

## **Mina Ryan**

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**From:** [REDACTED]  
**Sent:** Monday, March 20, 2023 11:24 PM  
**To:** House Community and Regional Affairs  
**Subject:** HB61

I am writing in SUPPORT of HB 61.

This will be a long email but it's worthwhile. It explains my story that many do not understand without hearing the entire story.

I am SO grateful that I had facilities to train at, ammo and a store to purchase a firearm... imagine if I had no access while my stalker was able to steal multiple firearms. This bill is critical to women and women's rights to save themselves because the police can only respond after the fact. Think of your daughter, sister, wife or mother as you vote on this bill.

My story.

I'd been trained by my late husband to be aware of my surroundings, to use reflective surfaces near me to watch my back, to watch for cars and "bad" guys lurking... that did not protect me from a stalker.

I lost my husband in an accident in 2011. He was military and deployed often so being on my own was never a problem for me. I have physical limitations, I broke my back and have a paralyzed right leg from the knee down. I spent years learning to walk again so protecting my safety and minimizing my risk factors was in the forefront of my mind as a widow. That did not protect me from a stalker.

I minimized my risks by coming home before dark, I kept a small circle of close friends, I chose the places I frequented carefully, I reinforced my home with alarms, cameras, lights and a security fence. All of these factors did not protect me from a stalker.

I was home on a Saturday early in the afternoon when my driveway beeper went off. That typically meant a moose was walking by, a leaf was blowing in the wind, or a car pulled into my driveway to quickly turn around but it only beeps when something crosses the laser and stops when it's gone. This time, the beep was different. It was not one to three beeps but a continuous string of beeps that did not end. I pulled my cameras up and an unfamiliar car was parked in my driveway and a guy was at my fence. To my horror, he began yanking on my fence. He tried to lift my fence off the rollers, he tried to bend it forward, he tried pulling it toward him. My cameras have the ability to speak through them so I told him, "you have the wrong house". He said, "No I don't". Wow!

I happened to be on the phone with an acquaintance at the time and she told me that I needed to call the police. He continued to try to break into my fence for ten minutes while I panicked wondering what I would do if he breached my fence. Of course, I'd put my car in the shop to prepare for winter and had no car at home for the weekend. I decided I'd have to watch my cameras and if he got in before police arrived, I'd have to make a run out the back door.

My late husband and I had many conversations about guns. He collected guns and I didn't mind at all. I thought that I was a 2A advocate at that time and supported people that chose to carry. I told him I could not shoot someone even if they were attacking me because life was precious and valuable. What I failed to consider is, isn't my life precious and valuable too? I did not understand evil even though I thought I did. I'd shot a handgun a few times in my lifetime. Remember, I did not know if I could shoot to kill when in reality, it's shoot to defend a life in a life or death situation, not to kill.

For ten long minutes the stalker continued to try to break into my fence. Thankfully my neighbor noticed the stalker and he came running outside with his shotgun yelling "get out of here, leave her alone"! The guy promptly took off into the woods on foot leaving the car. Right at that time, police came around the corner. They of course tackled my neighbor because he was standing in my driveway with a shotgun. The stalker got away but left the car. They determined he had taken the car by force injuring an elderly woman but he'd left identifying jail papers, drugs and a stolen gun in the car. The police told me to lock my doors, this guy was a bad guy. When I called my acquaintance to tell her I was ok my acquaintance asked, do you have a gun? Her husband Kevin offered for me to stay with them and he strongly suggested I get firearms training. I declined their offer to stay with them, I did not want to bring a stalker to their door, I already felt bad about involving my neighbor. Thank you fence for doing your job. Whew.. I'm safe.. but am I?

One week went by, nothing. I was on guard, looking for anything out of place. Week two, still good! My guard is dropping, whew that was scary! Three weeks go by and I'm embarrassed to admit that my guard was back to my normal, still aware but not at the level I needed to be.

