

To Whom It May Concern:

My son has autism and is on the registry for MCL 750.145c (4). At the time, he was in his early 20s, but was mentally about 12, which was the age of the images on his screen. Now, he's about 16 or 17 mental years maybe, but will turn 40 in October. He wears droopy pants and goes around with a swagger, kind of like a teenager with an attitude, but the attitude seems to be dissipating as he ages.

He has no relationship with his cousins with whom he grew up. His brother doesn't want anything to do with him. This is no way to live, with no love from his family.

When he was in jail, I'd get tearful phone calls because he'd done something wrong and didn't know why.

He was sent to prison for marijuana violation, which he used to zone out his life. I got one particularly memorable phone call from him when he was out in the prison yard, and he said he wasn't going back in no matter what because he was fearful of what was going to happen to him in there. He kept crying and saying the guards were coming now and he didn't know what was going to happen but no way was he going back inside. He started screaming that they were there now and couldn't I please help him? He still has nightmares.

My son has a year-and-a-half left on the registry and has done nothing with his life. He sleeps all day and may compute during the night, but essentially sleeps his life away. He says he stays out of trouble that way. He's afraid to leave the house because he might get into trouble. He can't seem to keep a job because they find out he's on the registry. He tried going to AA, but they didn't want him there. It seems there is no future for him, at least not the future I had always pictured for him.

When he was still on probation, the city police had a night crew who would ring the bell in the middle of the night, come in and empty all the drawers and cupboards looking for contraband things, then leave the mess when they left. Never mind that he didn't know how to organize, so it was always me going over to fix the mess they left. Now he has installed cameras on his porch so he can tell who is at the door. He is jumpy when the doorbell rings or someone knocks.

I have PTSD from his time on the registry. When the phone rings, I jump. Instinctively, I think, "What did he do now?" He kept getting into trouble because of the registry rules, which he couldn't follow because he couldn't figure out what they were. The interpretation of the rules seemed to change with probation officers. I'm sure I didn't help by getting mad at him for not following the rules.

I live 2 feet too close to a school, so he couldn't live with me or visit me. When I took the car out to measure the distance between home and school, I found I was 8 feet to the good, but when the probation officer measured, he said I was 2 feet short. He said it had to be measured as the crow flies. Who knew? And how do they measure as the crow flies through houses and trees and other objects in the way of a straight line?

Thank you for reading this.

Cassandra Tucker, mom of a registrant