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E-FILED
THURSTON COUNTY, WA
SUPERIOR COURT
06/25/2021 9:42:13 AM
Linda Myhre Enlow
Thurston County Clerk

EXPEDITE (If filed within 5 court days of hearing)

Hearing is set

Date: 6-30-21

Time: 9:00am Zoom #: 242-974-5214 Rm:4

Judge/Calendar: Rebekah Zinn/Motion & argument



**Superior Court of Washington
for Thurston County Family &
Juvenile Court**

In re: Emergency Guardianship of
Hazel Belle Ursa Smith

Respondent(s): Minor Child(ren)

No. 21-4-00443-34

Counter-Affidavit to
Alex Stoker's from
SELENA SMITH

(Cover Sheet)

TITLE OF DOCUMENT

**Counter-Affidavit to Alex Stoker's
from SELENA SMITH**

NAME: Selena Smith, indigent mother
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Counter-Affidavit to Alex Stoker's.
doublekachina007@protonmail.com

1 Selena Smith, mother (971) 803-9898
6901 26th Ct SE, Lacey, WA 98503

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Stoker's from SELENA SMITH**

TO: The Clerk of the Thurston County and Juvenile Court, (360)709-3260, 2801 32nd AVE SW,
Tumwater, WA 98512;

AND,

Breckan Scott-Gabriel, bar #:41585, attorney for Kathryn Stoker (maternal grandmother) and Hans Stoker (husband of Kathryn Stoker, but NOT the grandfather), PO Box 1123, Yelm, WA 98597-1123, PH. (360)960-8951, fax (360)485-1916, e-mail: breckan@breckanlaw.com;

AND,

Selena Ursa Smith, mother, e-mail: doublekachina007@protonmail.com, domiciled in Oregon mailing address: 6901 26th Ct SE, Lacey, WA 98503, Ph. (971)803-9898

AND,

Robert Ayers (father of Hazel), Ph. Unknown, address: unknown in Colorado, E-mail: (?)

I Identity of Parties

I, Selena Smith (indigent mother of the subject minor(s) in this action) enter this counter-affidavit to Alex Stoker's Declaration into the record without counsel of necessity, pro se, for this court's consideration as the truth and nothing but the truth. I reserve the right and continue to object to the jurisdiction of this court as stated below under JURISDICTION.

Kathryn Stoker (maternal grandmother) and her husband, Hans Stoker (who is NOT the grandfather of the children, contrary to his and his wife's sworn misrepresentations in their filed pleadings to this court) brought this action before this court well BEFORE the young children at issue had been evaluated by any qualified Family and Children's social worker within the State of their domicile or oversight of a state court properly presiding over the same, i.e. Oregon, where this court's emergency ex parte order to seize the children was executed around midnight and they were spirited, under cover of darkness, out of Oregon after handing off the very young three to the Stokers at a gas station adjacent to I-5 north of Eugene that night.

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The seizure was executed, as described at midnight, 5-30-21 in/near Oakridge, OR, the initial ex parte emergency petition for seizing my 3 children was filed 5-27-21, the order granting the petition was entered on 5-28-21. The Stokers filed their petition prior to the children being examined and evaluated precisely to deny me and my children due process with this court's approval, aid, and abetment under color of state law in violation of Oregon's sovereignty, the federal ADA (I have only one hand), my status as a destitute DV survivor (contrary to UCCJEA requirements, and in violation of meaningful protection under the 6th and 14 Amendment as well as principles laid out in Troxel vs. Troxel and the notorious Elian Gonzalez international case.

JURISDICTION

The Petitioners (Stokers) are longtime residents of and domiciled in Thurston County, Washington.

I, Selena Smith (mother), am the person person bringing this motion. I had left Washington State without any intention of returning more than 6 months prior to the date my children were seized in Oregon where I resided and was domiciled with my children.

I, Selena Smith, the mother of the very young child(ren) at issue in this cause, due to DV, fled the State of Washington with my children prior to 11-24-20, which is the date James Wells (my boyfriend) filed a DV Protection Petition (20-2-30761-34 | JAMES DANIEL WELLS, Jr vs SELENA URSA SMITH) after I left Washington State to preserve my and my children's safety. Mr. Wells' purpose was to use the children (who he sought custody of in the petition) to support himself. The petition was denied by Court Commissioner Rebekah Zinn. Mr. Wells is currently sleeping in the open near Mt. Adams, is homeless and non-compliant with a subsequent DV protection order issued by the court.

I, Selena Smith, filed a petition for DV protection, alleging Mr. Wells was violently abusive with me and the children, an alcoholic, and in need of anger management classes. Court Commissioner Rebekah Wells ruled in Selena's favor and ordered Mr. Wells to surrender his firearms. This action was filed by myself from out of State. I personally appeared before this court (Court Commissioner Rebekah Zinn, presiding) from an out of state DV women's shelter and filed the declaration of an advocate associated with that shelter confirming evidence I had seen of what appeared to be stalking while I was staying in that out-of-state DV shelter.

(20-2-30788-34 | SELENA URSA SMITH vs JAMES DANIEL WELLS, Jr)

i.e. I, Selena Smith, and my children have been absent and no longer resided in Washington State for longer than 6 months prior to having my 3 children seized around midnight on 5-30-21 under the color of Washington State law via an ex parte emergency guardianship order executed beyond Washington's own borders in a foreign state (Oregon). Court Commissioner Rebekah Zinn was either well aware I had left Washington State with my children (or should have been) more than 6 months before the instant case had been filed. I was under no legal obligation to inform my parents or Hans Stoker of my whereabouts, nor did the Stokers have standing to object since there was no court order granting them standing, custody, or visitation. Yet they conspired to track me in conjunction with security guard Robert Kurtz for months wherever I went using my I-phone to do so.

Even case officers with the New Jersey Division of Children & Families admitted they had no authority to use a New Jersey Court Order (under the circumstances) to order law enforcement in Oregon to seize my children upon New Jersey's direction, although security guard Robert Kurtz indifferent to the invasion of my privacy.. When Kurtz's actions were challenged, a case worker supervisor retorted it was NJ Division

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of Children & Families to track or find missing families/children when receiving reports/suspicion of the same. **Except...there WERE NO missing children!** They were with me, their mother, who had no legal duty to provide the State of New Jersey or the Stokers with such information. Nor was there a nation wide manhunt for me, only the illegal surveillance conducted by security guard Robert Kurtz, the means by which he chose not to reveal in his declaration submitted to this court to avoid incriminating himself.

Robert Kurtz was acting only on his own without authority from his agency or direction to invade my privacy by conspiring with the Stokers who were using software on my I-phone to track, unbeknownst to me, my movements, purchases, bills and confidential health/billing records obtained by opening my mail without permission (as well as rifling through my personal papers left where I once resided on the Stoker property). Adding outrage to injury, the Stokers kept the notices of fines received in the mail they opened rather than forwarding it to my new mailing address of which they were aware—putting my Driver's License at risk of suspension for want of notice. They used the unlawfully acquired document to try and prejudice the court against me. They may have succeeded, denying me fairness in these proceedings, or even the appearance of fairness.

This rogue action by a Washington Family Court fails what even grade school children would recognize as the SMELL TEST. The statutory construction of a normal petition for guardianship of minors in Washington State replete with a full complement of meaningful due process is very different from an ex parte emergency petition for guardianship of minors with effectively **no meaningful due process**. Accordingly, the ex parte judicial excess of Washington's judiciary ought to be a pleasure enjoyed by its own citizens which it is accountable to rather than being visited upon the citizens of foreign states.

