

November 27th 2006

Kyle left home via a taxi a little after 1 p.m. in the afternoon. I was not there when he left. My husband Rick said he had his luggage with him when he got into the cab. I became very distraught as I felt he had become emotionally unstable and was very vulnerable. I immediately called the cab company to see where they had driven Kyle and was told that he was dropped off at the local airport. I quickly went to the airport and had security check to see if he was still in the terminal. Not being able to locate him, I went to the different airlines to see who had waited on him and if they remembered where he booked a flight to. A young gentleman said he did remember Kyle because he was wearing a University of Virginia hat, and he was trying to catch a flight to Waterloo, Iowa. He went on to say that he took a flight to Dulles Airport and from there would be flying into Waterloo.

Distraught and worried, I came home and called the Albemarle County Police to file a missing person's report. I do not remember the officer's name that came to the house only that he was of very little help. He told me that since Kyle was an adult I could not file a missing person's report. The only way that I could do that was to have him declared a danger to himself or to others. I told him that he was under a doctor's care and was taking medication. He went on to say that if he had his medication with him and was taking it then there was nothing the police could do as he was an adult and had not broken the law.

Before Kyle left he withdrew twenty-five hundred dollars in cash from his savings and had between five and six thousand dollars in gold and silver coins and an unknown number of silver bars. He also had a two thousand dollar gold chain that I had given him to sell for scrap or to exchange for a gold coin. Kyle had lived a very sheltered life and I was afraid of what could happen to him if the wrong person should discover what he had in his possession.

November 28th, 2006

Rick called Doctor Stephen McNamara, Kyle's psychiatrist, to explain what had happened and to ask for advice. He said that in his opinion Kyle could not be classified as an endangered person. He agreed at this time to send a medical note to Kyle's school so that his professors would not fail him for the semester.

I called the airport in Waterloo to have them check their records to see if a Kyle Brennan had arrived at that airport the previous day. They said that he had and had come in on a 11 p.m. flight. I called all of the taxi companies that serviced the airport and hit a dead end.

I did a history search on the home computer and found that Kyle had been doing searches on the different colleges in the Waterloo area. The college and campus environment was a comfort zone for Kyle, logic told me that he would be staying in a hotel close to a school. I started calling the

hotels that were in a two- mile perimeter of Hawkeye Community College. I found him on the second call. He was staying at a Holiday Inn Express not far from the college.

He seemed surprised and disappointed that I had found him so easily. He told me that he was angry with the family and did not want to see or talk to anyone and that he needed time to think things over. I told him that I could understand him wanting to get away for awhile. I told him that I was worried about his well- being. He then told me not to call him again, and that he would call me when he was ready. I told him that I would respect his wishes, but I wanted him to know that I loved him and would always be there for him if he needed anything.

He would stay at the Holiday Inn Express for over three weeks. I would call the front desk to check up on him and to see if he was still a guest at the hotel. Kyle was known for being dramatic. He was also extremely conservative when it came to spending money. The family honestly thought that after being stuck in a hotel (a blizzard had struck Waterloo at this time) for a bit he would want to come home. I did not speak to him directly again. I would call his room and leave messages for him, hoping that he would return the call home.

(I do not have the exact date, but it was within a few days after Christmas)

When I called the hotel to check on Kyle, I was told that he had checked out that morning. I asked the young lady if he had mentioned where he was going. She said that Kyle was very talkative and that he had mentioned that he was going to be getting his own apartment in the area. I asked her for the name of the cab company that picked him up. When I contacted the cab company they were rude, unhelpful, and refused to tell me where they had taken Kyle.

It was at some point during this time that we received a bill in the mail for a cell phone that Kyle had purchased in Waterloo. Not having a permanent address to qualify for a phone plan he had to use his Virginia address. I was thrilled as this gave me a way to keep connected to him.

The family went for a short span of time not knowing where Kyle was. It was sometime during the first week of January, 2007 we received a message from FBI agent Jeff Atwood located in Des Moines, Iowa. Detective Atwood said that Kyle had taken a two hundred mile cab ride from Waterloo to Des Moines. He voluntarily walked into the FBI facility and said that he had some crimes that he wanted to report. Agent Atwood immediately recognized that something was amiss. He questioned Kyle and was able to get the name of his hometown. An associate immediately placed a call to the Charlottesville Police Department while Agent Atwood continued to question him. Atwood was doing a check to see if Kyle had broken any laws or if someone had filed a missing person's report. Atwood realized that this was not your typical run away or homeless person situation. He said he engaged Kyle in conversation long enough to where he felt Kyle had placed some trust in him. Atwood asked Kyle if he had any money on him, and Kyle said he had a little over five thousand dollars in his possession. Detective Atwood became concerned about Kyle's safety traveling with that kind of money. Kyle asked Detective Atwood if he could give him the address of a homeless shelter in the area. Kyle was told that he should not stay at one of those places and Atwood recommended a place not far from the FBI office where they could keep an eye on him, as they were worried about his safety. Before Kyle left the office Det. Atwood asked Kyle, "hey if you were to step in front of a bus and get hurt who would you like for me to call?" Kyle responded that he should call his mother or brother

Sean. He asked Kyle to leave the phone numbers with him. He also asked Kyle if he could have his cell phone number so that he could call him to see how he was doing while in Des Moines.

Detective Atwood called me immediately to let the family know that he had seen and spoken to Kyle. He said that Kyle was emotionally unstable and troubled. I asked 'what kind of physical shape' Kyle appeared to be in. He responded not bad although it looked like he could use a shower. He told me that before Kyle left his office he made the statement that he needed help.

I was very frustrated at this point because I thought Dr. McNamara and the Albemarle Police Department had failed to give us the correct information and guidance when Kyle left home. Detective Atwood also mentioned that Kyle seemed to be experiencing bouts of paranoia. He said that given the situation it may be good, that he was mistrusting and suspicious of people as it would keep him away from individuals who could perhaps cause him harm.

