

Dear Judge Frank Whitney,

I have failed my husband, children, family, and community. The sorrow and regret I feel cannot be expressed by words alone. Coming from a Charlottean family, I am very ashamed and humiliated. I offer no excuses, only an explanation of various circumstances possibly contributing as to "why" I stand before you guilty.

Sallie Byington McAfee was fifteen years old and unmarried when I was born in 1950. As an illegitimate child, I lived with that stigma throughout life. Because my mother was so young when I was born, I was raised by loving grandparents, Stanley and Alma McAfee, 201 Hermitage Rd., Charlotte, N.C. My mother later married Charles Wamsley having four more children. Though adopted at age five years, I remained living with my grandparents. I visited my mother and family on occasion; it was not pleasant. I was physically abused by my father, and continuously reminded of my illegitimacy. The life my grandparents provided for me caused jealousy among my parents and siblings. I attended etiquette school, took modeling, ballet and piano lessons, and ballroom dancing; attending ballroom parties at Charlotte Country Club, where my grandparents were charter members. My grandmother was a devout Christian, always reading the bible to me and insisting I watch Billy Graham. We attended Myers Park Methodist church, where my grandparents were charter members, every Sunday. My first job was with Ivey's Department Store. I modeled professionally for Ivey's and Montaldo's. My best childhood memory was performing at Charlotte's Little Theater.

My grandparents encouraged goals which influenced my focus on attending Meredith College and perhaps joining the Navy. Those dreams vanished when I became pregnant at age 19 years, by a man considered from the other side of the railroad tracks. My mother demanded an abortion; I refused, receiving a beating, which sent me to the hospital for 3 weeks near miscarriage. My grandparents insisted I marry the father, who was serving in the Army. We married and he immediately left for an 18 month Vietnam tour assigned to the "search and destroy" missions. His namesake was born 1969, while he served in Vietnam. Upon his return he was mentally wounded. My grandparents purchased our first home in hopes the marriage would work. It was disastrous. My husband experienced flashbacks and hallucinations; was cruel to his family and animals. He was violent, unpredictable, and unfaithful our entire marriage, finally diagnosed paranoid schizophrenic. My second child, a beautiful daughter was born. She did not suffer the physical abuse but did suffer mental abuse which is equally as bad. My son was brutally abused for years, and suffered from a stroke, later developing epilepsy. He suffers some paralysis on his left side, unable to use his left fingers for precise functions; he cannot button his shirts or pick up a coin. His left foot turns inward. As a child he suffered a speech impediment and learning disabilities. Social Services were contacted by neighbors and school officials. I was given the ultimatum to take my children and leave their father or protective custody would take my children from me. I was also physically and mentally abused, suffering from broken ribs, cracked nose, chipped teeth, black eyes, dislocated shoulders and vertebra and neck injuries. Suffering a nervous breakdown after a suicide attempt, I was hospitalized at Presbyterian's Psychiatric ward by Dr. Nesbitt, who administered seven to thirteen shock therapy treatments. Diagnosis was "Manic Depression", now called "Bipolar". After a three month hospital stay, I filed for divorce and was given full custody of the children. Their father was ordered to pay child support, yet in the early 70's it was not enforced as it is today. My grandparents died during these times, who were my only supportive family. I spent all inheritance monies on attorneys, in an attempt to gain protection for myself, my children and the court ordered support to no avail. From their father's mental and physical abuse, both of my precious children have emotional problems. Neither of them has married and both have a difficult time in relationships. Please Your Honor look at this man's record; he is well known to the court system and police. His name is Jack Roger Foy, Sr. Due to my children's abuse, I have over compensated them financially their entire lives, which ended the day of my arrest.

Approached by a powerful Charlotte CEO, I fearfully accepted his financial offer to entertain him and his associates. I felt badly about myself, yet the money provided a much better life for my

children, including a safe place to live, secluded from their father. I naively stepped into the dark, dangerous, and insidious world of escorting in Charlotte, keeping my lifestyle a secret. This dark world as of today has changed little. The majority of Charlotte and North Carolina escort agencies are owned and operated by men. Drug use is high, often provided by the male owners. Little to no information is collected on clients and many calls do not begin until late evening. You deal with clients normally on drugs or drunk, who are disrespectful, and potentially violent. The owner of the agency often tells the escort the client is a regular, when he is actually a stranger. I walked into a hotel room early one morning to three drunken men hiding behind the shower curtain. They attacked, ripping my clothing; I escaped without my shoes or purse very afraid. When I could not pay the agency fee for the call, the agency set my car on fire. This is the type of mentality running these escort agencies. After approximately twenty-six years in the adult business I can attest the escort business has become an increasingly thriving business, especially in Charlotte, because of its banking industry and to the growth of the internet. Escorts advertising on Craig's List and Eros, regularly visit Charlotte from all over the USA and other countries. I continue to receive emails from interested girls and men wanting to connect with Hush Hush. The police close one escort service and five more open. When working as an escort myself, I met a few escorts, who were non drug users, from good families, college educated; the type of woman you would never suspect as a part time escort. Many were supporting their children or sending them to college. They were improving their personal education or in between jobs. Their intentions, like mine, were to work a short period of time, then leave the business without repercussions. Getting in the business is easy, getting out is difficult; money is the lure and exposure is the fear. I developed a deep compassion and bond with these women, vowing to create a safe place to work and an easy place to leave; never to return. I became a madam, taking these women with me, fulfilling my promise. I have always been inclined to rescue people and animals; the unfortunate ones. I could have used my Good Samaritan qualities in better fashion.