In Troxel vs. Troxel, the U.S. Supreme Court pronounced Washington's Courts interpretation of the 'best interests' of the child(ren) "breathtaking in scope"! Additionally, they concluded a parent's bond with their minor children was so fundamental a right that a state which substituted its judgment for a parents exceeded its authority no matter how seductive the state's reasoning might be unless there was genuine true imminent harm that would come to the child(ren). Not only is that not evident in the instant case, but the child(ren) at issue were not evaluated by a qualified expert prior to the court issuing its ex parte emergency seizure order executed out-of-state under cover of darkness.

Kathryn Stoker lied to my father when she described the circumstances and genesis of that seizure as well as the date of the court hearing (Nathan Kortokrax presiding who recused himself) as on the 18th of this month when it, in truth, was the 16th. The Stokers also lied about my mental condition and claims there was a "nation wide manhunt" for me.

This court did not provide me with 60 day notice to respond from service out-of-state, nor was a Return of Service filed in either of the 2 case #'s involving the child(ren) to either father or permission for alternative service ought.

In short, this case and all orders pursuant to it are void ab initio for failure to establish proper subject matter and in personam jurisdiction over all the parties. The issuance of the ex parte emergency order to seize the children executed out-of-state was based on fraudulent misrepresentations and deceptions that are a matter of record presented to the court. Nor did the court take any care to insure the child(ren) were genuinely at risk before giving them the impression that their mother was a 'bad' person as they were seized as though I was Dillinger. My father has ordered and will be paying for the video, audio, photos, and police reports from the Oakridge PD. They will reveal my children were not imperiled and their needs

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were being met; they were not living in squalid conditions. I will present this evidence to this court for its consideration given the chance. I have spoken to the Oakridge authorities about this case. Their assessment does not support the tale the Stokers had to tell this court. The midnight raid on myself and my child(ren) is what one would expect in a totalitarian regime or from Hollywood. I have spent many hours discussing these events with my father. He is part of my and my children's life and has always tried to maintain a relationship with us. He has never interfered with my relationship with my children. He is a necessary and indispensable party to this action as the Stokers have never respected his role in our lives which can be seen in their declarations where Hans and his wife deceives the court into believing he is my father and my children's grandfather. My story is persuasive if the court would but take the time to hear it out. My father, John Smith, has taken the time to do so since he learned of my predicament despite my mother dissembling to him. It is abundantly clear I am **not** delusional or mentally ill. I do cry and get upset about my babies. My father is not an attorney, but he has an important ongoing role in our lives that will be ignored by the Stokers if he is not allowed to join this action and represent himself on behalf of his relationship with me and my children.

II DECLARATION

I have but one hand, am indigent (though employed), homeless, a DV victim fleeing my abuser, and desperately needs a court appointed lawyer, as do the child(ren) need a GAL not of the Stoker's choosing. I, Selena Smith [Name] **Declare** that:

Ethics statements by the American Medical Association, the American College of Physicians, and others warn that the patient-physician relationship can be complicated by pre-existing social and emotional relationships. It is extremely inappropriate, therefore, that my brother should weigh in on this matter asserting his credentials. Certainly, the emotional relationships of the family are very personal and complicated, and Alex cannot help but be biased. He definitively lacks the objectivity, as a member of the family, to evaluate any of us, regardless of his credentials. It is a given his father, Hans Stoker, who, along with his mother, brought this case to court, would give him an even greater bias, given his financial dependence on his father, his ex-wife's dependence on his father's money, and the welfare of their own daughter. Hans Stoker owns my brother's house, and Alex's own daughter and her mother are quite dependent on continued support from the Stoker's, from food, to clothes, housing and more. The conflict of interest and inherent bias cannot be ignored by this court. Any 'expert opinion claimed by Alex Stoker in this matter should be discounted accordingly. Much of what Alex states is simply untrue.

There is a considerable age difference between Alex and myself. Alex, necessarily, is repeating hearsay more than accurate facts or details. He neither understood the context nor the details of the matters of my mental health he attests to. However, it is pertinent that he is able to recall how lucid I was, counter to the family's rhetoric and gossip. The fact that he noticed how "normal" I sounded substantiates the truth that I was far more normal than either my family, or I, myself, would give myself credit for. **The family has a long history of exaggerating/speculating on my medical history and assigning diagnosis themselves** that later turn out to be unsupported. His theory that I am only able to maintain "normalcy" for short bursts is not supported or true. In truth, I have had a meaningful working history, and can provide evidence of having lived quite a functional and resilient life. These include commendations from the American Red Cross, during my career in disaster response and environmental mitigation. My proactive approach to coping with life's challenges. My community activism on the front lines of street outreach, harm reduction and avid humanitarianism.

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My love and devotion to my children and their needs is apparent, demonstrated by my willingness to seek outside support and network accordingly, even when family support is absent, or we find ourselves isolated.

I work hard in real ways, both in vocation and volunteerism, to create bridges and empower us. As it stands, I will have a comfortable, if modest, payout from the social security administration someday from my life's working hours and contributions. While the pandemic and the last year's events have been more strenuous/frustrating than any other period I have experience in life, I have worked hard to keep us afloat, generated community and resources for us, and a new life we can look forward to. I have committed to being single and working with my advocates until my children and I have properly healed. We have the support and resources we need to make it. I am more than high functioning. I don't give up. I keep trying, even when the chips are down. I create. I network. I generate. I focus on, and work for, positive outcomes. I achieve, and I produce.

My parenting skills were never a question until I left the family and James Wells last year in November 2020 and was granted a final protection order for all three children and myself. While I believe the family blames me for the domestic abuse, we are victims, we have been receiving support and resources, and the space I chose to take from family and the dynamic supporting that situation was a healthy decision.

It is misrepresentation on Alex's part to suggest I was unable to care for Maya for years at a time. While it is true that I took a job in diamond grading out of state during the last three of Maya's high school years, it was a decision that was openly discussed between Maya, my mother, Hans Stoker, and myself, with the understanding that she was so close to adulthood, it would be a good opportunity for her to test her emerging independence and skills towards adulthood. I fully intended to continue having her actively in my life with her cooperation. It wasn't a decision made out of negligence, or being overwhelmed, or even incapable.

Following divorce, I had a real need to reestablish my finances, and my specialty profession as a diamond/gem grader was limited to certain locations: Carlsbad, CA, Las Vegas, NV, New York, NY or out of country. Maya was supposed to continue visiting whenever school was not in session, as we agreed. **My mother and Hans never followed through with this--**Not even over the phone. **I was always told Maya was too busy.** We rarely talked, though I often called. And I saw her only once in 3 years. **I didn't even have an invitation to her high school graduation.** It hurt me deeply, but I felt there was very little I could do. **They wouldn't cooperate, and I couldn't force them.**

While Alex believes that Maya flourished under the care of my parents, I don't believe that to be the case. I know it is not the case. Hans Stoker's alcoholism during those years had a detrimental impact on Maya. She now drinks too. Emotionally she was neglected and needy, but told me the Stokers had done a lot (materially) for her. She later changed her name to theirs because, she said, she felt it would be to her advantage—a real consideration given the size of their estate as multi-millionaires..