Atwood spoke with Kyle, I believe, on two more occasions, Kyle started to become suspicious and would not say where he was staying. Atwood recommended a hospital in the Des Moines area where we could have Kyle committed for observation.

(One Day Later)
January 7th, 2007

I received a phone call from my ex husband Tom Brennan, He said that Kyle had called him and was now in the state of California. He asked Tom for his Aunt Carrie's phone number in San Diego and mentioned that he would like to stay with her for a visit while he got his thoughts together. I asked Tom about Kyle's mental state and he said he sounded great. I told him that I was very confused because the FBI agent had said the exact opposite.

I was somewhat surprised that Kyle would choose to stay with his aunt Carrie Farrell in San Diego as they did not have a close relationship. I was relieved however because she would be a person who could immediately recognize any mental health problems with Kyle.

January 8th, 2007

Kyle arrived in San Diego and was staying in the guest house on his aunt and uncle's property.

I had not spoken to my former sister in-law since divorced from her brother. I decided to get my information through Tom. This was a big mistake
I called Tom to make certain that Kyle arrived safely. I was assured that he was being well taken care of. I had always known both Carrie and Jeff as being responsible and caring people so I had no doubt that what Tom was saying was in fact the truth. I asked Tom if Carrie and Jeff had made any mention regarding Kyle's mental health. He went on to say that they thought he was doing fine and was going over career plans with him and was even discussing the probability of joining the Coast Guard.

I told Tom I was still confused over the contrasting information regarding Kyle. I was also upset that Kyle was not returning my phone calls. Tom made a comment about Kyle trying to cut the apron strings and that I worried too much about him.

Not Dated

I called Tom to see how Kyle was doing under his aunt's care. He responded that he was doing great. I asked him to please let Kyle know that I would really like to speak with him as just hearing his voice would give me some reassurance. He said he would give Kyle my message.

Not Dated

I called Tom to ask if he had spoken to Kyle within the past couple of days, He responded that he had not. I asked him to please call his sister to get an update, and to please call me back ASAP.

January 15th, 2007

I called Tom to ask him why he had not gotten back with me. He said he had not had the time to call his sister and that he would do it that day.

January 16th, 2007

I called Tom once again to ask if he spoken to his sister. He said that he had and that Kyle had run away from his sister's home the day before. I asked him what had happened to provoke Kyle to do this. Tom told me that he ran away because Carrie had recommended that he speak with a therapist. He believed it was this suggestion that prompted Kyle to leave his aunt and uncle's home.

January 17th & 18th, 2007

My husband Rick called the homeless shelters in the San Diego area with a detailed physical description of Kyle. We left instructions that they were to contact us immediately if he should register in a shelter in the San Diego area.

I received Kyle's cell phone bill in the mail. I do not have the exact date. I believe it to be on January 22²⁰⁰⁷. There were dozens of phone calls that had been made, none of the numbers were familiar to me. I decided to start calling them in no particular order in hope of discovering a clue as to where I might find Kyle. I used my cell phone so that my name would not show on a caller I.D. I would dial the number, get the wanted information and apologize for mis dialing.

As I called down the list of numbers I became more despondent. Many of the calls were made to different FBI agencies around the country. Most of the calls did not last more than a minute and many were placed at odd hours of the day when they would have been closed.

I called one number that was placed to Charlottesville and a young man answered. I asked him if a Kyle Brennan had called him. He asked me if I knew who I was talking with. He said this is Eric Lawson, Kyle's friend from high school. He told me that Kyle had called him and left a

message on his answering machine. I do not remember the details of that message. Eric asked me if Kyle was alright, he said the content of the message did not sound at all like the Kyle that he knew and remembered. I asked Eric to please call me if Kyle should call him again as we were trying to get him the help that he needed, and had to find him.

The very last number that I called turned out to be my former brother in-law Jeff Farrell. I did not initially recognize his voice. He asked me if this could be Victoria, I said it was, and that I was looking for Kyle and found his number on his cell phone bill. I asked him what had happened to Kyle while he was staying with them. He said that both he and Carrie were extremely worried about Kyle while he was staying there. He said that they both picked up that something was amiss and wanted to get him to a doctor. I asked him if he could be more specific and he replied that he was no doctor but Kyle seemed to be suffering from borderline schizophrenia. I asked Jeff, if he had been made aware of the fact that Kyle was on medication. He said that he had told Carrie that he was taking an anti-depressant that seemed to help him. I told him that Tom had given me different information. He responded that he probably misinformed me due to his belief in Scientology. He apologized for not calling me directly to discuss Kyle's health when he first arrived in San Diego.

January 23rd, 2007

I filed an endangered missing person's report with The Albemarle County Police. Initially they tried to put me off by saying I would need a doctor's report but I asked the detective to please listen to what I had to say. After hearing all that had happened she said that she would go ahead and file the report and get it sent out to the San Diego Police Department with the photo that I provided ASAP. The Virginia State Police were also notified and a Detective Carl Brown was assigned the case.

I contacted Tom Brennan to tell him that I had filed a missing person's report on Kyle. I left a message with Carrie Brennan Farrell and told her that we were still looking for Kyle in the San Diego area. I asked her to please call immediately if he should contact her.

During this time Rick contacted Doctor Stephen McNamara to inform him of Kyle's status and to ask for advice. Rick gave him my cell phone number and a specific time to call me hoping that he would calm my fears. I remember the phone ringing and seeing his number. I was so angry with him that I did not answer the phone lest I tell him how I felt about him.

Carrie Brennan Farrell called and profusely apologized for not calling me directly. She went on to tell me that while Kyle was staying with her that she had gotten into the biggest argument with Tom that they had ever had in their life. She said she had tried to discuss with Tom that Kyle was in need of psychological help. She said that Tom became livid over this suggestion and a huge argument ensued.

