

On January 28, 2024, unbeknownst to me the father of my son made four serious felony allegations including child abuse against me to the Prince George's Commissioner. With those allegations having been filed, all based on a series of false allegations filed against me three days earlier in Petition for an Emergency Protective Order in a Custody matter, a warrant was issued for my arrest. No prosecutor or magistrate conducted any investigation. The Commissioner just issued warrants for my arrest. Just like that, I was facing up to 25 years in prison.

On February 5, 2024, a Family Court judge denied the Petition for Emergency Protective Order on the basis that the statutory requirements had not been met. Based on the same set of false allegations filed in the Child Protective Services investigation, a temporary order was issued giving custody of my son to the same man who knowingly filed false charges against me. By the time the Emergency Protective Order was denied, I had not seen and had not spoken to my son for 3 weeks. It was at this hearing that I was told by the magistrate that my son's father had filed criminal charges against me.

The next day on February 6th, my son's father went to his school and took him from his school in violation of the Custody Order. I called the police to make a report, to get him back. The officers were nice and kind, but after he ran my name. He informed me that there were warrants out for my arrest, and he had to take me. I was devastated as my older cousin and mother witnessed me being placed under arrest.

Fear and Confusion describes what I felt immediately. I did not do anything. When he told me what my charges were, it was again my son's father using the judiciary system to abuse and harass me. This time I had handcuffs on. For months, my son's father sent both my son and me text messages threatening to have me put in jail. After months of stalking, threatening, and tormenting me and my son, he had finally delivered on his vile and evil promises.

I was denied bond that night. When I was arrested, my family did not know what to do, but they knew they had to move fast. My family had less than 24 hours to find a lawyer to represent me. My fiancé found the amazing Megan Coleman, who represented me. Megan had even less time to get up to speed on the details of my case. At my bond hearing on February 8th, Megan succeeded in presenting some of the text messages which showed that my son's father had created a totally false narrative to justify having me locked up. The prosecutor, who was the head of PG County's Domestic Violence unit, the Judge, and Megan, all could see that the allegations simply were not ringing true. I was granted pre-trial release, which had I not been, I might have been in jail until a pre-trial conference, which was scheduled for March 7th. Even though I was granted pre-trial release on February 8th, it would be another week before I was allowed to leave the PG County Corrections Center.

February 14, 2024, I was given the greatest Valentine's Gift. I was released that night with all charges dropped by February 16th.

After spending a week in jail and knowing just how easy it would be for my son's father to file the same, similar, or even totally different false allegations against me, I am carrying fear, uncertainty, and embarrassment. How is someone allowed to bring charges against someone based solely on false allegations unsupported by any evidence and have them locked up?

I come from a praying and supportive family and the Holy Spirit moved in our favor. If my parents did not have the finances, I likely would still be locked up inside the PG County Correctional Center, awaiting my court hearing and trying to figure out a way to prove my innocence.

I wake up and go to bed fearing that I will be arrested again because my son's father can make false claims to the commissioner and manipulate the judiciary system. He's done it in the Family Court system multiple times, and he's succeeded in doing the same in the criminal court system this time. I fear everyday of losing my freedom and my son.