I had been a very attentive, affectionate, nurturing mother, and protective. I regret that I didn't take Maya with me when I took the position, because I'm convinced, of what she was told of me and my absence greatly confused her which made matters for her emotional health worse.

Maya's education never suffered while she was with me. In fact, I was the one who took her out of school in the second grade and home schooled her because she still hadn't learned to read while in public school, or with professional tutoring services. When audited by the school system, I was commended for my diligence and results in her schooling. I not only was always helping her with her homework, but always supported a variety of extracurricular activities and sports of her choosing, and was present for all of it. I was a very involved parent. Her grades do not reflect negligence by anyone at any time in her educational life. There is simply no evidence or proof to Alex's assertion. Maya wanted to attend private school, I supported her decision, and advocated with my mother and her husband to finance it.

Alex asserts that at 11, Maya moved in with his parents full time. That's not true. What is accurate is that Maya and I left Charles Morris, her abuser (and mine) behind in Germany, flew back to the states, and I was left with nothing. We were totally dependent on Charles at that point, living overseas on contract with the military. It took me three years just to obtain a divorce, because he left that job for another position in the Middle East, knowing the truth and allegations that he feared might finally come forward.

Charles Morris was not even locatable. We were forced to move in with my mother and her husband, the only place we had to go. It is also a misrepresentation by Alex to claim I stabbed my ex-husband. I had discovered he was coming in on Maya while she was naked and showering in the bathroom, or while getting dressed in her bedroom, and refusing to leave. Maya had confided in me. Charles told Maya her he had the right to be anywhere in the house he wanted, to excuse his behavior. Charles had also taken to drinking heavily.

I suspected Charles was being inappropriate with my daughter even prior to this, and it is true we were fighting. I wanted to protect my daughter, and I was outraged. It is also true that Charles would often initiate fights, and I defended myself and my daughter. Maya reveals in her declaration that he abused her. I would be inhuman and unnatural if I had not been outraged, or had not attempted to defend her, or myself. It is true there was an incident where Charles was hurt. He was cut. Not stabbed. On his lower leg. It was self-defense on my part. He was drunk. He knew that I knew some of what I've recounted. And I was on my back. I also want to point out that I was never arrested. I was the one who personally called the police and alerted the medics. Maya was not actually present in the home or a witness. She was at a friend's house sleeping over, as I recall.

Alex is repeating hearsay and misrepresenting the case in Colorado, of which he had no direct knowledge, where I lost custody of Hazel. The true facts are as follows:

I was independently working at that point as a silversmith, for several months, part of the Church of Art in Lafayette, CO, an artist collective, and living in a cohousing community. Hazel was in daycare while I worked. We had friends and community. I was happy. We were very active with other moms and activities, one of which my mother met, Brooke Dryden. I began dating a bit-- Online. One of these dates did not go well. The man in question was invited to our residence. We had gotten to know each other a bit. Been to dinner, etc. I am shamed, humiliated, and Counter-Affidavit to Alex Stoker's. doublekachina007@protonmail.com

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embarrassed to admit that he hurt us terribly. He drugged me with what, in retrospect, appeared to be a combination of mind altering drugs. We're not sure what else. But, at admission to the hospital the following day, blood tests show my blood chemistry to be deficient in key elements necessary to keep one's heart beating. I was stroking out.

I remember being unable to move. The man was sexually assaulted me repeatedly in this state. I remember him getting scared at some point. He was afraid I was dying.

The man picked me up and threw me unceremoniously in my bathtub and turned on the shower. This did little to help me. It took hours, well into the early morning, before I could move or speak again. Meanwhile, I could hear my baby, Hazel, just two years old, wailing, for what seemed like hours. While I was in the bathtub, I could hear him being angry. I remember thinking he sounded insane--High. It was horrific. I couldn't move or do anything.

My daughter, Hazel, never stopped screaming. I thought we were both going to die. After what seemed like forever, I heard a loud thump, and her screams suddenly cut out. There was dead silence. This man came back into the bathroom. He began yelling at me and screaming, I don't remember what he said. He was pushing and pulling on me, abusive, saying abusive things to me. I know that. But I was trying, with all my might, to keep breathing. To live.

The man would leave for a while and then come back, to yell and scream again. Finally, I was able to weakly, and with great effort, get out of the bathtub and crawl out of the room. He wanted me to immediately drive him home. I couldn't. It was more hours, with more yelling, before I could stand. I went to where Hazel's bed was. She was covered with a blanket and appeared to be sleeping.

The man made me get the baby and drive him back to his place. He had to tell me where to turn and go. After he made me drop him off, I was lost.

I knew I had to get us help from a hospital, but I could barely figure out where to go. Somehow, I did manage to find a hospital, after what seemed to be a very long time of driving lost and confused, searching. Hazel had a huge baseball sized welt on her forehead above her left eye. I was barely functioning. I was deeply traumatized. I was hurt. My daughter was hurt.

The hospital responded by calling CPS, who took Hazel, and putting me in their mental ward involuntarily. While there, the man who assaulted us came to "visit" me. He told me in no uncertain terms what would happen to me and my family if I told anyone. CPS already didn't believe what I had disclosed. **Never at any time did I tell the CPS worker interviewing me that "I can't handle it anymore I need someone to take my kid".**

The man who hurt us, his family, (and this is a fact) were law and enforcement, with close ties to the local courts and judges...much as the Stokers do in Thurston County. This fact played out when I tried to seek a protection order against him later and was denied. The judge had attended his mother's Christmas parties and knew the family well. The officer providing security for the court was a personal friend of the family.

When my mother came to see me at the hospital, when I confided I was afraid of what Hans would think, she encouraged me to lead him to believe I had a mental breakdown. It was my choice, admittedly, to follow her advice, a lie. I was afraid. Rather than treat us with compassion and both as victims of a horrific crime, I was held as responsible, and I was treated as an abuser.

In time, I eventually produced time stamped pictures and a substantial amount of proof submitted to the Colorado family court that established what had transpired prior to that night, I had been, in fact, a very good parent. CPS never produced a cogent argument to persuade the Colorado court a risk existed that they were so concerned about.

After roughly a year, Hazel was finally reunited with me. However, my mental/emotional recovery from that incident took 2 years. I felt tortured over my daughter, Hazel, and what might have happened to her that night. Her developmental delays made me suspect the worst. The injustice from the judicial system caused me great emotional pain and suffering. I could not understand why they hadn't properly medically evaluated or noted the obvious head trauma my daughter had suffered that night I was assaulted.

I had nightmares for years dreaming we were being murdered. After I got out of the hospital, I wasn't allowed in my Colorado home. My mother and Hans moved into it to care for Hazel so she didn't have to be in foster care. The man who hurt us was keeping close tabs on me, found me with nowhere to go, and made me come live with him and an elderly disabled man who's house it was. He actively controlled me by vividly describing what he would do to my family members and daughter.

I lived every day for a year thinking I was going to die. I was forced to have sex--Videotaped doing so against my will. I was Involuntarily drugged, forced to labor for this man growing marijuana. He persuaded my mother and Hans, with fake smiles and false camaraderie as well as my forced cooperation, to buy a Lexus and a house where he could expand his marijuana operation. He impregnated me twice and aborted the baby both times himself. I was made to watch horror movies while he abused and tortured me sexually and in other ways.