She went on to say that both her and her sister Cathy Brennan were getting really fed-up with his ranting about Scientology. She went on to say that Cathy had told him directly to stop sending Scientology propaganda to their homes. She went on to say that she was just heart sick and worried about the well being of her nephew. I asked her if she knew why Kyle would run away

and she responded that she did not. She did go on to say that Kyle was informed that he had to find an apartment to live in as they wanted to redecorate their guest house.

One week passed with no information.

February 1st, 2007

Rick and I decided that we would drive to Florida for my step- brother's wedding in Sarasota. I called Detective Brown and told him to please call my cell phone number if important information should come in. We rented a car with the thought that we could leave it at the airport if we had to fly out to San Diego unexpectedly.

February 2nd, 2007

I informed Detective Brown that I had been attempting to get Sprint, Kyle's cell phone provider, to tell me where the most current calls that Kyle had made were coming from. I told him they were not very helpful and that I was going to need a court order to get them to give me that information. Detective Brown said that he would work on that.

By the time I was driving through South Carolina, Detective Brown called to say that he took care of the situation with Sprint. They had located Kyle on the Island of Maui. Brown said they were able to pinpoint the street where Kyle had placed his last call. He said he was going to fax the missing person's report to the Maui Police Department. It would not be long before Kyle was found.

February 3rd 2007, around 4a.m.

I received a phone call from my son Sean in Virginia. He said a Detective Ahha (sic) had called from Maui and that they had found Kyle. I was to return his call as soon as possible. When I called the detective he said that two of his officers had found him walking along the main highway in Maui. I asked him if they had taken him into custody for his safety, and he said they had not. I asked him why as he was listed as an endangered missing person. He went on to tell me that Kyle had not broken any laws and when the police approached him and asked him his name he was very lucid and stable. He went on to say that his eyes were clear, he spoke very well, and was not fearful of the officers. Kyle told the officers that he was planning on calling his mother but his cell phone had died. The officers then asked him if he wanted to be taken to a homeless shelter and Kyle declined the offer saying he did not like the part of town that it was located in. I asked the detective if he knew where Kyle was staying on the island and he replied that he was living on the street. He went on to say that the islands were easy on the homeless because of the climate. People there can just roll under a bush and go to sleep and no one would know that they were there. I told him that information gave me little comfort. He then went on to say that I should come and get Kyle before another homeless person picks him. That was his biggest concern, as he did not want Kyle getting hurt.

Rick and I decided to not go to the wedding, and drive directly home. I called Kyle's brother's and told them we were going to have to go to Hawaii to bring Kyle home. I expressed my confusion because once again I received conflicting information regarding Kyle's mental state. Scott suggested that perhaps we could arrange for Tavis Coffin, a police officer and family friend, to come with us. I thought this was a good idea as Kyle admired and respected Tavis.

February 5th, 2007

There was a message from Kyle's high school friend Eric Lawson waiting for me on the answering machine asking me to call him back. I call him and could tell immediately by his voice that he was upset. He told me that he had another message from Kyle, on his answering machine. I asked him what Kyle said and Eric responded that he would play it for me as I should hear it for myself. I heard Kyle's voice for the first time in over two months he sounded absolutely terrified he was begging for Eric to help him as he believed his family was trying to kill him. He is speaking with complete conviction that his family wanted to harm him. Eric came back on the phone and asked me what was wrong with Kyle. I tell him I did not know as I had so many different reports. I told him the main thing was getting him safely back home. I called Detective Brown and told him that he should call the Lawson home to listen to the recorded message. Detective Brown expressed his disappointment in the Maui Police Department over the handling of Kyle's case.

I realized after reflecting on the message Kyle left that something traumatic must have occurred on Maui that had set him off. I was just then starting to pick up on the pattern of his behavior. If Kyle felt threatened or unsafe in his environment it would set him off. I would discover later that someone had tried to physically hurt him in Maui, before he made the call to the Lawson home.

February 6th, 2007

I found a condo that was available starting on the ninth of February. It was not far from the police station or too far from the vicinity where Kyle was last seen. I told his brothers that we would leave first thing on Thursday morning, all the arrangements would be complete by the following morning.

Conversations between Thomas M. Brennan and Victoria L. Britton regarding their son, Kyle Thomas Brennan.

February 7th-February 17th, 2007

• February 7th -

I received a phone call at 7 a.m. from my brother Gary L. Robinson of Ft. Myers, Florida. He had just finished a two-hour-long conversation with his nephew-my son-Kyle Brennan. Kyle had called him at 1:30 a.m. from San Francisco. I asked my brother about Kyle's mental condition. He responded that Kyle was very lucid and talkative. When I asked about what was discussed I was told that Kyle was repentant of his behavior and was tired of roaming. He told my brother that he had already left a message with his father, Thomas Brennan, asking if he could stay with him for a while so that he could rest up after his ordeal. In these two hours Kyle talked a great deal about family, the ordeal that he had just gone through, and his future plans about finishing school.

• February 7th -

Around 8 a.m. I received a phone call from Tom Brennan saying that Kyle had left a message on his cell phone. He said that Kyle was in San Francisco and wanted to fly into Tampa and stay with him for a little while. I asked Tom if this would be alright with him. He said it would be fine because there was a room in the house that was not being used. He went on to further explain that the room was rented out to a man who was not actually staying there, although he had boxes of his possessions stored in the space. I then asked about Kyle's mental state. He said that Kyle seemed fine mentally, but he had expressed that he was very tired.

• Evening of February 7th -

I called Florida to see if Kyle had arrived safely in Tampa. Tom informed me that Kyle had missed his flight and would not be in until late that evening. I told him that I would call back first thing in the morning to make certain that Kyle was doing alright.

