



Committee of Safety's

Committee of Digital Correspondence

Presents:

Shattered Illusions

An Awakening

A series of articles based upon the account of a Texas housewife and mother who had her illusion of government shattered by events that occurred in August 2011.

These events resulted in her Awakening to some realities about life in the United States that she never would have conceived of, before these events.

by

Amelia Foxwell, Correspondent

October 2011

INTRODUCTION

This series was first put out through the [Committee of Digital Correspondence](#), some Internet newsgroups, webpages, and email distribution lists. In response to some of the email distribution lists, a couple of readers questioned whether the story was a true story, or fiction -- and endeavor to get a point across. Let me assure you that the story is true, without question, and was written by a very real housewife and mother from Texas.

She began communicating with Correspondent Amelia Foxwell. At first she was reluctant to "open up" with her story. The trauma of the events was unlike any experience in her life, until this time. As she began to open up with Amelia, she also began to realize that this was such a shattering experience that to not share it would be as un-American as the actions of government depicted in the story.

The story of Shattered Illusions is just that. The illusion being that we live in a country which government protects its people in accordance with the Constitution -- that all men are presumed innocent, unless proven guilty (among others).

Over the past few decades, many people have learned of the deception perpetrated by the government and the press -- that all is really not well in this country that so many have fought to defend.

Most of us have entered that realm of understanding -- that there is something grossly irregular about how the government treats the citizens of this country. We have entered that realm as a consequence of our own actions, or, by knowing someone who has suffered such consequences.

Seldom is an American subjected to proof of such deception simply by circumstance -- circumstance over which they have no control.

This story is of a courageous woman who attempted to stand up for her rights, and those of her family, and found that the government had no regard, at all, for those rights that she assumed to be inherent with the people. Her subsequent courage in bringing this story to us, regardless of the consequences (and, there have been some, already) is an act of courage on par with many of those Founders who stood against British suppression of rights -- against their own government. This is a story of An Awakening.

Editor

Shattered Illusions -- An Awakening

August 31, 2011
Committee of Digital Correspondence
Amelia Foxwell, Correspondent

Part I - Reaching Out

This is a story about an awakening -- an epiphany. It is about an everyday housewife and mother of two young boys in middle America who lived the simple dream of family. Like so many, she believed her family was safe and secure in a world that was essentially good and just, where bad guys were easy to spot and good guys wore badges. It is also about the lasting effects of that event-- the epiphany -- that brought her out of her humble life at gunpoint and into a world of danger and intimidation. Her convictions forced her to become an outspoken voice of caring for the future of her country and the world she would leave to her children.

The following is an email conversation started by that woman who was searching for someone to talk to about what had occurred. Initially, from the moment following the event, all she knew was that it involved a young man who had been camping near her family in Texas. She later found out that man's name was Sgt. Charles Dyer. She and her husband began to do all the research they could on Sgt. Dyer. This research led her to my previous articles and my email address. She had much to say and many questions. This is the story about how Carla's awakening began to unfold.

* * *

From: Carla
Fri, Aug 26, 2011 at 12:19 PM

Am looking to contact Amelia Foxwell. Is this your email?

I saw Charles this past weekend in Stephen F. where I camped across from him. I would like to talk to you. The SWAT thought he was "possibly in our RV" Saturday night.

Thanks - Carla

* * *

To: Carla
Fri, Aug 26, 2011 at 12:24 PM

This is my email address. You can also contact me at ***-***-****

Amelia

* * *

Imagine you are sitting in a restaurant wondering if you should have just given a complete stranger your cell number. Then 30 seconds after your lunch arrives, the phone rings. 43 minutes after that you realize you have intermittently been crying over your cheeseburger because you were listening to one of the most moving stories you have heard in a very long time.

* * *

From: Carla
Fri, Aug 26, 2011 at 1:43 PM

I think you had a good idea about writing it down. It's odd, I want to keep my private little quiet life and shout this at the top of my lungs at the same time. If what happened to my family were to happen to every law abiding taxpaying citizen's family in this country, there would be a revolt like none before.

I believe in the voicing the truth. I also have massive faith. Charles is still here. After the SWAT incident, I truly feared for his life. I thought they would kill him. Texas law loves the hunt. Those guys were amped to the max.

