

EXHIBIT P

EXHIBIT H STATEMENT OF KIRA LYNCH

I was introduced to Tim Ballard by my friend/client C.L. She is, I believe, a part owner in a local business establishment. She was pre-screening the movie, *The Sound of Freedom*, for O.U.R. and Tim Ballard. One day when I was doing her hair, she told me about this amazing organization that helps save women and children from sex traffickers.

She proceeded to tell me stories about how awful the world of sex trafficking is, and what this organization was doing to help save the children around the world. C.L. was doing the scheduling for these premieres. She asked me if I wanted to go to one of the pre-screenings. I said, "Yes, that sounds awesome."

She gave me some dates and I chose one. After the movie, Tim was there answering some questions. I told C.L. that if he really was a famous guy, then he needed a new hairstyle. When she ran into him, she told him that she had a great hairstylist. She said, "I think you should try her out." He had his assistant reach out to me.

I went to a house in Saratoga Springs. It was on October 24, 2021. Apparently, Tim was doing some sort of therapy that he had to do for three days in a row. He was on his third day, and he had to be away from his family and friends. Only Katherine, his wife, could be there. He couldn't have his phone or anything until the end of the three days, which would have been that night. So I had been communicating with his assistant and Dimitri, who was his bodyguard, about a time and place to meet, so that I could cut and color Tim's hair.

When I showed up to the house in Saratoga Springs (which was not his house—I guess it was just a house where he was doing this therapy), his wife Katherine opened the door. She let me in, and Tim was coming down the stairs. He looked like he just woke up. He and Katherine were talking about what they wanted to do to his hair. He was saying that he wanted to have a more edgier look. She did not want that—she didn't want him to color his hair more blonde, which

is what he wanted.

They couldn't really agree, so she just said, do whatever you want and left, and told me that his assistant would be there soon. When she left, he began to tell me that Katherine doesn't like his hair light because it reminds her of when he would be on operations, and it made her uncomfortable and she did not like that. So we kind of talked about how there are different levels of light colors that he could have, and maybe in the past it looked like a beach-boy blonde, so we could do more of a natural blonde and maybe she would like that better.

So we agreed, and I started cutting his hair first. We did that, then as I started applying the lightener, Tim started asking me questions. He asked what I knew about OUR, and I said I didn't know much except for what C.L. had told me, and that his movie was out. He seemed very shocked and almost disappointed that I knew nothing about his company or him for that matter. He asked what I did know about him or if I had even heard his name with the LDS church, and again I said "no." He replied with, "I'm actually a big deal." I said, "Oh ya, tell me why?"

That is when he started to tell me that he had written quite a few books on the New and Everlasting covenant. He said that he is good friends with many apostles, including Elder Ballard, and that he knows President Trump personally. He started telling me a lot more about

what OUR does. He asked me how I felt about it. I told him I was very impressed, that it's a very noble cause, and I really admired him and what he was doing.

He then asked if I ever wanted to be involved in a cause like that, and I said of course. He asked what position I would like to be involved in, and I said, I don't know, I've never thought about it, but it sounds amazing. He then asked me how I would feel about going on an operation with him. I asked him what he meant. That's when he started telling me about a COUPLES RUSE. Tim said that the way they had been getting intel on ops had worked for a while, but it wasn't working anymore, so they had started realizing what was happening and that they needed a new tactic.

Tim said he had been praying about it and he came up with the COUPLES RUSE, and that it had been sanctioned by Elder Ballard and that God told him to do it. He said it was a difficult job. We had to act like a couple, and we had to be very sexual with one another. But it was all for the benefit of "saving the children". He said that God knew our hearts and our souls and what we were wanting to accomplish, which was to only help the children. He asked me how I felt about it and if I thought I could do anything like that. I felt special that he was asking me. I felt important to be asked to do such amazing, important work. I said of course I would want to do that.

He then began telling me that his last operator who was his partner had fallen in love with him. And before any lines were ever crossed, she had told him she was in love with him, and decided to quit. He said he was about to do interviews with about 20 different women to be his new partner, but if I was willing to train for a little bit and see if it worked out, he would like me to be his new partner. He said he already felt very comfortable with me. I told him, "Yes, that sounds amazing." He asked when he could meet with me so I could sign an NDA. I said, "Anytime, let's figure it out." And he said, "How about tonight?" I said okay.

At that point I had told him that I was a single mom. He knew that I had my kids that weekend. He asked if he could come over with one of his partners after my kids went to bed and

I could sign an NDA, because he probably shouldn't have told me any of that before having me sign anything. I said absolutely. He asked me if I wanted to go to one of the showings of his movie premiere that was the next Monday morning and I said yes. He ended up wanting me to tone his hair a little darker. Katherine still thought it was a little bit too light. So we were trying to figure out a time when we could tone it a little darker as well.

We decided not to sign the contract that night – we would do it when we fixed his hair. C.L. was actually going to train as an operator as well. She and Matt Cooper were going to be partners. C.L. and Matt were going to come over to my home, and C.L. and I were going to sign our NDAs. That night we were all going to talk and run some scenarios, and Tim and Matt would explain some more in detail what it would be like on operations.

We talked about how we would have to start training one-on-one and hanging out so we could get really comfortable with each other, and we could know how each other works. We would even need to get to know our normal personalities, like, if we were sitting down with me putting my leg over his leg, things like, and holding hands. Tim said we really needed to get to know each other on a personal level so that we could trust one another. Tim talked a lot about how we needed to trust each other. He said we would be put in dangerous situations. The more we really knew how each other worked, then if we had to save one another, we could trust that would happen.

He started slowly touching my hand, slowly touching my leg, slowly rubbing my back, and I just kept going along with it because that's what "we're supposed to do". We're supposed to get really, really comfortable with each other, especially physically. C.L., Matt, Tim and I hung out for a little bit and C.L. and I signed the contracts and they left. Tim and I continued texting every

day, just still getting to know each other by talking on the phone. He asked me if I wanted to go to a gala that was coming up for his company. And I said yes. So he got C.L. and me tickets to that. At this point, we had only seen each other those two times, but we had been talking and we were planning to get together with Matt Cooper and C.L. again at my house one night, when I didn't have kids just so we could all kind of hang out and talk and get more comfortable with each other.