There is much more that I am too exhausted to detail. I must say, I witnessed that old man I earlier mentioned get beaten repeatedly so severely he ended up in the hospital and died two weeks later. My abuser bragged to me about what he had done, and that when the old man woke up once, he was at his bedside, and he died shortly after.

My abuser was surely a dangerous psychopath in my opinion. I believed I was saving my family. I was terrified. I felt no one would help us, and no one had. It is also important to inform this court that James Wells and a number of his associates knew this man (my abuser) , aided him during this time, and, in James' case, stepped in to control and mitigate the situation in the aftermath, to continue to control the outcomes, due to drug involvement. I can name names. I am extremely afraid and fearful to do so. I believe I will die if I do. I will be murdered.

I am despondent because no one will or has believed me or that I am suspected of being responsible or a willing participant. I truly wanted to get away from James and his friends. I truly wanted to be free of the violence, the abuse, my family and it's judgment, its victim blaming, dysfunction and abuse from their direction.

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I have wanted healing and a new life for my children and myself. I felt we were beginning to get that for the first time here in Portland and from our extended network. I am well aware that I was identified as suffering acute PTSD by the domestic violence shelter advocates, where we initially stayed. Nor does that mean I have not been proactive in my own mental health or my children's. Neither does it mean I have neglected parenting or my responsibilities.

I am pleading with this court to understand how difficult these matters are to talk about. I realize they are hard to digest or make sense of. **I personally have struggled with that very thing.** I have been devastated repeatedly by not being believed and the consequences for sharing the truth. I am pleading this court to please stop punishing me, and to grant me the justice I deserve and am entitled to as an American, a human being and mother--A new life--Healing, for my children, for myself. Please do not force us to continue to engage with my family. Space and distance is healthy and healing for us. We need it. It is, in fact, necessary.

These declarations the Stoker family has filed should be all the evidence you need to see clearly how they deal with things. I am aware that if I am not completely truthful with this court, and am not persistent in the truth, nothing will change. I realize it is hard for an outside observer to fathom. But I am a survivor. So are my children. We are, in fact, resilient. I am pleading with you, as judicial officers of the court and fiduciaries of justice, to not continue our suffering in perpetuity. Please reunite me with my children. Free us!

Every week for a child as young as Raven, without her mother, is confusing and irrevocably harmful. In no way do I represent a threat or imminent harm, especially given the context of harm resulting from and as profound as an ex parte order alleging immediate risk either physically or sexually to the children.

I have kept my babies safe. I have told the truth. The Stoker's, and Robert Kurtz, have not. They have profoundly misrepresented the facts. They have committed a crime by rifling through my personal files and paperwork, while allowing James to live there as late as the end of January 2021 with an eye to using him to control my life, and opening my mail without permission. What is going on here? Are my children Washington State property subject to being claimed as such like Princess Diane's Children when she wanted to leave Britain with them?

The Stokers did not have have my permission to share my personal medical history, which they did so only in part, and without proper context to serve their own agenda. The hysterical possessiveness they demonstrate, the unfounded allegations and accusations, and their lack of coping skills for dealing with what represent profound life events in our lives, is even more deeply harmful than any good they might profess to propose. No good can come of my being forcefully separated and kept from my children, particularly the children. All this comes at a time when we were struggling to do so much on our own behalf, with community support and networks, I might add.

This court must, and should, consider that we are victims of extreme behavior, DV, not the cause or source of it, including gang violence/stalking. We need protection, and to be together, to heal and recover, with support of our choosing that works for us, not the recipients of being torn apart by a family that does not know how to respond or act appropriately, let alone cope with its own deeply flawed dysfunctional relationships. own

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Alex only retells what he was told by the Stokers. When he states I moved back in with the Stokers after Hazel's CPS case was closed, he fails to mention that two years elapsed in the interim period following, and that we moved back because the house we were living in flooded out, when I was nearly 9 months pregnant. Additionally, we needed the resources that were available in the state of Washington for Hazel that simply weren't available in Colorado. I sent Hazel first, so she could get a head start on receiving resources, while I dealt with moving, before coming up too. Hazel was not yet verbal. She did not speak. Her development was delayed, her autism was untreated at that time.

The house flooding out was an unexpected event that no one could help. The house was uninhabitable, Hazel's condition had drained me financially, and I was her 24/7 primary caregiver. I was desperate to go anywhere where she could have the possibility of receiving appropriate state services and resources. I did not want to live with the Stoker's. I felt perfectly confident in acquiring our own place.

James Wells wanted to live on Hans's property...for free--against my wishes and better judgement. The house had a nice view, but it had a broken window, bad electrical, bad plumbing, and a broken heating system. There was a wood stove that kind of warmed a portion of the house, but it was cold in the winter. The railing was missing from the stairs, a hazard to any young children. In the two years we lived there Hans failed to address any of those repairs, with the exception of the railing, in the last month of my residency there. Despite repeated appeals. He was simply too drunk or too busy, for two whole straight years. Far from being stable, it was miserable. I was never without a child in my care, never had a break or a vacation, never had time for myself, because my mother refused to watch young children. My "personal time" was quick trips to the grocery store leaving James in charge of the children.

While it is true I have used marijuana for its beneficial effects in calming anxiety, I have not taken any form of psychiatric medication since I made the decision in my early twenties, with my father's support, to reassess my life and adopt better methods of coping that did not involve that. The exception being Colorado, where I did choose to take my psychiatrist's advice and followed her prescription. After 6 months, my psychiatrist and I got honest, as I knew she was going to hold my confidentiality, and she supported me in my decision to cease my medication. I didn't find it (the medication) that beneficial. We both agreed that it had been somewhat helpful in helping me through the worst initial phases of a very traumatic period. My psychiatrist and psychologist both felt PTSD was an appropriate diagnosis. My psychiatrist felt that the medication might have helped restore my brain chemistry following whatever poisons or drugs I had been subjected to that traumatic night I was assaulted, but I didn't need to keep taking them after a certain point.

My doctors were most concerned with my children being restored to my care, and felt I was doing remarkably well, given the trauma I had experienced and the stress I continued to experience. I continued to see my psychologist, though my psychiatrist was no longer necessary. My psychologist was quite supportive and I did manage well without medication in the following 6 months, under her observation. The court should consider the extreme circumstances surrounding that prescription, and the vast majority of my life I have not been on prescribed psychiatric medications, nor had reason to be.

Since he is not specific, I will clarify the arguments to which Alex is referring I had with his parents, However, the conflicts were much more trivial than he asserts. Alex and I (and my Counter-Affidavit to Alex Stoker's. 11 Selena Smith, mother (971) 803-9898
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children) largely kept our distance from each other. Alex might have lived right next door to us, but we mostly avoided speaking to one another or even visiting much with each other. The exception was my mother, who was always stopping by. I knew Hans drank, and their relationship with each other strained. My relationship with James wasn't good either. I accepted her presence as her need to take a break from her husband, and we commiserated over our sufferings and grievances with our partners. I knew that Hans was abusive to my mother. I had seen it with my own eyes. It was occasionally physical. Mostly it was verbal, derogatory and condescending. However, I learned that when it was my turn to share what was happening on my end, she turned bored and I mostly got a deaf ear. I felt unsupported by my mother, and it just seemed like she didn't really care. She cared about herself. Her experiences. Needed her break. But she didn't care about mine or my needs. That's how it felt to me.

I have no idea what Alex is referring to when he states in his declaration my "substance use". I didn't, and don't, do drugs. Smoking a joint is legal. And I rarely, if ever, drink alcohol. I don't really like alcohol, to be quite blunt.

