

TO: Judge of Timothy Romans Murder Trial
FROM: Tanya Romans, Spouse of The late Timothy Romans
DATE: April 22, 2009
RE: Wanting & Seeking Justice

Tanya Romans

On November 5, 2008 on or around 5:00 p.m. my husband was murdered. I wasn't informed of anything until 4:00 a.m. on November 6, 2008.

It still is and very much will be very hard for me and my two daughters of the loss of my husband & their father.

NO ONE could possibly imagine what we are going through. The struggles, emotions, depression, fear, the "I still can't believe it!" feeling. I find myself searching and looking for Tim everywhere I go whether it be on my way to work in the stores or just in our house. And when I see someone who even comes close to looking like him I go and check to see if it is him...only ending up crying in public almost hysterically. Everything my daughters and I do in our everyday life there is always something that we do or say that reminds us of Tim.

Although many people use "he's in a better place" line to try to comfort us... It still is VERY hard. Like I said and I'll say it again No one can really know what we are going through. My husband was always there for myself and my girls. Any little thing I would be on the phone calling Tim to talk to him about what he thinks, or how should I do this? Or how should I handle this situation. An example of this would be I was having a bad day at work so on my break I called him and cried and told him what was happening at my work place and he said "Don't worry, Just pray! Everything will be okay!" Another example was applying for another position for myself...I got on the phone and informed him what position was opened and he said "yeah babe, it doesn't hurt to try...it would be awesome if you do get the position."

Me and my girls are taking it day by day! We do have our days! It seems like a chain reaction that affects us.

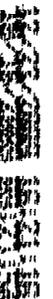
All in all what I'm trying to tell you is Tim was a very good husband and a very good father to my girls. He made sure he provided for his family. The day he found out I was pregnant with our first child he had it in his mind that he was always going to be there for his children. He didn't have a father figure in his life and he made sure of it that he was there for my children. He was a provider the head of the household. He took care of us! This loving husband and father was taken and we can't get him back!!

It makes me mad and sickens me of what had happened. I feel bad, sad, mad!!! Our emotions are up and down!!

"Tim-My Husband"

I miss..:

- Your loud crackly voice when you yell at the girls for something they should be doing on the court!**
- Seeing how excited and proud you were when the girls did good on the court!**
- You saying there my girls!! Does anyone ever say Tanya's girls? Nope they say Na- shkeens girls! (Tel & Tay)**
- The phone calls, voice messages, the cute texts.**
- Your big hands when you grab and hold my hand!**
- The smell of your shirt...**
- The look you give me...**
- You singing songs to me when we are riding down the road together.**
- You dancing in the truck while your driving.**
- When you sit between my legs at a basketball game.**



-The protection you give around our home and basically everywhere.

-Watching you and Tay giving our dog baths.

-You walking in the house after a long day with a hug and kiss and saying I'm HUNGRY! (than you go right to wrestling with king!)

-The crazy talks and laughs we shared!

-The times when you and I would finally eat out all by ourselves(the girls too tired and old enough to stay home.)

-Waking up next to you with you having your arm around me.

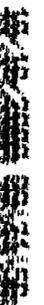
-Even the little arguments and disagreements we had with you saying you always have to have the last word!!

-Watching you play basketball and schooling everyone and laughing while you are running down the court after you scored on them!!

-All the talking crap to your opponents and saying yeah it knocks them off their game!!

- Holiday surprises...the flowers, gifts but most of all the hugs and kisses and I love you's!
- Our family discussions with the girls!
- Watching you do things for our girls and being thankful they have a wonderful dad who really loves them.
- You calling me babe or baby girl.
- I even miss when you call me "Tanya" when I know your upset about something.
- The worried look you had for me when I wasn't feeling good.
- You telling me everything is going to be okay when one of the girls gets a sprang ankle during a game!
- You telling me not to coach the girls when they are playing basketball because "I know what I'm doing!"
- The flirting and teasing to one another!
- Grocery shopping and shopping for household needs and often getting stuck in the cd isle or the movie isle.
- Picking up after you...around the house and in our room.

