

Victim Impact Statement

To the honorable Judge John Hall,

There wasn't a day in my life that went by that I thought I would ever have to make a victim impact statement on behalf of my daughter, Gabriella Rose. Her life was taken far too soon in a violent, malicious manor for no reason other than complete and utter selfishness.

I was not only given a gift, but a blessing when my little girl came into this world on March 6, 2016 at 2:11 am. It was the happiest day of my life. I never thought growing up I would have been a mother so soon, but I'm glad I had the chance to be the mother of the most beautiful baby I had ever laid eyes on.

Gabriella became my entire world, I would hold her, sing to her, tell her how wonderful and perfect she was all the time, but as each day passed, I always told her how much I loved her and how special she was to not only me, but the rest of her family as well. As the days would go on, I took multiple pictures because I never wanted to forget how perfect she was, even as a little baby. For every outfit and silly face she made, there was a picture to capture it. To not only capture what she was doing, but to capture every moment I knew I wanted to keep with me forever. There isn't a single thing I would ever forget about my daughter. I thought life was perfect. She was a happy and healthy baby.

Her first holiday was Easter, she looked so beautiful in her pink and white dress, I wanted to show her off to the world. She was so sweet and innocent looking, just like a princess. I thought everything was the way it was supposed to be, until the morning of March 28, 2016. The most terrifying day I've ever had. Not long after 5 am, I was woken up by Nicholas saying I needed to help him that Gabby wasn't moving and she wasn't breathing. I panicked and tripped over myself trying to get out of the bedroom. To pick up my 22 day old baby and have her completely limp in my arms, and to not see a single breath come out of her was the scariest moment in that time of my life or so I thought. I waited for the ambulance to show up and watched her be taken out of my house to the ambulance while they sat in my driveway trying to work on her because she had lost a heartbeat. Later that morning I was sitting in Glens Falls hospital, being questioned by investigators because they said it was protocol. I didn't know what was happening, I was scared and panicking the entire time trying to catch what little breath I had. We had made the decision to have her Baptized at Glens Falls Hospital. Nicholas sat right there the entire time and held my hand telling me everything was going to be alright. When my family, Nicholas and I reached Albany Medical Center, we were told no one was allowed to be with her. Nicholas and I were separated for questioning, after I had come out of the room with the investigators, I was told he had given a full confession to what he had done and was charged with multiple counts. I had the hardest time believing them because I had known him for so long. I thought I knew everything there was to know. While he sat behind bars, I sat in Albany Medical Center with my family and watched as my little girl was stuck on life support because of what he had done. I watched as doctors and nurses came in to do testing on her to see if there was any brain activity. Every time she was moved to be changed,

or cleaned up, her oxygen levels would drop. She was hooked up to a feeding tube, a breathing machine and had multiple IV needles in her head and legs. I had hoped and prayed so many times in Albany that she would be okay, that she would make it through this horrible time in her young, sweet life. I had laid with her every night, barely sleeping, just watching her, telling her everything was going to be okay and hoping for her to squeeze my finger just one last time. When the doctors came in the room to speak with me, I was given the option to take her off life support and let her go, or continue on with the testing to see if she was going to be alright. It was the hardest decision I've ever had to make in my entire life. Nicholas put me in the position where I had to choose whether to keep Gabriella on life support, or take her off of it. How do you make the choice of whether your only child lives or dies? I took as much time as I could and came to the realization that it wasn't fair to Gabriella for them to keep resuscitating her every time she would lose oxygen, she would have been on life support for the rest of her life. I asked them to continue with the testing and hopefully see if she would make it through them. After they did the testing for brain wave activity, there was none. She had no response to anything. Gabriella was declared brain dead. The staff at Albany Medical Center came in the room with a canvas, some paint and a scrapbook and told me it was called, "making memories." As we rolled paint up and down her little fingers and toes and took her prints, we also made moldings of her hand and foot. I cried trying to hold her fingers up for the perfect hand print and her leg for the perfect foot print. I laid with her that night and cried, trying to tell her everything was going to be okay, that if she wasn't able to be with me on earth that God would take care of her for me until I got to be with her again.

On the morning of March 30th her oxygen dropped again and I had the worst feeling in my stomach. I knew it was probably going to be the last day I'd get to spend with my baby Gabriella. Almost my entire family was there, as well as Nicholas'. The nurses at the hospital brought me in a rocking chair so I could hold her one last time and let her know how loved she was. They took out her IV's and took off most of the wires as they put her in my arms. I rocked her back and forth while we listened to lullabies. While I was touching her sweet little face with tears in my eyes, I looked up on the monitor and everything was at zero. She had passed away. I couldn't let her go, I didn't want to. She was the most important thing in my life, she was everything to me and I couldn't believe she was gone. I had everyone leave the room as I sat there holding my baby crying, hoping with all of my might that none of this was real. A nurse came in and I helped wash her down one last time and change her into a brand new onesie, the same exact onesie I had at home for Gabriella. I was still holding her as my family had come back in the room, I didn't know what to do, I didn't know what to say, I didn't know how much time I was allowed to have left with my daughter.

Before leaving the hospital, I had to make the choice of either having Gabriella cremated, or having her buried in a graveyard. How do you make a choice like that? I thought very hard about that and decided to have her cremated because no matter where I go, she will always be with me.

I left the hospital and moved back in with my parents, having awful dreams every night and thinking about her every day. I would wake up and think she would be there and she wasn't. A couple days after I got home, I had to pick out an urn and make service arrangements in

memory of her. I never thought I'd have to plan services for my little girl. A parent should never outlive their child.

The day Gabriella passed away, I not only lost my daughter, but I lost huge pieces of myself. I had never felt so manipulated and betrayed in my life. Nicholas not only manipulated me, but everyone in our lives at that time were manipulated by him into thinking everything was going well, when you make the choice to have a child with someone, you put all of your trust into them. He knew what he had done, he looked me in the eye and blatantly lied to me saying he had no idea what was wrong with Gabriella. Nicholas took complete advantage of my trust, and not only abused my daughter, but ended up taking her life.

Gabriella was 24 days old when she passed away. She didn't have the chance to live a full life with all of the experiences and I think about it every day. I see it in my nephew all the time. I watch him grow up and wonder if she would have been doing the same thing he's doing right now. I wonder every day what she would have looked like in five years, I wonder how sweet, caring and smart she would have been. I wonder what her first words would have been and what kind of spontaneous personality she would have had. I think about all of the things that she's missed out on every single day. She was an innocent baby that had done nothing wrong and had her life taken far too short. What I find so very wrong about all of this is, Nicholas got the chance to live a life, had a chance to do things and now, in 25 or so years, he'll still be able to have life when he gets out and that's more than Gabriella ever had a chance at. He had the chance to make something of himself and be a father. He doesn't deserve to call Gabriella his daughter. He may have ruined his own life, but he destroyed every opportunity she had at growing up and becoming something so special and important to so many more people. He

took away all of the opportunities I would have had with her, the opportunities her grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins would have had with her. He took something that can never be replaced. He took my daughter from me. Because of Nicholas, I am able to sit every day and stare at an urn with Gabriella's ashes resting inside and be reminded of everything she had been through, everything he put me and my family through, everything that was, everything that could have been and everything that will never be.

Micodella Parker