

EXHIBIT O

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STATEMENT OF

KRISTA KACEY

Why Now?

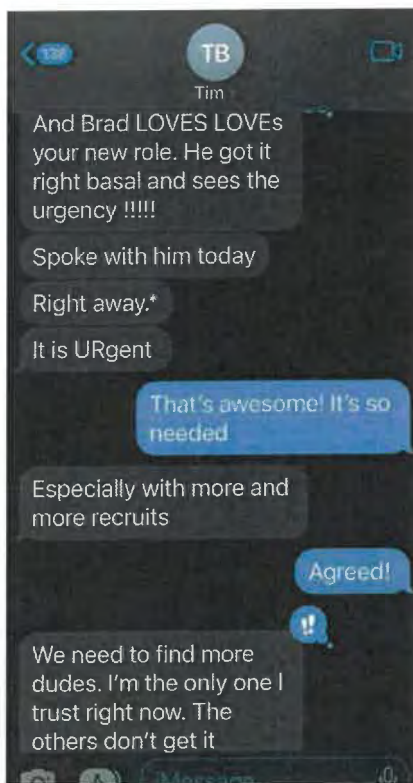
I feel compelled to participate in this lawsuit because no one else had my back when I needed it most, and the way I intend to right that wrong is to have my own back while simultaneously advocating for countless others who have been harmed while Tim continues to denounce the truth and skirt the consequences. This is not a matter of revenge, but a matter of justice and love. “Allowing people to face the consequences of their actions is a true act of love. That’s how we learn, that’s how we develop resilience, that’s how we wake up to the need to work on ourselves” (Dr. Nicole LePera, @the.holistic.psychologist).

I could never have anticipated being part of a legal battle and have lived so that I wouldn’t need to be. Even when I have been terribly wronged, abused, and robbed in my past, I have walked away quietly with my head high and moved forward in a different direction. In this case, I cannot in good conscience or integrity walk away or hide, though I would far prefer to if I didn’t feel this responsibility. I am a lover of truth and will use it to protect and defend others at all personal cost. With the same passion for the cause for which I was willing to risk my life going undercover to expose human traffickers, I now lay down my personal comfort, safety, time, relationships, and reputation to voice my experiences and allow truth to unfold.

The timing of Tim’s behavior coming to light is exactly as it had to be. Anyone who has previously tried to open the curtain has been crushed. I was told I would be as well. Those who have revealed truth at the expense of Tim’s image were labeled traitors to the good cause and to

Tim personally—who has enough clout and devotees that he is often revered as infallible and has proven to be invincible to date. I was told this “nobody mom with four kids from Utah” wouldn’t be considered credible. To the extent that I could speak and be heard, I always have and will.

I began speaking out about the mistreatment of operators in April 2022 after a traumatizing operation. When I spoke with Tim about it, I immediately began working with OUR executives to create change and care for operators. Based on what I outlined, OUR offered me a position to oversee operators, but it never fully materialized.



Within a few months, I learned that Tim was even more mentally and morally degenerate than I had been aware and had since abused other operators. A few of us proceeded carefully as outsider-insiders to put an end to Tim’s behavior and ability to do harm, while safeguarding ourselves and the cause we supported. In October 2022, I personally experienced what I believed

to be criminal behavior and received Tim's backlash when I called him out. I also informed Coop about it.

In April 2023, I received information that another female operator had filed a claim for sexual misconduct. OUR began an investigation and each woman willing to testify did so with great hesitancy, intentionally and cautiously acting in integrity to protect the organization (to prevent the cause from being publicly tainted) and Tim's public reputation (as the face of OUR). The concluding report was detailed and indisputable enough that the board unanimously agreed Tim had to step down. The board (stacked with Tim's family and close friends) reached a settlement that concerned many of us since it allowed Tim to separate without assuming full personal accountability or giving him any impetus to receive the help necessary for behavioral change. As predicted, Tim was instead emboldened to continue his destructive path through new avenues and funding while publicly slandering those he had victimized.

The board of OUR failed in its responsibility to uphold its mission and values regardless of status, influence, or fear tactics. We warned OUR's attorneys that failure to hold Tim accountable would cripple the efforts and intent of anyone sincere about protecting those who have been harmed and silenced in the hands of predatory, lucrative, dangerous men.

In the interest of and protection for all involved, we made every effort to maintain silence to the press and public regarding the specifics of Tim's behavior and names of women abused. Despite our efforts, the press eventually got word of the investigation and drew it to public attention. Tim had not indicated a Senate run until—conveniently—the day before the press printed the leak about the wrapped investigation into his sexual misconduct. Tim malevolently linked his political announcement with allegations investigated and verified long before, inciting

public anger and demand for Tim's victims to step forth and defend ourselves—which has led to further victimization, especially without the resources for personal and/or legal protection. I have never wanted to disappear from life this badly. It has been inexplicably debilitating to be so vulnerable, unsafe, and uncertain—and this is coming from a woman who dines with traffickers and cartel with intent to betray them.

Rather than taking accountability or humbly making amends, Tim blamed his victims of attempting to ruin him without cause. Through his denials, Tim has divided families and friends, church members and political allies. Any man who has left devastation and destruction in his wake, and continues to vehemently lie and slander, should be compelled to make recompense when he has refused to do so voluntarily. Tim has spent years in luxury, traveling in fame and power, living out his delusional and sexual fantasies, while people he has used to get there remain unprotected, afraid, financially ruined, and struggling to survive on multiple fronts.

To those who naively excuse Tim's atrocious behavior as a matter of consent, of simply walking away, I am glad for your good fortune of never having been lured into an abusive relationship. When it comes to understanding the extent of predatory behaviors and grooming, the issue of "consent" is irrelevant. The very definition of grooming is the process of securing a target's trust and manipulating that to get them to agree to things they would never otherwise consider. That's what master manipulators do; they get you to conform to their beliefs and tactics, making the absurd seem normal and you seem absurd.

Did I know at the time that I was being manipulated and lied to? Of course not. Did I know he was doing the same thing with other women? Of course not. He had convinced me (as I now know he convinced each of them) that *I was the only one he could trust to operate with him.*

I was the only one who could see things as they really were. I was the only one he knew would not permit him to cross boundaries; the only one who could be trusted to protect him, even from himself. I was the only one whose perspective he valued. I was the only one to whom he had felt a spiritual connection. I was the only one who could be as convincing as I was in the role I played. I was the only one who he was sure would not betray him...