• Morning of February 8th -

I called Tom first thing in the morning and was startled by what he had to say. He told me that Kyle appeared to be in poor condition physically, I asked him to be more specific and he told me that Kyle was very thin and had blisters all over his feet from walking around Maui aimlessly. Tom told me he took Kyle out to eat after he picked him up at the airport and the only thing Kyle wanted was pie and coffee. He noted that Kyle's hands were shaking while he was trying to feed himself.

Tom then asked if my brother Gary would be willing to drive up from Ft. Myers and take Kyle into his care. I told him that Kyle was his son, and Kyle had reached out to him. Kyle had just been through a terrible ordeal and it was Tom's responsibility to take care of him. Tom said that he was very busy with a class he was taking and that he would feel awful if he did not complete it as it had cost him a great deal. He also stated that he was needed to run a booth at the State Fair. I told him to get his priorities straight. I told him rather firmly that Kyle should be his first priority—Kyle's life and well-being were far more important than some ridiculous event being held at a State Fair.

Tom then said that he was afraid to leave Kyle alone. Asked him to explain himself and he stated that he was afraid Kyle would hurt himself, or possibly commit suicide. I told him that I did not understand how he came to that conclusion. Even in his most depressed state, Kyle had never uttered the word "suicide" or talked of committing any violent act against himself or anyone else. "Did he tell you that he was having suicidal thoughts?" I asked. Kyle certainly had not expressed suicidal thoughts to my brother Gary, and they had spoken at length just a day earlier. "It is very important that you tell me the truth if he has," I said. Tom then went on to say that Kyle had not verbally mentioned anything regarding suicide. I then told Tom that it was very important that Kyle feel he was in a safe and non-threatening environment. I gave him the following list of things for his consideration:

Do not talk to Kyle about his running away (unless he brings up the subject first).

Do not criticize or chastise him for what he did.

Tell him how much people love him and care for him.

And please make sure that he eats well so that he can get his strength back.

Tom then said that I was right, and he did need to get his priorities in order. He stated that he was going to speak with someone about taking some time off and devote himself to taking care of Kyle. He then told me that he was going to buy Kyle some vitamins. The conversation, therefore, seemed to end on a positive note. I told Tom that I would call back the next day to see how things were progressing.

- February 8th -

I called Detective Carl Brown with the Albemarle County Police Department to inform him that Kyle was safe and was staying with his father in Clearwater, Florida (just outside of Tampa). Detective Brown thought it best to keep Kyle's name on the missing person's list for a while longer in case he should run away again. I agreed.

At this time, the family in Charlottesville was deciding on how best to get Kyle into a mental health facility where he could be evaluated properly. We were hoping that he would check himself in. We debated as to whether Kyle should go to a hospital in Tampa that was highly regarded, or to another that was closer to Charlottesville. We were also unsure as to how he was going to respond to the suggestion of being hospitalized. I thought it best to let him rest and regain his strength before I traveled to Clearwater to discuss these things with him. I did not know how he was going to respond to me or to my suggestions. I was so afraid of making the wrong decision and something awful happening to my son. (Because of Tom's Scientology-based beliefs, I did not tell him about these discussions and plans.)

- February 9th -

When I spoke with Tom this day he claimed that Kyle was doing much better. He had showered and cleaned himself up. Tom also reported that after a couple of good meals and plenty of sleep, Kyle's hands had stopped shaking. I asked Tom to have Kyle call me and to let him know how much I loved him. I also asked him to tell Kyle that I was starting my own business and would be needing his help soon. For the first time in months I breathed a sigh of relief.

- February 10th or 11th -

I received a call from Tom and I could tell immediately that he was very anxious and agitated. "Victoria," he said, "I

have someone here who would like to speak to you about Kyle." I asked who it was. "She's my friend Denise," Tom said. "She wants to talk to you about how you can help Kyle." I told him that he could not be serious. "Yes . . . yes . . ." he said, "here she is . . ."

"Hello Victoria," said Denise. Denise has the voice of a woman who has smoked too many cigarettes in her life. She did not tell me her last name. "Victoria," she continued, "I want to tell you about this great program that can help your son Kyle. It's called Narcanon, and I can attest to how great it is because I have a daughter who had a serious drug problem and she's . . ." In a very firm and elevated voice I told her to stop the conversation right there. "Let me make something very clear to you Denise," I told her, "my son does not have a drug problem." There was silence on the other end of the phone and I realized at that moment that Denise was not accustomed to being spoken to in such a direct manner. She retorted with the comment that Kyle was very anti-social when she had met him the previous summer. I replied that Kyle was very shy and reserved—she simply misunderstood him. At this time I thought it best for Kyle's sake to mollify Denise with a compliment, so I told her how Kyle had said that she made the best cup of coffee he had ever had. When he came home to Virginia, in fact, he immediately went out and purchased a French press like the one she used. This changed the tone of the conversation. She laughed over this, thanked me, and put Tom back on the telephone. Tom told me that he had already called Narcanon and had given them my phone number. He asked if I would just listen to what they had to say. I told him that I would and we ended the conversation.

After hanging up the phone I immediately went to the computer and did an Internet search for Narcanon. Their Website information said that it primarily helped heroin and meth addicts. I could not believe that Tom would even consider sending his son to such a place. At this time I had no idea that Narcanon is affiliated with Scientology.

Narcanon wasted no time—they contacted me immediately. I let them leave two messages before I picked up on their third call. They asked me what types of drugs Kyle was taking. I told them he was not taking any illegal drugs, only the anti-depressant Lexapro. They said that their program was designed to help drug-addicted individuals, and agreed that Narcanon would not be the right place for Kyle. I believe

Narcanon knew immediately from my tone and the questions that I asked them, that a sale would not be made.