As a madam of an exclusive agency, I never experienced an unsafe incident with clients or any type of arrest. My agency was sought after, known for safety, privacy, fairness, no calls after 6pm, extensive client screening, and thirty percent agency fees, compared to other agencies charging the girls fifty percent and operating 24 hrs a day. I sincerely cared for each lady, considering them family, always encouraging them to leave the business and to never look back, once they completed their financial goals. I often assisted my friends in finding employment after leaving my agency. Work requirements included drug and health testing, a college degree or attending, and a professional job. I never accepted anyone (client or associate) who was desperate, had an arrest record, or used drugs. They also had to have a sincere love for nature and animals, which represented their character. I deluded myself justifying I was a good person because I helped women like myself. I felt my crime was really not significant in comparison to other crimes and the fact I always paid my taxes. I was so blinded by the money, and powerful clients, who were intelligent and rich. These clients provided advice on improving my operations and how to invest money. They recommended girls to work and introduced their friends and business associates to the agency. I felt a false sense of security from these clients because of who they were and the powerful people they knew.

Your Honor, I am the cause of Don's involvement in this crime. If it had not been for "me", he would have never entertained the idea of an escort business. He is guilty of unconditional love for a bipolar wife that was addicted to the power and people money could buy. I am deeply sorry for this. About 6 years ago, Don convinced me to quit the business confident he could support us, yet not in the manner we had become accustomed to. I was tired of the arrogant client, who takes the word "no" as a challenge. Because of the extensive information I collected on each client, it created a sense of security, which I felt eliminated possible harm to the girls and myself. After disconnecting the business phone, I began receiving cards, gifts and money, indicating the clients knew where I lived. Private detectives and business associates representing these clients came to my home seeking information as to "why" I was no longer answering the escort phone. They were concerned about the detailed information in my possession and wanted to know my intentions. I felt these visits and veiled threats of exposure to our family, neighbors, and Don's

was a real danger. If I was out of the business, not answering the phones, the clients would be left for their personal exposure. I was in too deep with some very prominent, wealthy men. I had to work, doubling the agency fees, in hopes of sending the clients elsewhere, which they would leave. My plan was to slowly leave the business without causing paranoia. I began providing the clients with a new Atlanta number, implying I was residing mostly in the Atlanta area. As long as I answered the phone it ensured the client of his privacy. If they chose to leave the agency, they would often call to say "hello" verifying I was still in the business. Because of the price increase, many clients felt it was an even more exclusive agency, with even better ladies. Clients began sending their corporate customers, country club friends, relatives and business associates to my agency. They considered it their "club". The business was out of control and I felt I was nothing more than their personal event planner, reservationists, and recruiter of beautiful, intelligent women per their particular requests. I felt badly about myself and for the girls. Clients began mailing corporate checks, or using their corporate credit cards for advance payments for future encounters, writing the expense off at the end of the year, as a tax deduction for internet development, as noted on their checks. The clients would fly escorts, often in their private planes, to golfing tournaments, the Playboy Mansion, Vegas, and outside of the USA to exotic islands. They began referring girls from other agencies they used in New York, Florida, Chicago and Atlanta. Before I realized it I was a part of a USA escort circuit, though I never affiliated with, nor spoke to agency owners. I was actually afraid of other agencies, especially in New York. Many of the large agencies, (especially in Miami) consider Charlotte a lucrative area to expand to.

