

The Andrea Mims Story: "Rape of an Angel"

Part 2



They first went to Bob's mother's house, stopping in on her twice. Andrea fell in love with the sweet feisty 90-plus-year-old. Bob was like a young man again, but in a wheelchair, with his elderly mother waiting on him and cooking for them both.

The purpose of the trip, besides visiting with Bob's mother, was for Bob to execute his new Will. They went to Garthe Brown's office, and after a polite introduction, Bob handed Andrea some cash, and told her to go out shopping for an hour or so while he attended to it. Andrea had been told the Will would enhance her inheritance, but she did not ask for the details, nor want to know. The actual scanned Will and an account of an interview with Garthe Brown can be viewed on the "Wills" page. This page also documents the significance of the newer Will, and the impact it would have had on the outcome of the trial had it been properly explained to the jury.

The new Will, when executed, would make Andrea heir to a third of his estate, and half if he survived 5 years. It was to replace an earlier codicil that had bequeathed Andrea a flat \$150,000. His first wife was to be cut out of his Will entirely, and the balance was to be divided between his daughter and granddaughter, whom he was no longer allowed to see. But, Sylvia would no longer visit him, and would under no circumstances allow him to see his granddaughter.

Before taking out the will, Sand had told his daughter that if, within 5 years, they could not reconcile so that he could visit with his granddaughter, he would take out a third Will, giving Andrea 100% of his estate.

The new will arrived in the mail, and wasn't yet executed when Sand was killed. It was introduced as an exhibit at her trial, but never explained to the jury. This is incredibly significant, in that the prosecution made a big effort to prove Andrea had killed Bob for the \$150,000, when she could have waited a few more days and gotten far more! Why did her defense attorney, Charles Stafford, (a public defender who was trying to get hired as a prosecutor at the time), not bring this will up and call as a witness the attorney who'd drawn it up?

The trip back to L.A. was a nightmare for Andrea. It began with Bob being very quiet the first part of the day on the drive south. Then, he began complaining and feeling sorry for himself. "I've just seen my mother for the last time," he whined. "I've just seen Portland for the last time. I'll be dead soon, I know it! Even if I don't die, my mother will die, and all my old friends will die. This is the end of my life." "Bob, don't be silly," chided Andrea. "We can fly or drive up here any time you want. Let's come back in the summer for a few weeks so you can spend more time." "No, we're going on a cruise. I've seen Oregon for the last time." Nothing Andrea could say or do could change Bob's mood, so she gave up.

At dusk, Bob spotted a beautiful seaside resort, and told Andrea to stop for the night. The resort had separate bungalows, and Bob asked for the one most isolated in the woods. Andrea would ordinarily have loved the romantic spot, but understood what this might mean considering Bob's mood. She began to grow afraid, and thought that if she could just keep Bob talking and laughing, maybe there would be no games tonight. She didn't want to spoil such a lovely trip. It couldn't end this way!

The cabin, or bungalow, had a big spacious bed, and a beautiful big fireplace, complete with plenty of wood. And, the resort had a luxurious restaurant. Andrea dressed and prepared for dinner, and Bob put on his best suit. As they made their way to the restaurant, the skies opened up as they so often do in Oregon, drenching Andrea to the bone while Bob grabbed the umbrella. She asked Bob if she could run back in and change, but Bob would not hear of it. "We've got reservations, and I like seeing you wet." So, even though there would have been time, Andrea sat for an elegant dinner with her clothes clinging to her skin.

On the way back to the room, they asked a hotel clerk for assistance. He accompanied them back to their cabin and helped them build a fire. He struck up a conversation with Bob, and the compared notes about all the old familiar haunts, and how they'd changed over the years. After an hour, the clerk left, and Bob and Andrea retired to bed.

Andrea was just drifting off to sleep when she felt a sharp poke in her side. Bob was going into a familiar litany, reciting as if a chant: "Did you see the big tip I gave that clerk? When you were in the bathroom, I made arrangements for him to come back when he gets off. He's coming back and you're going to have sex with him. He's going to bite your nipples if you don't act like you enjoy it." Bob had some sort of a branch he'd picked up outside that he was jabbing her with, as she cringed in fear. She knew it was her cue to act out a scene, but she couldn't do it. She begged Bob to let her go, but he held her arm fast as he continued to jab her. Finally, she managed to bite his arm, and he let her go. She threw on her robe, and ran out into the damp night and into the woods nearby. She sat there shivering...she knew not whether from fear, anger, or the cold. After what seemed an indeterminate period of time, she heard Bob calling her. He shouted "Andrea, come back...I've finished climaxing and I'm OK for the night!" Andrea got up and slowly walked back toward the cabin. She slept only fitfully for the rest of the night.