It was a Sunday, 3 weeks and 2 days since the previous incident. It was afternoon, broad daylight and I was headed to a gathering. I'd packed up a bunch of food that I'd planned to share with friends. I had cute cucumber tea sandwiches held together with cute toothpicks and a large bowl of cold pasta salad. As I backed out of my gate and prepared to move forward I felt a bump! The stalker was back and he was forcing my vehicle back into my yard. My fence opens and closes with a push of a button and he'd timed it perfectly to push me back in before it closed. I never saw him coming. I froze. My hands were shaking out of control. What do I do? I did nothing. I froze.

I had a hard time getting my phone out of my purse. My hands were shaking and I kept dropping my phone. He drove his car up around mine to the left, blocking my front door. I looked at him wondering what in the world as he motioned for me to come to him, then he waved at me like we were friends. He did this over and over until he became angry and started screaming at me. At this

point, I realized I needed to act, I tried to get my phone. Every time I picked my phone up, I dropped it with shaking hands watching it fall continuously between the seat and the console. I furiously shoved my hand in between the seats, cutting the tops of my hands, only to drop it again. I finally gained control of my phone long enough to call my neighbor. Why I didn't use voice commands I'll never know. I knew my neighbor would get to me before police, I chose to gamble and call him. I knew I'd wasted valuable time frozen in fear and trying to unsuccessfully get and dial my phone. While on the phone with my neighbor, I stared directly into the eyes of my stalker as he sat in his car waving at me, motioning to come here and then screaming at me. This is what evil looks like. I realized he wanted to hurt me. My blood ran cold. I furiously locked my car doors over and over while on the phone with my neighbor. I had a plastic spoon to serve my cold pasta dish and my sandwiches had tiny toothpicks, neither of which are very helpful for defending myself! He turned his car off and opened his door...

Thankfully, my stalker was obviously impaired. This is the only thing that saved my life I believe. He opened his door, realized it was pouring rain, he grabbed his jacket, started to put it on, got distracted seeing me, waved at me, motioned come here to me, screamed at me, opened his door.. repeat. This gave me valuable time to get the call out to my neighbor. He finally made his way to my window. He's screaming at me and bashing my car window. Reviewing my cameras, this goes on for four long minutes until finally my neighbor makes his way to me. My neighbor has a gun but no access to my fence. He's screaming; open your gate, open your gate! I hear him but it takes multiple times before I realize I need to reach down and click the button... my stalker flees. Police come but he's gone again. A report is filed.

My next poor choice.. I'm so stressed that I tell my neighbor that my friends are counting on my food. I'd made cute cucumber tea sandwiches with cute toothpicks and a cold pasta salad after all. He says he will watch my house and we decide I'll deliver the food and come right home. What.. were we thinking? We weren't. I pull out and turn down the street, I decide I need to be home. Something feels off. I call my friends to cancel. Around the corner I see him. He's watching me, waiting for his opportunity.

We call police. The police know him by his identifying papers from the previous incident. They tell me he is a very dangerous guy and tell me I must get a stalking order. They also tell me that only 10% of stalking cases are true stalking where the person does not know the other. I've never seen this guy in my life. He's been out of jail for three days. In that 10%, 90% are killed by their stalker. They tell me to get a gun and the officer strongly suggests that I call a person he referred for firearms training first thing Monday.

I called my acquaintance that have now turned into a close friend to tell her what happened. She asked if she could put me on speaker, her husband wanted to hear this. Her husband listened intently and he said, I emailed a firearms instructor and he said he will meet with you tomorrow. Gosh, this is the same person the police recommended.

I had a sleepless night waiting for morning to see a judge for the stalking order. The police were wonderful and kept eyes on me all night. They were simply amazing but this also proved to me that this stalker was bad. I saw a judge in the morning and the judge listened intently, watched my video, granted my order, he actually ordered me to carry a gun at all times, including that I must carry a gun in the stalking order and also strongly suggested I go see a firearms instructor. He held the order up and said, this is just a piece of paper. It will not protect you, it helps the police but not you. You must go get training and he gave me directions from the courthouse to the training facility. He closed the courtroom down, asked staff to leave and had a very blunt conversation with me. He told me he would be mad at me if he read about me in the paper, meaning he'd be mad at me if I died. That was a profound moment. This guy is a bad guy, this is what evil looks like. Please note three people individually suggested I needed training, a police officer, a citizen who is now a legislator and a judge. I'm doing this, I'll never be helpless again!