• February 12th -

I called Tom to let him know that I had spoken to the people at Narcanon. I let him know that I was upset with him for making such an outlandish suggestions. He told me he thought they were great and that they could help Kyle. He also said that people went to Narcanon for reasons other than drug addiction—reasons such as, for example, ridding their body of environmental poisons like car emissions and other pollutants, etc. "So, you're telling me," I asked Tom, "that people spend thousands of dollars a month to stay at a facility in order to rid their body of car emissions?" He did not respond.

I then told Tom that I thought it best if Kyle came back to Virginia. I asked Tom to discuss this with Kyle as I wanted him to come home willingly and without a struggle. I told Tom to please let Kyle know that I was not upset or angry with him and I was greatly relieved that he was safe. Tom informed me that Kyle was sleeping a lot, and I said that it was a good thing as he was probably suffering from a form of post traumatic stress after all he had been through. When I asked if Kyle had his medication with him, Tom said he did not know but would ask Kyle about it. Tom also mentioned that he did not get the time off that he wanted and was hoping that Kyle would want to go to the State Fair with him. I ended the conversation by saying: "Tell Kyle that I love him and please keep him safe." Tom's response was that Kyle was doing much better.

After speaking with Tom I called Region Ten—a mental health facility located in Charlottesville—and spoke with a counselor named Steve. I asked him for advice on how I could convince Kyle to commit himself for the help that he needed. Steve thought Kyle would get better care at a hospital in Tampa, but the family support at home would probably more than compensate. He asked me how Kyle was doing in Florida and I told him that he seemed to be doing better—he was eating well, sleeping a great deal, and Tom said that he was very lucid. Steve related that people who suffer from major depression often have a psychotic breakdown resulting in delusions and paranoia. I told Steve that I would try my best to get Kyle checked into the University of Virginia Hospital when he returned home. Steve closed the

conversation by saying that the road to recovery would be a long one for Kyle, but with lots of family support he should be fine.

• February 14th -

Tom called to ask me if I knew who was trying to call Kyle on his cell phone. He told me that he had asked Kyle why he had called the FBI and Kyle had not answered. I told Tom not to speak to Kyle about anything that would place any stress on him. And I told him that the phone calls being made to Kyle could be from the bank, or from his school. I asked Tom why he was so concerned and he responded by saying that Kyle was taking advantage of him, and that he slept all day because he was lazy. I told him that Kyle was sleeping a lot because he was not well-laziness was not the problem. He said that he wished he had driven Kyle back home the first day he arrived. I asked him what his problem was and if it had anything to do with his new wife, Wendy, not liking Kyle. He said that was not it, Wendy was not even there at the time.

I asked Tom if he had spoken to Kyle about coming home to Virginia. I also asked him to let Kyle know that I had talked with his professors at Piedmont Virginia Community College, and that they had not failed him for the previous semester so his GPA was still fine. I then told Tom to only talk with Kyle about positive things. "Let him know how much he is missed," I said, "tell him that Savannah asks for him. The worst thing you can do is make him feel threatened or unwanted." Tom responded that he felt better about the situation and that he would follow my suggestions. He admitted that his priorities were not focused and said the church was putting a lot of pressure on him. He explained by saying that he was trying to sell books at the local mall, working the State Fair, and doing watch duty at night. I told him that he needed to be with Kyle, and that his son's needs should come before those of the church. I asked him what kind of organization is it that denies somebody time off when a family member needs help. And this is an organization that calls itself a church. I then said: "Tom, we are talking about your son, your only child. You are the one he reached out to, he came to see you, so please take care of him." I then told Tom that I would come to Florida the following week, either late Tuesday or early Wednesday. I planned to fly out of Richmond on Jet Blue.

I told Tom that I was worried that when I came to Florida Kyle would not want to come back to Virginia with me. "Tom, you know how much Kyle loves Christmas," I said. "Tell Kyle that we will celebrate a late Christmas when he comes home. Let him know that I have all of his gifts waiting for him, and one of them is something very special. I know it will mean a great deal to him. We need to make Kyle feel good about coming back home. Please do this for me and don't forget to tell him that I love him and miss him."

• February 15th -

Tom called to tell me that Kyle was going to have to move out of his room over the weekend because he had rented it out and a new tenant was moving in. I told him I couldn't believe what he was saying. "If you knew the place was going to be rented out," I asked, "then why did you wait to tell me now? Do you want me to send you some money, a week's rent? How can you do this to your son? I just spoke with you yesterday and you made no mention of this. You did not mention this last week when Kyle first arrived. You are going to have to tell your renter that he cannot move in until next week."

I was very upset over this latest development and asked Tom why he had been trying to rid himself of Kyle since the day he had arrived. Tom then told me to forget about what he had just said, and that Kyle could stay in his room for a few days. I asked him what was going on and he replied that Kyle was doing fine—he was going for walks, watching movies, and reading some of his books. I was very angry with Tom at this point. He then asked me if I knew why Kyle was placing objects against his bedroom door. "How do you know he is doing that? I asked. Tom answered: "Because I tried to enter the room and there was stuff in front of the door. Kyle had to get up and move it aside so that I could get in." I told Tom that he should try knocking on the door first and that it could be that Kyle was not feeling safe and it gave him a sense of security. I told him not to worry about that and I would be there in just a few days. "Tom, please keep him safe," I said. This was the last time I spoke with Tom Brennan.

• February 15th & 16th -

I called Kyle's two brothers, Scott and Sean, and told them that I would feel better if one of them would come to

Florida with me. Our biggest concern was that Kyle would not want to come home or check himself into a facility. Since Kyle was an adult, none of us had any control in the matter. We were also worried that he would run away and end up living on the street. We decided that it would be best for Sean to accompany me on the trip since he was the closest brother to Kyle.