The next day, they continued the drive south in silence. Half way through the day, Andrea felt like she needed to get out of the car and stretch, so she pulled over. She got out of the car, and told Bob that she had to run for a few minutes just to loosen up. She was no farther than 50 feet from the car when Bob opened the door and stood up. "I've got a gun, and if you don't get back to this car right now, I'm going to kill you!" Andrea didn't know if he was serious, but she went back to the car and continued the drive back to Palm Springs.

When they'd returned from the trip to Portland, ten days before the killing, Bob renewed his bizarre demands...and Andrea was beginning to reach a fugue state where she was never quite sure if the fantasies were just that, or if he really was bringing people into the room...the line between fact and fantasy was becoming too thin. Bob was beginning to create fantasy characters out of real people they'd meet in public.

For example, if there was a grocery clerk who smiled at them in the store, Bob would ask his name, tell him he was going to compliment the store manager for his good service, but then work the clerk into the fantasies. One frequent fantasy character was Karen, who in real life worked at a car wash, and with whom Bob would innocently flirt. In the fantasies, she would come into the home with whips and knives.

Before May 13th, 1981, Andrea told Bob that she was beginning to crack up, and could no longer deal with the fantasies. She wanted a normal marriage, and would have to leave him if he couldn't stop, or at least get help. She did not want to leave, because she was happy at the Springs and with him. She just wanted the games to end, and she wanted her friends and children to feel comfortable visiting. They'd played the games twice on Monday, and three times on Tuesday. Bob was using a scenario where he'd bring in the gardener (in fantasy), and paddle her with a board if she didn't scream loud enough at the appropriate moments. But, on Wednesday, the 13th, nothing happened.

On a trip to the store, he promised her the fantasies would stop. But, on exiting from the store, she saw him talking to two large men before getting into the car. These encounters, she knew, were usually set-ups for future fantasies. Andrea had asked him to please stop talking to strangers for fear they could rob or hurt him. And, he always picked the roughest looking ones to talk to.

Arriving back home, Bob turned on the TV set, and the news was just breaking the story that the Pope John Paul II had been shot by a terrorist in Rome. He called Andrea out of the kitchen where she was beginning to fix dinner to tell her. (Rick's comment: In Reno, 500 miles away and sleeping days, I was being awakened by my first wife telling me the Pope was shot!)

Andrea decided to test Bob's promise to stop the games, and so intentionally left her clothes on as she prepared dinner. Now, she opened all the drapes wide so she could see outside. This was something Bob never allowed. Andrea reminded him that they'd moved to Rancho Mirage for the sun and outdoor life...and they were going to start enjoying it and get healthy.

Bob sat down at the dinner table in a sullen mood. Andrea tried to cheer him up, but he told her that he was unhappy she had her clothes on. "Bob, I just fixed you a lovely healthy dinner, and that has nothing to do with whether my clothes are on or off!" "What,

does that mean I owe you for my existence?" he asked sarcastically! "Yes!," replied Andrea, "and I owe you for my existence!" This would usually get a smile out of him, but it didn't seem to help his mood. But, she was not going to remove her clothes or pull the drapes again. She went to the blender, and fixed them both her favorite mixed drink. He had 2 more after dinner while she sipped wine.

They went into the living room to watch TV, but Andrea began drifting off to sleep. Irritated, Bob turned the volume up loud so she'd wake up. When she continued to drift off, he banged on the furniture with his cane.

I will try and recreate the events as best I remember from what I've been told, and what I remember reading in transcripts. I also have a police interview tape that relates much of the events, although it was 2 years after the event. Keep in mind that some of the details of the event I will relate to you may be wrong, as well as some of the chronology.

That night, Andrea asked if she could sleep in their guest room. Bob was snoring loudly, and she had to get up early for a tennis lesson. It was her only lesson for the week, and besides, she was cramping from her period. He agreed, and she went to the guest room, picked up the phone that was tied to a separate line, and called him. She thanked him for letting her sleep alone, and told him she loved him.

Doug, her younger son, called about an hour after she'd been sleeping and asked if he could borrow \$1,500 for a root canal he needed. She said yes, and said she'd get back to him about it in the morning. She knew Bob had been listening on the extension as he always did, so she got up and watched "The Newlywed Game" with him until she felt sleepy enough to go back to the guest room. As she left, he was snoring loudly.

Some time in the night...she's not sure when...she awoke to hear Bob screaming "Andrea, Help!" She got up groggily, and went to the door. She felt a sudden shove, and thought she saw a man run by. Was it a dream? She ran to the bedroom, to find Bob lying on the floor beside the bed. His face was slack and he looked dead. Beside him were two paring knives.