Carla

* * *

After receiving this email, I forwarded it with the woman's phone number to Charles' mother and then realized I really should have asked permission first.

* * *

To: Carla
Fri, Aug 26, 2011 at 2:18 PM

I shared your story with his sister and his family. They were very touched and I also forwarded your email to them. I hope you don't mind. They might call to say thank you, I am not sure. Please keep in touch. Thank you for your heart

Amelia

* * *

From: Carla
Fri, Aug 26, 2011 at 2:52 PM

They would be welcome to call. I thought of trying to call them, trying to find their number.....I thought that they must be bombarded with phone calls at this time.

So many thoughts still in my head. How this has changed me, forever. It has changed how I view several things. It has made me realize how many people are truly in the dark about things as I have been. Why am I feeling so much about this.....I have even thought...am I related to these people somehow? My family moved to Marlow [next to Duncan, where the Dyer's live] in the 1940's. I have still have distant relatives there. I have been asking God....."why do you have me in so much thought and prayer over this".....why did I pick RV site #19?.....why was he apprehended right by my house?.....

I am sure Charles is very smart, but only God could have got him through what I saw him make it through. Truly amazing. Had he of been taken in by the SWAT and FBI it would have been made for TV drama and violent, on their part.

Carla

* * *

At this point, it began to show that this woman was realizing how important her story was to share. I hoped her courage would be great enough to do agree to this when asked to do so.

* * *

To: Carla
Sat, Aug 27, 2011 at 7:41 PM

Carla

I would love to tell your story and get the word out there I can hide your name if that is what you want but I would love to get it in your words if you can write about it for me. I think that your story is the key to showing people who do not understand the situation that Charles and many others have endured. I don't want to sound like I am pressuring you but your story is real and vital and powerful. Please let me know how you feel.

Thank you once again for your heart.

Amelia

* * *

From: Carla

Sat, Aug 27, 2011 at 8:55 PM

No pressure felt. I agree with you. I am going to do exactly what you say. I had a long and bonding conversation with Charles's parents and sister today. Thank you so much for making that connection for me. I am beginning to not be worried about my name. I am proud of who I am and who I have become and it is my God that is responsible for that. By speaking with the family today at great length, I was able to relieve a great deal of angst and am realizing the role in this for myself, and I do believe it is to tell about my experience. All of it. To anyone that will hear. My close friends met together tonight. They too, for the past few days, read many of your articles, Charles email and a lot of what Jan had to say. These are good praying people that are now ON IT! I told Jan and Amy if there is ANYTHING I can do, I will. We will be staying in touch. His dad was so worried that it was his prayer to bring Charles back to God that may have brought this on. I see it as prayer that worked. He is safely back there. He wasn't apprehended like an animal. He wasn't taken down by a bunch of amped up bullet proof men dressed like ninja turtles. Just one soft-spoken sheriff by himself. I say the prayer worked. I also believe, as an eternal optimist with faith, that Charles WILL be redeemed. He will be getting his life back. You know.....I am just getting over that sick feeling of realizing what mob mentality EVERYONE has when the news mentions an "accused" person. I have asked God for forgiveness of my former self, that even after being "in the know" I still might have done this. Never again.

You know Amelia, I have begun to see his adventure last week as practically biblical in nature. It was one man with no defenses other than his wits, against an army. This man made it through situations that are unexplainable other than God Himself helped him. There are several stories in the bible that tell of something like this. I am pretty sure that Charles has great work ahead of him. Because of what I went through, I can agree with so many of his points, if not all. I still want to vomit of my anger of the invasion by the SWAT team. It is so easy to let go for a minute and scream, curse, and yell about it. It is easy to be very angry at the fact we were raped of our peace at gunpoint by the FBI then told skedaddle without so much as an explanation or an apology. By hooking up with you - I can relieve myself of some of this anger. Tell someone. Somebody does care. I am NOT ALONE.....

Will be in touch - Carla

* * *

So Carla has agreed to tell her story. It is not a story about heroism, or even great adventure. It is, however, a great story about an American family, and what they went through, in just a few short days. It is their awakening.