I kept a clean house. I have time stamped pictures proving this fact. I also have time stamped photos of when James was left in charge of the house, and how he trashed it. Multiple times, my mother and I were forced to clean up after him. I also want to point out to the court the Stoker's let him live there well after the children and I had left in November 2020. James is recorded in front of an appeals judges in a WA DSHS matter, January 27th, that he was still in the home and 6943 76th Ave NE, Hans's property, teleconferencing from the living room there. Furthermore, I've spent very little personal time with my brother, Alex, over the years. The agitation and other behavior he is referring to is hearsay. If I was agitated, it's because I didn't enjoy being abused by James or Hans. Hans would lose his temper unpredictably over matters I would have never expected-- Like learning I was going to visit my eldest daughter for mother's day; or when I wanted to build raised gardens during the pandemic to help grow food for the food banks. I chalked this up to untreated alcoholism affecting his father, Hans. Alex believes I'm responsible for his father's behavior. As I stated earlier, it is unethical and inappropriate for Alex to be psychoanalyzing me when he is unable to have the necessary objectivity needed, as a member of the family, and biased, with conflicts of interest, including his own dependency on his father. Alex's speculative opinions are guesses, theory, hearsay and confused.

Alex's assertions that I was not a victim of domestic violence diminish Hazel's own accounts, and the preponderance of evidence that was submitted to the Thurston Family Court granting the three children and myself a final protection order against James Wells circa early December, 2020. . It is a matter of official court record I was found to be the victim of domestic violence. It is harmful to my two youngest for Alex to presume his father Hans' self-serving claims--all dissembly and lies, or speculative and imagined. It is also inaccurate that I kept frequent contact with my mother. I did periodically check to see if James had left yet. I found my mother unwilling to listen. I no longer tried to convince her of anything, or appeal to her. Furthermore, I had caught her lying about matters so often, and being disingenuous, as well as unsupportive, favoring her husband over me, I didn't see the point in staying much in contact. I knew we needed distance, time and space to get on with our own lives and heal. It is true that I don't like my mother, or her husband, or approve of them. It was my mother who kept suggesting and offering money. I didn't want it. What Alex is referring to concerning money is a disagreement concerning my mother's push regarding my insisting I wanted no more contact with the family, and would agree to a lump

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sum to move on with our lives. She wanted me to agree to receiving a certain amount monthly, and yearly, and I had no interest.

If Alex were being truthful, he would divulge to the court that my last words to my mother, in person, were that my price was to be left alone, and that my integrity, and the truth, was not for sale.

Alex's claims about my job history are simply false. He ignores the full breadth and scope of my working history and my successes as well as what I have paid into social security--a respectable sum and contribution. Yet, this is a typical demonstration of my life within that family. Taking what was best about me or what I felt were my best achievements and trivializing them, undermining me, ignoring my efforts, treating them as insignificant and perpetually painting me in a negative light, giving me no credit, credibility or respect. The one thing I care most about is my children. It was my decision to become a parent. My mother was not supportive during my pregnancies and broadly hinted I should seek an abortion as she did early in her marriage to my father before I was born 5 years into that union. I am not surprised in the least that the Stokers sought to hurt me in other ways, belittling my parenting skills and my relationship with my children. They are well practiced at being abusive and hurtful, and attacking what is most important or dear to me. That Alex would even question that I care for my children says more about him and the rest of the Stokers than it does me. My father's declarations regarding the Stokers promoting parental and familial alienation corroborate my own account and recollection of the same. My best girlhood friend, Amy, who spent hours in the Stoker household with me while we were children can confirm this and is willing to testify to the same. If the court would prefer her written declaration instead, I need more time to request one from her. The Stokers should not be guardians of my children or given an opportunity to continue their cycle of child abuse and familial alienation/. They are too old to raise my children and try on those in their inner circle who previously demonstrated little/no interest in myself or my children.

My decision to move away from the Stokers was an important one to my health and well being. Who would expose themselves willingly to the rhetoric and verbal abuse they demonstrate in their own declarations, and have made a cornerstone of their family's culture?

As to the matter regarding New Jersey security guard Robert Kurtz and me, the police log concerning the incident at Motel 6--We were stranded in NJ without a vehicle. I was in that state for only 5 days. We had been sent from a domestic violence shelter in WY to a domestic violence shelter on the east coast that was thought to have more resources suitable for us. This did not turn out to be the case. They had quarantine measures that were stressful for Hazel. Upon raising that issue with the staff, who expected the children and I to stay in a room for two weeks without toys or a tv, one of the staff members took it upon herself to call 911, under the mistaken belief Hazel needed to go into a mental ward, because she equated her autism and increasing autistic behaviors, like hand flapping, etc. with mental illness. The 911 responders, some of whom had autistic family members themselves, educated her that autism was not a mental illness, and that this was unnecessary, and wished us well. However, I chose not to stay after that. I was too alarmed over the experience, was feeling defeated regarding our treatment overall with domestic violence services, and I chose a different plan. We made contact with Hazel's grandmother in Philadelphia, and went to meet her for the first time. We made plans to secure a spot in Virginia on a small organic farm with a community school and food share program, with an affordable rent, that we liked. But along the way to visit Hazel's grandmother, I had to replace our vehicle.

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We never stayed in Camden. I did make some calls to that area for vehicles that were being advertised. But that's the extent of it regarding Camden which Hans Stoker averred was the 10th most dangerous city in America, hoping to use his defective understanding of my whereabouts to prejudice this court against me and my right to parent my children. This is precisely why I and my children needed distance from the Stokers. Allowing Hans to remain in contact with me and my children was akin to keeping a cobra in the nursery.

The motel 6 we stayed at was clean, and it had cleaning services. I also kept it picked up. It is impractical for me to be paying damages to motel rooms. Certainly, they don't allow vermin or heavy garbage to accumulate. Moreover, there is absolutely no evidence, no photos or other admissible evidence to substantiate any of the condition's security guard Robert Kurtz alleged were present in that Motel 6 room—only his hearsay on hearsay, i.e. his narrative of a police report not in evidence by a police officer not named or present to cross examine on the witness stand or by deposition. Nor was security guard Robert Kurtz willing to divulge the unlawful means he used to invade my privacy and track me without authority for nearly 6 months. His declaration should be heavily discounted or ignored.

Towards the end of our stay, when I finally located a vehicle to buy, I **did** briefly go across the street to buy milk and some snacks while my two youngest were napping and Hazel was watching cartoons. She knew I would be back shortly. While I was doing this, a patrol car cruised the parking lot. According to the police log, which is brief, the officer saw Hazel sitting by herself outside the motel room door. I can easily surmise what she was doing. She was bored. She was waiting for me. She was enjoying sitting outside and getting some fresh air. She was probably also engaging in some of her repetitive movements, which makes her feel good and that she's prone to when she's bored.