Plan A was getting Kyle to come back home to Charlottesville. Plan B was to move Kyle out of his father's apartment as soon as we arrived. We would stay in a hotel until we found him a small place to rent close to a school that he could attend. We would also find a doctor that he could trust in the area to treat him as an outpatient. I would stay with Kyle until I felt confident that he was stable. The family agreed that we would probably not have to resort to plan B and that Kyle would want to come home to familiar surroundings.

- February 17th -

The phone rang at 1:18 a.m. I looked to see who could be calling at such a late hour. It was a call being made from Tom's cell phone. An indescribable sense of dread overwhelmed me. I said out loud: "Oh . . . no . . . It's from Florida." I answered and an unidentifiable voice asked me my name: "Is this Victoria? I am calling to tell you that your son Kyle is dead." I dropped the phone in the dark room and started screaming: "No! . . . No! . . . No!" Rick asked me what was wrong and I told him that a stranger on the phone told me that Kyle was dead. Rick turned the light on and found the phone. The unknown person was still on the line. I remember Rick asking "Who is this?" and repeating the name Gerry. I do not remember anything after this point.

- The last phone numbers that Kyle called on his cell phone on February 16th -

10:29 p.m. (727) 446-8600

10:26 p.m. (727) 796-2706

10:25 p.m. (727) 461-2947

10:24 p.m. (727) 507-8999

All of these numbers are to attorneys living in the Tampa area.

- I do not remember the exact date of this conversation with Kyle's brother Sean, but it was within a week after Kyle's funeral.

Sean told me of a specific incident that took place while he and Kyle were visiting Tom. He said that Kyle had found a gun in the house. Kyle showed the gun to Sean to ask if he knew anything about it. Sean told Kyle that it looked like a Tarus or Colt and to put it back where he found it. Sean was concerned about having a weapon in the house, and asked Tom where the gun came from and what he was doing with it. He was told that it had belonged to Tom's father and that he didn't care about having it. Sean then asked Tom if he was keeping ammunition for it in the house. Tom responded that since he didn't care about it there was no reason for him to buy any ammunition. Sean not trusting his father's word searched the house and found no ammunition.

Sean also went on to say that while they were there Tom came home one day with some marijuana. He told Sean that he was going to blow marijuana smoke onto Kyle's face while he was sleeping to see how Kyle would respond. Sean became angry with Tom, and called him a degraded human being. He also told Tom that if he attempted such a thing he would call the police. He said that Tom claimed it was meant as a joke and that he would throw the marijuana away.

Sean said that he felt Kyle may have gone to Florida not to reunite with his father but to expose Tom for what Kyle believed was wrongdoing on his father's part. If Tom discovered this, he may have wanted to harm Kyle or may have pushed Kyle to harm himself.

One month after Kyle's death I received a Wachovia bank statement that revealed that Kyle had gone to the bank on February 15th to make a deposit in order to keep the account open. Also, Kyle kept his Virginia home address on the account. This tells me that Kyle was planning on returning to Virginia. It also brings up many unanswered questions as to what transpired between Kyle and his father during the last two days of his life.

After Kyle's funeral, Scott called Tom's cell phone in order to ask him to please send Kyle's personal belongings back to Virginia. Tom's wife Wendy answered the phone and told Scott

that they would mail all of his belongings home within a few days. Scott then asked if they had gone through Kyle's things. Wendy replied that they had and mentioned that Kyle still had some of his gold coins. When the items arrived, the gold coins were nowhere to be found. It was also discovered that all of the information on Kyle's laptop computer had been erased. What made this so suspicious was that Kyle's school work had been erased—Kyle never erased his school work. Scott's wife, Mia Brennan, had some computer geek friends from the University of Virginia take a look at the computer. They noted that the time that the items were erased was approximately two hours after Kyle's death. It was quickly decided that the police might want the computer as evidence so it was left unaltered.

February 15th 2007

Kyle's father had left a message on his cell phone that was discovered when it was returned to the family. On February 15th he called Kyle at the apartment in Tampa. In an antagonistic voice he told Kyle to take his vitamins that had been purchased for him. He closed the conversation by saying that the vitamins were the key to helping him.

Phone Numbers that Kyle called while in Florida:

Kyle had called the Ivy Garden Apartments while staying with his father in Florida. He also photographed a hand written note on his cell phone regarding the enclosed information. The content of this letter should explain his motives.

When Kyle was growing up his father and I had a catering business named "Breton's". It was a successful and growing Sub S corporation. When Thomas Brennan and I separated in 1998 he had complete control over the business. My attorneys worked out an agreement with him that I would receive my yearly salary and part of the business profit in lieu of alimony until Kyle reached the age of eighteen. After that time period I wanted nothing from him. He could have the business and all the profit for himself.

I removed my name from all the business paperwork at this time. I could not trust my ex-husband and did not want to become a litigious target by remaining connected to him.

He obviously did not like the agreement, as he started to embezzle money with such rapidity it left our accountant Barbara Capron in a quandary. She notified me that if Tom continued on as he was currently the IRS was going to step in to audit the business. She went on to explain the seriousness of his behavior and how he could actually be arrested for it. Tom's step-son Scott was working for the business at this time. His job was working in the office doing various clerical duties. He made me aware of the fact that his step- father was engaged in some serious wrong doing.

I still had all of my keys to Breton's so I decided to go over to the business after hours and look through the files to see if the situation was as serious as had been told to me. I was shocked to find that tens of thousands of dollars had been misappropriated.

Very soon after I personally discovered the embezzling of money from the business Tom moved all of the files and computer to his apartment at Ivy Gardens. He had decided that he wanted to have Scott do all of the paper work from the apartment instead of the company's main office which was located within a short walking distance.

I do not recall the time frame, but I am almost certain it was not long after the paper side of the business was relocated to the apartment that a fire was started in Tom's apartment. According to the Fire Marshal a lit cigarette had been thrown in a waste paper basket near an open window in the home office. With the day being windy it quickly turned to flames and engulfed the entire apartment and then proceeded to spread and quickly engulfed three others.