Shattered Illusions -- An Awakening

September 1, 2011
Committee of Digital Correspondence
Amelia Foxwell, Correspondent

Part 2 - A Lonely Stranger

Carla's story of her observations and experience with Sgt. Charles Dyer, the FBI, and S.W.A.T. continues in this simple, first-hand account. The gentleness and compassion of this woman's nature becomes apparent in the words that follow.

It was the last Friday before school was to start. Neither one of my boys, 6 and 8, were very excited about going back. We had just had the best summer of our lives. After three years of meticulous planning, we purchased our part of our American dream. We finally bought the RV we wanted and had been camping in Texas State Parks all summer. So, to cheer the kids up, along with my husband, and myself I made reservations in the closest park, Stephen F. Austin, which is only 35 miles from home. We had been experiencing record heat and knew that it would be 105 degrees, but off we went.

We arrived around 5:00 p.m. and checked in. I made the comment to the park ranger that I felt a little crazy for showing up in record heat, and she replied that there would be nine other RV sites with "crazy" people. As we drove through the park, I noticed there were no campers in the shelter area. I thought to myself, "Nobody could handle that."

Originally, we were assigned site #13, but when I saw it, I decided I wanted a space with more privacy since there were so many available spots. Number 19 appeared to be perfect and somewhat isolated. It felt as if we were the only ones there, for a little while. It was so very hot that no one was outside doing anything. The park was incredibly quiet. After we were done setting up, I decided to sit outside under the awning and watch some wildlife.

After a few minutes of sitting there, I looked over at the closest shelter and saw a man in long pants with a white shirt on. He was pacing around, apparently trying to use a cell phone. I noticed he wasn't wearing a park uniform, so I decided he must be a visitor. Then I noticed he had no vehicle nearby. These things combined caused me to be mildly interested and I briefly mentioned these things to my husband.

The next morning around 8:00 a.m. I decided to take a bike ride by myself, before the kids got up and before the Texas heat could melt my tires. When I got to the park shelter, I noticed there was laundry that had been "washed" and hung out to dry. My heart broke a little at that moment. I slowed down and mumbled a little prayer of "Thank you, God, that isn't us".

I began to think how awful a situation this person must be in. Then I noticed it was all blue jean material type clothing. How can someone wear that in this heat, I thought to myself. My next thought, "There is no woman here...she would never let those pants touch the dirt like that after washing them." This, needless to say, was starting to make me think.

That evening, after cooking dinner in the RV, I again went out to relax and watch the wildlife. I had thrown out a little deer corn earlier in the day and several deer had gathered around our site. While watching the deer, I noticed something red bobbing through the trees close to the ground. It was approaching from the portion of the park that is reserved for tent camping. Everything was dead and brown in the area from the drought that the approaching red thing easily stood out.

After a moment, I realized that it was a man carrying something. I thought that a camper had checked in unnoticed and he was headed to the bathrooms for a shower. It wasn't a short walk and I kept my eye on the man, as he got closer. It turned out that he was carrying a pretty good size red duffle bag that appeared to be full. On his other shoulder was another, but much smaller, black bag. I thought with mild amusement, "This dude is carrying a lot of stuff to the showers", but the man proceeded past the bathrooms without even glancing around.

At that point, my interest became undeniable. Where did the man come from? Who was he? What was he doing in the woods with those bags? While asking myself these questions, the man walked to the shelter where I had observed the laundry. "Ah", I thought, "The pacing cell phone guy!" Right away, I began to feel sorry for the guy again. I was thinking that he was dirt poor, living in a park shelter and just had a long walk home from somewhere after working all day. But, where was he coming from? We were out in the country!

About that time, my husband came out of the camper, and I immediately made mention of the man. I still felt somewhat emotional about this man's situation and said to my husband that I felt like I should take him Sloppy Joes since we had so much left over from our own dinner. Well...that didn't happen. I can still feel my guilt as I scraped the leftovers into the trash.

After cleaning up, we went back outside for a few more minutes. It was almost dark and a few deer were still around our campsite. The last comment I made to my husband was "That's odd, look at all the cars suddenly driving around the park. Where did they come from? Oh, they are taking pictures of us! It must be the deer they are looking at. How odd, so late, so hot...whatever, I'm ready for bed."

Little did we know it was the FBI that was beginning to watch us, and that they would continue doing so for the next 4 hours. We were about to experience the most traumatic and frightening experience of our lives.

