

Dear Honorable Chief Justice Howell,

I would like to start off this letter by emphatically expressing my deepest and heartfelt apologies. I am sorry for the pain, anger and frustration caused by my actions taken on January 6th. Please also forgive me for my lack of ability to write this letter to you in absolute perfection. I have never felt the need nor felt compelled to write a letter to a judge before, let alone a Chief Justice such as yourself. My name as you know is Cody Mattice. I am now 29 years old with two children, a son named Titus (now 5 years old) and a daughter named Kylie whom is now 12 years old. I have been with my AMAZING fiancée Ashley for 10 years now. Together we all live on my grandfather's property in a rural town in Western New York. The life I live is consumed by labor, whether I am at work for a company or home taking care of my family, maintaining the property and prepping all spring and summer for the following winter season. When I'm not at work, I'm still at work. I grew up watching my grandfather (a retired Lieutenant for the Rochester Fire Department) clear the land and build the homes on his property. Now that he is in his 70's and can't keep up on maintaining his property on his own I do what I can to help with the workload. My fiancée and I pay for the home we stay in, I help take care of the 20 plus acres, repairs on both homes and I cut, chop and stack a whole winters worth of wood on every nice day we have during the spring and summer months to keep my home heated with a wood burning stove during the winter. Like I said, my life is

an extremely labor intensive life style and by no means an easy or relaxed way to live. For all of this hard work and sacrifice allows me to have the best pay off imaginable, my kids have the chance to live every day of their lives happy, healthy and safe all while being able to live and experience nature and appreciate all of the beauty, peace and quiet, and adventures that living in the woods can provide. Nothing in this world makes me happier than seeing my children truly enjoy their lives. My family is my heart and soul and all I do is 100% for them. My fiancée and I are a team and all of our struggles are more than worth it because at the end of the day we do it all for Kylie and Titus. All we want is to provide them with the best life and childhood possible. Ashley and I are deeply engulfed in maintaining a strong and healthy family unit. It is rare that Ashley and I even ever argue and when a problem does arise it's never something that we can't sit down and talk about. We have a connection and a bond so deep that I don't think we would even know how to argue, it just doesn't happen and I know I could never have that with anyone else, Ashley truly is my soul mate in every sense of the word. We do what we can to teach our kids to always be respectful of others and to not let frustration or anger overwhelm them when faced with a problem no matter how big or small. Even when they do get in trouble for misbehaving or breaking the rules I always make sure to sit down with them and explain what they did wrong and how they can correct it so it doesn't happen again. My father wasn't a father growing up and when he was around he was more of a friend. My mother had to raise me with no help from him and he never tried to be around till my brother and I were teenagers that

could take care of ourselves. I grew very close to my father but was well aware that his absence in my life and his refusal to help my mother in any way is not how a father is supposed to be so I strove and still strive to do the exact opposite of him and be a consistent form of stability and the absolute best father I can be towards my children. Taking care of my family and making them happy on a daily basis is my number one passion and priority. Friends will come and go but family will always be there. Nothing is more important to me than my family and their happiness, I can not express that enough. Every weekend in the summer I get my family together to relax and enjoy each others company. I can't tell you how great it feels to see all of my little nieces, nephews, cousins and of course my children freely play together. Every weekend is basically a family reunion for all of us and trust me even that is an all day labor intensive event when it comes to preparation and being a good host, but of course all of this is more than worth it, keeping our family bond strong. When Covid-19 and the shut downs hit I recieved a devastating blow to my paycheck, earning only \$139 to \$153 a week while working 7 days a week and mostly open to close. I was the head mechanic at the car shop I worked at and at the time one of only two techs at the shop. I dealt with receiving only 22 hours worth of pay until I found out my daughters school was going to switch over to remote learning for the upcoming school year. After my fiancée and I talked over our options for a while we decided the most financially pheasable option for us was for me to stay home and take care of my son and daughter since my fiancée's pay wasn't effected and one of us being home was

cheaper than paying the \$1,000 a month that it would have cost for babysitting. Since I was home with my kids I told my brother I would watch my little nephew for free to help him financially through Covid. I ended up receiving a little bit of cash from him and his fiancée every now and then because they didn't want to leave me empty handed. Since I love working on cars I started to fix friends and families vehicles for a little extra cash to help with bills and groceries. I did this whenever my hands weren't full with the kids and work around the property. Even though the decision to stop working was an extremely difficult one to make, it was also rewarding beyond comparison to be able to bond with my children and nephew every day. It gave me the opportunity to dedicate myself 100% to being the father I didn't have but wish I did growing up. This was my life right up until my arrest.