We were planning on doing that before that gala, so what happened was, we got together. Me, C.L., Matt, and Tim. We were hanging out—we actually played some games and we were trying to all act like couples. It was very strange, but that's, quote unquote, what you're supposed to be doing. Tim started kissing my neck and my forehead and grabbing my butt. He kept telling me, like this is what we have to do so that we are comfortable with one another. However, Matt Cooper wasn't doing this to C.L. They would touch each other's backs, and she had her leg over his, but that was the extent. I asked why they weren't being so handsy? Tim said we would be the ones who were really communicating with the traffickers. We're the ones who are really in there. And so you know, he is Tim Ballard. I'm trusting him.

I know that sounds crazy, but at this point, even my mom is telling me Tim is so amazing. She has all of his books at her house. She's read all of them. He's just this incredible guy. Anytime you mention his name, everybody just talks about how great he is. And so I just trusted this process. Well, C.L., and Matt and Tim and I are sitting there and they start talking about how we need to do self-defense training. They also said we need to do a training where we go on fake OPS. What we will be doing is, we will be going to some bars and/or strip clubs. We said okay. That's all we really talked about at that point. C.L. needed to go, so we kind of set a date for that and then we very quickly moved on because she had to leave.

Tim then asked Matt if he would go hang out in another room so he and I could just get more comfortable, and talk more one-on-one—just talk more about our lives and get a little more personal. Yes, I did think it was a little strange, but Matt Cooper didn't think it was weird. And therefore again, "I am trusting this process". We sit on my couch, Tim pulls me in really close,

he starts rubbing my arms, and he puts his face in my neck. He started kissing my neck, pulled down my shirt on my shoulder, and started kissing my shoulder, and I said, "Wait, wait, aren't we supposed to just be talking and getting to know each other more personally?" And he said, "Yeah, this is what we're doing. Why don't you talk?" So I started asking him questions—I think because I felt so uncomfortable that he was being physical.

I started asking him about his wife, Katherine. I asked him, "What does she know about this?" And he said, "Not much." I asked him, "What do you mean?" and he said, "Not much" and that she didn't want to know. I was a little bit shocked. I said, "What do you mean she doesn't want to know?" He said, "She doesn't want to know the details. She trusts me. She knows that this is a calling from God. She knows that this is what needs to happen. And she knows that I'm the man for the job."

I asked, "If she trusts you, then why does she not want to know what is going on?" He said, "Well, she knows to a point. She doesn't want to know details about the things that I have to do with the women. And she doesn't want to know about the gross things that we have to say with the sex traffickers and do with my partners." Which brought me to more questions. So I started asking him, "Well, what do you have to do with your other partners?" He proceeded to tell me that he has had to shower naked with them. He has been in massages before where they have had to grind naked and act like they were having sex. He has had to pretend that he is fingering someone while they were at a bar. He has had to have somebody rub him over his pants on his genital areas.

Things like that. And I was a little bit shocked. And he kept just saying to me, “Do you now see what I’m saying? This is a very, very hard job. But it really is a calling from God because somebody has to do it and if somebody has to do it, I know that I can do it and have the spirit with me while I do it.” And I said, “I’m not sure if I can do that. That seems very hard for me.” He said, “You will. Once you understand and you see the good and the kids, you will get there.” He told me that a line has never been crossed with him and a partner before and that I can feel safe with him. He then began to tell me the first time I met Tim and Katherine, she later told him that she had a strong feeling I should be his partner. So once again I was feeling very uneasy. But I was also thinking in my mind that this situation is a very uneasy situation, but that “I’m going to trust this process.” At this point, Matt comes downstairs and Tim gives me a hug and they leave. In the meantime, Tim and I kept texting. He wanted us to build a narrative of what we would say our relationship was when we were undercover. He just kept saying we need to build our legacy, what’s our story? He wanted to make sure we were talking or texting so that we could stay close, and he could answer any questions I had, no matter how awkward it may seem.

We had planned to do an OP training for October 28. That was a Thursday I believe, and we were going to do the “self-defense training” in the morning. That night, we were going to do the OP training. He wanted to come over one more time before that training. He wanted me to practice putting on tattoos for him, to talk about outfits, and what kind of roles we wanted to play together as a couple. He wanted to look up outfits that we would want to wear as a couple. He kept talking about how I needed to dress slutty. He said, “We can look up outfits for you,” and he told me multiple times that I need to hurry, and pretend to fall in love with him. He would tease me about how he thought it was funny how embarrassed I would get when he would touch me or do anything physical.

Tim and Matt came over the night before the “training” exercise. They just kind of hung out. I honestly was not quite sure if this is how the hang out was supposed to go. They just kept saying that they loved hanging out with me. And if I’m being honest, I enjoyed hanging out with

them. It felt like I was a part of a cause that was really changing people. They told me lots of stories about operations they had been on. It was great to hear. I felt a part of something that was amazing. Every once in a while, Tim would come over and sit by me.

He would whisper in my ear, "Why aren't you kissing my neck? Don't you want to do that?" I would sort of laugh and play it off as if it was a joke. Tim didn't bring the tattoos for me to practice on him. He said he forgot. We looked up outfits that we would like to wear as a couple when we would be out. They were getting ready to leave, and Tim asked Matt to go out to the car and wait for him. I immediately got nervous. Matt walked to the car. Tim shut the door. He said, "I need you to kiss my neck a little bit. I need you to be able to grab my ass. I need this to work both ways so we don't get ourselves in a bad situation."

We were standing by my front. I put my arms around his neck and I started kissing his neck. He told me again, "I need you to grab my ass." When I hesitated, he then turned around and pushed me up against my door and started trying to grind up on me. I could tell that he was hard. So I pushed him away. I snapped at him and said "Tim!!" He said, "This is what I wanted to show you, this is what I'm talking about and sometimes this happens and it's going to naturally happen and I just want you to be aware of that." I think I said okay. I was in a little bit of shock. Luckily Matt knocked on the door. I hurried and opened it. He went to walk out the door and said, "You still need to learn how to smack my ass", so I patted it as he walked by me. He said, "Don't ever pat my ass again."