Shattered Illusions -- An Awakening

September 2, 2011
Committee of Digital Correspondence
Amelia Foxwell, Correspondent

Part 3 - "No! Move! I'll get your kid!"

While this family slept quietly in their camper, a nightmare they would not soon forget was already in motion. The few hours of peaceful sleep they got before midnight, that night, might be the last they will have for a long time. When they wake up to the banging on the RV door, it will begin a terrifying new reality that they never could have dreamed of.

Carla continues her story:

It wasn't hard to fall asleep that night. A few activities in 105 degrees tends to have that effect on you, not to mention the chilly RV air conditioner. Yep ...I snuggled in to bed with a prayer of thanks. This is the life Lord, and I praise you for it. I fell asleep to the sound of the Texans football game that my husband was watching...the kids playing their DS games in the back bunks. All is well.

The next thing I knew I heard what sounded like a diesel engine directly next to our camper, I sat up immediately, looked at the clock (thinking, I hadn't fallen asleep yet) and noted the time as 12:15 a.m. A blinding white light flashed through our camper from outside.

My husband was peeking out the window on the rear of the camper and I said, "SOMEBODY'S HERE!" At that very moment a door rattling BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Accompanied by loud screaming voice, "THIS IS THE WALLER COUNTY SWAT - EXIT THE CAMPER NOW!" My husband moved toward the door and I yelled "Don't you open that door!"

My ENTIRE life I have been told I have the right to ask for ID to KNOW who it is! I pulled the blinds back and found myself less than a foot from a guy dressed in full body armor, night vision like goggles, spandex gloves, and helmet, aiming an assault rifle at my camper door waiting for my husband to open it. At that second, I almost vomited with fear and told my husband to open the door. I still didn't know what the hell was going on or who these people were, but we found ourselves defenseless! They had the entire camper surrounded!

Were they going to kill us? Anyone could scream WALLER COUNTY SWAT! But that didn't make it true! My husband was so shaken that he fumbled with the lock trying to open the door and they pumped up the screaming another notch. "OPEN THE DOOR NOW! EXIT THE CAMPER NOW!"

My husband finally got the door open and disappeared into the night like a flash with his hands in the air. One of the SWAT guys entered our camper as fast as Mike went out. I was still sitting up in bed in my underwear when the armed man waved his gun around and screamed, "WHO ELSE IS IN HERE?"

Barely able to speak I said, "I have two boys, six, and eight, in the back bunks." The armed man then said, "Get your children and exit the camper NOW!" I got out of bed and started to look for some clothes, because I was still in my UNDERWEAR! The armed man again screamed, "NOW!"

I got my 8-year-old up first; he was on the top bunk. As soon as he woke up and saw the rifle waving man in the camper, he started shaking uncontrollably. My kids have NEVER so much as seen a gun of any kind, much less had them waved around in such a threatening manner! They have never even seen anything that has to do with guns on TV! They watch a Christian TV station that has no violence.

The child shook his way out the door and went to his father. The whole time I was telling him, "it's okay honey, it's okay, mom and dad are right here, go to daddy".

Then I tried to get my youngest up, who sleeps like concrete. Twice I had him in my arms pulling him out, but when he woke up enough to see what was happening he crawled out of my arms and back into the bunk. I asked for my husband to come get him and the SWAT officer said "No! Move! I'll get your kid." I became the mother all people have been warned, about at that point, and said "NO YOU WON'T - THIS CHILD HAS NEVER SEEN A GUN MUCH LESS SOMETHING LIKE THIS!"

I finally got my youngest up and into my arms. On my way out, I beg for my pants and SWAT retrieved them. Then I was out the door and standing with my family. We were surrounded by a few SWAT officers aiming their guns off in all directions around us, barking orders such as, "IF WE SAY HIT THE GROUND- HIT THE GROUND IMMEDIATELY-REMAIN CALM (right) AND STAY NEXT TO US AT ALL TIMES!" Standing there shaking I mentioned that I had to pee and they told me to go ahead! On myself!

By this time, they were searching our camper thoroughly. Then it hit me - this was about the guy I have been watching, so I said out loud, "This isn't about that guy I have been watching all weekend is it?" One of the SWAT officers responded with, "What guy ma'am?" I replied, "The guy with the red duffle bag". At that moment, everything changed. Everyone grabbed their walkie-talkies and started barking "INTEL, INTEL - WE HAVE INTEL HERE". That is when they separated me from my family, in my pajamas, clutching my child's teddy bear.