Tim made me believe I was so special to him, with “academy-award winning” performances, that I was “the golden standard” among operators, called by God for this specific time. (I still want to believe that I was. Maybe that calling was to eventually expose the patterns that have hurt countless people and to pressure him into his own recovery.) This continued “love bombing” cemented in me a desire to do whatever was needed for the cause of saving children since I believed I was a rare operator who could. As I now know, he was grooming others with the same praise and placing a heavy feeling of trust in their unique relationship.

I worked closely with trafficked women who didn’t know they were trafficked. Tim can tell you specifically how their pimps lay it on so thick, telling them that they have the option to leave but they know well the repercussions if they try. Was it consensual? No. That’s what grooming is. It’s all of what takes place outside of and surrounding the very moment that you’re acting in the situation you’re being prepared for. It’s the ideas, justifications, lies, and threats that convince you it’s worth anything/everything you’re doing. It’s the level of close connection he repeatedly insists you have. It’s the trust he instills in you and the “secrets” he’ll share so that you’ll trust him back. It’s the understanding of the fragility of the relationship and situation and the ramifications that form a brainwashed bond to ensure that **even when he tells you that you don’t have to do what you’re not comfortable with, you do. And you need to get**

comfortable with it real fast.

It's the insistence that he trusts your spiritual level and intuition to guide him, effectively shifting to his victim a false power, security, and responsibility to protect the predatory and make sure that he is never hurt or betrayed by you or anyone else. It's the continued reminder that you're in life-or-death situations which could compromise your personal safety as well as that of countless others.

Elizabeth Smart has reported that occasionally people will slide in comments to her such as, "You and I both know you could have left if you wanted to." These insinuations are tormenting for victims of abuse, or anyone thrust into a situation to have to prove themselves. Nobody deserves for me to explain the extent of what I endured so that they can be judge and jury. Only me and my God can sort this out mentally, emotionally, spiritually and physically. I understand now it could take the rest of my life to process and understand the lasting effects. People who have never experienced what I have experienced have no place to weigh in on the credibility of my pain.

This is not about consent; consent means getting what you sign up for. This battle is about **not** getting what we signed up for. This is about having taken unimaginable risks and made enormous sacrifices...not for truth and freedom, but for lies. This is about being conned, gaslighted, and manipulated into believing we were doing something noble, when we were doing little more than providing a sick man an ego boost, power grab, and endless well to satisfy his selfish fantasies. This is about requiring Tim to take accountability for his wrongdoings and to stop profiting by exploiting us and others.

My Introduction to OPS

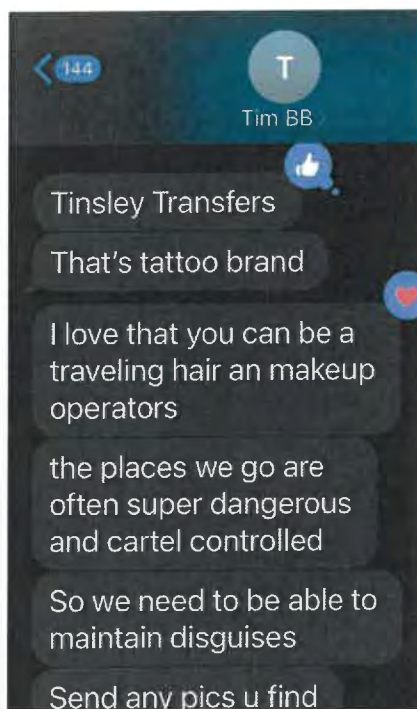
I first met Tim Ballard while working on a film project in 2020 during which he spoke about the power of prayer. I left that day a strengthened testimony of prayer and determination to pray more specifically with greater faith.

A year later, I was working on set again with Tim. He remembered me from our previous encounter and asked, “What’s your story?” I gave him some milestones of my personal journey, including how I had returned from living in Asia and divorced after my husband had fully relapsed into sex addiction. Tim then showed me a video with a lady he had just rescued from Thailand and said that “because we’re not sex addicts” (a line that I kept on replay in my mind every time that I doubted) they could go into dark places and fight those who promulgate the very filth that had caused me such devastation. I felt like he was literally fighting on my behalf.

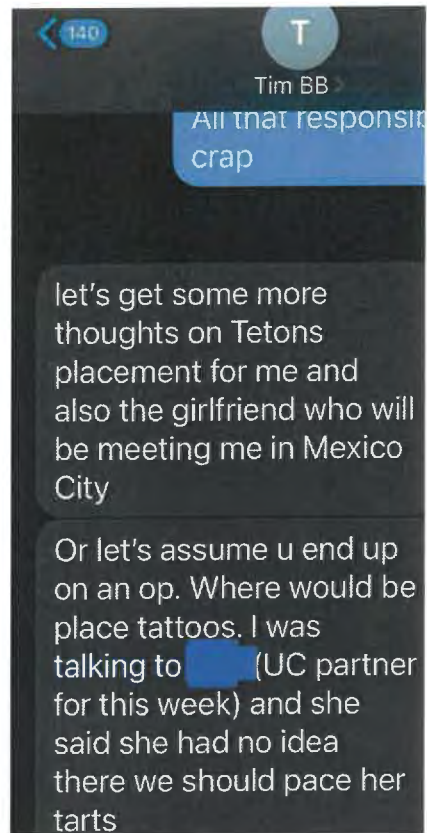
When filming was complete, he said, “You’re a hair and makeup artist, can you do tattoos?” I told him I could, and he asked me if I could also bleach his hair platinum to create a cool So Cal look. He explained he was going on a mission with a fake girlfriend the following week and needed help creating their costumes, then suggested I could help with her disguise as well. She was a police officer and needed some feminine refinement, her makeup done, and help with her hair. Tim suggested it would be great if I could go down to Mexico with them to keep the tattoos looking fresh because sometimes on missions they start to fade and then it puts him in great danger. He looked at David (who had come on set with Tim) and said, “Remember that—when we were (on the op) and my tats started to fade? That was scary!”

He asked for my number, if I had a valid passport, and if I would be available Saturday to get him ready. He said they have the supplies and everything already since he had an

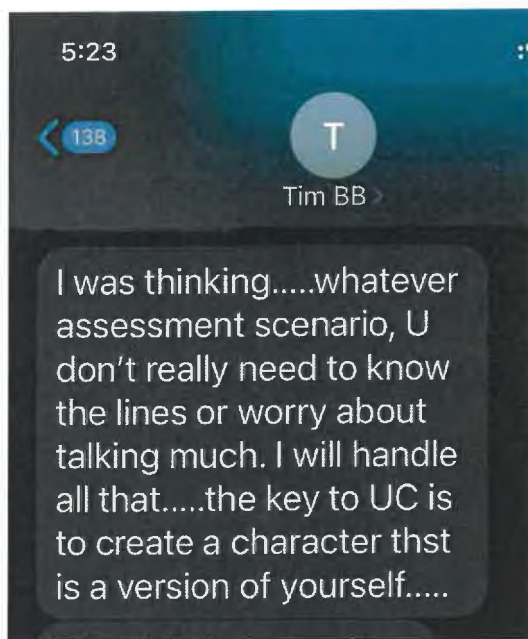
appointment with another hair and makeup artist; he would call her off and get the products from her so I could apply them. (He said the other artist lined up didn't have a valid passport and because of the Covid delays it was almost impossible for her to renew, so she wasn't able to travel with them.