When he left, I felt very conflicted. I wasn't sure if that's how you should be feeling if that is what it was supposed to feel like when they were saying this is a hard job and somebody has to do it. I kept returning my mind to the stories that they were telling me about the operations they had been on, and how amazing it sounded, and I kept telling myself: this is why it has to be worth it. So Thursday morning came around, which was October 28. This is when we were going to the gym to do the "self-defense training" class. Tim of course is texting me in the morning and telling me he's so sorry for staying too late the night before. He was kind of giving me a little rundown about what time where we were going to meet that night. Tim asked me what I was going to wear because we never ended up talking about what we were going to wear when we were at the gym. We were going to make a list of things that I needed to get together for that night so that I could do makeup and tattoos and stuff for his hair.

So then, he asked me, "Are you feeling okay?" I didn't respond. He just kept trying to say like, "It's okay, and we should be over communicating at this point and telling each other everything. That's what saves our asses," and things like that. At this point, I'm feeling so uncomfortable about what happened the night before, with him pushing me up against the door. I asked him what I could talk to C.L. about, and he told me nothing. He said, "But we can talk at the gym." So we got to the gym. Nobody was there yet. Everyone was kind of running late. So as soon as C.L. arrived, I jumped in the car with her. We just started talking about how we are excited to do the self-defense class and how we were both really nervous to go to strip clubs.

We were joking about what we should wear to strip clubs? We don't know what to wear to strip clubs because we are moms. We don't know how to dress slutty. We don't go out, we're boring moms, so we were just having fun, which was nice. I wanted to talk to her so bad, but I just felt a little scared to say anything. At this point Tim was really pushing me to get a passport. He was telling me that in a couple of weeks they have an OP that he really wanted me to go on with him, and because I don't have a passport, we need to get it expedited.

At the gym, he told me that I really needed to talk with Matt Cooper about it. Everyone

finally got there. It was Matt Cooper, C.L., Tim, Blaine (Tim's son), who had just gotten home from a mission a week or two before, and a girl named D.M. We found out that D.M. was going to be on the OPS with us that night that we started doing the training. D.M. told us that she had just barely gotten a divorce, and she told us about her husband (I think), who had previously been in the military, so she kind of knew some self-defense.

As we started learning some self-defense techniques, Tim was taking us aside, one by one, to sign our NDAs. He did take D.M. back in the office I believe for a minute. Then he took me back there. I'm not sure if he took C.L. back there or not. He took D.M. back first, then when it was my turn, the first thing he said to me was that D.M. had just asked him if she could be his partner. And he said, "What do you think about that?" I said, "Do you want to be her partner?" And he said, "No, I want to be your partner." I told him I could be whoever's partner he needed me to be. He then asked me, "Oh, aren't you jealous?" I said, "Wait, what, am I supposed to be jealous?"

He was like, "Yeah, you're supposed to be jealous. It's a privilege to be my partner," and I was like "Oh yes, then I'm so jealous" in a joking tone. He didn't find it funny. We talked more about it. He started bringing a spiritual side into it. By the end of our conversation, I did feel privileged to be his partner. I felt "blessed." Later, we finished the self-defense training. We signed new NDA contracts.

I never got a copy of the NDA—we left to go home and get ready. When I got in my car, I just had a sick feeling, so I asked him to call me. He called me, and I just said, "I don't know... I'm getting really nervous." So he once again told me that he just felt so sure that I needed to be his partner.

He said that even that morning, he had had a dream the night before about some really amazing things that we did to save some children. So he just confirmed that it was just nerves and that I could trust him, and everything was going to be good. He then again called me and he said, “Hey, I think just you and I are going to leave your house. We're not going to leave the gym”, which is originally where we were all going to leave from. Tim was like, “I think we just need to make sure you're okay before we meet up with everyone.” And I thought, “Oh my gosh, that's so nice.”

He said, “We'll just Uber from your house.” When he got to my house, he was with his son and Matt Cooper (the same son who was at the training, Blaine.) I was like, “Whoa, whoa, whoa, well, this is not going to be okay. Blaine cannot come on this mission with us.” They all reassured me that Blaine could be included and that he would not be going into any bars or any strip clubs; rather, Blaine was going to be on the outside. Blaine would just do things with the phones and making sure we were all where we needed to be... those types of things, and that I didn't need to worry about that. I just felt like it would have been very strange that I was there pretending to be a couple with his dad. I didn't want him to have that image in his mind, nor did I feel comfortable with Tim's son, who had just returned home from a mission, being in a strip club.

So they get everything ready. All the phones were ready, everything connected. Those phones—OUR phones—can only connect with people who have one of those phones. They gave us a phone and then they left.

Tim was like, “Okay, well now we have to be in character because the second you get off a plane in another country, you are in character. Anyone can be a spy—from the cab driver, to every single person at the hotel; like everyone is working for the sex traffickers. And you have to be in character at all times except for when you are in your hotel room.” I was ready for the night, but Tim wanted to go up to my bathroom in my bedroom and put his tattoo on. So we went up and he changed in my bathroom with the door closed. He came out and I put his tattoo

on his arm. I think we also put a headband on him. Then we got ready to leave.

I think our Uber was supposed to be there in five minutes, and he kind of just pushed me back onto my bed. I was like, "What are you doing?" And he said, "I just want to see how far you're willing to go." I was like, "Whoa, what do you mean?" And he said, "I want to see how comfortable you can be. You need to be very comfortable with me." I had a long-sleeved shirt dress on, and he started kissing my legs and he lifted up my dress to right underneath where my boobs are. And he kissed my stomach. I kept saying, "Are you sure? Wait, are you sure?" He would say something to the fact like, "We might have to do this. Like if we're on a beach. We have to show them that this is who we are and that we're a very sexual couple, and they have to see this, and you have to be comfortable."

"You can't shy away from it, and you get very shy. You shy away from this stuff." I would say, "Okay, I think I could do it if we were in a situation, but in my bedroom it feels very uncomfortable." And he kept saying, "I need you to show me, I need you to show me," but also his phone kept ringing, which made me feel like everyone was waiting on us or Uber was there. So he literally turned his phone off at this point.

