me, by enduring all of the inevitable, continuing public negativity relating to my relationship to her and all that followed as a result of it, that will accompany my contested primary re-election bid and the completion of my divorce appeal, now without her. I will hurt some more, I will endure, and I will somehow survive I hope, win or lose. Regardless, I still have the respect and support of many, many people, and renewed, much more promising opportunities ahead. Again, though, it is all so sad.

As my own psychologist has finally convinced me after reading several of [Maryann's] emails, listening to several of her voice messages, and learning of her betrayals, beginning with the 2003 bar complaint, her July '07 court action, her betrayals regarding relationships with other men behind my back, her numerous, public and private put-downs of me, her assistance of and invasions of my privacy concerning Nancy Madore regarding more ultimately dismissed professional complaints against me that seriously depleted my time, earning potential and emotions, and, her decision, apparently with your help, in contacting lawyers and judges recently in an intentionally defamatory manner regarding whatever, as both you and [Maryann] (as well as [[High school boyfriend]) have indicated without specifics, and the fact that, despite whatever she may say to the contrary, she threatened to do professional harm to [Dr. Love] for having sex with her in 2000 that resulted in [Maryann's] receipt of an out-of-court settlement from him in lieu of the filing of her medical board complaint against him, pretty much tell more of a story about someone than is imaginable for almost any normal, decent human being. Therefore, for anyone to suggest that [Maryann's] decisions to have sex with married men—[Ex], [Dr. Love], me, Andy (?), etc., and then blame it on them or keeping it hushed in lieu of at least sharing equally (if not more) in the blame while nevertheless manipulating, using, threatening and betraying in the mix, is pretty pathetic. It is equally incredible that you as a physician cannot see through that, and that it should be of no concern to your colleagues. You can't tell me that she wasn't more than scheming as to [Dr. Love], either, as her own tape recorded admissions to [friend] pretty clearly indicate. So, what does that say about you and [Maryann] (and [High school boyfriend]) and your "balance" and "malice" when she subsequently felt affronted, and about the fairness of challenging mine? In retrospect, anyone who truly has seen and knows, including, at last, me, knows that I have been through way more than enough at the hands of [Maryann] and her "friends". Now, it's your turn, it seems.

I have no doubt that [Maryann] even lied to her own mother about her various late night and other doings, always trying instead, to make me look bad to her parents. It seems that everyone here in Maine who observed and heard [Maryann], and who wanted to protect me from her, however, knew her much better than either I or [Maryann's] mother did. [Judy] recently texted me about [Maryann], and has apologized profusely for being [Maryann's] cover during much of [Maryann's] relationship with me. [Judy], who spent a lot of time privately with [Maryann], was [Maryann's] best friend in Wells for several years, and knew [Maryann's] confidences, objectives and secrets. She wrote about [Maryann] and you, "Bob, you know this isn't really about love. It's about money!" She further wrote in successive texts,

"thank god she is gone, I could never keep up w/all her lies. ...those kids need some stability. [Maryann] might want to start using some protection so she doesn't have 2 have the rest of her cervix removed due to [stds]. ...[Maryann's] jabs at [Wife #2] are pure insecurity, beautiful, independent women like [Wife #2] don't need 2 put out 4 a home 4 their children or 4 other monetary purposes."

Her comments made me recall the pink compact of birth control pills I found under our bed, after [Maryann] vacated my house at Elinor Lane in Wells on August 6, 2007 per court order. [Maryann] had apparently forgotten to take them with her, when she vacated my house. The compact revealed that the first three weeks of pills had been used, right up until the time that she went to court on me. Funny thing is, that she never needed birth control pills when with me, because she knew that I'd had a vasectomy many years ago. This surprising discovery, then, strongly corroborated the extracurricular infidelity claims [Judy] then began revealing to me regarding [Maryann].

In closing, if you and [Maryann] don't want to hear from me again, don't send me any more stupid, insulting, insecure mails like the ones you (or [High school boyfriend], aka "Bill"?) recently sent, and think very carefully about the things you decide to do on every level and at every front. In other words, don't get wrapped around my axle; wrap yourself around your own instead. You didn't have to respond to my email stating that I was done communicating, but you just couldn't help yourself. You frankly began to seem a bit insecure and paranoid, and at other times sounded like [Maryann's] blind friend, [High school boyfriend]. Anyway, she's your problem, not mine, now, forever. [Maryann's] last voice message to me from a few weeks ago, issued after she'd moved into your house, asserted, "I hate you with every fiber of my being, you've ruined my life!" Funny, she had earlier tried to convince me that she was so in love with you, after one week earlier convincing me that I was the only one for her and that she was so in love with me. Ultimately she needed housing and financial security for herself and her kids, and when that seemed once again uncertain to her in her mind, there was, once again, you. 'T'is a puzzlement!' So, she didn't seem really happy to be with you after all. But, as with [Houseguy] and others, as well as with me until the financial well ran dry for at least awhile, [Maryann] is exploring "her options", needed something financially quick, certain and secure, and has decided to convince herself and you with all that she can offer, as she did with me, [Ex], etc., that she is now "in love" with you—your problem, and her problem, not mine anymore. I only know for certain that [Maryann] truly ruined my life, but at least I can see much more clearly now, and I can move on with hope and confidence, and without her nonsense, and I am doing so.

Now, [Maryann] wants to be a bride to you, having been delayed and frustrated in that regard for so long with me, due to my never-ending divorce case finally coming to a conclusion. She told me so many times during the past 2 ½ years, how she couldn't wait to be my wife, and we even mailed wedding invites once, only to be dashed by court delays. I couldn't make that happen until, it appears, this June. You can make it happen sooner, and you can give her so much more than I or [Ex] can, from a financial stability perspective at this point. That matters most to [Maryann] (as well as caring for her kids, which you, too, reportedly do), and she apparently thinks that you have acceptable looks and more than acceptable status and, she told me, assets and promises to her, whereas [Ex] and I both learned that we needed to move on, it seems.

[Maryann] certainly pushed me in that direction, anyway. So be it. I guess that real love really does only happen in the movies after all. I wish you two good luck.

Sincerely,

Robert M.A. Nadeau

Enclosures