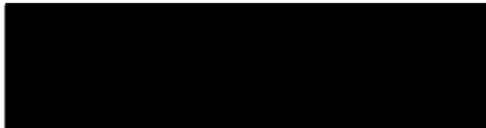


74



THUR 7/13/17
3:30 PM
WITH ALANA

July 12, 2017

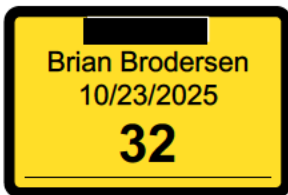
I have been a part of the youth wrestling program over at the Charis building under Coach Jacob Harman and Coach Sal Garcia for two years. I have been an involved mom, volunteer helper, friend and eventually a very part time employee of Jacob Harman. I am also a staff member at the school. Since the youth program ended in June, I slowly and quietly stepped down and out of my responsibilities there. I left out of town with my children for two weeks and have been lying low ever since. I have cut all ties with Jacob Harman and Sal Garcia. I told my children we are taking a summer break from wrestling and not going to the wrestling camp. I have been encouraged by my Godly friends to come forward with my story. I have been fearful about coming forward because Jacob told me that he is good friends with Jason Huffman and good friends with Brian Brodersen. I was afraid that if I came forward he would have the power to get me fired from the school because of his connections.

*

I have personally witnessed anger, wrath, violence, intimidation, spiritual manipulation, public drunkenness and drug use by Jacob Harman all done to gain and keep control of me and another important family in the club, the Zotea's. I have heard countless stories from friends and other families of the exact same thing. Alena Zotea and I are best friends and we helped run the administration side of things. We ran the software and I handled payroll. Jacob Harman is running a 501c3 with no board of directors and no oversight at all. I was able to see money coming in but never able to see expenses or money going out. I have records of \$70,000 coming in since the beginning of the year. He runs things off 3 different software systems and he also brings in money that never goes through the systems. I believe that with the money that will come in through the camps this summer as well as donor funds that have already come in, it is roughly \$120,000 since January 1st. Every month he claims the club is broke and many times I couldn't get payroll to go through due to insufficient funds. Payroll would range from \$500 to \$1,200 a month. I also know that he filed legal documents to trademark the Churchboyz name for his own use. He is using Calvary Chapel's wrestling team to deceive donors into giving him money while he charges the families for the exact same things the donors thought they were paying for. All under the guise that they were helping the church.

Jacob Harman was a friend and someone I trusted. I knew his story and he knew mine. He would cry and break down and I would feel compassion for him and feel sorry for him. This is his MO with everyone. He started getting angry and blaming me when Alena Zotea and her family were upset by things he did to them. He would twist and turn everything against me and when they would cut him off he would use me to try and smooth things over and win them back. This became a pattern. I thought I was being a peacemaker only to realize I was being used and manipulated. He would yell at me. Alena witnessed him yelling at me in front of her at the Charis building and he was getting angry, raising his voice and posturing with closed fists. He always had a way of twisting and turning things against me so somehow I would feel I was in the wrong or somehow caused his anger. He would apologize. He would say that he never yelled and that wasn't his yelling voice.

This pattern escalated one night four months ago when he called me late and sounded drunk. He said he needed to talk to me. I said it was too late and I was in bed sleeping and my family was sleeping. He was slurring his words and sounded really drunk. He said he was at my gate and demanded I open the



CCCM 0111

Def CCCM_00072547

gate. I said no repeatedly. He said if I didn't open it right then that he would peal out of there and leave. I wanted him to leave, but I feared he would kill himself or someone else by driving drunk and I had moments to act. I told him I would open the gate. I opened it and he drove in and backed over a metal "No Parking" sign and knocked it down. He had the windows rolled down and was loud and gonna wake up my family. I ran down wrapped in a bathrobe, no shoes and only my phone. He told me to get in to ~~talk~~ ^{talk}. I suggested he turn off the car and step outside so we could talk on the sidewalk. He kept telling me to get in. I was trying to diffuse things so he wouldn't drive drunk. I finally agreed to get in but only in the driver's seat. He agreed to get in the passenger seat. When he stepped out of the car he was belligerent and stumbled to the other side. I started to turn off the car and then he started yelling at me to drive out onto MacArthur. I was scared and started driving. It all happened so fast. Now he had my ear. He was yelling and crying and carrying on, but I don't remember the content of the one way conversation. I muttered a few words to rebut the lies and then he ordered me to pull over into some office buildings and turn off the car. He wanted to be heard and started beating his chest and he faced me and got on his knees on the floor board. He was giving me the same speech he gives to everyone about how he is misunderstood, how much he cares for the kids at wrestling, how he was abused as a kid and all he wants to do is love on these kids and how the parents are so thankless and ungrateful for his efforts and how I am not standing up for him or whatever. It was along those lines. He was telling me to look him in the eyes and I would not and this angered him to the point that he got violent with me. This is where I don't remember details of what came first or last....I remember he was flailing himself and smashed his hand down on my wrist and hand a few times and hit the side of my head on my ear and the back of my head and reached across and choked me with one hand. He was squeezing so tight that I was hitting the driver side window ^{with} my left hand for him to stop. I saw a guard off in the distance and pointed and yelled for him to stop. He saw the guard and stopped. He told me to start the car and had me drive him to his house. I parked and he yelled at me to go inside. He told me to go in his bathroom and had me sit on the closed toilet seat while he shut the door. He lost his balance and fell to the ground. He pulled out a bong from under his sink and yelled at me to watch him as he smoked pot. I was crying out "Why are you doing this?! Is this what you do?! Is this what you have been doing?!" He kept saying "I want you to see me! I have to do this to fall asleep! Don't you know how broken I am!"

He had me help him to his room and he fell onto his bed. I said I had to use the restroom and I would be right back. Once inside the bathroom I quickly locked the door, pulled out my phone and called my friend Alena and I whispered that I needed help and could she come pick me up. I had no shoes, no money and just in my bathrobe. I snuck out of the house and ran down the street and all the way to the main road. I was walking in the dark on the side of the road in my bathrobe when my friend and her husband found me. They saw me and the aftermath. Alena saw marks on my neck, chunks of my hair ripped out and my injured wrist.

Jacob called me the next morning and apologized and I forgave him, but that was the beginning of the end of our very fragile friendship. When I was preparing my exit, Jake tried to use spiritual manipulation to intimidate me. He said I was an accuser of the brethren, that I had evil spirits and he even went as far as to question my faith. He commanded me to fast and pray by yelling at me to do so. He tells lies about everyone at the club and whoever doesn't go along with him he retaliates against. Many people will not

come forward because they are scared of his retaliation tactics. He has told me lies about may people who are my friends and I would stand up for them and try to tell Jake the truth but it would always end in an argument. I care about him and praying he will get the help he needs. I'm trusting God to deal with him and have his way with him, whatever that may be. I would love to come back to wrestling, but not as long as Jake and Sal are there. The whole atmosphere is sick, twisted and totally ungodly. Jacob Harman and Sal Garcia think they are untouchable and that they have "Broderson in their back pocket". I can't even explain the fear in me and the courage it is taking for me to come forward.

