

## Sean's Voice: Thanks to his Grandma Elizabeth for sharing his story.

Sean is an angel in heaven. He never made it to his third birthday. Sean died at the hands of his mother. Yes, it's so very true. Sean endured so much in his short little life.

Little Sean, who was only two and a half, endured many things, like having his big toe nails ripped out of his feet. The mother even would put nail polish in his eyes as punishment because for unknown reasons. Here is the story as Elizabeth puts it:

The following is the statement I read in court today May 21, 2008, just before Judge Foster of the Macomb County Circuit Court handed down his sentence to Sean's murderer. Life without the possibility of parole plus an additional 9-15 years. She was convicted April 24, 2008 of 1st degree murder and 1st degree child abuse. Thank you God for hearing our prayers and providing your angel Sean with justice.

*Crystal*

*For all the time I have known you I mistook you for someone with a heart. But after today, you will be forgotten. Locked far away where you belong, no longer free to hurt anyone again. I have already invested way too much energy and precious time over the years hoping, praying and trying to help only to be used and made out a fool for caring. I invested my time and energy here throughout these court proceedings only to ensure that Sean would get the justice he deserves. Thank God the jury of your peers saw through your lies and saw just how heartless you are. It has been more than a little difficult to sit through all of this, not just because we had to live the horror of the torture and abuse you put Sean through over and over again. But because it was unbearable to look at you sitting there, throughout every court appearance, with the same heartless blank expression, showing no remorse and even no reaction to the tears of all the lives you have shattered.*

*I am grateful to have this opportunity before I eliminate you and your existence from my mind, to say a few things I need to say to you. A few things you need to hear. Hopefully someday they will resonate with you.*

*A woman. A MOTHER!, who could intentionally harm and cause pain to her children? - her own flesh and blood? - is SO foreign to me. You used this trusting and naïve perception I had for you as a mother against me. You betrayed the trust I had in you that you were a mother Crystal, someone who adored and wanted to do nothing but protect and love her children. I believed that if you were making mistakes it was due only to your inexperience and anxiety, even post partum depression, and that they were truly honest, ignorant mistakes. You betrayed my love and compassion toward you, my willingness to help you and my trust that you truly and unconditionally loved your children, my precious grandchildren and my blood. And, as shameful as this betrayal is, I know eventually I can and will find a way to forgive you Crystal. Through this past year of therapy, I know now and understand better, your sickness. I can't and don't excuse you for it, but to heal myself from this unimaginable horror, I needed to better understand. Why? I am an adult and I have a strong faith, so I will find the means and the strength to heal and eventually forgive you this betrayal.*

*But your greatest betrayal was to Sean, this pure, innocent, sweet and loving little soul who completely loved, trusted and depended on you, his mother, to protect and love him. You were his life Crystal. His whole world, his everything!*

*- And you HURT him, in all and every way UNimaginable to a mother. And still, he knew no better than to love you. I can't even begin to imagine how long it will take for me to find the strength necessary to forgive you for this. Or if I even can.*

*You also betrayed God, who entrusted this beautiful innocent little soul, HIS precious child, to your charge. He gave you the most cherished of gifts when he gave you Sean, and just like every other gift you have received in life, natural and otherwise, you did not cherish or even respect him, instead you despised and discarded his precious life as though he were worthless and a burden. Be prepared to answer the question Crystal, when He asks, "What part of 'Thou shalt not kill,' didn't you understand?"*

*I saw and knew, none of what you put Sean through. You were so careful, sly, deceitful and manipulative, to not let me see that side of you. You made me worry and wonder what was wrong with my poor grandson. What was wrong with his beautiful eyes, why his physical and mental progression seemed so slow. You even made me believe that he might have been autistic. Lie after lie you told me to hide from me how you hated Sean. You had me trying to find help, for completely bogus afflictions, knowing that if I had known and seen all that your sister and brother had, the least of your worries would have been another phone call to protective services. And all the while YOU KNEW what was wrong with him. YOU KNEW what none of us could have, that through your abuse of Sean, you had caused the previous brain injuries discovered only after your final blow ending his life, which in turn had caused him such misery and dysfunction through his last year. And as WE know now, the whole time he spent here in this short pain filled life, his only problem, his only affliction - was having a hateful, heartless monster as his mother. In the words of a kind man who set up a memorial site for Sean recently, "I can only imagine what life would be like when your nightmares are better than your reality".*

*I am sorry for you Crystal.*

*I'm sorry for you - that you could not see the beauty and the miracle of the innocent lives you brought into this world.*

*I'm sorry for you - that you are incapable of feeling the unconditional love between a mother and her children.*

*I'm sorry for you - that you are filled with fear and hatred and such insecurity that you could only feel better about yourself by hurting your children and all those around you, who really did care.*

*I'm sorry for you - that if and when you finally have a lucid moment to realize what you have done, you will feel more self loathing than you ever have and more guilt and shame than you will be able to bear.*

*I'm sorry for you - that you cannot admit and take responsibility for your malicious, heartless and horrendous behavior toward Sean, committing the final and ultimate betrayal of his pure and unconditional love.*

*I'm sorry for you - that you cannot even fathom what you have done to Angel. You took away from her everyone in her life that she loved. You made her part and party to your despicable treatment of her beloved brother, encouraging her to repeat your behavior and to treat Sean with the same dismissive, cruel contempt you hold in your heart.*

*You showed this sweet and precious soul, your daughter, hatred. You taught her cruelty and made her feel fear and pain. You have caused her through your actions to feel sadness and loneliness no baby should ever feel. You are worse than the boogie man, you are the monster in her nightmares. The lessons you taught to Angel as her mother were the very things that real mothers desperately try to shelter their children from, at all costs. Know this*

