

Your Honor,

I would first like to take the time to thank you for your welcoming demeanor and respectful words towards me for my duration in your court room. You helped make what was an already terrifying and uncomfortable new experience for me, less stressful. I would like to take this opportunity to possibly tell you about myself and my life thus far in hopes you will judge me based on the actions of my life, and not the actions of one day. I would like to point out first and foremost, I know and accept my consequences for my actions leading to my charges and conviction. And as you heard me tell the court, I am ashamed of the actions I chose to display the day of the cause of all of this. Never in my life have I been the one in the crowd of disorder and mayhem, but rather the peace keeper.

I first enlisted into the United States Marine Corps on my 18th birthday, skipping school to do so. Much to my mother's displeasure, there was only one job I had in mind, Infantry. I completed boot camp on Parris Island SC in Platoon 2002 Echo Company and then proceeded to infantry school at Camp Geiger School Of Infantry East. I was living my dream. Assigned to my first unit Echo Company 2nd Battalion 9th Marines, I deployed twice to Afghanistan. The first deployment I spent 7 months living in a mud hut, conducting combat operations and patrols, as an automatic rifleman. I truly was the person that I, as a kid, wanted to be. Seeing some combat, I returned home a different man. The sounds and smells failed to stay over there, as well as the memories of things civilized humans aren't accustomed to. But I pressed on. My unit was then re deployed to Afghanistan 6 months later, where we would perform Helicopter Interdiction all across South West Afghanistan. This deployment was the one to test me as a man, and a Marine. The majority of combat I have experienced was on this deployment. Over there, I mattered. I was someone who could make a difference. Whether it was disarming a bomb that threatened the lives of over 20 women and children, or putting myself between my young Lieutenant and the enemy so he could get us the help we needed over the radio while I took the fight to the enemy. It was during that specific event, an enemy bullet snapped into a rock directly in front of me, leaving my legs filled with shrapnel, which I later tended to myself, as I was afraid of being sent home if anyone higher up found out.

Upon returning home, my first wife was waiting eagerly for me. But it seemed my mind was still across the ocean, fighting in the desert. This ultimately lead to us divorcing during my third deployment, which took me to South East Asia during a foreign military training mission. Sleepless nights and the echoes of gunfire stayed in my ears as I simply existed once getting out of active service. I returned home and had a very hard time keeping a steady job, let alone a decent one. Fast forward 6 months, the Virginia Army National Guard accepted me and I enlisted once again. I enlisted a total of 3 times while in the Guard, with one deployment to Qatar on a base security mission. Although this deployment I saw no combat, I still felt the presence of my prior experiences in the back of my head. I returned home from that deployment, to my 2nd wife and our amazing daughter, Serenity. Serenity had been only 6 months old when I deployed, and was a year and a half upon my return. It was something I had never

experienced before. What I felt being away from her for that amount of time, was unfathomable. I genuinely got a tight chest because I would miss her so much. I think it's then that I knew my new purpose in life. Being the best dad to the most wonderful daughter. And I must say, it's absolutely without a doubt my favorite thing about my life so far. As she got older, I knew that I needed to do more to ensure not only her safety, but the safety of the community she would grow up in. This started my career in law enforcement. Aside from being an Infantry Marine, this truly was my dream job. I loved everything about it, and I tried to break the negative stigma most of the community seemed to have. Never once was I reprimanded for my performance of my duties, and actually received quite a few calls to my higher ups commending my actions.

During my career as a Police Officer I became a Sniper for the department. As I was already operating as a Sniper for the National Guard, the position and training came naturally to me. I also became a K9 officer towards the abrupt end of my career, which I thoroughly enjoyed. Being a police officer was everything to me because I knew I was making a difference for my daughter and for our community. But as with any job that entails getting down and dirty, the bad days caught up to me. The sleepless nights got worse, as did my temperment. It took the act of 2 great friends, both prior military as well, to sit me down and tell me I needed help. I am a very proud person, and I am me every day, so I don't acknowledge anything that seems to be off with me. I do what I was trained to do, and that is to keep pushing on. I finally started receiving help I desperately needed from the VA. Which would later diagnose me with PTSD, depression, hyper vigilance, anxiety, and other combat and military related injuries and stressors. All together, it has earned me a 90% disability rating. I am happy to say, between the treatments, medicine, and regular visits, and undying support of my family, I can finally say that I feel like a normal man again.