I was under enormous stress, trying to manage the entire escort business and handle all personal financial matters. All corporate and personal banking was done online, password protected, which Don had no access to. Nor did he know how much money I made or invested. Don is a hard working gentle man, always bringing his paycheck home to me, which was deposited into my personal account. He never signed personal or corporate checks, nor was he listed on bank signature cards. Embarrassed to admit, I gave Don a weekly allowance. I was envious of his thirty years working as a dental technician, loving his work and very talented. I felt like a loser and was chronically depressed. I was not a good wife. He worked fifty to seventy hours a week and continues, never missing a day of work his entire career. This speaks highly of his dedication and work ethics. Your Honor, Don is a good man, who never wanted any involvement in the escort business, and he loved me unconditionally. Upon first meeting Don, I was honest about my profession as a madam. He was intrigued, yet clearly not interested in being involved. I wish I had respected his feelings. I began asking him to pick-up money on occasion, which he complained about. I would be mad if he refused and to keep the peace he begrudgingly did it. Shamefully, I admit it became a convenience to ask my husband. Due to the situation when I attempted to quit the business, he felt it was unsafe for me to collect money. I often gave him the ultimatum; if he would not go collect the money I would. He was over protective due to my difficult life. Though forgiven by God and Don, I have not forgiven myself. I was obsessed by the money and I am not exactly sure how my life progressed to this point; it was insidious. Don never had the same materialistic obsession as I did. He is a simple man, happy with what he has. He is a good hearted man, my best friend and soul mate, who I have miserably failed as a wife. Out of guilt I devised a plan to eliminate Don from picking-up money; figuring out how to manipulate the Green Dot prepaid credit card website, which was unsecured. I discovered anyone could create accounts using false personal information without being detected. I was able to secure approximately five Green Dot prepaid credit cards, depositing thousands of dollars through these cards without creating any suspicions. Forbes Magazine ran an article mentioning what I had done and I was contacted by the FBI to share my techniques with the Treasury Department. The girls would pay the agency fee of thirty percent, using the Green Dot reload cards, which I would reload onto my personal Green Dot cards.

Because of my disgust of "who I had become", I was depressed, suffocating, suicidal, worthless, and a failure to many including myself. I became agoraphobic, isolating myself from family and people, unable to leave the house for a walk or drive a car. I ordered all my groceries on line and Don picked them up. I failed so many people, including my precious children I had always

protected and taught right from wrong... yet I was living in the wrong. I have a seventy-five year old mother, not in good health, which I am named after. She was born in Charlotte raised in Myers Park. She watched heart broken as her namesake entered the court in chains. As I walked out of the courtroom, locking eyes with my son, seeing the tears running down his face; I was shamed to no end. Seeing his pain, all I could do was whisper, "I am sorry". My son never missed a Monday visiting me in jail, which is something I cannot fathom even saying. He cried every visit. Both of my children love me, yet there is no valid explanation I can give for my actions. I have failed as a mother. My sister is a professor at a large university and her husband is a well respected Methodist Minister; I come for a good family and though disappointed by my actions, I am forgiven and they stand beside Don and I respectfully. I am deeply sorry for the irreversible damages I have caused my family and would accept any punishment which would erase the pain I have caused. My husband has lost his first home, purchased solely on his work history and personal credit; lost his good name; his personal and business reputation; his credibility in the dental industry; his CDT certification which affects his pay scale; his 401k savings of nineteen years; his guns, he was an avid marksman. Due to media attention, his attorney announced the day of our arraignment, Don had just been fired by his employer. As soon as he was released on house arrest, he began working over fifty hours per week in the dental industry, yet must hide where he is employed from the media, which would be detrimental to his current employer's business. He is a tremendous asset to his current employer.

I had no idea I was under investigation by the FBI until November 2. Two month prior to my arrest, I came to a profound turning point between life and death. There was no in-between for me any longer. I realized there was no one that could get me out of the business and felt trapped by my lifestyle. I was between a life and death decision. From my bathtub, remorsefully weeping, I called upon the Lord's name in agony as a last attempt. He answered quietly, "I am here". From the deepest valley of my life, I begged for His mercy and healing; surrendering my broken life and begging for an end to a business I could no longer accept. When Don returned home from work, I was ecstatic about the experience. I am sure he doubted my mental stability at that point, yet the gentle spirit he is, he lovingly hugged me. Don has always loved me unconditionally. As the FBI rushed up my driveway, my first words were, "I am free". I knew God had answered me. It was the greatest experience of my life, to know I was forgiven by His grace. Coming to the desperate end of my self was an indescribable freedom. Though we have lost everything we own materialistically and financially, it remains a bargain to gain the wealth of salvation. Many people may not believe in a desperate conversion; yet people rarely come to God on their knees, while standing on the mountain tops. I never gave the Lord any thought until reaching the very bottom of despair. That is when He loves us the most. The way we live our lives from this point forward will clearly speak of our credibility. Time will show clearly, where we have come from and who we have become by the loving Grace of our heavenly Father, who has now filled all voids and continues to heal and direct us. What we will contribute to society now is far greater than what we have taken. I humbly ask before God, Your Honor's forgiveness, the court's, the community's, my families' but especially my husband's forgiveness. Don and I have been married almost 20 years and our marriage is entirely different; so much better! Though this has been a devastating experience, all of this will work for the Glory of the Lord

I respectfully ask you to consider all these things when sentencing my husband, who has paid an enormous price.

Sincerely,
Sallie Saxon