I set up a time to meet the trainer. He asked, what can I do to help you? He was calming, kind, non judgmental of all my mistakes. We lined out a training plan, he made sure I had a plan at home, he treated me like he would a family member or friend. I'm not sure what I expected training to be but I was genuinely surprised at how kind they were to me. Maybe the gun community isn't scary after all.

They trained me 4-6 hours every single day privately on a gun, hand to hand, they listened to me and gave me advice. I cried, I was strong, I learned. They taught me how to get out of zip ties and duct tape. They measured my hand for a proper fit of the handgun, a proper fit is vital according to them. They showed me how to load and unload a gun, how to hold a gun, they taught me the 5 point presentation. It was that basic in the beginning! They explained proper sight alignment for different applications, proper weapons manipulation, ammo management, malfunctions, marksmanship and they made me understand that all of the physical applications are nothing without conditioning mentally. I had no idea that this was an art and that you must have the proper mindset, form and fundamentals for shooting. This is a lifestyle.

I worked with multiple staff members, they worked with me at the range and in the classroom. I have a blind spot in my eye and a half paralyzed leg from the accident. They made suggestions and altered things to work with my disabilities. They are masters in their field. I think I like the gun community! This is empowering!

A week goes by at this point. I'm consistently training. I'm taking different routes everywhere, never repeating the same route twice. I'm aware. I have a gun at all times. I've changed my clothing to embrace my new lifestyle and kydex holster. This is a small price to pay to take my own safety into my own hands. I can do this!

I turned a corner to leave my house and a vehicle overtook my car. The stalker slammed on his brakes thinking he would force me to stop. I swiftly called my neighbor, zero hesitation this time! I chose to go around him and full road rage began. My neighbor tells me to come home now! I drive home with him right behind me in full chase. Surely, he will not follow me home. He did.

I get to my driveway, my neighbor is standing in the middle of the street. He has pistols on his hips and a rifle slung across his chest. He's ready and so am I. At this point I knew exactly what to do, we had a plan. I click my fence and time it perfectly to drive in safely at an angle leaving zero room for a car to pull in behind me. We've discussed this, we are each doing our part. My neighbor is eye to eye with the stalker, hands on his gun. The stalker chose to leave. Police report filed.

Police contacted me to let me know they had spotted my stalker. Kids were just getting out of school walking on the sidewalk when they attempted to make contact. The stalker began driving aggressively, jumping up on sidewalks where children were walking home. The police stopped the pursuit, it was way too dangerous. This guy does not care about human life. This is what evil looks like.

All while training, the police were still looking for my stalker and also driving by my house. An officer driving by noticed a shimmer in my woods and decided to check it out. My stalker was sleeping in my woods, the shimmer was reflective piping on his coat. He had knives, duct tape, rope, and a gun. They called this a kill bag. My stalker was taken into custody. I'm very aware, this could have ended differently.

My stalker always attacked close to my home. We had camera evidence that was unbiased. My stalker did not want a trial. He plead guilty to multiple counts of assault with a deadly weapon, multiple counts of felon in possession of a firearm along with probation violations. He agreed to 28 years, no parole. He was sent to prison and passed away in the prison he was sent to.

Once he was in custody I remember my trainer asking, so are we done now? Will I see you again? Training has continued even though my stalker was caught. Where there is one stalker, there are more. I've been taught to shoot with precise concentration working marksman skills but also taught to shoot drills quickly for the real world. It's a balance. I take classes, I've trained with a variety of trainers, I practice by myself on range, I take friends to the range. This is now my life and I want everyone to feel empowered by the gift of firearms. Training will continue. This is a lifestyle and I'm forever grateful to have firearms in my life.