He later texted to work out details for meeting up to apply his tats and bleach his hair. He asked if I would ever consider going out as an operator, mentioning the possibility of having me pose as his girlfriend and testing my comfortability with that. He said he thought I would be really good, and it would make things easier for him because he wasn't really attracted to this other operator and how that could throw off the operation because their relationship isn't as believable. He told me about an operation where he was coupled with a burly female Mexican and had to abandon the operation entirely because he couldn't even fake it with her.



I told Tim I wasn't sure if I could play that part not knowing what it would require of me—how safe it would be, how it might affect me mentally, what I would need to say and do to keep our cover and not screw it up, etc. Tim assured me there wasn't anything to worry about as he would cover for me and do all the talking; it was best for me to be the quiet, reserved, cockblocker. That would be my principal role: protect Tim at all costs. I often told people I was essentially "Tim's bodyguard" with the purpose of protecting both him and Katherine (via protecting their relationship from sex workers, which I believed I could do well because I'm firm in my boundaries, integrity, and intent).



I was extremely excited about being given the trust and chance to participate in something I felt passionate about and could make such a direct impact. But I was very hesitant about the role. What a heavy responsibility for me to do things just right with our lives on the line and no experience in how traffickers work or what exactly I was supposed to do and how that might affect me in the long run. I told him I was willing but unsure if I was the right fit. He said we would start out super slowly, just holding hands around town and such to see if I felt comfortable. That seemed innocuous enough. I could handle that.

Tim asked me to pray about it to see if it was something I felt good about and that we would talk in more detail on Saturday. I had many questions but couldn't believe the opportunity. Later that week, Tim told me he knew when we were first speaking that he had received the divine impression that he "was supposed to ask me about being an operator." This is the same guy who had strengthened my faith in prayer, and I easily trusted he could have received that revelation from God. And I believed it myself. My close friend reaffirmed that I

was absolutely perfect for this role, saying of my personality type that we “are the ones who want to save the world and don’t want anyone to know about it.”

We met up in an OUR office that Saturday and were initially with Coop and a few others who had brought in supplies and Tim’s wardrobe for the op. The others eventually left me and Tim alone as I worked on his disguise, and he seemed genuinely interested in knowing how I felt about life, the gospel, my situation being single, and my perception of him and the works he does.

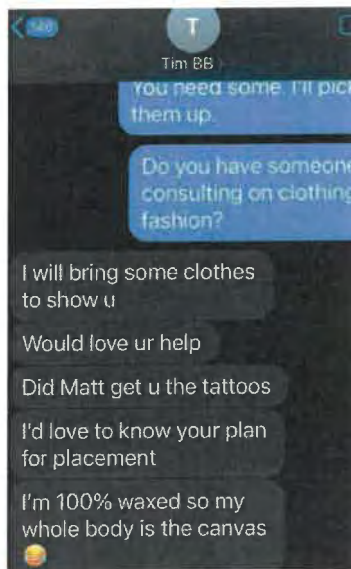
Tim inquired about my sexuality in light of my spirituality. He was especially curious about how I, as an active member of my church, would see going in on these missions and playing the part. We had lengthy discussion about what actions would be justified by God in this work. Throughout the afternoon and evening, He was impressed that I “got it” and was willing to do whatever was required for the cause and still feel strongly that it would be in keeping with my standards, since my highest standard is to sacrifice everything necessary for the Lord and His purposes—and I could conceive of no greater purpose than to free God’s children in captivity. I was increasingly willing to participate without question of the personal cost.

For the next several hours as I worked, Tim began to tell me more about the tactics they use to keep their cover on operations. I had been aware of his close association with Elder Ballard, so it seemed natural when he told me they met on a regular basis to receive blessings and to discuss OUR proceedings. Tim told me of the time he told Katherine he couldn’t do OPS anymore, that the thought of descending into the filth made him sick. Then he received revelation of using a girlfriend relationship (later deemed the “Couples Ruse”) as a cover. According to Tim, he presented the plan to Elder Ballard who thought it was brilliant and

specifically sanctioned the strategy. I could see how going undercover as a couple could be valuable, so it made sense that it would have come from an apostle of the Lord.

I asked various questions about what my role would require. Would I need to drink alcohol (which I had never done)? No, Tim said he never has to drink. He's really good at faking it and told me some of his tricks. Would I have to swear (which I also didn't do)? Yes, I could practice it (that evening, Tim asked me if I had practiced saying the "F" word in the mirror). What was my physical risk? Would I ever be in a situation alone with traffickers or where another man would be expecting me to be sexual with him? Tim responded that our roles were to protect each other from exactly that, so we would only need to be sexual with each other and only to the extent necessary to the situation. Of course, we would abide by strict standards and need to be able to both connect and trust each other.

Tim confided in me many "secrets," like that he had just gotten a full body wax for the first time and asked if I ever had, saying it's so much more appealing and he wishes Katherine would.



He told me to go shopping and get sexy clothes so we could test it out this next week if we got the chance. We were in frequent contact through the weekend. He asked me to send shots of the sexy clothes I got and screenshot tattoos and placements I was considering.

Plans changed and I was asked to leave Monday instead; this would give us more time to “practice”. Tim had asked if I had any concerns and I told him I had plenty, so we planned to discuss them while we were down in MX. He picked me up from the airport in Mexico City alone with a driver who I was assured only spoke Spanish, so we could speak openly and confidentially on our long drive to the home where we would be staying that first night. I shared both my written and mental lists of questions.

My greatest concern was for Katherine and how this worked with their relationship—since the whole point of going in as a pretend couple” was to safeguard his real relationship with his wife by preventing him from having to do heinous acts with victims of trafficking. I wanted to know how he had been able to keep emotionally stable and not blur the relationships. He assured me this was the best thing he could do for his relationship. Katherine knew it too. She helped choose me! He said that they always decide together who should go on these operations, who fits the part as a legitimate partner for him with the right look, height, and spirit. He said he had shown Katherine my picture and she felt strongly about me, agreeing I was the one.