I tried to talk to him and ask him questions so that he would stop for a minute and answer my questions. Then he would start kissing my stomach again and kissing my neck, and putting his legs in between my legs. Grinding on me. Asking me to kiss his neck. His stomach. Then my phone kept ringing and buzzing, so I pushed him off me so that I could get my phone. It was Matt Cooper. He sounded very frustrated.

I handed him over to Tim. Tim is like, "Yeah, yeah, it's fine. Everything's fine. Just get another Uber here." Luckily, the Uber was five minutes away. I said I needed to freshen up.

Tim told me to remember the second we get in the Uber, we are in character, well before we left. I felt as if I had a headache, so I grabbed some ibuprofen out of my drawer before I went to freshen up. Tim asked me if he could have some ibuprofen. I gave him some, and then he also asked if he could have some for the road. I said yes. He also asked if I had some Excedrin. I said yes, so I gave him some Excedrin as well. Then I shut the drawer and went into the bathroom to finish freshening up.

When I came back, I noticed my drawer was open. I remembered shutting it. I thought that was strange but didn't think too much about it. Then we got in the Uber and we started driving there. Of course, he's all over me. He had brought some energy drinks. I noticed that he had put a pill in his mouth and started drinking some energy drinks. It was not the ibuprofen or Excedrin I had given him. I asked him if he just took a pill and he said, "Yes, sometimes I have to take some pills that I was taking for my anxiety." He told me that "when he would take that pill with an energy drink, that it would almost make him feel like he had a little bit of a high." I thought well that's great, but to each their own. I didn't know what to do. I'm in a car with him once again, and everyone's telling me to trust this man. We are sitting in the car. He's telling me that when we are in these situations, we always have to be just very, very sexual. We have to be all over each other, just like groping each other.

So he's just all over me: he even spreads my legs in the car and puts his hand right there on my thigh, and he's like, "Oh, I just love these legs" and is like grabbing them and just being very grungy. We got to the bar/strip club. We were the first ones there. We went inside and we sat at a table, and Tim told me that I just need to be all over him. He said I need to give him lap dances. He also said that I need to talk to the women when they come over and ask them questions, and tell them to dance for us, and tell them they look nice, and ask them what time they get off. Questions like that. He would give me assignments, like I needed to go talk to the owner and ask him how long he's owned the place, and talk to certain strippers and ask them how they started, and just ask all these questions so that I could get comfortable talking to these types

of people. Then he got us a private room with a stripper. I was completely mortified. We went back to this private room.

At this point, Matt Cooper, D.M. and C.L. show up. They needed to pretend that they didn't know us. They just walked by us. They sat down and I could see they were talking to people. I'm not quite sure what else happened. I just remember being back in this room with the stripper's boobs and butt in my face. Tim had me sit on his lap, so pretty much she was giving me a lap dance with no shirt on and wearing a thong, shaking her butt in my face, rubbing her boobs all over me. And finally, I was like, "Okay, thank you so much. This was so great. Like we're done", and she was like, "We have five more minutes", and I just said, "Thank you. This was amazing, but now I need to go fuck my man." Because that was our safe word.

I could not be in there anymore. I had to leave. So we left the strip club and Tim said, "I'm sorry, was that too much?" And I said, "Yes. I just need to breathe." So we walked around the parking lot for a minute. I got some air and he said, "Okay, do you think we're good?" And I said, "Yeah, I think I'm okay." And he said, "Okay, we're gonna go somewhere else."

I'm just trying to prepare myself. I'm telling myself that I think I can do this. Trying to talk myself into being a big girl. Telling myself how amazing it will be if I can actually pull this off and help all these kids and what that will feel like. And telling myself that somebody has to do this hard job, and that I can do this, and that I need to be a bigger person than what I was being in that moment because that is what Tim is telling me. And I'm believing in him.

So we pull up to the next strip club. At this one, we all walk in together. There's a lot more people here, and this one is dirty, gross, and vile.

Most of the women do not have their shirts on, and they have little to no underwear on. I am feeling sick to my stomach. I wanted to cry, so I excused myself. I went to the bathroom. I was in a stall. It was disgusting. I didn't even dare to pee. I just leaned my head over because I didn't want to mess up my makeup. And I let the tears just fall to the ground because I didn't want to mess up my makeup. I was trying to keep it together. But this was so hard for me. I pulled it together as much as I could. I didn't have my phone. We weren't allowed to have our phones. So I was just really trying hard to be okay. I washed my hands, and I went out and I noticed that Tim had his arm around D.M.

C.L. is sitting in a booth with Matt Cooper. Tim walked over to me and asked me if I was okay. I said, "Yep." He was like okay, come with me, and we start dancing, and then he takes me into this room. He whispered in my ear, "Are you okay?" And I just nodded, and he said, "Okay." We are in this little room by ourselves.

There's a curtain and a woman opened it, and she asked us if we wanted someone to come dance for us. Tim told them that I was going to dance for him, so he told me that I need to give him a lap dance. So I started giving him a lap dance, and the next thing I knew, his son opened the curtain and I'm staring him straight in the face. He is watching me give his dad a lap dance. I lost it. I came unglued. Blaine, Tim's son, turned around, said, "Sorry", and walked away. I told Tim I was done.

I freaked out. I told him we're all done. We are all leaving—this night is over. I told Tim that he lied to me when he told me that this would not happen. They all promised me. When I walked out of that room, Blaine was sitting at the bar. He was literally staring at this girl on a pole with her leg up to her head, and her vagina is sticking out of her thong, like in the middle of her vagina. Her vagina is completely hanging out, and he's like a deer in the headlights. I grabbed him. I told him he needed to leave. Then I went and grabbed Matt, C.L., and D.M. I said we are done. I was so upset. Blaine should not have been in there.

At this point we were leaving. I had never seen this older gentleman, but he is clearly a

part of O.U.R. and the team. He came up and apologized to me. I just said, "Whatever." We were all leaving. We were all outside. Tim went over and talked to Blaine for a minute. Then mine and Tim's Uber came. We all got back into our cars and met back at the gym in Draper. I honestly do not remember my conversation with Tim on the way back. I just remember walking into the gym.

Everyone was looking at me with faces like "Oh shit." I walked right up to Blaine, and I asked him if his mom knew where he was that night. He said, "She knows I'm here with my dad."