Scott at the time was also renting an apartment at Ivy Gardens in a different unit. It was in the

late afternoon when he heard a lot of commotion along with sirens wailing. He ran outside and immediately could smell the smoke from the fire. He saw that the fire was coming from where his step- father lived, so he ran quickly to the scene to make certain that Tom or no one else was hurt. The fire was so intense it had busted out the windows. A crowd had already gathered. And a fireman was asking if anybody knew if someone was inside the burning building. People were crying and upset as they had come to realize how lucky they were not to have been in their apartments when the fire broke out. The residents were primarily grad students and some had small children living in the building. Scott overheard two firemen talking that they thought the fire had originated in his step- fathers apartment. Scott said he developed a sickening feeling in the pit of his stomach when he heard that. He said that he then spotted Tom standing apart from the crowd casually observing the scene while smoking a cigarette. Scott approached him and asked him what the hell had happened. Tom did not respond to Scott and showed no emotion over the tragic event. His only response was tossing the cigarette on the ground, stamping it out, and walking away.

The fire was so intense that it destroyed everything in the four apartment unit. Since the fire originated in Tom's home office, this is where the fire was the most intense. The computer along with its files were now no more than a mass of melted plastic. The IRS, not having adequate information to audit the business, settled with Tom for a payment of thirteen thousand dollars.

I never believed that Tom could commit such an evil act intentionally. It is not in my nature to think that any person would want to deliberately hurt another even in an act of financial self preservation. And this is what I have always told the two youngest children when they would ask me about the fire.

A one million dollar law suit was filed against Tom as a result of the fire. I believe he filed for bankruptcy protection in the State of Florida not long after the suit was filed.

I thought Kyle had long forgotten about this incident. When Kyle's cell phone was returned after he passed away, there was a message on it that Kyle had made while in Florida. It stated that he was going to tell the authorities the truth about his father and the fire at Ivy Garden Apartments.

Dear Luke,

Enclosed is a partial copy of Kyle's phone bill from February 2007. I thought it important that you were aware of a conversation that Kyle had with my brother, Gary L. Robinson on February 7th. The subject of Kyle taking his medication was discussed and I have asked my brother to outline the two hour and twenty eight minute conversation in detail for you.

Gary told me that he had asked Kyle how much medication he had left on him. Kyle responded that he had about a half of the prescription left. My brother went on to ask if he had refilled it while on his journey. Kyle replied that he had not. My brother told him that he should have been taking it everyday. Kyle proceeded to tell his uncle that he was fearful of running out of the prescription. Wanting to conserve it, he was taking it when he thought he needed it most. They went on to discuss how this could have been the reason for some of Kyle's dramatic behavior in the past couple of months. I was told that Kyle laughed at this comment. His response was that he was tired of all the drama. Gary went on to tell Kyle that he no longer had to worry about not having enough of his medication, and to start taking it everyday. Kyle went on to say that he knew he would be feeling much better when he did this, and promised to do so.

I refilled Kyle's prescription for him two days before he ran away from his home in Virginia. I noticed that he had five pills remaining in the old prescription. I asked Kyle if he had forgotten to take the medication on certain days. He said he could not remember. I reminded him to take them everyday at the same time so he would not miss a dose in the future. He responded with an O.K. mom.

Dear Luke,

I thought this could give some insight into Kyle's fractured relationship with his father, after Tom tried to recruit him into the Church of Scientology.

August 2006

In August of 2006, Kyle was invited to live in Florida with his father Tom Brennan. Tom had told Kyle that he had his own business, that it was doing very well, and he could use his help. I spoke with Tom about his new business, and asked him what type of work Kyle would be doing. He told me that he was working for a lady named "Denise" who was also a member of his church. He went on to say that he helped her around the house, did some cooking, and ran errands for her.

I asked him if Denise was a girlfriend. Oh...No... He responded she's married and her husband is very busy so I help her out and spend a lot of time at her home. I asked him how he thought Kyle could possibly contribute to this type of business. He proceeded to tell me that he was going to be working as a handyman/repair person at several apartment complexes in the Tampa area. This is where he felt Kyle's help would be needed.

It was at this time that I told Tom that Kyle was on medication for depression. I wanted to let him know that Kyle would need access to medical care if he decided to stay in Florida. He proceeded to tell me That I was wrong for letting Kyle take anti-depressants and that it was doing him more harm than good. He said he was going to send me information explaining to me why it was so harmful, and how the American Medical Association and the psychiatrists of this country were conspiring to keep our children drugged for profit.

I instinctively knew after this conversation that Kyle's visit to Florida would be a brief one.

Kyle thought moving to Florida would do him some good, for a change of scenery. He thought he would take a semester off from school, work full time with his father, save some money, and transfer to a college in Florida the following semester. Tom had promised Kyle that he would pay him fifteen dollars an hour, and would take him to visit the different campuses in the Tampa area.

Kyle was very pleased with this plan because he said he could not be certain which school he would want to attend unless he spent some time exploring each campus and the surrounding neighborhood. Tom also told Kyle that he had a nice place for him to live, that he would have his own room and everything was set up for him to make the move.

Kyle called home one day after arriving in Florida. He told me that his father had lied, and that he had no place to stay. He said he was staying at a home in Clearwater, Florida that had been rented out by a group of Scientologists. I asked him where he was sleeping and he responded on a sofa in the living room.

Tom moved to an apartment on Habana Avenue in Tampa within three days of Kyle arriving. Tom said that he did this so that Kyle could live within walking distance to different establishments, and that he would always have a room to stay in at his apartment.