- Preparing home cooked meals for you and seeing your face light up when I say I made tortillas...
- Getting your plate ready and serving you for breakfast, lunch and dinner.
- You telling me "I got this!" When I tell you one of our bills needs taken care of!
- You telling me how when we get older how you want to get a Harley.
- The jokes you used to tell me.
- You explaining the many things you had to do at work when I still didn't get what you did!
- Watching you chew gum because you made it look like the gum was sooo good!
- Picking your chest hairs and seeing you fall asleep.
- You asking me or the girls to write on your feet or draw things...and when you checked it and it was only scribbles you would go and wash it off and tell us to draw or write stuff on it.



-Watching you chase the girls and wrestling with them
and tickeling them...have them say mercy to the all
mighty white man!!!

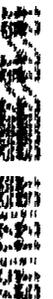
-Watching you wanting to help others in time of need
whether it be the last \$20.00 or opening a locked car
door for them...and you saying we will get blessed back.

-When you got shy and the smile you gave me when you
had asked "Do You Love me?" my response was "Of
course I love you will all my heart and soul!" "You still
give me butterflies!!"

-Your smile, laugh, your hand gestures, body gestures...

But most of all I MISS YOU!!!

I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU TIMOTHY FRANCIS ROMANS!!



April 21, 2009

David Beaver, MBA



RE: Timothy Romans

To whom it may concern:

I have been asked to provide a letter of reference for Mr. Timothy Romans. It was my distinct pleasure to have Tim Romans as a friend and relative growing up on the San Carlos Apache reservation. As young boys we were taught the disciplines and moral standards of the Roman Catholic Church. Tim did very well in that structured environment and was admired for his ability to get along with others. Growing up in San Carlos was very unique and much of the activity of the community was influenced by the tragic state of the economy. With high unemployment rates, poverty, and lack of a skilled labor force, we were not expected to get very far in society's ladder of success. The economy was comprised of blue collar industry labor who after a hard days work often times wanted to enjoy the evening with friends while consuming some adult beverages. This of course led to discord in the families and community. However, there where some in the community who had the fortune of not going through such hardship only because the family structure was very rooted and support of the elders was always there. Well Tim happen to come from a family such as this and had grand parents who were very well respected in the community. His grand parents help to raise Tim and he was given all of the love any kid needed.

As Tim grew into a young man he excelled in sports and academics. Tim was best known for his basketball skills. He was an outstanding player and leader within the team. If memory serves right he was also salutatorian of his junior high class. Tim was always well mannered and show respect for his peers and elders.

As an adult Tim took greatest pride in his daughters. The girls were his top priority and he wanted nothing but the best. His efforts to provide for them and give them food and shelter was never of question. He worked and worked to get them the things they needed to succeed in life. Today they are both in college and he could not have been prouder of them when he talked about them. To add to his parenting success, both girls play college basketball and this is something Tim was most proud of. Do not get me wrong Tim certainly valued education and knew that it was the key to his daughter's success.

I knew Tim for over 30 years and watched him grow up. He was a good kid who had to fight for what was his. He did not back down or give up when things got hard. Instead he



figured ways to to get around to finding solutions. Tim was well liked in the community and contributed to the community in variuos forms. He would always help out elderly family members and did his civic duty by coaching many teams of children in basketball and baseball. He was a postive contributor to the community.

In closing, I know that he will alwayd be missed. I will miss him but also know that he was here on earth long enough to leave a legacy through his children. He taught his girls the same morals and values he had while growing up. The community did not change much in a sense of economic tragedy and for his girls to be where they are at today with their mother is a true success story. Well, I know that Tim was the rock for the family unit but he instilled the burning desire for his wife and kids to be successful in life and I have confidnece they will succeed. Tim certainly knew God has as plan for all of us and it is without a doubt he is with God now.

Respectfully,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "David Beaver". The signature is written in a cursive, somewhat stylized font.

David Beaver



To whom It may concern ;

Hi my name is Taylor Dawn Romans I'm Timothy Francis Romans youngest Daughter. I'm sitting here today writing you this letter trying to explain to you that in my opinion that Justice isn't served. The 9 year old boy who had taken my dads life along with his own father Vincent Romero's life is just being let back into society with his biological mother who hasn't step foot into his life in 7 years and now she is back since this had happen. I know he has been out and he has interacted with a lot of people already "under the watch full eye of his mother." I think he needs to serve "juvie" as in the young boy had said when being questioned or some kind of counseling.