My wife Maria is now the bread winner for the household. Given her position where she is employed, it is up to me to play the "stay at home Dad" role. At first, I was very resistant to the fact of not being the provider, merely staying home to take our daughter to school and then pick her up and tend to her while my wife worked. The whole lifestyle was so foreign to me, adjusting to it was extremely difficult. But, as the time went on, and I realized I had an abundance of time with my daughter and also the free time I needed to decompress my mental health, I started thriving. I began working out regularly and went on to become certified in personal training. I get to help others again who need it, and it is truly fulfilling. I take on these additional roles and tasks while my daughter is at school, and then later at Karate during their after school program. I then pick her up and make her dinner and play with her and listen to all of her silly stories and jokes until bed time. She truly is my best friend in the world. When she's not in school, we spend every waking moment together and I honestly wouldn't want it any other way. She is 6 years old and already twice as smart as I will ever hope to be. She is also magnificently talented when it comes to almost anything she puts her mind to. She insisted on taking karate classes this past year, and I think she immediately blew everyone's expectations out of the water by being placed in a class above for her age group and advancing two belts in an unheard of amount of time. She truly is the most amazing kid any parent could ask for and makes me unapologetically proud to be the one she calls Dad.

My part during J6 was of course no one's fault but my own. I am a grown man and as such, no one forced me to perform a certain way that day and I also know that means answering the consequences to one's actions. I have never been one to speak out politically, one way or the other, or even try to make a fuss over who's beliefs are right and wrong. I feel that as an actual through and through red blooded American, everyone is entitled to their opinion, so much so that I willingly signed up to protect that very right. I believed that day what I and the other's in the crowd, to include TJ Robertson, was truly patriotic and a noble cause. The loyalty and sense of needing to prove myself to TJ was truly overwhelming. The chaotic environment and the chants from the crowd did nothing but hype me up and spin me into a sense of adrenaline fueled bad decisions. I ultimately blame the mixture of proving something and the momentum of the events that happened while I was in attendance was the cause of my shameful behavior. I would like to make expressly clear that I do not blame TJ Robertson for my actions.

In all honesty, testifying against TJ was beyond uncomfortable for me. Terrifying almost. Not only the fact that I was speaking against a once valued father figure to me, but also knowing the community outlash I would definitely encounter back home. TJ is a well known figure in our community, and there is without a doubt a great mixture of feelings towards not only my testifying, but also the events from J6. As some friends, and members of the community still support and empathize with me, there are also those who detest and despise the choices I have made. "Rat, Snitch, Back Stabber, Racist, Terrorist..." to name a few of the terms I've heard in passing around my community. I have never been one to give any thought to such childish insults, but I must say that when those words come from those I held near and dear to my heart... it really is just heart breaking. I do understand now that the caliber of people with those thoughts probably never actually had my best intentions at heart anyway, and with that knowledge I am somewhat at ease. I thought the death threats and rape threats to not only me and my family during pre trial were just jabs at my morale, which honestly didn't affect me at all, aside the ones directed at members of my family. Some that still happen to this day. But I digress, those threats were a mute point compared to the ones from my former "friends" and members of my community.

Given the opportunity to continue to serve would be more than a God send, as I know it in my heart to be my true calling in life aside from fatherhood. I understand that however, is impossible with my actions and the consequences associated with them. So I will re assert myself into a life of doing good and protecting those around me and those I love, and avoiding aggregious and illegal behavior to the very best of my capabilities as a law abiding American citizen. I shall seek to improve not only myself but my family and, if possible, the community in which I reside, as best I can.

I have seen war, experienced great loss, been shot at and rocketed, cursed at, spit on, and worse all for the sake of my country and family. And yet in return, all I have ever wanted for those in my life and around me, is peace. I chose to carry those burdens so that others would not have to, whatever small difference it may have made. There are not many things in my life I regret, but my actions on January 6th 2021 is and always will be the most regretful. Hopefully this letter has painted a picture of me as a whole person and that you see me for who I actually am, and not who I was on a dark day out of the countless bright ones in my life so far. Thank you so much for taking the time to read this and just know, I really do appreciate you and what you are doing.

Very Respectfully,

Jacob M. Fracker