And I said, "So what does she think you're doing?" He said, "Well, she thinks that I'm just helping with training." I asked him, "Does she know that you are going to strip clubs?" and he said no. I asked, "Would she be okay with you going to strip clubs?" and he said no. Earlier that night, when he was at my house helping with the phones, he told me that he has a girlfriend and that she had waited for him while he was on his mission. I said, "How do you think your girlfriend would feel with you being here?" And he said, "Not okay." I said, "There's your answer. You should not have been here tonight."

He said, "It's okay. It's okay. I've known about this and I've been training for this my whole life." And I said, "You really should think about getting a different job. If you want to do this, do a different part of it."

So we all huddled up. I stood in the corner because I was so pissed off, and everyone was still just kind of apologizing, like we're so sorry. It was really awkward. I don't really remember the rest of the night. I got a message from Tim the next morning at 6:52 a.m. that said, "You were fantastic. I really do want to keep working with you. We will work out the emotions and tactics and so many things will revolve around OPS. Let's talk very soon."

We ended up talking on the phone a lot that day, and from then on we talked a lot about spiritual things. My

dad had been diagnosed with a brain tumor about a year and a half before that, and it was terminal.

I was really struggling with my spirituality and God at the time. My dad had a brain tumor and was dying. I confided in Tim about that. I confided in him that I had depression and anxiety. He confided in me that night that he had had a major meltdown. Like a complete meltdown in front of family, friends, his wife, his kids, and that this is him kind of coming back from this, and that he had not done operations for a while. He said that even now, after that night, how he saw that I protected Blaine and him [Tim], that he felt even more that I was supposed to be his partner. Tim said he felt very, very safe with me and that he knows that I will protect him. He said he wanted me to know that he really does care about me and that he thinks that this is going to be a really great relationship.

He was joking and saying that I was his drug provider, his waxer, his hairstylist, his massage therapist, and he was saying, this is awesome, like I was everything for him. We were texting really late. He was saying that I was just all these things for him. I was trying to turn it around and I would always do this. I would turn it [the conversation] around about his wife, and I would say, "Go to bed, like go make love to your wife. Go do something for your wife. Go do something for your kids." I would try to turn things around for his family. I could tell he was relying on me heavily for his mental stability at this point. I really was starting to care for him. Only as a friend. As someone I looked up to and realized he had been through so much. We just kind of kept talking and texting at this point. When we did see each other, I don't believe there was any touching or uncomfortableness that way. It would be quick for a haircut or a wax.

Right before the gala, around the end of October, he came over and told me that he was feeling a little unsettled, and that he wanted to talk to me about some things. He just kept talking to me about how safe he felt with me; how he could talk to me about anything; how he wanted to tell me his deepest, darkest secrets. He said that he felt like he could relate to me and rely on me; that I was the only one right now that he could talk to and even feel safe with. He was often

making comments though that were like, "Please don't come after me. I don't want to sue you. You know if you went to the public and told them all these secrets that I'm telling you, that you would have your small moment of fame, but it wouldn't be good. It would look like we are having an affair. You would just look bad." And I would just kind of ask him why he would say that. He would just say, "Everyone that I love turns on me. Everyone that I love makes up stories about me."

I wanted him to trust me. I wanted him to feel like he had a friend in the world. I wanted to be there for this man who has done so much for everyone and quite honestly, I wanted to help him with his wife. I had seen her. I saw the sadness in her eyes and all of it made me very sad. He had talked about his former partners to me and how they had fallen in love with him. I was not attracted to him in that way. So I felt very much like that was going to be an easy thing for me to do—that I could just be his friend. At this point, he had come over a couple of times. I'm not sure exactly what we had talked about or what the days were. This was all at the end of October. But he had talked to me about number one, the operator, D.M., who went on the training with us.

He told me that when we were out that night, that she had made him very uncomfortable, and that she kept saying, "I should be your operator. I should be with you." Tim said that even at the end of the night, he kept telling her, "You should date my son. You should date my son", just to show her that he was not interested in her and that he didn't want her to be his operator. He also told me about his previous partner, D.S. He said that they had worked so well together, but she just could not help but fall in love with him, and she was so in love with him. Tim said that she had tried kissing him. They still

remained friends. Tim said that it was hard on Katherine, knowing but not knowing. Tim said that sex was difficult for them. She didn't like to be naked or be waxed because she felt he would just picture little girls' vaginas. He also told me to read this book, it was called the *Visions of Glory*. Tim said that he had met with the man who wrote it before he had died. His name was Tom Harrison, and that Tom had told him lots of visions that he had had, that actually had Tim in them.

He said that Tim would be a prophet of the LDS church one day, and that he would be the President of the United States. Tim told me that he also had another psychic friend, one here in Utah, and that she would tell him things like who his partners should be. She would tell him a lot of times where he could find the children and where the sex traffickers were, and that's where he sometimes got a lot of his information from. Tim had been going to California, where he was doing shows on PragerU. Tim was telling me that they wanted him to start hosting his own show. Tim said that while he was there, he had met with this lady who had done tantric on him. He said that they got naked together.

Tim said she didn't touch him, but she did sit behind him, and she would do these tantric exercises on him. Tim said that what would happen is, it would get out all of the bad like Juju in him, and at the end, he would have an orgasm, and that he would get such good relief, but he felt that it was okay because they weren't touching. He said he wasn't attracted to her. He said she was an older woman, not attractive, but that he was getting out all the gross toxins and stuff in his body. But, he said that he could have an orgasm, and he would ask me if I thought he should feel bad about it.

I asked him if Katherine knew, and he said no, and I said, then maybe it's something you should not be doing. You should probably have a conversation with her. Or if not, like just maybe don't do it. I thought it was the strangest thing, and he kept saying, "Oh my gosh, you should try stuff like this. You should do stuff like this." I told him I was not interested in that. I told him about this show called *The Goop Lab* with Gwyneth Paltrow, and that they talked a lot

about things like sex and being in your mind, and all of these things. I told him that I thought he should sit down and watch it with his wife, and that maybe it could help because he would always try to talk about his sex life about Katherine with me.

I did not want to talk about it. He would just say that they couldn't talk about it openly. So at the time, I mean, I'm a hairstylist, and a lot of women talk about these things. I had heard a lot about this show, and so I told him to watch it with her. That's when he started telling me that he had this therapy session, and that's when he was telling me about this tantric stuff.