Shattered Illusions -- An Awakening

September 9, 2011

Committee of Digital Correspondence

Amelia Foxwell, Correspondent

Part 4 - How Fear Becomes Anger

As Carla continues her story, we begin to see glimpses of change. Not just small changes, but those of private thought, feelings and the realization of hard truths that cannot help but design of a new world for her family. Many people have read about or watched movies like this before. Thankfully, however, experiencing this firsthand is something few of us have been through. At this point, Carla and her family have already become victims and how they handle their experience will shape the rest of their lives. What Carla describes in the pages to come are the actions of a terrified family beginning to ask questions. Questions many never bother to ask. The answers to these questions begin to leave them with another emotion entirely... anger.

Carla continues her story:

Before I could think, I was ushered to the interior of the vehicle that had apparently awakened me. Armed men stood guard around it (and around my family). I would describe it as a kind of ambulance looking truck that was painted black. It had an ominous red glow on the inside with two benches running parallel to each other in the back. I was told to sit on the passenger side bench near the front seat. Two officers (or agents) were discussing their surprise at the man's [Charles] ability to move around and evade them -- with all of his gear. It was obvious that they needed to know what I had observed about "the guy with the red duffle bag".

I was asked if he was a "skinhead", to which I responded by describing his dark hair. I was asked if he was wearing a plaid shirt, and I could only respond with a "no". After I described everything I had noticed about the young man, I asked, what was he wanted for, and why they were after him with such obvious force? My questions yielded nothing beyond a comment that they had already retrieved the "red bag". I was then instructed to get in my car with my family and leave the park immediately. I asked about our camper and was told that someone would call me... and that we would get it back "eventually".

My husband and boys were already waiting for me in our car when they brought me out of the red glow of the "black ambulance". I was still terrified and joined my family, hurriedly. We drove away from our camper and headed toward the front of the park. Before we were allowed to leave, I was stopped again and questioned by yet another FBI agent, accompanied by a Park Police Officer. Again, I was asked if the young man was a "skinhead".

I began to understand what a peasant I was to these men when I found myself being grateful that these guys at least seemed a little more pleasant. They actually let me go to the bathroom. That, sadly, would be all of the courtesy and sympathy I would get from the FBI because the officers felt it was necessary to observe my every action, though, I finally was allowed to go to the bathroom.

When I got back in the car, we drove out the main entrance to the park, which proved somewhat tricky. Never in my life had I seen this much law enforcement! By my estimation, (at the very least) there were 200 officers of various law enforcement agencies. There were SWAT vehicles, horses, dogs, helicopters and an FBI command center! There were vehicles pulling into the park one after another. For fifteen minutes, we sat and waited while officer after officer produced identification in order to enter the park.

As we were finally allowed to leave, we noticed an area where the other evicted campers were gathering. Everyone was standing around in their pajamas with mixed looks of fright and confusion. There were several children who had been similarly roused from their sleep in the night. Everyone had to go. We were very lucky that we lived so close to the campground and we headed home in our pajamas, leaving behind all of our "family camp" possessions. We did not forget to thank God that we had a home to go to! Others might not be so lucky.

We got home around 2:00 a.m. and tried to get the kids back in bed. They were beside themselves and didn't know what to think. Fortunately, my youngest went to sleep pretty quickly. My oldest cried himself to sleep sometime after 3:00 a.m. with me holding him in my arms while we lay in my bed. His last words were him begging me not to return him to his own bed. I told him not to worry, that I wouldn't.

While I was comforting my son, my husband hit the internet trying to find anything at all that might help explain what we had just gone through. How could something be this huge, yet we had received absolutely no news out about it? I was thinking that we had been close to a serial killer, or maybe a mass murdering terrorist! Whoever this guy was, he had to be the worst of the worst!

As mad as I was at that moment I was still thinking that when I found out who this guys was, I would understand why they treated my family and me as criminals! There would be no sleep for my husband and me that night.