As for making sure the role play doesn’t turn into real play, Tim said there were strict rules: No kissing on the lips because that makes it too difficult not to create a real attachment. No undressing or touching private parts. No texting, calling, or continuation of the role outside of the OPS. These stated standards helped me feel so safe about keeping that distinction and I was thrilled to know that he took this seriously for my protection as well.

Apparently, a previous operator had insisted on calling him and trying to see him after the op because she got too connected and couldn't let him go. He adamantly reminded her that they weren't in a real relationship. He couldn't work with her anymore after that. He told me about how he and another female operator, a big-time actress, were in a situation where they were staying with the trafficker who brought into their bedroom 10-12 minors to dance for them for them and sex play. To avoid the minors, this actress and Tim lied on the bed, pretending to make out and have sex, complete with fake orgasms and a shower afterward...to convince the trafficker they had actually had sex. After playing the role the woman was so legitimately horny that she had insisted on kissing him on the mouth, saying it was not fair to get her so worked up and then leave her hanging. Tim was furious and reminded her of her place. Because of that, he could never work with her again. She was so upset at not being included in future OPS. (The following year, Tim told me he was considering having that operator come on another op with us—and ultimately did—because she now has a boyfriend and is promising she's in a more stable place, wanted to prove she could handle it now, and pleaded for another shot.)

The way Tim verbally attacked previous operators and people who “betrayed him” (which meant anyone who stood up to him, including the CEO, other directors, or women who dared questioned him on ops) was a regular lesson on how I was expected to behave in order to work with him—and I took note. Initially, the expectations of our conduct were not printed, but Tim took video of us after the op “for both of our protection.” He had learned this the hard way because he had been accused in the past of acting inappropriately. Tim recorded that I had treated him appropriately and with respect and asked me whether he had done the same. In time, Coop wrote up and asked for signatures, calling it a Couples Ruse Agreement. (Notice Tim's

signature was not required.)

OUR Undercover Operations: Couples Ruse Agreement

Couples Ruse

The "Couples Ruse" is a Cover for Status and Cover for Action technique employed by OUR undercover operators. It will require a male, female pair posing as a couple under a false pretense that they are romantically involved. The couple will create the appearance of being romantically involved as they deem appropriate. The Couples Ruse will be used by OUR operatives to infiltrate human trafficking criminal networks. The operators will use their status as a couple to engage traffickers and trafficking victims without abusing victims or engaging in harmful illicit activities where male operators would normally be expected to do so. The Couples Ruse has proven effective in allowing OUR operators to gain access and intelligence into trafficking organizations.

Couples Ruse Limitations

The undercover operators Timothy Ballard and [redacted] will not and have not engage in the following acts with each other during the operation in Cancun Mexico, Cozumel Mexico, and surrounding areas on 06/19/2021 - 06/24/2021: Kissing on the lips, Touching or exposing private parts including Breast and Genitalia.

Acknowledgment

By signing this Agreement, you acknowledge you understand the Couples Ruse, its limitations, and that both persons participating in the couples ruse will not violate and have not violated the limitations of the Couples Ruse as defined in this agreement.

OUR Operator Printed Name

[redacted]

OUR Operator Signature

Deciphered by: [redacted]

Date [redacted]

Witness Printed Name

Matthew Cooper

Witness Signature

[Signature]

Date 6/20/2021

We arrived at the home of a wealthy politician where we would finish getting ready and stay the night. Tim had attended to most of my concerns and now it was his turn. He told me how risky this whole situation is. More than just that my life would be in danger (which he didn't seem to take seriously and in time it would be little more than a joking conversation about how we would die and that in fact he said he thought dying on an operation would be a cool way to go), he was taking a very serious risk by bringing me along. He told me how important it was

that I never say anything about what we're doing because I could literally ruin him. He seemed distressed as he asked, "Can you imagine what the response would be if you told people, 'I went on an op with Tim and he was all over me' or anything like that"?

I repeatedly assured Tim I would never ever say anything. He expounded that if I ever talked about what we were doing, he "would have to deny it." I told him I understood. Tim continued talking about how it would appear to people who wouldn't understand...and I fervently agreed it could easily be misconstrued. Tim drilled into my mind that he would have to use every resource he had to fight anything negative I might say about him and that of course he would be sided with. I knew that. It didn't matter. I was resolved that I would never ever betray him! By this time my heart was aching at the thought and my eyes welled with tears. I told him, "I could never EVER say anything that would hurt you or the cause! That would be sacrificing everything I believe in—everything important to me about my own good character and all the good that OUR had done. It would be sacrificing the lives of innocent victims that I am willing to lay my life on the line to rescue. That would be so devastating to me personally that I would rather die than falsely accuse him." Tim commended me, saying he had no doubt that I was sincere and trustworthy.

I trusted him too—just by virtue of him being Tim Ballard.

I only began to question Tim's claims when he needed constant reassurance that we weren't doing anything wrong. At the time, he was still seemingly concerned about compromising the temple covenants he made with his wife. I found it extremely odd that he worried so frequently about whether we were acting appropriately and specifically asked me to confirm that we were in the right to be playing our roles. He worried aloud that he "could not

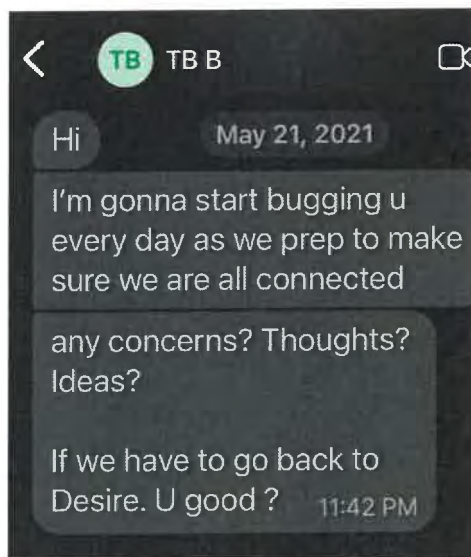
cheat on Katherine.” His concern caused me, as a natural comforter, to engage regularly in this pattern of conversation:

You received the idea of going in as a couple by revelation and immediately knew it as the answer you had been seeking, right? It was confirmed by Elder Ballard, right? And by going undercover as partners we’re protecting each other’s chastity as well as preventing those we engage with from having to perform sexual acts, right? Your wife was just as enthusiastic about this ingenious way to protect you, right? We were carefully selected to save lives in a unique way that God has trusted us to do, right? It’s a righteous cause and calling that came directly from heaven, right? Then we have no reason to be concerned! We can remain in the peace and faith that we have been and will be guided by the Lord.