Then we had the gala. He put me and C.L. in the very front of the Gala. He sat us at a table with Matt Osborne and Dean Morgan. He sat me right by Dean, and he also sat me next to his female operator, the one he had been telling me about, D.S., and her date. It felt very strange because automatically C.L. and I went to sit by each other. Matt and Dean split us up. Matt saw C.L. across the table from me, and he sat right next to her, and Dean sat right next to me. We both looked at each other, even texted each other, like what just happened? This was so weird. Dean was very nice. He started talking to me and asked me questions about my life and how I was liking training with Tim, and if I liked being like his partner, and things like that. He kind of asked me what sort of training we were doing, and I started feeling a little bit that I was being interrogated.

I sort of felt the need to be careful about what I was answering. I sort of started dodging his questions. I was feeling very nervous. For one, the contract [NDA] I signed says I can't tell anybody about being an operator. Not even anyone else in the company, not even other operators. Nobody. So I was feeling super nervous. I was even wondering if it was a test. I was feeling very uneasy. So I was kind of

dodging his questions. I also had been talking to Tim and telling him that I was feeling very unsure about moving forward. I felt like he was not in a very good place, and I was feeling very heavy with him. I felt like he was relying on me for his mental stability at that point. He just kept trying to say, like, “Come to this gala. It's gonna be so great. It will be so fun and let's talk later.”

I kind of thought at first that he was sitting us right up front to just kind of like woo me and keep me going in this direction. But then I was sitting next to D.S., who I feel was also asking me lots of questions. Questions like, what kind of training have you done? Have you gone out with Tim yet? And I felt the need to ask her questions. I said, did you feel it was worth it? Did you feel safe with him? Did you ever feel like you were in awkward situations? She just kept saying no, no, no. And I don't know if it's because her boyfriend was there, if Dean was listening, or what, but she was just saying how it is the best— “You can trust Tim with your life. Tim would never put you in a situation that you could not get out of. He would put his life in front of yours. He promised to always keep me safe.”

At some point she said, “You are going to have to be uncomfortable; He would never do anything that he is not supposed to do.” I said okay, and in that capacity, it made me think: Okay, I think maybe I can move forward. She talked so much about how it was so worth it. Saving the children. It was so great. Being there—how you felt important; you felt like you were doing so much good. She said all of these things. It gave me some courage to keep going.

The gala was done, and people were dancing and talking. I decided to go to the bathroom. Because I felt that I was in a very awkward situation, sitting in the middle of Dean and D.S., I made my way to the bathroom.

I ran into Tim's wife, (I had only met her the one time before when I did Tim's hair). I stopped her because Tim said that she felt like I should be his operator, so I wanted to talk to her. I said, “Hi, do you remember me? I met you when I did Tim's hair.” She seemed very, very uncomfortable with me. She said, “Oh yeah.” She was very kind— very nice, but it seemed as if

it was an uncomfortable situation for her. She did not seem to know that I was an operator for Tim. She said, "Oh, are you still doing Tim's hair?" And I said, "Yes." She was like, "That's so great. It's been looking good."

She said she was sorry that she didn't like it blonde and that she might have been weird that day. I said, "Oh please don't be sorry. Please don't apologize. I hope that you ended up liking it." She said she did. I just told her she looked beautiful, and we moved on. I figured she didn't mention me being an operator with Tim because everything is so hush hush. On the way back from the restroom, I ran into C.L. in the hall, and also Dean and Matt Osborne. I automatically felt very, very trapped. I felt like they had pulled us out in the hall to ask us questions. They started asking us, "What kind of training have we done?" I just look at C.L. I didn't know what to say. I didn't know what to do. She told them that we had done self-defense.

We had gone out with Matt Cooper and done some shooting. They told us, "Just so you ladies know, if Tim ever asks to take you to strip clubs, that is not something you should be doing. If you're ever put in a situation that you feel uncomfortable with, you guys need to let us know right away. We have very different opinions on how things should be run. And we would like you guys to let us know if you are ever in any of those situations."

Well, a couple of weeks before, we had been in strip clubs with Tim, so we clearly felt very awkward. I'm a rule follower. I clearly wanted to run away from this conversation. Dean kept looking at me. He knew by my face. I couldn't even speak. Matt Osborne gave C.L. and me his card and said thank you for sitting by us, and they walked away. We both said we were done with the gala and we left to get in the car. We both felt so very uncomfortable at the gala. We weren't sure what was going on.

C.L. and I had met up and we drove together, so luckily we were driving back together. Anytime we had gotten together with Tim and Matt, they had made us turn off our phones because they didn't want anyone to listen in on our conversations.

I had a security camera in my house, and Tim would always make me turn that off. So we were even scared to talk in her truck with our phones on. We turned them off so we could talk openly. Before this night, I had never told her anything about my long time with Tim, or how I had felt uncomfortable, or any of our private conversations. I even showed her my text messages with him. We both talked about how the gala felt very uncomfortable, and how some things with him for sure were inappropriate, and that he really probably should not be going on OPS. The gala was still going on, so I was not going to reach out to Tim. I was going to wait a day or two and kind of process things. C.L. and I were both unsure of where to go or what to do. I decided to wait a couple of days.

Tim ended up texting me. He asked me if I could wax him and give him a haircut. I said sure, but so much happened the other night that I felt blindsided. He did not know what I was talking about. He said that we needed to talk, so we had a conversation. I told him that the rules I feel that he gives me are that I cannot talk to anybody about anything. I said that those rules don't apply to other people, because not only did D.S. know that I was his operator, but so did Matt and Dean. Obviously, they work there, and I understand that, but we were in public and weren't supposed to talk about it. I told him I was shocked that D.S. knew that I was his operator. Then she was asking me questions, and I felt that she knew things about me. So I just said to him, "I feel like you apply these rules to me. I can't talk to anybody, but everyone else can talk to me about it and open up to the public. I felt that they were interrogating me. They told us that we were not allowed to go to strip clubs."

He told me that he was sorry that he put me in that situation, that this training program was new, that they were kind of still building it, that they weren't on the same page, but he is the boss. He is the head of the company, and he will do whatever he wants.