The combined effect of shock, fear and sleep deprivation made me a little impatient, I suppose. I began calling the campground park office. A gracious park employee responded to each of my calls. I was surprised to learn that even the park personnel were given next to no information concerning this massive manhunt or the "dangerous" mystery man.

The hours drug by in torturous silence. Our feverish internet research to find out who this man was became painful. Even though we felt as if we were very much involved, in the end we were to find out along with everyone else who the "bad guy" was.

At noon, we received a call informing us to come get our camper. We were told we would be escorted in by police; we would be "observed" while we packed up and then escorted out of the park. At least this was handled by the park police, who were not forceful and commanding like SWAT, but kind and friendly. They very much helped ease our sons' fears by keeping them company while we packed up.

After returning home, we continued to watch, and anxiously await, every newscast aired. It was still quite awhile before we mercifully learned a name from the news. Charles Allen Dyer. Finally! A name to help begin to put this all together. The very first information we received was what the news put out. "Accused child rapist and militia member!"

My initial thought was, "Wow, that's bad"...then...wait a minute...did they say "accused"? WHAT??!! You mean this isn't an escaped convict? This isn't a convicted felon of SOME KIND?! "Okay", I thought, "there's got to be more, it just isn't on the news yet. I'll find out about it on the internet!" So I began to read everything I could find for the next two days.

During those two days, the manhunt for Charles A. Dyer was growing in size and intensity. His picture was continuously displayed on TV. I began to marvel at this young man's ability to slip past all of the law enforcement that had been deployed. The news reported possible sightings in various towns just a short distance up the road from of us. It appeared that Charles was headed our way. His ability to continue on foot through the massive manpower and technology that we had observed first-hand caused me to actually question God, "*Are you helping this man?*"

Marvel wasn't the only emotion this situation evoked. I also began to grow ANGRY at the fact that I couldn't find any documents or evidence indicating he was actually guilty of anything other than a traffic ticket up until the day he didn't show up for court. I mean Momma Bear angry. I need some answers RIGHT NOW angry!

Shattered Illusions -- An Awakening

October 1, 2011

Committee of Digital Correspondence

Amelia Foxwell, Correspondent

Part 5 - We will never be the same, again!

As the reality of Carla's experience begins to seep in deeper, it changes her and her family in ways they have only begun to understand. This is the last part of Carla's story but it is also the beginning of a new life, one that is filled with uncertainty and a thousand other emotions she never knew she would feel. There are those of us that came by our realizations because of our parents, our political beliefs, and our life experiences, very few of us came by them courtesy of a SWAT raid.

Carla continues her story:

* * *

The more I read, the angrier I become. Not at Charles, but at the FBI. I just couldn't find anything about this guy that seemed to warrant the magnitude of the search effort that was going on. It wasn't only what they did to us, but I also saw it as a huge waste of money. I can't even imagine what it cost to put on that kind of manhunt.

The day that this happened, I was mad at everyone including Charles, but that was before I armed myself with information. When I began to look more in to things, I saw that Charles had a family. A mom, a dad, a sister, and brother, other people were also hurting. Charles was someone's son. I began to picture and feel what they might be going through. I began to really see Charles being innocent of these accusations. I imagined myself in his shoes. It's not hard to feel desperation after what I witnessed. I still can't get my mind around what that would be like, to be hunted down like an animal. I know there have more than enough people out there that deserve this, but Charles feels far from one of them.

A couple of more days went by and we heard nothing that answered our questions. The news kept the manhunt in the headlines, constantly. He had been spotted heading our way.

I watched the buzz start in the neighborhood. People were acting afraid, talking about locking their doors and keeping their garages closed. I overheard someone at the school talking about "what a horrible, scary guy" Charles was and that he needs to be shot!

I couldn't stand it one morning after walking my kids to school and spoke up to a few women asking if any of them had noticed that he was accused and not convicted? They all stood there looking at me as if I was from Mars. I marched off curtly and walked back home, hoping I had rained on their parade. What fun could it be to talk

about an accused person of whom you know NOTHING? Already, I was beginning to see how this was changing me forever.

Here I was thinking I had it going on in the judgment department (you know, that I hardly ever do it intentionally and that I am a very fair person). I was dead wrong. I realized after witnessing so many people totally miss the accused part, that I too, had done this very thing. **Never again.** I promise from this second forward that I will never presume to know anything about an accused person if I am not directly involved.

