

ready for an important job interview at 1:00 today, can we talk later? Lesley continued her emotionally unstable, irrational outbursts, “So, you’re saying a job is more important than your son?” My son also says that he had answered the phone because he thought Grandma was trying to get through our security gate to watch him briefly while I went on my job interview. However, Ms. Murray, who would not tell my son who she was, allegedly yelled at him on the phone, saying, “Why aren’t you in school little boy?” I told Ms. Murray I was already working with police as my son and I had been up going to three different police departments from Pearland, to Tomball, to Harris County meeting us at Tomball as a courtesy the previous night, and that I was just waiting on a call from Special Crimes Against Children Unit. She sighed, “Uh, that’s me.” I was thinking, I thought you told me you were with Child Protective Services which she started out telling me when my son handed me the telephone and she said, “I’m not just going to tell your kid I’m with CPS.” I said, “Already, I don’t trust you lady.” I made her tell me her name, wrote it down, and asked to speak to her supervisor. I waited a few minutes, heard nothing on the other end-of-the line, and hung-up. By this time, my mother had taken Julian to her house just a few miles away in Silverlake where I grew up, and I felt so guilty and upset I canceled my interview. I went over to my mother’s where she and Julian were happily playing “catch” in the front yard. I went inside and called the Office of Consumer Affairs, just like the DFPS website says is the only thing to do after confronting your caseworker. Part of my reason for calling Office of Consumer Affairs was to ask that someone put in the notes in the computer that I was trying to cooperate—I didn’t want to