What I didn’t understand then was the real reason for Tim’s constant concern and need for reassurance—he was behaving with impure intent. He used me to comfort him and regularly reaffirm the righteousness of our roles and behavior. Doing so kept me lodged in a belief that God condoned anything we needed to do to gain the trust of human traffickers and other dangerous or evil people while simultaneously keeping ourselves safe physically and spiritually. While I see how all that could be true at times, and scripturally/spiritually justified, I don’t believe it is in Tim’s case. During the past couple of years, I have witnessed first-hand Tim’s degeneration into moral decay, mental illness, and harm to himself and countless others.

Over the course of our many OPS, Tim touched me repeatedly, trying to create a sexual connection by the words he spoke and the ways he touched. He was constantly feeling me out and trying to turn me on as well. Tim frequently asked about my sex life, what most arouses me, whether I masturbate, what I’m willing to do with my boyfriend, etc. Tim also admitted to some jealousy about guys I dated and feeling rejected when I didn’t respond to his touch as expected. Most of these touches were unnecessary, other than to “create chemistry,” because we weren’t with traffickers or in settings trying to fool anyone. It was often while we were traveling alone or

staying in a private place.



Tim spoke often about the disconnects in his relationship with Katherine (Tim's wife)

and I became a crutch for him to confide in and offer advice. It was often in regard to his sex life and wanting her to think more openly and be more exploratory (she was apparently not willing to wax or have oral sex, and “I’m *really* good,” he said).

Tim frequently asked with bewilderment, “Why are you still single. On the first “mission,” he said, “If anything happened to Katherine, I’d marry you.” He really pressed to know if I would feel the same. I told him, “We’re not going to have this conversation.” On another occasion, almost a year later, he said, “If I was single, I would marry you.” One of the donors with us on a separate trip mentioned that he had said this about the Ukrainian operator as well. And clearly, Tim said it to (REDACTED), then denied it and made horrible accusations about her wanting to marry him.

There was no care or training of “operators” during the missions. Not before, not after. I would arrive home, useless for my kids and family and work, until I could process what had just happened. When I broke my foot on a “training” in Budapest and was not able to go on OPS for a while, I lost that revenue stream, as well as the ability to run my home and business. Being unable to walk was financially devastating. There were many other times of team disorganization and neglect, including when another female operator and I were left at a large home in Mexico all night, unprotected and forgotten by anyone else on the team. She left the next day, but still no one came for me. Fortunately, Tim and a couple others stopped back at the house to grab something forgotten; they were completely surprised I was still there.

On the OPS, I was an afterthought—like I wasn’t really supposed to be there. I felt like I was risking and sacrificing for something that was becoming clearly about creating a story and not about putting together strategies to rescue. (Eventually, Tim began to say our responsibility

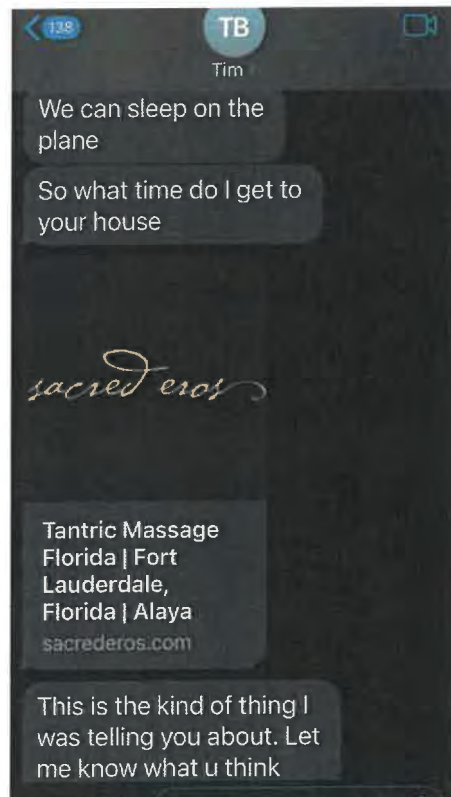
was to be “storytellers” and man, could he spin up a story!) No one seemed to need or care about the intel we gathered. My experiences and perspectives didn’t have a landing place; no one would know who I had spoken with in the places we visited or what I had seen and heard. I didn’t know if any of our efforts (or the supposedly “valuable information” we gained) had led to anything worthwhile. Tim spent very little time explaining the missions, targets, or victims, and an excess amount of time discussing all things sexual. I never really knew what we had actually accomplished other than achieving “chemistry” and being convincing to usually no one in particular.

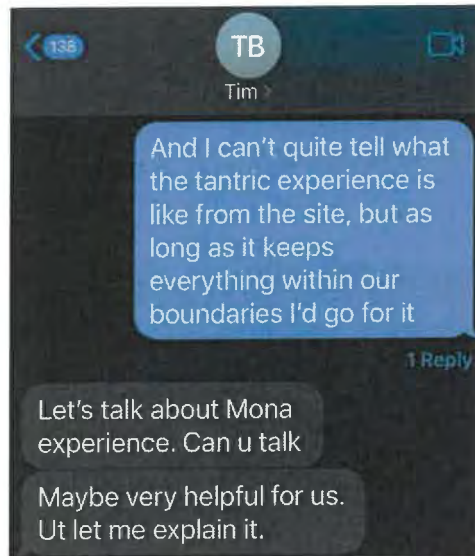
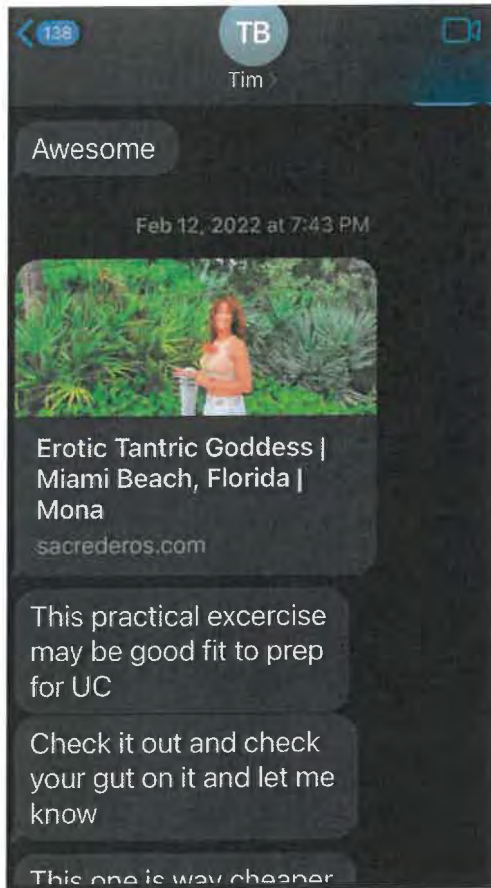
Tim also became increasingly sexually perverse and aggressive. At least twice I was afraid when he was on top of me and dry humping on a bed. We were alone in a hotel room the first time he did this, after which he went into the bathroom and masturbated. On another occasion, I was scared and unable to tell him, as he had become aggressive, grinding determinedly trying to come. When I tried to move away, he pulled me back under him.