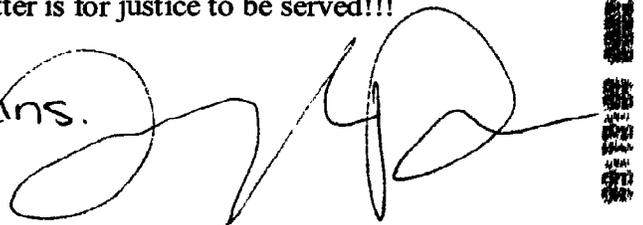
What most of society doesn't know is that my dad was the best dad in the world. He was there for me and my family. Whenever we needed him he was there in a heart-beat. Everything in the media that you heard about my dad was untrue, that's people just trying to get there 15 minutes of fame. My dad was a well known person on the reservations of San Carlos, Bylas, White-River and where ever he walked into a basketball gym. Everyone knew my dad because he was a very outspoken person and he was very outgoing. I use to love going with my dad to one of his games and watching him play basketball and faking out someone and after that he would be smiling. He use to always bring a person up when they were down. He helped out a lot of people. Not only in sports but in life. He changed people from bad to good just by talking to them, and showing them what's right from wrong. That's what I seen when I was around him.

Everything you see in me, I got it from my daddy. If you can compare my pictures to my dad's pictures I'm his little mini me. Our ears, hands, height, forehead, attitude, smile, nose, and if I didn't get braces my teeth would have been the same. I hate playing ball because he was at every single game. If I would have messed up in the game with a bad pass, missed lay-up, messed up on a cross over, or a missed shot. At those times I would look in the middle of the stands where he would always be and he would tell me how to better myself. He encouraged me to do things I thought I couldn't do. There was so much more that my dad had done for me, but it's hard to think back and know that he won't be there for me anymore.

My dad was everything to me. He was my counselor, best friend, hero, my dad...etc. I miss all the times that me and him had together. He cheered me up when I was down. Whatever I needed and wanted my dad got it for me. He never wanted me to feel the way I do when I think about this situation. Every time I get into my dad's grey truck I remember looking at the driver seat watching my dad play his old school songs dancing and singing, smiling at me. I was never scared when my dad was around but now I always tend to look over my shoulder to see if someone is watching.

It's been almost 11 months and some odd days that my dad has been gone but it still feels like its November 6th, the day after having all the emotions running thru my head and hoping and praying that it isn't him. The worst day of my life and still to this day is November 5th 2008. There is a lot of "I wish.." or "What if's..." in this situation. The only thing that would make me feel an ounce better is for justice to be served!!!

Taylor Romans.

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Taylor Romans". The signature is written over a vertical barcode on the right edge of the page.

I am Chantel Romans, the oldest daughter of Timothy Romans. My father was a great guy, very outgoing and always spoke his mind. He love to play sports especially basketball, that was his passion and he lived it through my sister and I, he would never ever miss a high school game, no matter where it was, he was there for us no matter what. My father was always there for anyone who needed help, with sports, needing a ride to the store, fixing someone's blown tire on the side of the road and helping people at the malls who had gotten there keys locked in their vehicles. My father would help anyone and everyone even if he didn't know who they were.

My father is no longer here. We don't get to spend special holidays with him; he's now missed Christmas, my mother's birthday, Valentine's Day, his birthday and now Easter. Coming up is my birthday and he's not going to be here to tell me that 20 years old doesn't mean a thing, it's just another day and another number. The most special thing I'm going to miss on my birthday is when we go out to dinner and he looks across the table at me and says "BABY GIRL, YOU CHANGED MY LIFE 20 YEARS AGO, YOU TURNED MY LIFE AROUND," while tears would run down his face.

Now that my father is not here, my mom, sister, grandmother and I are constantly thinking of him, remembering all the memories that we have had with one another and all the things that we had planned for the future. We were all so tight/close with one another because my dad's saying was, "ALL WE HAVE IS EACH OTHER." I would never guess in a million years that my father, Timothy Romans would be taken from us! We're not going to be getting calls at 5 o'clock in the morning saying, "GOOD MORNING BABY GIRL, JUST CALLED TO SAY HAVE A NICE DAY OR BABY GIRL, WHO SINGS THIS SONG, IT REMINDS ME OF MY GIRLS (MOM, SISTER AND I)."