My daughter, Hazel, is autistic. She does have expressive language difficulties. But she is not stupid. She understands everything she hears, and her receptive language is excellent. The officer stopped to investigate. When I returned to the motel room, I discovered my daughter, stiff like a boards outside, trying not to move or talk, which she was trying very hard at. She was trying not to move. The officer and his partner were inside our motel room going through all our bags and luggage. I surmised that my daughter was being treated like a criminal, and that our rights were being violated. I protested, asking what he was doing, whether he had a warrant, and told him what he was doing was illegal. He was angry and accused me of having drugs, what was I on, what had my daughter gotten into? He was certain my daughter was on drugs, and I was responsible. I was angered. I informed him she was autistic, we were victims of domestic violence, and only there to secure a replacement vehicle. He then accused me of leaving my children alone, and told me we could do this the easy way or the hard way. He could report me to CPS or I could cooperate. He treated me like I was uncooperative and resisting. I told him he could do what he likes but I knew he was violating our rights. He claimed the motel owner had called the police. I checked with the motel owners at the front desk and he told me he had not made any such call. The officer asked me if I would be leaving soon? Was I from there? I said we were leaving as soon as possible, and except for replacing our vehicles I had no business in NJ. He told me he didn't want to see me again, in that case, and left. I secured a vehicle, and we went to visit Hazel's grandmother shortly after where we had a wonderful time. While we were discussing future plans with her and her aunt's, the state of Washington informed me I would need to make an appearance in state. I debated with them, informing them of our status as DV victims,

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and the extreme inconvenience and financial strain that would place on us. It did not matter. Reluctantly, we returned to Washington State, made our appearance, handled matters, and visited with one of my friends for a time. We then went to Portland where my vehicle broke down, and we've been onward since January of this year. In a way, it was a blessing, because we found community, support, and new friends. I did, and so did my children. However, it wasn't until the children were seized from me in the middle of the night around midnight, 6-20-21, when we were about to celebrate a friend's wedding and Memorial day, that I had any idea what was being alleged on my mother's end in Washington Stae, many months after the allegations in her ex parte emergency guardianship pleading, but PRIOR to my children being seized in the middle of the night in a foreign state—AN IMPORTANT PROCEDURAL DISTINCTION!

While I was busy wrapping up the school year for Hazel, and planning for summer, and exploring work opportunities, drama and hysterical possessiveness were being plotted within the the Stoker family we had left behind. In the aftermath, I began to immediately investigate the allegations by directly contacting agencies and police departments. I learned that there were no open CPS cases. It was true that the NJ officer had filed a complaint with CPS. **But they (NJ's CPS) had come out, found nothing, and we were gone, so they closed it almost the same day.**

I had trouble getting accurate details from NJ family services workers who answered the phones. But one of them connected me with one of the regional directors, who looked into it personally. She (Lolita Dixon) informed me the case had been closed January 16th. For caseworker, there was only "**generic worker, no longer employed**" listed. Ms. Dixon noted a series of over 12 allegations had been made well **after** the initial contact, starting around April 2021, which they were required to go out and check on. But they never found anything, and never reopened the case.

Robert Kurtz, Ms. Dixon informed me, was a security guard, and had no caseworker or case management status. She became concerned, because she couldn't figure out Robert Kurtz's involvement. The **case was unusually handled**, and not how they normally operated, she disclosed. She wished me well, and told me she hoped everything worked out. She confirmed that **while the database made it appear there might have been an open case, because of the series of allegations that were made, in fact, the case had never been reopened.**

I want this court to note I never returned to the east coast after January, nor NJ, beyond the five days I spent there at the motel 6 in January, and I have been in Portland ever since. My bank records will support this fact.

I believe I somehow drew the attention of Robert Kurtz, that he befriended the Stoker's, and that **his declaration is largely repeating hearsay generated by them**, including the obsessive hysteria they cogenerated between themselves. The NJ regional director and NJ family services database does not support Kurtz's assertions. **There was no authorized nationwide manhunt for me. There was no open CPS case anywhere.** I contacted WY, who said there was never any case. WA CPS stated they did not have any open cases and also stated they refused to get involved. OR indicated they only opened a case to fulfill the ex parte order, and were closing the case promptly since that had been fulfilled. CO had no open case. I was never in Colorado, since we left before Onawa's birth, so that also makes sense.

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My father spoke with Mr. Robert Kurtz recently at great length by phone. He describes Mr. Kurtz as very evasive, uncooperative, and his Declaration full of demurrers designed to obscure illegal invasions of my privacy and location. Mr. Kurtz has all the ear marks of a rogue retired federal Marshall working for a rogue NJ agency without authorization or a basis in law.

First, I was stripped of my civil and Constitutional rights, then stripped of my children after being labeled as mentally ill based on hearsay in an ex parte emergency guardianship order designed to be executed in a foreign state in the dead of night with no judicial oversight in that state (Oregon) and no meaningful due process as intended by the Stokers aided and abetted by this court. This court simply acted on the principle that before you kill a dog, you call it mad.

After fleeing our home in November 2020 with my children, we were taken in by a friend of mine for two weeks. We arrived in WY at the domestic violence safe house that agreed to take us. We left for the Domestic Violence shelter on the east coast early in January. We attended the inauguration in Washington DC. We visited Virginia. We drove through NJ. We visited Philadelphia. Returned to Washington. And settled in Portland. I am not wanted. There are no warrants out for my arrest. I did not outrun or flee any police or CPS workers. I have broken no laws. I have not harmed or endangered my children. I have worked hard and diligently at renewing our lives and meeting all responsibilities towards my children's needs and care, as well as my own.

Alex's accusations that the children were grimy and dirty misrepresents the fact that we were camping near a heavily wooded park when the children were seized in my RV, outside Oakridge, OR, and had been enjoying the hot springs there, along with wading in the river, playing in the dirt and woods, cooking over a campfire, and then heading into town to grab some snacks and watch movies on my iPhone. The I-Phone use was a grave mistake because my mother was using it to track my activities, my location, who I communicated with, and where I traveled. She passed all that information to a NJ security guard (Robert Kurtz) I'd never met who conspired to and succeeded in defrauding this court, which in turn granted them the power to strip me of my most fundamental human rights beyond Washington State's borders under color of state law in a foreign jurisdiction. Kat and Hans Stoker even perjured themselves, representing to this court Hans Stoker was the grandfather of my children. My father, John Smith is the grandfather of my children. The stokers have engaged in a decades long campaign of parental and familial alienation, destroying the bonds that normally unite a family and engender loyalty as evidence by the name change of both my brother, Chad, and my oldest daughter, Maya from Smith to Stoker. Rather than protecting the family and working to reunify it, the court has allowed itself to be used as a weapon to fragment and destroy my family. The harm already resulting from this coarse act cannot be mitigated. It is irremediable. This court has become the enemy of the family rather than its protector, an executioner of a dog the Stokers called 'mad'.

My father speaks of a time when he was involved in a custody battle with my mother over myself and my brother, Chad. My mother actually offered my father a large sum of money for custody of us, but my father responded we were not for sale. Although he was poor. He refused to put us on the auction block for bidding. My mother has not changed her spots. She continues to try to buy my children whether by offering me money or paying a lawyer and security guard to help her wrest my children from me in a manipulated carefully calculated court action designed to fully take advantage of my inability to adequately defend myself and my children in a court of law. Checkmate!

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My children had enjoyed a great day, complete with barbecued chicken and I had most definitely cleaned them up. We wanted to grab a watermelon before memorial day, on the morrow which we did. We were making an evening out of hanging out in town in our RV. Certainly, upon returning to Portland, we would have showered and washed more thoroughly. The police officer attending the seizure by CPS noted we had everything we needed, the RV was clean, and the kids looked good.