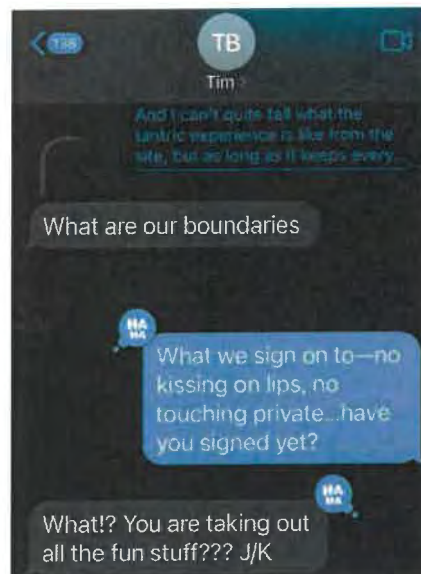
As we were preparing for an operation and staying in Miami, Tim wanted time to “practice” and reconnect since it had been a while. One evening he became demeaning and insistent that I meet him at the hot tub. I met him there late at night, alone, when I would rather have gone to bed but knew he would be upset if I refused. Tim began telling me all about the tantric massage that he and another operator experienced in CA. He said she had learned a lot and was excited about what she could do with it in her marriage. Tim had learned some techniques in tantric that he wanted to show me. He said, “I’m going to do something. I promise I won’t touch you. Trust me.” He moved his hand up between my legs and pressed his finger just behind my vagina, tapping firmly six times, which he explained awakens the sexual chakra or

something that that effect.

He frequently talked about doing a tantric massage with him and other “more intense” practices than we had done previously to “level-up our game,” insisting that undercover work was “a perishable skill.”







He began drinking regularly on OPS, justifying oral sex, nudity, and bed sharing with each other, creating situations precarious enough that he could vehemently argue these actions were necessary to accomplish the mission and retrieve information that would make all the difference in saving countless lives.

Tim kept saying we needed a more intensive training than we had done before and said Coop had made all the plans so that Tim and I would both be surprised. He had scheduled a trip to FL for this “special training” (where we would be meeting a Ukrainian operator), first routed through NY for a “surprise appointment” for just the two of us. Tim had been trying to arrange for a sexual massage for quite some time and was infuriated when our flight was cancelled and could not be rebooked, even on another airline, to get us there in time for the appointment. Mike arranged for a midnight flight direct to FL instead, thankfully skipping JFK, so Tim and Coop spent hours scouring Salt Lake City for a place we could get a sexual massage that day. When the first place failed, Tim yelled at Coop over the phone to find something. Coop drove us from place to place, but they were all full. Tim was relentless, offering women at the desks up to \$500

to get us into a room.

He finally found a sketchy massage place where he was demanding enough that the therapist allowed us to squish together onto a single massage bed so she could rub us both at the same time. Tim was persistent about asking her if she could do a Nuru massage or bring in someone who could, and he tried to get her involved in any sexual talk he could elicit. She did offer him a hand job if he wanted. He asked her if she ever got sexy with her clients and teased her about taking off her shirt. Tim kept acting like this all of this was part of a training designed by Coop and they were handing me mini “missions” to accomplish. This time, on the bed, Tim gave me the assignment to get the massage therapist to strip down for us. I refused as if he was joking. He was not. That seemed criminal to ask of an innocent bystander to our “training.”

When we finally left (before Tim was ready to, but because we now had limited time before our flight) I called him out about asking me to corrupt her. He shot back, “She’s anything but innocent...she was willing to give me a hand job!” He spoke disparagingly about me when Coop picked us up, telling him I had “gone soft.” For the remainder of the “training” trip, Tim didn’t have much of anything to say to me, including having me participate in any further training...which was supposedly the whole point of the trip. I didn’t participate in anything essential or unique and spent those FL days primarily alone; Tim specifically left behind at the house rather than taking me to visit Tony Robbins as promised. It was clearly my punishment for pushing back on and questioning his instructions. I told Coop about the incident with the massage therapist, and he was definitely very concerned...but there were no repercussions for Tim.

I now see many contradictions between how Tim protected himself, with little concern for

me and others, while creating in me a determination to risk everything to protect him and “us” as a partnership and OUR as a whole.

- It’s ironic that he claimed it took him a while to detox from “Brian Black” mode (Brian Black is Tim’s alias)—which was often his excuse for a foul mouth or inappropriate behavior—but he wasn’t concern that other operators might need to as well before returning home and getting back to “real life.” I wasn’t offered any help, therapy, or almost any contact between operations.
- Tim has become a hero by proclaiming how he puts himself in real danger, but he was discrediting other operators, including myself, who took on the same risks. For example, consider the statement put up by Spear Fund
- Tim enlisted top stylists and Hollywood-level help to get disguised but was not concerned about other operators being exposed, even if it meant we couldn’t return back to the country in the future with family or friends. When my identity was directly compromised with cartel, Tim dismissed it as a non-issue saying it would be dangerous if it was him, but not for me.
- Tim believed his family needed help and protection while he was away, but others didn’t (despite that I’m the only one my kids can rely on to provide and that we’re side by side going into the dark and risky places).

I’m not stating this for sympathy or accolades but to express the pattern of Tim’s inability or unwillingness to acknowledge and/or attend to the needs of others, including those of his partners and team. I felt extremely unprotected in every way. Tim would remind me to turn in my expenses and get paid after these operations, saying “that’s a lot of money!” As though I would be compensated well (...after all, Tim was highly compensated). But that was not the case.

I was initially offered \$x/day, a super low “operator rate” compared with my other services, which made it a financial strain to go out for days and weeks at a time. There were many hidden costs of both leaving and being involved which were not well compensated,

especially taking into consideration the time required to prepare before an OP and recoup after, the all-day/night schedule away from family and other life essentials/activities/opportunities, let alone the physical/emotional/financial risks of this particular endeavor (which isn't offset on a contract basis like it might be with a long-term or salaried and benefited employee). I finally settled for \$x/day, less than my professional day rate (which doesn't demand all-night work, time away, and personal risk, let alone require me to be randomly available for the unpredictable travel schedules and follow-up missions).