Let's talk politics for one second. The attack on firearms is an attack on every citizen in this nation but as a woman I must highlight the fact that being proficient with a gun allows women to take their own safety into their own hands. I put another woman's husband at risk, and put her at risk too. I had planned my life to minimize risk and planned my lifestyle to maximize my safety but I came up against an evil that required more than a fence, cameras or mace. Firearms are the ultimate equalizer. If politicians or citizens claim to care about women's rights, the right to own and carry a firearm is the epitome of women's rights.

I will always be grateful for the people that joined together to help me through this time. This was a group effort from a bunch of strangers. I looked evil in the eyes and I have no doubt I would have been tortured and killed if it weren't for many strangers jumping in to support me until I

could learn to save myself, he had tortured before. It's true that I did not have to take that action but I was prepared and trained in case I had to. I decided my life mattered and that my life was worth defending against evil.

These strangers have all become friends, and some I call family. My one hope is that people will read this and realize that they do not need to experience evil to train on a gun. Learning to train under absolute stress is difficult. It takes longer to learn and it's more difficult to master. Take a class even if you're intimidated. The gun community is a wonderful community that will embrace you where you are and celebrate as you enhance your skill! No matter how often I shoot, I still have a lot to learn. The gun community will welcome you wherever your skill level is!

Never forget. Your life is worth defending, you are your own first responder.

I would personally like to thank REPRESENTATIVES TILTON, McCabe, Vance, C.Johnson, Carpenter, Prax, Wright, Rauscher, McKay, Cronk, Ruffridge, Saddler for this bill.

Feel free to email or call me for any questions.

**Mina Ryan**

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**From:** Mike Kennard [REDACTED]  
**Sent:** Tuesday, March 21, 2023 8:20 AM  
**To:** House Community and Regional Affairs  
**Subject:** HOUSE BILL NO. 61

Good morning,

I fully support not only the Second Amendment, but each and every amendment to our constitution in their original form.

Therefore, I do fully support House Bill Number Sixty-one (61)!

No one has the authority to cancel the rights of We The People!

We The People are watching you and noting how each of you vote and when the time comes we will vote accordingly.

With that in mind I ask for your support of House Bill 61!

Sincerely,

Michael Kennard  
[REDACTED]

## **Mina Ryan**

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**From:** Linn McCabe [REDACTED]  
**Sent:** Tuesday, March 21, 2023 8:51 AM  
**To:** House Community and Regional Affairs  
**Subject:** HB61 Testimony

Committee members,

I am writing in support of HB61 in its current form. It is a shame we need such a bill, but the disparity in the treatment of businesses during Covid, especially in Anchorage, proves that we do.

Please pass this bill out of committee.

Thank you!

Linn McCabe  
Big Lake



## Mina Ryan

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**From:** Tom Boutin [REDACTED]  
**Sent:** Tuesday, March 21, 2023 8:58 AM  
**To:** House Community and Regional Affairs  
**Cc:** Rep. Cathy Tilton  
**Subject:** HB 61

Good morning,

Thank you for moving HB 61 from your committee! I very much support HB 61. Firearms are not a second class right. All of the rights recognized in the Bill of Rights (not granted, of course, but recognized) are equal, but the right to keep and bear arms is almost alone in always being under assault. Therefore HB 61 is needed both from a practical and useful standpoint, but also as a signal to those states and those elected officials that would restrict and, if allowed, seize the firearms of law-abiding Alaskans.

The people who insisted on the Bill of Rights – demanded it be written – had not recently returned from a hunting trip: They were building a nation that they had just established by revolution. The entire world still benefits from that revolution every day.

Thank you very much for the hard work you and your staffers do for all Alaskans, and thank you to your families who make sacrifices so you can be in Juneau. Honestly, there is much in the news every day that could discourage anyone, but your good work and your sacrifices made on behalf of all Alaskans easily overwhelm those forces of discouragement.

Tom Boutin  
Juneau  
[REDACTED]