Then things started getting weird. The OPS that we were going to go on kept changing dates. It moved to January, then it was moved to February. Tim started distancing himself from me a little bit more. I started feeling very unsure. C.L. and I had talked some more.

I was worried that she had talked to Tim more and told him that I was uncomfortable. That did happen, and it's okay. Tim wanted to talk. I told him that maybe coordinating with Matt Cooper, C.L., and I would be better. That way if it was just about OPS, then it might feel a little more comfortable so that we could all be together. We talked about how we were going to do more training and start doing OPS in the spring. Tim wanted to be waxed before, and he said he didn't want C.L. to know that he gets waxed. He was embarrassed and asked me to have them meet before and after we did that. I had him come over a little before, so we could wax his face really quickly. That way, he couldn't stay after for a long time and use that as an excuse. Of course, he wanted to stay after, but I wouldn't let him.

I didn't really want to talk to him about his personal life. I was trying to separate it out of our relationship. I had also talked to him about how I felt that Katherine did not know that I was his operator. He told me that he and Katherine talked about it in the temple. She did know that, and she also wanted me to be her hairdresser. I started just feeling like this was not okay. I wasn't feeling comfortable with any of it. Sometime in the middle of December, he started telling me that he was not going to do OPS anymore, and that he was going to run projects from home. We spoke on the phone. He wanted me to work with other operators. He called and texted me many times. He was so worried that I had talked to C.L. and told her that I had felt uncomfortable. He was worried that I would use my 15 minutes of fame

and say something. He was worried about all the personal things he had told me that would come out to the public. He would just tell me over and over how he had been under investigation. How all these evil people are after him. How it's so hard when you are doing all this good because evil just comes at you so hard.

I genuinely felt so bad for him. I also felt guilty. I felt guilty for thinking that things that he had done to me had crossed the line. I felt guilty for having the thoughts come in my mind that maybe this was wrong. I felt guilty for feeling sick when I was at the strip club. I felt guilty for telling C.L. and showing her the texts. I was just kind of telling myself that he was getting off all this medicine, and that he was getting ready to go to this camp where they would, I'm pretty sure, do like psychedelics on him for his brain to help him get through all of this stuff.

He just kind of kept texting random things. Nothing big... he kind of started getting a little bit deceptive of like, that I tell people things. He would say, these are things that happened, and they always turn on me, like I want you to be in my life but I'm so worried that people... I just don't want you to tell anybody anything I said... that's what he just kept worrying about. He wanted to get together, but he was worried about our boundaries since we weren't doing OPS anymore. I just kept telling him that it was fine. We don't need to be worried about anything. That was it. We kind of talked about how he thought I should write a book about things from my past with my ex, and things that I had endured. We realized we knew somebody in common, my cousin. He kept on about the book. He said we should get together and talk about writing that book, and that if we got together, that he could help me figure out how to do it. I also wanted to introduce him to one of my married friends. Her husband really wanted to work for OUR. He had been talking to B.C. as well. I told my friend's husband that I knew Tim Ballard, that I did his hair, and I would ask him personally.

I brought it up to Tim, and he said, "Yeah, I would love to get together. We can talk about writing a book for you, and maybe we could meet your friend and we could do those things."

Tim was also talking about how he thought maybe I really should do operations and partner with somebody else. All of these things. This was all through text messages. At this point, I was really sort of thinking that he seems very much like a narcissist. I asked him if he would read a few books if I asked him, and he said yes. I send him books on narcissists. He said he would read them. More than anything, I kept pushing to get together with him for my friend, because he really did want to get a job and meet with him.

Tim was also still telling me about how he was still getting depressed. We got together. He kept wanting me to wax his chest. I told him that I would wax his chest if he really needed it waxed, and his neck and face and stuff, so he kept asking me to do it at my house. I did not want to do it at my house alone with him, so I asked him to meet at my sister's studio, which is in my parents' basement in (REDACTED).

Cooper came with him. We just went down there, and he got waxed. When we were done, he went to hug me, and he put his head in my neck and kissed my neck, and I was like, "Ah What are you doing?" And he was like, "Oh, I'm sorry. I'm sorry." I was like it's okay. It's okay. And he apologized about it. He said, we are just friends. "Good. It was just very weird." So at this point, we just texted until about January.

We continued to text about random things, but we didn't really get together. I was still kind of talking to him about helping him and having him help my friend get a job there. Finally, we met together with my friend. We met together with (REDACTED), Matt Cooper, and me at my home. At this point, I had been telling (REDACTED) that I did not think it was a good idea for him to be involved in O.U.R. He really bad because he wanted to be an operator. I told him that I thought it was a horrible idea. I did not think his marriage would survive it. I obviously could not tell him what it was about because of the confidentiality agreement.

I told (REDACTED) that I would get him a meeting with Tim. I actually asked Tim to really be honest with him about what it was like, because I did not think his marriage could survive it.

Tim said that they did have other options of things that they could do and that he could probably get a different job there. Tim and Matt arrived first. Tim appeared a little bit off when he got here. They were only here for maybe about five minutes before (REDACTED) got here. (REDACTED) showed up. I don't remember what they talked about, except for when Tim started telling (REDACTED) that if he wanted to be an operator, that it's a crazy, horrible job. He started being very, very, vulgar, talking about things that they have to say to the sex traffickers in order to get them to believe that they are there to buy the children.

Tim was saying horrible, awful things about things he would want to do to kids. Tim's face changed. His demeanor changed. He was showing (REDACTED) that that's what it would be like. But not only that, it was like Tim couldn't get out of the mode. He couldn't change back. He became vulgar, and I didn't recognize him. Right then, (REDACTED) left.

Tim's started freaking out. He was opening my cupboards and slamming them. I looked at Matt Cooper, as if, what is going on?? and he asked me to go upstairs for a minute, so I did. I went upstairs and I could hear Tim yelling. I shut my bedroom door. I was honestly afraid. Tim was yelling, and I could hear doors slamming and my cupboards opening and shutting again. I came back down a little bit later when Matt told me I could, and he said he was fine, but that they were going to leave and that was that.