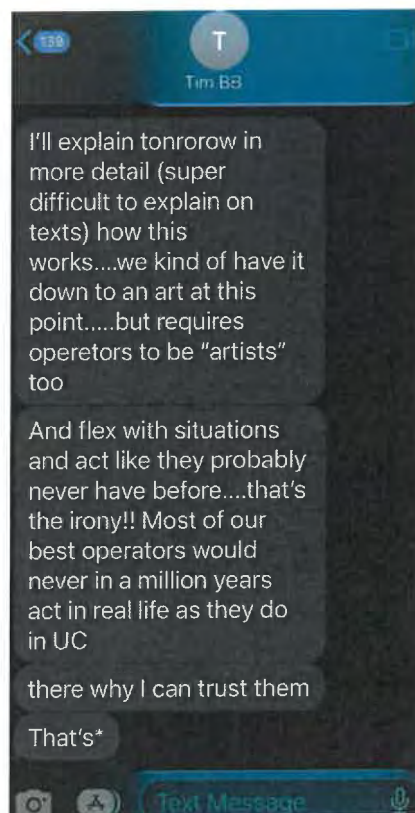
Tim greatly facilitated my mindset that compelled me to consider doing what I did. He told me that after we met last year, he remembered me and would have known me if he had seen me at the mall or in any crowd. He meets hundreds of thousands of people, but he would have known me. With me, he said, there was something different. We connected in a way that was so rare for him. Even through high school he never felt connected to anyone and started to wonder what was wrong with him. Katherine was one of the only women he had ever really connected with. It was such an anomaly that he could feel connected to her, so he knew he was supposed to marry her. Likewise, he felt so connected to me, as if we had known each other forever and before. Like we had had a relationship in a past life, perhaps we were married or something (which he questioned Janet about, and I wasn't surprised because he had shared with me how she had revealed many things about this principle of recycled lives) or were soul brother/sister.

I loved the cause and mission of OUR enough that I was willing to excuse a lot with Tim's justifications and convincing. But after my experience in the DR, I could not run fast enough through the airport to get home. I was physically and emotionally ill. When Tim asked me to speak to and encourage potential operators, I told him I wouldn't feel comfortable with

that until there was some reform. Sadly, it could never happen with him at the root of the organizational problems.

Deception

I understood the tactic and risks associated with the Couples Ruse as far as it was written and required. The spoken and understood Agreement kept me safe...until it didn't. Tim began pushing all boundaries and asserting that behaviors outside of the initial rules were to be employed as needed. **Tim found sufficient reasoning and was very convincing that frequent sexual boundary breeches were essential.** I was led to believe that Tim had been doing this for years, as had the other male operators; I thought it was standard operating procedure as an essential way to protect everyone involved.



What I have discovered in the past few months has been very revealing to me about Tim's real tactics and motives. Until I was able to talk with other women about their experiences with Tim, I did not know the lies he had been telling them about me. What I didn't know until now was that Tim was telling other women (and some of his staff) the same things about me to convince them that he was in need of a new operator who behaved well—I was now counted among those with whom he couldn't work anymore; He told them I had fallen for him, tried to kiss him, and seduced him in bed.

I will not accept being lied about and disparaged when I have risked so much and given so much without asking for anything in return. And I'm not OK with staying silent when someone else is being lied about and publicly disparaged.

I recently received advice to beware of people who are talking about others; they are talking about you too. I am absolutely dumbfounded that Tim would defame me that way. While I was doing everything I could to protect his image, he was smearing mine. I have a solid reputation among those who know me personally; Tim knows who I really am and was still capable of and willing to burn me by painting me as untrustworthy and slandering my character for his own self-indulgent purposes. This outright dishonesty and betrayal proves that Tim insidiously pitted us against each other to prevent us from talking—his manipulative scheme to secure our reliance on him alone. As it turns out, his efforts did not discredit our collective character, but exposed his own. As truth and deception battle, darkness will never overpower light.

EVENT LOG

March 2021

- Tim on set, he tells me he's not a sex addict, (Redacted) tells Tim to "watch it,

Romeo.”

- OUR Lehi office—Hair dye/cut and tattoos. Tim asks about being waxed, being willing without hesitancy to do whatever is required to save women and children, he’s impressed with how open I am to the work and requirements.
- Mexico City—Sneaking out to the guest house to apply tattoos, Tim begins the touching and “practice” of getting physically connected; He feels increasingly connected and asks Janet about our relationship in past lives; asks derisively if I’m “embarrassed” to leave the door open while I’m applying my bronzer in the bathroom. Tim acts “caught” when (Redacted) comes downstairs unexpectedly.
- Cancun time in the ocean, my discomfort with closeness and tactfully pushing back, Coop sees us on the beach holding hands and Tim worries about being caught. Says, “I can’t cheat on Katherine!” and I reassure him that will never happen with me.
- Calls me into his room (while reading scriptures) and comments about how connected he feels, how he wishes we could stay close at night, how if anything happened to Katherine, he would marry me.
- Tim wants to stay in my room on the separate bed. I refuse. He later tells me how he felt rejected.
- (Redacted) takes me to lunch and berates me for my role. I believed this to be standard procedure and am shocked that (Redacted) is suggesting I’ve done something wrong.
- Massage parlor, minors offering massages, find female trafficker who offers us “whatever we need.”
- Tim recounts stories of deep betrayal from those he had worked closely with, (including a previous operator who insisted on kissing him and he was furious so he can’t work with her anymore), how depression and suicidal ideation had overtaken him, how he has a hard time being home. Asks me to please pray because he trusts my connection with the Lord. I pray aloud as we put our heads together.
- Comes to my house and can’t resist touching me and is saddened when I scoot away from him on the couch.

April 2021

- Brought on as primary team. Tim makes sure we have a house with a hot tub, touches inappropriately specifically intent on trying to turn me on, asking me if I had

orgasmed.

- Went to a strip club in the evening, spent an hour in a private room with a topless woman who tried to seduce us while Tim faked oral on me. I had a physical traumatic response when we left the club. Tim held me until I had calmed down. He still wanted to continue “fishing,” so we entered a brothel where they introduced us to a lineup of prostitutes. Tim was deciding who we should take back into a room and asked me who I would choose. I was not up for it.
- Asks me constantly how I manage to separate the feelings and can “turn it off” when we’re not on the town (back in the safehouse) or specifically playing the role of a sexually charged couple.