Kyle called to tell me that his father had lied about having work for him. He said after they moved to Tampa, Tom had tried to have him work for a computer business that had all Scientologists working there. Kyle said he felt very uncomfortable being around these people and did not want to work with them. He also said that his father kept pressuring him to take a personality test. Kyle was also told that going to college was a waste of his money, and what he really needed to help him succeed in life was to take classes with the Church of Scientology.

He said the situation was awful because his father now had a Scientologist girlfriend, Wendy, and they were putting a lot of pressure on him. He said he was duped into going to Florida and that his father had lied to him about his motives for having him move there. He asked me if I could quickly go up to Piedmont Virginia Community College and sign him up for the fall semester and that he wanted to come home asap.

Kyle called to tell me that he had a huge argument with his father. He said it started when he told his father how he truly felt about Scientology. He then told me, that he had told his father to leave him alone, and that only an idiot would believe in any thing L. Ron Hubbard would have to say. Kyle then told me that Tom went on to say that his mother was an evil do-gooder who was trying to hurt him with psychiatry and pills. If he went back home it was his mother that he should be cautious of, as I was trying to hurt him. He said that later that evening while in his room he overheard Wendy and his father talking about how he, Kyle, would now be classified as an "enemy of the church".

When I spoke with Kyle the morning after this occurred he was very distraught and shaken. He asked me if I loved him and would I ever try to hurt him. I felt like his sense of security in this world had been turned upside down. I assured him that I loved him dearly and would never do anything to harm him. I immediately booked a flight for him to come home the next morning. I do not remember the exact date. I do recall it was when the storm Ernesto hit the southeast, as I was so worried about Kyle flying in such severe weather.

When Kyle came home he told me this story: After he had the argument with his father and overheard Tom and Wendy discussing his enemy status, he had fallen asleep. He said something abruptly awoke him. He was startled to find his father standing above him, holding a heavy piece of office equipment over Kyle's head, as if contemplating dropping it. Kyle said he jumped up and away from him and asked him what he was doing. He said that Tom gave him a vague answer about needing to move the piece of equipment out of the room. Kyle said he became fearful after he left, and he placed items in front of his bedroom door. This was done so that Tom would not be able to enter the room again without being heard. He told me he believed his father had intended to hurt him.

I do not recall the exact amount of time Kyle spent in Florida for that visit. Perhaps seven or eight days. After this visit we started receiving a deluge of Scientology literature regarding the evils of psychiatry.

REC. ON 04-19-2008
FROM INU. DOUG BARRY
W/SAD

Kyle was a prolific writer, whatever he was thinking or feeling at any given time he would put into writing. A stack of papers were returned to me after he passed that had been written while he was traveling. They included his feelings about his family and perceived wrong doings, including, of course, the fire. He had written down his plan for contacting Ivy Gardens apartments property management, law enforcement, and various lawyers. Its these types of notes that Tom found while going through Kyle's belongings on the February 15th 2007. Kyle had walked about 3-5 miles into town, made a bank deposit and printed info on his medication that day. Tom finding and going through Kyle's notes preceded what was described as a very heated conversation between him and my mother about how Kyle was causing trouble for him and would have to leave immediately.

A few months earlier (in August 2006) while Kyle was staying with his father, they had, what Kyle told me was, a huge argument over Scientology. Kyle had told him in his own words how he felt about Scientology and people who believe in it. Kyle told me that Tom and his wife said that his beliefs made him an SP and an enemy of Scientology. This incident, followed by a couple others, made Kyle very uncomfortable. He cut his stay short and returned home choosing to risk flying through hurricane Ernesto, rather than stay another night under Tom's roof. When Kyle told me what had happened, I laughed it off and dismissed it as just Tom and his Scientology babble. Scientology was all Tom talked about since divorcing my mother and becoming more involved with it. You couldn't have a conversation with him without it including Scientology; to my brothers and I it was taken as a joke or at worst an annoyance.

I spoke with Tom the afternoon after Kyle passed, and found his behavior extremely disturbing and inappropriate. When he first picked up his voice was really upbeat and jovial, I told him "its me Scott" and he continued with "hey Scott what's new man?" in the same upbeat manner. He mistook me for a friend of his named Scott. Once he realized who I was, his tone became a forced, somber tone. Then Tom began to explain the previous day to me. He told me that he and Kyle had spent the day together. They went to Chipotle for lunch, watched a movie and hung out. He said that they had a great day and he had bought tickets so they could go to the fair together that night and then go have steaks with some of Toms friends afterward. He continued by saying that Kyle decided he didn't want to go to the fair, so he left without him.

Tom told me he got home around 10:30-11:00 and had to kick the front door down. He told me that he found Kyle in his room dead. He continued on, telling me he didn't know why Kyle did it, that he hadn't pushed Scientology on him while he was there and hadn't even talked to him about it at all; he repeated this at least once more during the about 5 minute conversation. He ended the call by telling me that it was over and that we all needed to move on.

While I found many aspects of that conversation to be disturbing, the way he kept bringing up Scientology was strange, there was nothing in our conversation that prompted it on my end. Later there would be discrepancies between the time he told me he returned home and the time he told the detective, as well as what he had gone to the

fair to do.

Have Tom's phone records been obtained by the C.W.P.D.? I believe they may help define the timeline of that day. I had two other similar conversations with him the following week regarding the return of Kyle belongings.

There are so many blatant and seemingly unnecessary lies and discrepancies concerning critical information leading to Kyle's death: the pistol ammunition, Kyle's medication, laptop computer, ect. The above, combined with what I know and have experienced living with Tom Brennan for 19 years and knowing him for 31, lead me to believe that there's a much more to Kyle's death than the story we have been told.

I now know what an SP, or Suppressive Person, is and about some of the more sinister aspects of my step-fathers religion. I can understand why Kyle seemed so distraught over being called one.

I could go on for a while with experiences and background and such that would seem like it was out of a bad movie, but I don't know if it or even the above information helps with your case at all.