*Crystal...Angel will heal and recover from your abuse and she will forget you as her mother and know you only as the sick woman who gave birth to her.*

*My son, my sensitive and loving son. You emotionally, verbally and physically abused and manipulated Michael into your sick, twisted existence, using his love for you against him, isolating him and my grandchildren from all who loved them and desperately tried to intervene. My son's trusting and loving heart, his kind and gentle nature, were no match for your psychotic mind and heartless manipulative ways. And poor Sean, my precious broken grandson, was an even lesser match. He suffered the worst fate, neglected, tortured, abused, and murdered at your cold merciless hands. You'd better pray Crystal, pray that your fate in prison will not be the same as Sean's.*

*I blame the DHS and any other agency with whom you (Crystal) had been charged to from the time you were Sean's age. I blame them for Sean's death as well, for not heeding my warnings and concerns or the concerns of so many others who called them. It isn't even a case of not enough, it is that nothing was done to protect him. Several phone calls from one person to these departments could be looked upon as a busy body or a vengeful crackpot. But several calls and more as in Sean's life from numerous unrelated people since the time he was four months old, should have warranted drastic action on their part. And although I find huge faults with these supposed official child protecting departments for their inaction, ultimately the blame for Sean's death lies only with his murderer – his mother. Two words so contrary to each other, yet they describe you Crystal Conklin. Child abusing, torturing, murdering mother, can only be shortened to monster. That is what you became from the circumstances of which you grew up Crystal. I know that you suffered through abuses in your childhood, but they do not even compare to the abuse you in turn doled out. You made the choice to be that monster every time you mistreated, tortured, neglected and abused my sweet grandson. But this monster you became was not something you had no control of becoming – it was a choice you made. Many, many people grow up in worse circumstances than you but they do not abuse and kill their children. They make a choice to find help and to heal their self, to become wiser and better than their abusers. That was a choice you neglected to make even with the support and loving examples of your grandmother and uncle. I wonder Crystal...do you ever worry or even think about how she must feel toward you now? Do you worry that she has seen everything? I think she is grateful to have Sean safe in her loving care in heaven, but as a mother and a grandmother who did everything she knew to love and protect you, she must have such deep grief, shame, disappointment and sorrow for you and what you became. She was that one person who stepped up in your time of need as a young abused child, loved you with all her heart, sacrificed and cared for you, and instead of honoring her by becoming a loving mother like she had been to you, paid her back with yet another betrayal.*

*It disgusts me that you cannot admit to how you killed Sean, to validate his truth, his pain, his life. Instead you choose again to come up with story after story and to blame any and everyone you possibly can, including Angel, another of your children you supposedly love, betraying Sean again and again with each story and each accusation toward another. Only you, Sean, Angel and God know the how of what you did, how you ended Sean's life. But of these, and thankfully, only you will suffer with that knowledge in your head for the rest of your days. And when your days are ended, only you will answer to God. And Sean.*

*When you were arraigned the judge ended telling you, "Young lady may God have mercy on your soul". You may want to think about getting on your knees Crystal and staying there, because the mercy you will seek from God, will only come with you first admitting and taking responsibility for your actions, having heartfelt remorse for your sins and a lifetime, your lifetime repenting and praying for His forgiveness.*

*Through and because of this tragedy, I have become a voice for the abused, Sean's voice. If he were able to speak to you today, I'm sure this is what he would say...*

## Reflections of an Abused Child

(A Letter to My Mother, My Abuser)

**I loved you and you hurt me.**

**I smiled at you and you hurt me.**

**I hugged you and you hurt me.**

**I looked to you for acceptance and you hurt me.**

**I depended on you to fulfill my most basic needs and you neglected and hurt me.**

**I asked you to help me and you hurt me.**

**I asked you to hold me and you hurt me.**

**I needed you to teach me and you hurt me.**

**I came to you for safety and needed you to protect me, and you hurt me.**

**Life with you was...**

**abuse, neglect, torture, cruelty, seclusion, confinement, rejection, hatred, loneliness,  
fear.**

**I was innocence,**

**I was joy,**

**I was delight,**

**I was wonder,**

**I was pure,**

**I was unconditional love,**

**and you hurt me.**

**I was small,**

**I was fragile,**

**I was weak,**

**and you hurt me.**

**I was beautiful,**

**I was trusting,**

**I was sweetness.**

**I was all that you are not**

**and so, you hurt me.**

**But now...**

**I am happy,**

**I am cherished,**

**I am loved,**

**I am safe,**

**Because, I am not with you.**

**Thank you God for rescuing me – Sean.**

(end)

*“To Sean - God bless you sweet angel. You are finally home and safe with the angels. You are whole, loved and cherished as you should have always been. I will cherish my precious memories of you all my days. Your big blue eyes, how they lit up with excitement at the sight and words of "Grandma's here!" The sweetness in your innocent baby laugh when I chased you on my knees calling out, "I'm gonna get Seanny". Your beautiful happy little face looking up at me as I scooped you up and held you in my arms. I loved to kiss those sweet baby cheeks and hear you giggle. So few and far between were the times I got to play and show you how loved you were. I will forever miss softly caressing your face and rubbing your back as you fall asleep and just holding you in my lap soft, warm and cozy. Orange Jello, Elmo and your "buddy". These are just a few of the things that will always remind me of you and your sweet love. I love you with all my heart and Grandma will miss you always. I know that we will see each other again and I will be able to hold and love you once more. Until then I hold you ever so close in my heart and you can now rest in peace.”*