Somewhere between the evening of January 7 to the early morning of January 8, 2022, Tim came over to my home. He came over because he needed me to cut his hair. He was going on vacation with his family. I don't remember where they were going, but they were going to be on a cruise for I believe a week or two somewhere. He was really nervous about going and being away for that long. He said he had just done some intense therapy with the military. He was hoping that he would be good mentally. When he arrived at my house, he seemed very intense and out of sorts. He was pacing in my living room. He looked stressed out. He was a little red in the face, and he started breathing heavily, like he was having a panic attack. I told him to sit

down, so he sat on my couch.

I put my hand on his chest and kind of started rubbing it. I told him to just breathe. He started calming down and I gave him a hug. He pulled me in closer and nuzzled his head into my neck, and he started kissing my neck. I felt like he was in a delicate state, so I was trying to be gentle. I told him, "Tim, you're okay—it's okay. He said, "No, this is what I want." I said it's not what you want, this is not what you want. I stood up and sat on the couch on the other side of him. He came over and kneeled in front of me and asked me if I believed if we came back reincarnated as other people in different lifetimes. I told him that I had never thought about that before, and he said that he did.

He said he believed that he and I had been married in a different life. He said that is why he was so physically attracted to me, and emotionally attached to me. He asked me, "If Katherine ever died or if they were to ever get divorced, did I think we would get married?" I wasn't really saying anything. I was in shock and a little bit nervous about what he was saying to me and what state he was in. I asked him what was going on and what was going through his head. He was still kneeling in front of me, and he pulled me closer. He put his hands underneath my shirt in the back and started to pull up my shirt. About a month before that, I had had a boob job, so I told him to stop, "Tim, that hurts."

He said, "I'll be careful." I still did not have a lot of strength. I was nervous. I didn't want to hurt myself, but I did not want him to hurt me. I was really nervous about the situation, for many reasons.

I was trembling. I asked him multiple times to stop. He kept saying to me. "Just trust me. you can just trust me right now. All I could think to say was just stop. and ask him what's going

on. He still had his hands underneath my shirt and pulled it off the top of my head. He said, "I just want to see. I just want to see." At this point, he unclipped the back of my bra. I was trying to get up off the couch. I told him that it was hurting me. I wanted to get up. He was standing over me, so I was having a hard time standing up. I turned over on my stomach, and finally stood up. As I was standing up, he took his shirt off and he grabbed me and hugged me. He said, "I just need to feel you. I just need to be skin-to-skin." I was honestly terrified. I was not sure what to do. I felt scared. Nervous.

I said, "Tim, this isn't you." He yelled a little bit and he said, "I don't even know who I am. Nothing feels like me." So I just kept saying, "Tim you're okay, you're okay." I tried to back away as I was saying that. I thought maybe he was going to put his shirt on again. But instead he started following me. I started walking towards my front door still with my shirt and bra off. He started telling me he knows that I want him, he knows that I can feel it too.

He started undoing his pants and he took off his belt. I was backing up against my stairs. Before I could get even a few steps up, he grabbed me and pushed himself on top of me, so that I was lying against the stairs. He pulled down my pants, maybe to my knees or calves.

I squeezed my legs together so he couldn't get them off more or open my legs more. I don't remember if his pants were all the way off or just halfway down. He started grinding on me. I just remember squeezing my legs closed tight as I could. He started telling me how beautiful I am. I was starting to feel like I was going to freeze up. I felt very trapped. I tried to get him to look me in the face. He wouldn't. He just kept almost talking to himself like he was talking himself into whatever mad state he was in. Finally, when he did look me in the face, I said, "Tim, you don't want to do this. Please. Tim."

He stood up and zipped his pants up, grabbed his shirt, and walked out my front door. I'm not even sure if at first I thought that I was sexually assaulted. I think that I still felt bad for him. I remember wondering if I just had an affair. I remember thinking What did I do wrong?

What was I doing to make him think that I wanted to do that?

I started questioning myself if it even happened. I started feeling really sick. A lot. I was sad a lot, then my dad died a couple of weeks later, and I don't think that I could think about it anymore. I think anytime it popped into my mind, I would push it away. I had this self-doubt that was always there, because I felt very unsure of what happened. Why did it happen? I almost refused to think about it, until I ran into him back in June 2023. It was at the CEO fight nights up in Salt Lake—I remember looking at him and feeling sadness.

I could not understand the look on his face of terror when he saw me. He looked mortified. I couldn't figure it out, and I couldn't stop thinking about it for weeks after. Any time I would try to think about it, I kept having weird flashes and I would get really sick again... really, really sick. Then *The Sound of Freedom* started coming out for his movie. Tim is all over the news. People everywhere are talking about him. What an amazing guy he is. I start remembering things even from our trainings, and I start getting flashes of that night. It wasn't until my friends (REDACTED) and (REDACTED), who are friends with B.C. who worked at O.U.R., asked me if I wanted to talk to B.C. (REDACTED) and (REDACTED) told me that a while ago, they told B.C. some inappropriate things had happened to me with Tim, and that she wanted to talk to me. B.C. had been talking to some lawyers because inappropriate things had been happening to other women.

I just started crying and I had no idea why. During the next couple of weeks, I looked at B.C.'s number. I was afraid to call her. I've known B.C. for quite a few years. We have just seen each other at different things for our mutual friends, the (REDACTED). All I know is that my heart and my body were not OK, and I had to figure out what I had been hiding from myself. I wasn't totally sure why. I just knew in my heart that something had happened. My body and my mind weren't

letting me go there. I talked to B.C. and started telling her what happened. She said, "Well, you were sexually assaulted." I think I was not even in a normal state of mind as I was talking to her and she told me that.

I got off the phone and every little thing came back to me. And even then, it took me quite a few days to really understand what happened and where my mind was at the time of the assault. I was thinking about the way I was now looking back on my life, ever since I met Tim, and seeing what it's done to me. I lost my job at the end of May 2022. I have been really sick on and off. I haven't been able to keep my clients, like I previously had done during the 20 years of doing hair. I haven't been functioning on a normal level. I have learned to block things out the last couple of years. If I feel scared or threatened, I block it out and pretend everything is fine. Then I go home by myself and fall apart. I can pull myself together for maybe a month, and then I fall again. I know that I don't want this to happen to other people. I know that I would like to get help so that I can move on with my life and recover from what's been happening.