Charles and I passed within yards of one another that morning [August 25, 2011] walking down a road in my neighborhood. Of course, I had no idea. I wasn't looking at the corner of my street when he walked right by. Minutes later, he turned himself in to a sheriff's deputy, a few blocks away from my house. Someone called me immediately and let me know. I was astounded how close he was to me.

So many thoughts raced through my mind. I was relieved it was over. That was short lived though. Over for who? Stress had begun to take a toll on me. I wasn't eating or sleeping very well at all. This situation was constantly on my mind. I prayed without ceasing. I looked at the picture they released of Charles and could only feel how his sister or mom might feel. Relieved, grateful and concerned. I thanked God for his quiet apprehension. It was completely opposite of what my family experienced. I could not wish that on Charles **or anyone else, ever,** at this point. I could see that he had not done anything worthy of my anger or the massive manhunt that was going on. I watched some of his videos. I actually had to agree with several of Charles points. I might not go on the internet and let everyone know how mad I am but he certainly has the right in the USA, doesn't he?

After viewing a few more of his videos, I still didn't get it. How is this guy so dangerous? I was going crazy trying to put everything together. You may think things happen by chance and circumstance but I don't. God is in the details. It was as if He, Himself, did not want me to let it go yet.

I needed to talk to someone. Someone who could help me work this out. I knew good and well that no one from the FBI or SWAT was going to come calling with apologies or explanations. I am sure that I could be dead from a heart attack and they wouldn't so much as make a call to my husband.

By talking to everyone that I could, that was involved, I began to get a very clear picture of how things went down that Saturday night. I was furious to find out they had watched us for four hours before they burst in on us. They had four hours to set up shelter for the evacuees to gather in and chose to do nothing.

I just couldn't believe how we had no rights of any kind, as if we were criminals. I had talked to everyone on this end that I could. None of that was really getting me anywhere. Every time someone in law enforcement would put the "what if" spin on it, "what if it really was the worst of the worst; what if a true madman had your family hostage?" They would get the same answer from me. There is no way you can convince me that banging on the door with great force and screaming orders out at the

top of your lungs (not to mention the bullet proof gear, night vision goggles and assault rifles) is going to set up ANYONE for negotiations. HAD a maniac been in there with us they most likely would have caused him to panic and kill us. I was there. This was not TV.

After reading several on-line articles I noticed the same author popping up. It also appeared that she was a member on a website about Charles that had contributions from him directly. I figured this was who I needed to talk to -- Someone who could put a few missing pieces in the puzzle for me. After spending some time on the internet, I finally found an email address to which I promptly sent a message to. Just a short note explaining who I was and a request for a phone number. In no time at all the email was answered with a phone number.

I called, and finally had a voice on the other end [this Correspondent] that was no stranger to my circumstance. What a relief. I was worn out with all the dead ends and brick walls of nothingness that the FBI had left me with. I still needed, desperately, to find a reason why this happened to my family. Or, at the very least, to get a little closure of some kind.

I was still very emotional. This began Saturday night and it was now Thursday afternoon. Charles was picked up at 8:15 that Thursday morning. This stranger on the other end of the line sat and patiently listened as I tried to say anything that made any sense. I am sure I cried more than once. Repeating the story and conjuring up the image of my shaking 8 year old in his underwear still has that effect on me.

Then, there was the inexplicable emotion tied to the very man this all was about. I asked if she could get a message to his parents for me. This one thing, I knew I had to do. I felt so strongly about wanting to tell them that their son was okay. That he was not taken down like a crazed animal. Most of all, I wanted to tell them to have and keep the faith up. I was a witness to how God was watching over Charles. To me, it was amazing. The FBI didn't get their man. God did. God let Charles know when the time was right. He surely must have a serious plan for this young man. There is hope. Hope in the not too distant future of Charles getting back his life.

Saturday afternoon Charles' parents and sister called me. I was so very grateful to hear from them. It was speaking to them that made me no longer feel like useless refuse. That's right, REFUSE -- worthless, trash, garbage -- That is how the SWAT made us feel. Like the most we could have been to them was in the way.