I am concerned that Alex was bathing my children and looking at them so closely?? Including Onawa's inner thigh? I am alarmed and shocked, and that seems really weird to me. Does he consider all this behavior normal?? Also, Onawa does not have a birthmark on her right inner knee. I personally find his detailed examination of my children alarming and inappropriate. Of course there were no parasites or lice! That's because we periodically bath and shower. As for eczema, that is also a condition my eldest daughter Maya has, and has suffered from all her life. I do suspect Onawa may have some unidentified allergies that may be contributing to that. She has terrible allergic reactions to mosquito bites.

Onawa does not have delayed speech skills. She's a typical 3-year old. I understand her, as her parent quiet well. It's not uncommon for children her age to not enunciate well. I had a lazy tongue myself at age 5 and 6. She is, however, quite shy with those outside of her sisters and myself. She's a regular chatterbox otherwise, with a lot of words, and a lot to say. She communicates quite well for her age. Her father and I used to worry she might have a speech delay, and enrolled her in speech therapy, out of an overabundance of caution. It turned out she's just shy, and she's been developing normally.

Onawa has had potty training. She has no trouble with a toddler sized potty. However, she is afraid of the big toilet. And she also doesn't like to let go of her poop. But again, while quirky, this is normal for her age, too. The court should note that Alex admitted his infrequent contact with the children. He had seen them a year prior? He also belittled the fact that Hazel had continued to progress under my care after leaving the family.

While my mother likes to let the TV run for the kids and put them on the iPhone, I made TV a rare treat, and got the children very interested in books, including Hazel, who's reading skills really took off. She was reading herself Time magazine editions on the science of emotions, books on ants. She became an avid painter and sketch artist. She even began selling her work and attracted a small following of people who love what she produced down here in Portland. It filled her with confidence, and provided her with opportunities for new found social skills. We volunteered, were active helping feed people and distribute first aid and other supplies. The children had countless friends their ages and playground dates. Teachers from local schools donating educational materials and supplies. Hazel was learning the guitar.

My children had lots of toys, lots of play, and positive activities and experiences. It is also a misrepresentation to state Raven, or Onawa, had diaper rash. I regularly change diapers, and they had no rash when they left my care. Neither did Onawa have an ear infection. I care about my children's health and pay attention to such things. Did she stick something in her ear? Is she prone to swimmer's ear, like I was as a kid, after the time we spent in the water?

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Certainly, like any parent, I would take her to the doctor, as would anyone, and these things aren't uncharacteristic or abnormal for a kid her age. I can tell you I certainly would have noticed a bloody discharge, or bloody anything, associated with my children. Given Alex's description of his detailed physical examination of the girls and what he is describing, I am struck by how deeply inappropriate it is, and am disturbed. I don't believe, from his description, they are being well cared for by the Stokers. I take better care of my children than that, and do not shirk matters as they come up. I am a proactive parent.

My life is, and has been, all about taking care of my children. I love them and am protective towards them. I do not like what Alex is describing or has been doing. His technical, cold analysis is inappropriate, alarming and abnormal in my opinion. If he is trying to lend the impression that what he is doing is appropriate? It is NOT. I ask this court to recognize these facts and remove the children immediately from the Stoker's care and return them to me. I have, can and will protect them from such behavior, but am currently prevented from doing so. Alex is demonstrating clearly inappropriate behavior.

My mother married her second husband, Hans Stoker, when I was about 8 years old. My experience as a girl in my mother's new relationship was one where I went from being accepted and loved for who I was, to no longer being acceptable, and the conditions for my acceptance were dependent on my conformity to Hans Stoker's expectations. I was made to feel I had no manners. My father was inferior. My clothes had to change. I did not represent, nor reflect, what my mother and her new husband wanted, and aspired to, and it was necessary that I did. My father was already strict. My mother's new husband even more so. However, Hans had money—lots of it. I was made to believe by my mother that pleasing Hans was necessary so that we could have the things we needed and a better life, and because I wanted my mother to be happy and to please her, I did my best to please him. I never felt I did. He never made me feel like I did. As a woman, and as a girl, my experiences, my feelings, my thoughts, and my identity, were denied, with the Stokers' and their partners' domineering and substituting their identity in place of my own. This was deeply painful, to not be heard or listened to, with no outlet by which to discuss the angst, share or be truly supported.

As a child, I listened to Hans tell endless jokes at the dinner table with "Spics" as the object of his derogatory humor, (Mexicans, or other races) I listened to him call people 'libtards' and other disparaging terms. It made me very uncomfortable, since my father wasn't like that at all, and had taught me respect for differences, including people of other ethnic or political backgrounds. As I approached my teenage years, I began to question all the right-wing rhetoric and media that permeated my mother's household, via her husband--a man I had been taught to idolize and respect without question for all our benefit. As a teenager, in regards to my emerging sexuality, assaults that took place, and my general teenage angst, I could no longer hold these questions in, and was looking for answers, acceptance and guidance. What I got was the opposite. By the admission of Hans Stoker's own mother, Betty Stoker, and others within the Stoker family, he has a hot temper. I became the object of and took the brunt of that. He accused me of being like my father--a reprehensible label, the worst insult we could receive in my mother's home. As I explored and expressed ideas and opinions contrary to his own, Hans was not just angry. He was enraged. In my experiences Hans held himself as the highest, and only, acceptable standard and set of opinions or values. According to him, his wealth and material success was proof and validation enough of his superior values and the inferiority of my own.

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As I explored high school subjects like the emerging subject of global warming, I was labeled an econazi. As I came to understand my own burgeoning sense of independence, I was labeled a feminazi. He yelled, screamed at the dinner table, and was openly condescending. I was blamed as responsible for Hans Stoker's rage and outbursts. After all, this man took care of us. I was led to believe he worked harder than anybody and I was an ingrate. My mother, for her part, always defended him over me. To make me more palatable, she insisted on picking out my clothes for me even into my high school years. Ones I chose for myself drew remarks from Hans like "You could be so pretty, if you wanted to."

My self-esteem languished, grew poorer, and plummeted into the gutter. I perceived myself as ugly. I wasn't just unacceptable, I couldn't even accept myself. My identity? Obliterated! It took me a long time, well into my adult life, to develop my own sense of self. Having my own thoughts, opinions, or even experiences which didn't reflect his wasn't something Hans could cope with or handle. Demonstrations of his intolerant behavior, disgust and disdain for me were treated by my mother as indications of my fault, and evidence of my defects--a lack of social sensibility and grace she naturally held. Most importantly, it was evidence of my mental defects. Of course, teenage years are a challenging time for most parents. However, my mother's response to the tension between her second husband and his open threat to divorce over it was to attribute my behavior to mental illness.

My mother's response to family problems she can't handle has always been prescription drugs, either for herself or her family members. I was sent to psychiatrists of my mother's choosing, who labeled me with depression, and started me on prescriptions. I was aware that my mother popped pills with one or my aunts (Nancy from San Diego) who was known to abuse sedatives. My aunt's own children copied their mother's behavior and began doing the same. My mother encouraged me to adopt a similar coping method.