January 6th was a day unlike any other in my life. I have never been into politics, never been to a political event or rally and it was even the first year I have ever voted. Being able to go that day wasn't something I was banking on and happened by chance, with me out of work and my fiancée having that day off. I have never seen so many people in one place in my entire life. As we stood and listened the best we could we ended up hearing former President Trump tell the crowd that everyone was going to march on Capitol Hill, to fight for our country, to be strong, no one was going to do it for us and that he'd be right there beside us. As he spoke large groups of people began to gather and leave before the speech was finished. We waited for the speech to end before following the endless stream of supporters headed towards the Capitol. I am ashamed to say that after hearing the speech and everyone chanting loudly about who

everyone was told was a stolen election my judgement became clouded by the intensity of the crowd. I had never experienced anything like this before and I wish I had never even gone in the first place. Being at the Capitol felt even more overwhelming with people all around me shouting to fight for Trump and to stop the steal. At the time after hearing the speech and hearing all these people command each other around and telling us what we all need to do I felt like we were there on the right side. No one seemed to think otherwise and the whole situation and ambiance of it all made it easy to get lost in the moment. Again I wish I never even went. I am ashamed of myself for how I acted that day. I can't tell you how remorseful I am and how I wish I could take it all back and never even attended the rally and even more so the events that followed it at the Capitol. I am SO SORRY for my actions, behavior and participation. I wish I could take it all back. My immature actions that day were filled with ignorance, confusion, fear and a belief being relentlessly pounded into my head all day that what we were doing was standing up for America and the people. I feel as if my love for this beautiful country and the freedom America stands for was used against me for one's political motivations and gain. I feel as if I have been betrayed and that I should have done what I've always done when it comes to politics and stayed out of it. I should not have acted the way I did that day. The energy from a crowd that large along with everything said that day made it feel almost impossible to not get sucked in, but still I should have just stayed out of it and the whole ordeal should not have happened in the first place. I'm sorry that I showed up, I'm sorry I acted the way I did, I'm sorry for my role and actions, I AM SO SO SORRY. I hope that I

can be forgiven and I am given the opportunity to prove to you and the people that the events that took place on January 6th do not define me as a whole. I should have never given in to that serious lapse of misjudgement. What did I or anyone even achieve that day... absolutely nothing. I have to live with the guilt for the rest of my life. Because of my actions that day I have missed my 10 year anniversary of my fiancée and I being together, my son turning 5 years old, the birth of my new nephew Maddox, my daughters 12th birthday, my nephew Ryker turning 3 years old, my fiancée's 30th birthday, I will miss my sons first day of kindergarten, I have missed all of this time raising my children and helping them grow, and I'm missing the time to be the father for them that I never had and that they deserve. The list is endless. During all of this time in pretrial confinement I also had to fight to keep custody of my daughter and to keep primary residency, all of which has been suspended until I am allowed to go back home at which time my pre existing custody agreement will be reinstated. Please don't think I am shirking my responsibility for my participation on January 6th because I most certainly am not. I genuinely feel bad for everything I did that day and I own up to my actions. I should have never acted that way and I should have used my better judgement that day and not even gone. Please find it in your heart to forgive me. I have never made a bigger mistake in my life. I was my sons age the day my parents split up and it's one of the very few memories I have of that age. The experience was traumatising and now my children have gone through the same experience except with witnessing my arrest. It's painful I put them and my fiancée through that, something I never wanted

them to go through. It is so important for me to be there as a father especially since my son is at such a young age. It's crucial for his development. I don't want my children to grow up knowing the all too real pain I always felt growing up stemming from the absence of my father. As parents we are supposed to want better for our children and provide the developmental tools to do so. I know I have no one to blame for all of this anguish but myself. I just ask you to please not see me as just this one day, a January 6^{er}, and to please allow me to at least be home sooner than later so I can continue to be the father I was born to be and my children so desperately need as well as the physical, emotional, mental, and financial support my amazing fiancée needs. Granting this you would truly be a blessing to me and my incredible family. Thank you for taking your time to read this, I greatly appreciate it.

Sincerely,
a greatly apologetic and remorseful
Coely Mattice