Charles family was just like any of us. Good people who love their son and brother. I finally had some voices and names to put with the prayer I had been keeping up. I thought, what if these people aren't close to God. They might not understand me or how I saw the situation at all. They might not understand what I was a witness to. You can imagine my joyous relief to find out towards the end of the conversation, that Charles' father is a minister! AMEN!! I thought, there is purpose, there is reason!

With my view on what happened down here and the story of how it took place, I was able to confirm answers to prayer made by Charles' father. He was worried his prayer to "do what it takes" to bring Charles back to God, safely, had possibly brought all the

chaos on. I, on the other hand, had watched for five days in awe over the way God was working with Charles. Hold tightly to your faith Mr. and Mrs. Dyer! God is not nearly through with Charles yet.

It's been a month since all that has happened now. Not very long really. I am getting to where my whole day isn't consumed by this anymore, but it is a part of my life. It still comes up in daily conversation.

My neighbor just retired after 30 years with the Harris County Sheriff's office. I think he was the most honest about the situation. After listening to the story, he had two things to say.

First, he said that the SWAT came in for a confrontation and nothing else. He also said that had it of been him in the camper (He and his wife are RV'ers) he would be dead. His words were "I carry a gun at all times and would have responded shooting". His wife backed that one up. She too is an officer of the law.

Second, he then explained how they have bullhorns and stand at a distance to get someone out peacefully, talking through the bullhorn, not screaming when they don't want an incident.

I also over heard a sheriff from Austin County, where State park was, saying that "Charles had slapped the FBI in the face and that's what all the fuss was about". That was in a restaurant in Sealy, where the hunt went after the state park. So it was beginning to look different down here for Charles. A lot of people, those that bother to think about it a little more, are beginning to see a different side. I can only hope for the same in Charles's hometown.

Little things and big things happen every day because of this. I now sleep with my pajama bottoms on. I love my family even more. We took our kids out of public school to home school them, for too many reasons to list. We are moving ahead with every plan we have to enjoy life, now. My oldest son asked me to never speak about it in front of him again. I hope to honor that. My youngest asked me if we were going to be kidnapped when we went to Galveston State Park last week. "No son, that won't happen. What happened at Stephen F. Austin will never happen again". I knew that was a lie and that I had no right to say it. Now my family knows that at any time, anyone could be stripped of everything that **we think** we have a right to, should the FBI deem it so. But, no matter who does what to me, in the end, no one and nothing is bigger than my God. That is where the answers lie.

Love Carla

* * *

My name is Amelia and I have read Carla's story piece by piece waiting anxiously for the next piece, just as you have. I have had the assistance of two other people in the preparation of this story, so that it is presented in a light most able to convey to you the emotions that lay behind it.

Through this account, we all have had the honor to get to know this amazing woman. Many were previously familiar with Charles Dyer's story; a few of us have met him and his family; but talking with Carla, and reading her story, brought a new dimension to all of this. This story provides an "awakening" for all of us. The faith that Carla has is what has gotten her through her "awakening", and the days that followed. Many others seem to have gotten through it, not from faith, but from a strange mixture of anger and ego. *"We know the truth; our eyes are more open, so it makes us better than the rest"*. I sincerely hope that because of this story, many will come to see that that mentality as our biggest obstacle in regaining our freedom and liberty.

Carla and the Dyer family have shown their faith and their heart. Carla's story will continue, as will Charles Dyer's story, and all of ours. Carla has given us a great gift in the past few months. We have been shown the faith to believe in being touched by God, to heal the harm that men have done. Everyone will get something different from this story but it is one of the most important stories of our time. It is a story of loss and fear and one of hope and strength. Please take this story with you and share it with everyone you can.

This was Carla's story and now it has been given to us -- as our story, as well.

* * * * *

Additional Information

Additional information about Charles Dyer can be found on line at:

[Government Agencies Attack an Honorable Marine and His Family](#)

by Amelia Foxwell

[Charles Dyer Case](#) On the Hinky Meter (an analysis of the case from a judicial perspective)

This series can be found on line at:

[Shattered Illusions - An Awakening -- Part 1](#)

[Shattered Illusions - An Awakening -- Part 2](#)

[Shattered Illusions - An Awakening -- Part 3](#)

[Shattered Illusions - An Awakening -- Part 4](#)

[Shattered Illusions - An Awakening -- Part 5](#)

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