May 2021

- Mission in MX, planning business venture with female trafficker.
- Island in BVI—Tim asks me for help separating from me while we’re on the island since he feels rejected when I resist his advances. Katherine is brought to the island as a surprise to Tim, who then actively keeps his distance from me for the week until she leaves, revealing that he has blurred our professional relationship. Tim sees and treats me as the “other woman” whom he must dismiss to avoid jeopardizing his relationship with Katherine. The night before we’re to leave to search for traffickers on the other islands, Tim apologizes for his mistreatment and hopes we can reconnect before continuing our mission.

July 2021

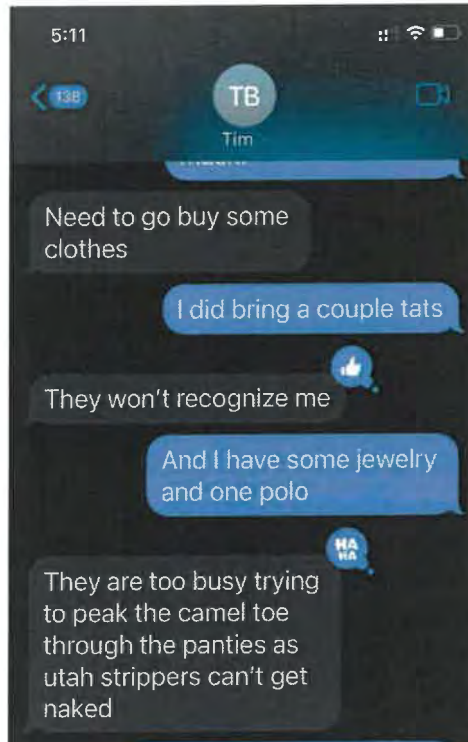
- 5:45am get Tim ready (hair dyed blue/tats/piercings); left at 8am in premier black car service for airport, SLC to Cancun. Happy Shuttle to Breathless, they wouldn’t let us in due to improper ID. Barely missed Riigo’s (trafficker’s) boss, so Tim paid Riigo 12K USD cash to meet us at another place with his boss, then raced to Coco Bongo to meet Riigo.
- Tim tells team he’s backing away from OPS (he’s been saying this for months and I hope he’s serious this time.)

Oct 2021, OUR TRAINING

- First aid, OSINT, HUMINT, dinner, clubs. Tim asks about my boyfriend, how far

I've gone with him, and if now I'm going to be hesitant to be as sexual with Tim.

- Before clubbing, Tim asks me to be witness to what happened in a hotel room with the trainee who tried to seduce him and get him to "finger f---" her. I insist he tell Coop and Matt.
- Tim wants to go to strip clubs in SLC as part of training.



- Actors meeting, role play with students in shifts. Tim talks (with his son present) about the trainee who wanted him to "finger f---" her in the hotel room. Embarrassingly crude with trainees in mock situations.

Feb 2022

- I'm on secondary team. Tim talks incessantly about the female operator he can't stand being with any longer, how she is pushy and verbose (i.e. she doesn't just go along with everything he says), says she freaked out about the cartel association and he couldn't continue working with her.
- Tim says the other operator refuses to go into cartel territory where we're doing the sting. He asks me to join him on primary. I meet with the trafficker and boy (who

Tim says is the cartel's "Golden Boy" because he looks so young he's in high demand—they can send him out multiple times a day for \$4K/hr. (When I asked a few days later, Tim told me the boy was 15 and had been trafficked since he was 12. They still couldn't find his family. On an operation earlier this year, I talked with the aftercare director there who said that boy was propositioned for that evening by his neighbor and that it was the first time that had happened to him.)

- We do the takedown, the police don't arrest me and instead expose me as an accomplice, as they take me outside and ask me to hand over the money in front of the local swat team.

Mar 2022

- Tim insists I meet him at the hot tub. Tells me all about the tantric massage with [redacted] (an operator), saying said she was excited to take some of the techniques back to her marriage.
- He learned some techniques in tantric and wanted to show me. Tim said, "I'm going to do something. I promise I won't touch you. Trust me." Moves his hand between my legs and presses firmly behind my vagina six times to activate sexual chakras or something.
- Evening in DR at "fantasy house" of suspected trafficker John [name changed]. Continuous rounds of alcoholic drinks, a surprise show with three girls whom John said come regularly to perform with fully revised costumes, choreography, and music.
- Tim tells me the plan: I am to stand in panties at the top of the stairs with drinks until there are witnesses, then summon "Brian" to go to bed alone with me. Some of the houseguests and staff heard me invite and then saw Brian holding me from behind with drinks and warned we would miss the party. Other female operator stays down unaccompanied at the bar to represent us at the party.
- Massage parlor, [redacted] café with the Haitian woman he refers to as his "boss" who is pimped, and her 15yo "daughter" (i.e. not her daughter). Tim lies on bed on the other side of the room divider as we get "massaged" (these massages are always gross mockeries, not real, not clean, and not relaxing).
- More massages at the seedy Haitian place, in separate rooms upstairs, my nice glasses were stolen by the time I got up.
- Evening at John's house. Both women (Russian and Ukrainian) join us in the bedroom. Tim has been heavily drinking, lays out the plan for me to do new boundary break of removing my top, take charge of the time with the ladies (because I'm the "boss"), to push his head down between my legs so they'll believe we're having oral sex. Tim gets completely naked, then sleeps drunk on floor (obviously not protecting me) until he climbs into bed. This night and the night

before were horribly disgusting situations as I primarily had to fend for Tim and even take the touching and sucking from the other women. I left incredibly vomitous and still want to throw up thinking about it.

- John arranges for me to have a private massage in his home. The lady ordered in to give the massage is the same we found previously who had worked on Tim. John is already suspicious about our wanderings from the day before and walks in on us as I'm on the table exposed. I feel compelled to "enjoy" her massage, which includes stroking and violating me until I fake orgasm.

Jul 31-Aug 4, "Training"

- 7/31: Meet in SL at seedy Motel 6 since our flight to JFK (where he planned to "surprise" me—Tim had me going under false pretenses—with tantric massage before flying to Tampa. Wanted to discuss this genius "new technique [Redacted] came up with" where he places his dick underneath me and it totally looks like we're having sex but we're not, so they're all completely fooled. Duh.
- Tim becomes desperate to get us into a sexy massage, offering cash up to \$500 for the lady to find us a room so we can experience "Nuru" massage. He tries to get me to get the massage therapist to take off her clothes. I refuse. The remainder of the trip, supposedly for training purposes, I am irrelevant—evidence that I had not fulfilled my purpose.