My mother bought the Merk manual of prescription pills, and became quite familiar with it. I became obsessed with what was wrong with me and what pills would fix me, make my mom accept me, make me more acceptable to her husband, make me feel better about myself, help me be what everyone wanted me to be. Instead of getting better? I got worse. Along with that came more and more diagnosis on top of diagnosis. It was my father, in my early twenties, who brought me the perspective my mother's house lacked. He taught me that while I might not always feel happy, that was natural, and I would learn to cope. He was right. After much consideration, I was weaned from all my medications. I regained a full range of emotions, and with it, I rediscovered emotional health, happiness and how to deal with all my feelings. This decision did come with a great deal of resistance from my family, especially my mother. Keeping the peace with her husband and some semblance of acceptance from him meant he could accept me if he believed I was mentally ill, but Hans couldn't accept me otherwise. My mother refused to accept that I could be healthy, in my own right. It was a conflict of interest for her to do so. Hans, couldn't accept my experiences outside of his as legitimate and important, or even credible, in their own right.

I might point out it's a very difficult emotionally abusive treatment from an authoritative male figure close to a young woman's mother to bear. I was always trying to maintain a relationship with my mother who was already distant, and she rarely hugged me. In my mother's household, alcoholism was the norm. Being numbed or doped up on prescription pills was too.

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Personally, with the exception of my brother Chad, the Stokers, comprised of Alex, my mother (Kathryn Stoker) and Hans Stoker are all psychosomatically medicated, or have been. Hans has a history of chronic alcoholism, obsessive compulsive disorder and severe anxiety spanning decades. He was abusive towards me as a girl and as an adult woman.

My mother's mother, and my mother herself, all were victims of rape. I was a victim of abuse, inappropriate touching and rape as a child and a young adult as well, which my mother failed to prevent or act upon. Her husband, Hans Stoker, never once believed me. I was labeled a liar, or at fault--accused of trying to sully perfectly reputable men. Hans blamed me as the cause. When it came to turning to the family for support, or seeking justice, I was on my own, and left in confusion as to what to do or who to turn to. I also knew that I was not believed. I was considered a liar about my own experiences where I was the victim of abuse or assault and when it came to confiding concerns over my daughter Maya's abuse. Rather than lend support, Hans filed affidavits in support of Maya's abuser (Charles), a man who had also abused me and who I defended myself and my daughter from.

This was not an isolated case of poor judgement. From the time I was in high school, Hans made a habit of befriending the males who had hurt me or that I had broken up with. My first boyfriend, Bill McCarty, Hans was fast friends with. I had broken up with him because he had made me cry when he would not listen that I did not want to have sex, and tried to force it on me anyway. I had to run away, and was very upset. I was a virgin. Fourteen. I hated him for that. He later apologized, but I could not forget, or forgive, the incident. Hans took him under his wing, and made a fast friend of the young man. Again, Hans treated me as the offending party.

Throughout my life, when I have been hurt or had serious issues with dates or partners, this kind of behavior was typical from Hans. I experienced blame and being demonized, while the men were elevated and campaigned. I submit this declaration because, as painful as it is, I want to make it clear to the court that this is a dysfunctional family that is not emotionally fit or healthy, nor does it properly or appropriately support its members' emotional health or wellness. Rather, it eats its young destroys the truth, preferring to keep secrets, and later using them as weapons, if it discusses them at all. Shame, suppression of the truth, blame, controlling behavior and abusive dysfunctional behavior are more typical. My mother is not a protector. And Hans Stoker is by no means one either, especially women.

I feel it should be obvious to this court my oldest daughter, Maya, has not received the appropriate support that she was due after I left my ex-husband. While the Stokers did focus on setting her up for material success, they grossly neglected her emotional healing, wellbeing and health. They failed to champion the truth or believe it. Hans Stoker, in particular, discredited it. Instead, he actively worked to alienate me from my daughter Maya. Blamed me in inappropriate ways that are not helping Maya heal. He lied. He promoted himself at her and everyone else's emotional expense, which is dysfunctional and toxic. I hoped that at a minimum, given all their connections and wealth, after leaving my ex-husband, my daughter would receive the best care for her trauma. Instead, we were not believed. We were neglected.

While my mother was dutiful, she was not what I would call caring or affectionate in nature. My mother and her husband, Hans, were sticklers for routine, but it was not the same as stability. Furthermore, their excessive focus on success over emotional nurturing, maintenance,

Counter-Affidavit to Alex Stoker's.
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wellbeing and health means, over the years, the Stokers have been subject to emotional breakdowns, divorces and hardships for the grandchildren that are a natural consequence of not being well themselves. They weren't able to teach emotional coping skills that aren't dependent on drugs, pills or alcohol.

It wasn't until 2 years ago, when I was introduced to Alanon, for friends and family of alcoholics, I even began to understand what alcoholism does to the entire function of a family, and the impact my mother and her husband had on my own life, as well as my own choices and family. My children, in particular. As a mother, I loved my daughter Maya very much. I chose to be an affectionate mom. I gave the love, the hugs, the attention and the acceptance and support I never received, and craved. I focused on experiences over money, and giving my children active, engaged lives that didn't isolate them, but brought community and friends into our lives.

My mother and her husband were always working. I chose to show up for my daughter's activities, and everything I could. I resisted abuse, and defended both my daughter and myself, but without support from the Stokers, which I desperately needed and asked for. Even the financial assistance Hans Stoker claims to have made was thin, at best. His assistance tended to undermine and degrade, more than anything, in my experience, while promoting himself. I have found that the community and friends I have sought for myself and my children is far more empowering and emotionally healthy than anything the Stokers provided. Currently, that includes many advocates and community activists and organizers, including domestic violence advocates, parent educators, child educators, teachers, and a diverse variety of people who are there in real, measurable ways for my children and I.

I have grieved for my oldest daughter, Maya, for the fact the Stokers are the closest thing to a functional family she knows. I grieve for the estrangement between us. While I was dismayed to have found she had adopted Hans's drinking behavior and that she was belligerent towards me at such times, I have rarely said a harsh word to her in her life. I want her to know that I love her deeply, and am always willing to listen to her and discuss what matters to her. I was disappointed in comments she made that seemed to suggest she had also adopted Hans Stoker's bigotry. It is not her success I begrudge, but her prejudice. To be fair, I do believe she has a lot of emotional hurt to process that she doesn't have good guidance on how to approach or cope with. It pains me to see my eldest daughter hurt as she does. I understand she is naturally more reserved, and it is difficult for her to talk about things. I refuse to force conversation with her, or encourage her in any direction, but rather leave it to her to decide her best interest, and respect that accordingly, whether I agree or not.

Given the Stoker's dysfunctional family dynamics, which I am all too clearly aware of, and firmly intent in breaking from, including the patterns of abuse it has promoted, I worry for Maya's broken and misplaced trust, and her long-term emotional health and wellbeing. I want healing for all of us, her included. I should never have reintroduced us to the Stokers or turned to it for help, following our departure from Charles, my ex-husband.

I authorized an electronically e-mailed copy of this document to the petitioner's attorney, Breckan Scott, Selena Smith, but have yet to receive Robert Ayers' (father) contact info. Ms. Scott may presently or soon have that info.

I declare under penalty of perjury of the laws of the State of Washington and pursuant to GENERAL Court RULE 13 and RCW 9A.72.085 that the foregoing is true and correct to the best of my knowledge.

Signed at Mason, [County] Washington [State] on June 24, 2021 [Date].

A rectangular box containing a handwritten signature in cursive that reads "Selena Smith".

Signature of Petitioner or Lawyer/WSBA No.

Selena Smith (mother), pro se

Print Name

I have e-mailed a copy of this entire document to Breckan Scott, attorney for the Stokers, Selena Smith, but not Robert Ayers having no contact information for him, on 6-24-21.