Now, it's almost a year later and no justice has been served. I know just because it's a little boy it's hard but at the same time, he killed two people! Justice needs to be served!!! He needs to be in a detention center not out running around in public with his mother.



Chantel Romans



September 28, 2009

To whom it may concern.

I Tanya Romans am sitting here on my break at work missing my husband Timothy Romans. You know not a day goes by I don't think about him. Not a day goes by that I don't shed a tear. I miss him so much it hurts. Almost every weekend we go back to San Carlos Arizona to go to his grave site. I have to. It's hard. I go and straighten the grave up, fix the flowers, talk to Tim, let him know what has been going on at home, at work, things in our daughters lives and just let him know I miss him and Love him and that no matter what he still has to be there for us. I can count only three weekends since this has happened we didn't get to go back...only for me to miss work on Monday to go there. I cannot, not go to my husband's grave.

For this past Friday which was September 25, 2009 I took my girls to the mall. I remember going there with my husband Tim. He would love to go into the Hat Club. It's a store with nothing but hats, baseball hats with all the different teams on them. He would always go there. He would always purchase the New York Yankees Dark blue hat with the NY being white. I said I'm going to buy your dad a hat. My girls looked at me and said his size is 7 1/2. Even though he would have the same hat, he would always buy the same color every-time. We did get to go to his grave on Saturday. We were able to gather wire and put it on his cross.

With my husband being gone...it's very hard. I don't understand why he was taken. I want to know why? Why Tim? I don't understand how you all can go on like nothing happened!! Two lives were taken on November 5, 2008. I don't understand why there isn't any justice. You say you know and have had the person in question in detention. However he has been on furlough after furlough. Is there something you all know and are hiding? Are you scared to do anything? I am angry because my husband was taken from me and my daughters. Our lives changed dramatically on November 5, 2008. There is no justice. It seems like you feel "oh it's okay!" It's not okay!! I want something done. I want closure!! I want answers!!

You know my oldest daughter cried most of the night last night? She was sad and mad. Asking me why this? Why that? WHY? It is very hard not having all the

answers we should have!! It was hard to tell her I don't know!! When you know all parents should know!!

This morning I got up to check on both my daughters and the oldest who cried herself to sleep around 2:00 am. She couldn't open her eyes because they were so swollen. I said Tel you have to get up and go to school. She said I know mom!! On my way to work I got a phone call from her saying mom I think you need to take me to the hospital. I had to call in and take her to the hospital. She had a bad migraine headache to where she gets that way once in awhile to where she has to get a shot. While there I too got checked because my back has been hurting. I feel due to stress.

All in all, it's still very hard!! Myself, Taylor and Chantel still go through all our emotions. We are sad and angry because we feel Justice hasn't been served.

Wishing you all would take into consideration we feel we need JUSTICE & Closure!!

Tanya Romans
Tanya Romans



April 4, 2009

Re; Tim Romans

I met Tim several years ago when his two girls was very small. Chantel and Taylor was in grade school. I met them through his late mother in law.

I met the family through the ministry as I Pastor a church on the San Carlos Apache Indian Reservation. The church is located at Cutter, Arizona. Tim was a very concerned young man about his wife Tanya, and his girls Chantel and Taylor and would bring them for prayer. Over the years we became very close.

The couple was always active in the girls school activities. Tim was really into sports and of course brought the two girls up in the same manner.

When the daughters began to participate in the games, Tim and his wife was always in there to give them what it took to play a good game. If anything came up Tim was always there to see that it was handled in the proper manner. He would bring them by for prayer wanting the guidance of the Lord and to be protected coming and going to the games. Since they worked in different areas Tanya and Tim would send each other scriptures for the day.

Tim loved his wife and family very much and his plan was to purchase a home this year for his family in the Mesa area as Chantel and Taylor are both in college there and his wife is employed as a teacher in the Salt River area. Tim made the statement at one time that he had three ladies in his life. his wife Tanya, Chantel and Taylor.

Tim loved life and doing things with his family. He was like a son to me. He had great respect for me and my family as well as others. When he was in Globe he and his family would always come by to see how I was doing. He was here on Sunday before his tragic incident happened. It was like one of the family members was taken away. It is so sad for Tanya and the girls to come through the door without Tim. Tim is greatly missed.

Paster Jay Jones
Pastor, Cutter Church