Samantha Gwilliam is Tammy Daybell's sister.

I speak out for my sister, Tammy Daybell, because she cannot speak for herself. She is dead, and others who were supposed to stand up for her, protect her, and love her, did not.

From the moment I found out that she was gone, I have never felt peace. In the first few weeks, I had a gut feeling that something wasn't right, and that someone had done something to her, but I didn't know why. So many questions come up as a quick funeral is arranged, no autopsy, and no answers. As we find out about a quick marriage, I smell a rat.

As any woman does, I search out answers and dig through whatever evidence I could find. None of it was reassuring or good. There's still no peace to be found. We are questioned by police about missing children, and this uneasiness I had felt about Tammy's death only intensifies. We are notified that Tammy has been exhumed, and this is my first moment of *maybe now I can get the answers I seek*. But with the pandemic and exhaustive testing, I don't see results for a long time. My family sits in a limbo of not knowing why or what happened. In the meantime, there is a large investigation, many more questions. We are hounded by news reporters through phone calls, texts, emails, social media, and even with surprise visits at our front door.

Still no peace. I am asked about a pet cemetery, and a few days later, I watch with the world as the bodies of two precious missing children are found on the same property where my sister died. I retched and sobbed over learning about JJ and Tylee. Two more victims and no peace to be found for anyone. When we finally get the long-awaited autopsy results, our worst fears are confirmed, and we know that she was murdered.

We have spent almost five years waiting for there to be peace.

My sister Tammy was my best friend. Before she moved to Idaho, we talked to each other almost every day, or saw each other almost every day. Her first year there was a hard adjustment, but she made a place for herself there, and was a great member of her

community. Tammy was a force for good at her school, influencing children, making friendships with others, and being a person you could count on.

She loved being a mom, and especially a grandma. She was so excited to be a part of their lives. She was content and happy. Her and I had made plans that when we were old that we would live next door to each other. We helped raise each other's children. We were excited for the future. My last visit I had with Tammy is the last time I have felt any peace.

I would not be a good sister if I did not defend Tammy as well. She was made up by some in this court as if she was lazy and fat and dying from an illness. Look at me right now. I am the same age as Tammy was when she died. She was in better health than I am right now. Do I look like I am dying? It is not a crime to be a middle-aged woman trying to be healthy and still play a video game or eat fast food occasionally.

My sister was ripped from our lives. Because of her murder, we lost a beloved mother, grandmother, sister, aunt, and daughter. She is irreplaceable. She started with one grandchild and missing the next five that would be born. They will never get to know her.

But when Tammy died, that is not the only thing that we lost. Her absence created a void that is unmistakable. We used to have a close relationship with Tammy's children, but now our relationship is strained and some of the kids that I helped raise no longer speak to us.

My mother passed away last June. She had to spend the last of her years separated from these same grandchildren for no fault of her own. My mother declined in health while still not having peace. Her passing was marred by the fact that Tammy's children chose to not participate in her funeral. The lies, deception, and murder have ripped our family apart. We do not feel peace.

I am not a dark person or a zombie and for me and my family to be portrayed this way is unacceptable. I am tired of being vilified so there is a reason to not listen to me. I stand for truth and I don't lie.

So know as I say this now, my sister should not be dead right now. She should be here alive and smiling with her family and friends. She should be doting on her grandchildren and taking care of her animals. It is a cruel world that has taken her from us.

We need to feel some peace for the first time in five years. I miss my sister every day. I will grieve for her for the rest of my life.

I speak up for her now because she needs a voice.

Thank you.