

I am Dr. Donna Klecka, a podiatrist. The financial senate committee requested I summarize some of my past experiences that would advocate that Bill 108 be passed. I once built and owned the Kenmore Foot and Ankle Clinic in Kenmore WA from 1990 until 1996. My first real hard lesson with litigation occurred when I attempted to sell the practice in 1995 to spend more time with my young children. The contract did include a work agreement to continue working at the office part time. Dennis Noss purchased the practice on a promissory note. Very shortly afterwards, Dr. Noss got a restraining order so I could never access the practice again and began litigation against me in an attempt to avoid payment for the practice. The evidence during the next two years proved he had done this before to multiple other podiatrists and lost his license in multiple other states. In the end between legal costs, corrupt attorneys from the state of Washington, and stress from the fact that my young children were growing up without me, I chose to start a less lucrative practice in Alaska, but one that allowed me more time with my kids. Hence, The Traveling Foot Doctor was born, and I became the only podiatrist to do house calls in the state of Alaska. As such, integrity and reputation is extremely important to me.

My 1<sup>st</sup> husband caused such financial distress, I asked for a divorce 1997. In retaliation he attempted to get me to pay him child support and alimony, along with the rights to the house and other property. In the end I got the children I so badly desired and paid him half the equity in the house and all we owned. No child support order was written as the judge forgot and I was not aware at the time he was supposed to. My ex husband had been advised by his attorney that if he could get a domestic violence order against me, he could possibly be given the kids and receive child support from me. Consequently two false reports were filed, but were dropped. I married once more very briefly to a military man whom upon marriage became abusive, and I ran back to my own home and quickly filed for a divorce.

Wary of my past mistakes I moved to a smaller home with the hopes of smaller house payments. The home I purchased was from a young woman attorney working as a clerk for the Anchorage courts. She drew up the paperwork, and I admittedly foolishly got caught up in many deceptions she provided. I took her to small claims court for the broken furnace where she immediately "upped the ante" by placing it in civil court and demanding a great deal of money to cover her own time. I then hired an attorney, who failed to attend court and filed for bankruptcy. I lost the case obviously, but not until first learning that the seller/attorney had known about my loss of the business in Washington, and stated unbeknown to me that the case was lost because there was no evidence. The attorney who represented me in Washington told me that the arbitration was not appealable, period, but we had hundreds of pages of evidence that the arbitrator refused to ever look at. Now the time limit had passed to do anything about it.

Another of the many false pieces of info the original owner of my home provided was a dimension of the homes boundaries. I was told I owned 40 feet of along the road behind my home. When I placed a driveway made of gravel back to the road, I was told by the city that I had to remove it as I crossed two feet onto the neighbor's property. The neighbor, an unseen Ms. Jones, called the police and an Officer Weinisky to say I was trespassing. I then went to land records, discovered the error, and removed the gravel driveway. She and her friend made multiple other false statements to Officer Weinisky, who continued to come and threaten my children and myself with prison time. I spoke to her supervisor upon which time Weinisky came and threw me in jail and I was not allowed to make a call for 24 hours.

The public defending attorney explained to me later that there was no arrest warrant so the police held me for a day stating I was suicidal while they scrambled for paperwork. Weinisky left the state that day and as far as I know was never seen again. Shortly after my time in jail, the neighbor next door, sent an email to me stating her six children, and several foster kids were not allowed near me because of my criminal, felony record. She requested I not contact her, or her kids, but her kids contacted my kids when they needed a ride and informed them of my felony record.

July 3, 2012 the kids and I were in Seward preparing for the race up Mt. Marathon, an annual event for the past 11 years. After dinner my kids stayed behind while I drove with my dog to the north end of town to a gravel bar to let the dog run loose. A Soldotna state trooper saw me heading north while he was heading south and wrongly thought I was speeding because he was not aware that the speed limit at mile 3.5 was 45 mph and not 35 mph. He checked my record (evident by follow up discovery) and decided to call in another cop who gratefully recorded the event from his car. They repeatedly asked me to redo tests to assess drunkenness, took a breathalyzer test, and although the tests (visual from the video and breath below the limit) proved I was not drunk, they arrested me. While handcuffing me, both cop each had one of my arms, neither one realized that they were both jerking me back and forth, and the second cop pulled my arm upward so forcefully as to break my elbow. At the hospital records indicated no sign (smell, behavior etc) of alcohol was noted. Because my past record was so bad, the cops assumed I was guilty, and because of my record, I became panicky and talked fast and scared, answering every question and even more so, which the police regarded as more evidence of guilt. No animosity occurred from my mouth, only nervousness. Although all charges have been dropped or found not guilty, I now owe over \$20,000 in medical bills and attorney fees because of this last incident.

A close friend in Wyoming is presently a correctional officer who used to live in Alaska. I spoke to her a couple of days ago. Her comments were "I know you didn't do these things, but if I didn't know you and you came into the jail with that record, I would assume, as everyone would, that you were wealthy enough to afford expensive attorneys and were guilty".

As it stands, when I have obtained contracts, like with the Pioneer Home or other assisted living homes, I've had to provide a written statement at a fee from the State Police Department, to prove my innocence.

Please notice the passage below, well-known in this country. Something has gone terribly wrong with the government. Like the bumper sticker says that recently circulated "I love my country, but I fear my government".

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.