Andrea shook him and he didn't move, so she got up to hit the "panic" button. (All the condominiums at the Springs had buttons one could push in a medical or other emergency that would bring the Springs Security to the door within minutes. Andrea had once pushed the button by accident, and knew they could be there in five to ten minutes.) As she stood up to reach for the button, Bob grabbed her by the arm and pulled her back down. He seemed to be choking her, while trying to push her under the bed. He grabbed one of the knives, and began sticking her in the side. It wasn't hard enough to break the flesh...just enough to scare her. "Remember those two men from the store? Their names are Munko and Jose, and they're here, right outside the door. Karen from the car wash is with them. They're going to come in and hold you down, and Karen is going down on you. This time it's real! They're really here! And, you'd better make it real, or two other guys, Larry and Gonzo are going to come in, and they'll cut you up with the knives. Make it real! This is real!"

Terrified, Andrea remained silent as Bob continued to poke her and describe the scenario he wanted. How could he do that right after his promise? Didn't he love her even a little? Was she just his toy to be used, abused, and thrown out? She tried to appear calm and said "OK, let's get into the bed and do it." He relaxed his grip and let her up. She climbed onto the bed slowly, then tried to make a lunge for the panic button. Seeing her move, and at lightening speed, he grabbed the paddle board and dealt her a crushing blow to the back of her head. Falling back down, she saw the room spin and struggled to remain conscious. Bob hit her at least once or twice more and said, "You bitch! Just for that, no more tennis!"

"No, you won't do that!" Andrea cried. "You've taken everything else away from me and tennis is all I have left. You won't do that. You couldn't!" He reached up and grabbed her hair and pulled her toward him. "After I get done cutting off all your hair, you won't want to be seen at the club!" As Andrea saw him reaching for fingernail scissors on the floor, she flashed on a night when she was a little girl, and her mother had been accusing her of smiling at men and acting like a "stupid whore." She'd cut off Andrea's hair in her sleep. Now, Bob was about to do the same to her! He was stronger, but she was faster, and managed to grab the scissors just ahead of him. She jabbed him 2 or 3 times in the shoulder, and he released his grip on her hair.

Bob fell back across the nightstand and knocked it over, breaking a glass. Andrea looked at what she'd done, and saw the blood from the small wounds she'd made on his shoulder. Crying, she threw the scissors across the room toward the bathroom. He sat on the floor silently, and she began rapidly trying to straighten up. Bob grabbed one of the knives and grabbed her again. She broke free but tripped and fell across the wheelchair, landing on the floor next to the paddle board.

"You lying, stealing whore, I could kill you!" "Bob, I've never lied to you and I never steal. Where are you getting this from?" pleaded Andrea. Suddenly, Bob made a lunge at her with the knife, but she rolled out of the way and picked up the board. She swung with her right hand, hitting him alongside the head, then on the back swing got lucky, catching the knife and sending it flying across the room. She walked over and stood on the knife so he couldn't go for it again. Then, she dropped the board, realizing what they'd done to each other. "Look what I've done to you," she cried. It was the first time she'd ever resisted him, but all she could say was "Why are you doing this to me? Why are you doing this to us?"

Bob was sitting on the floor, and, amazingly, he was beginning to slowly stroke his penis. Exasperated, Andrea took him by the arm and tried to help him to his feet. He got up, and she led him toward the bathroom. "We'll take a nice bath, then we'll clean up and have a drink. Then we can talk." At first, he allowed himself to be led docilely, then he broke away, and fell toward the floor. He grabbed the other knife, and said "I'm calling the police. You're nothing but a whore, and if I tell them you hit me, they'll believe me and arrest you!"

"That's it! I'm leaving you!" Andrea turned to walk out of the room, but once again tripped over the wheelchair. Bob came at her stabbing, but once again she managed to grab the board and fend off his attack. "Go ahead and call the police!" she said. "At least if they take me to jail I'll be safe from you! You used me! You never loved me!"

Again, Bob said "I'll kill you!" and started toward her. Falling to her knees, Andrea said "I love you so much, why are you doing this?" She saw him glaring at her like a madman, knife in his hands, spittle dribbling from his mouth. All she could picture in her mind was the Bob Sand from a few months ago, sitting in a wheelchair, his big arms open to comfort her, inviting her to tell him the secret hurts of her life...hurts that he'd later use for fantasy scenarios. It couldn't be! Andrea's heart was breaking, and the hurt was worse than the fear she felt for her own life.

"We need help. I'm pushing the alarm," she said. As she got to her feet and started toward the alarm he made another lunge at her, knife in hand. Suddenly, the room went black. Her head was throbbing, everything was spinning. "I'm blind, Bob! Please help me, I can't see!" What would Bob do now? She tried to make her way to the alarm, and as she did, she stepped on a knife. As she straightened up, she felt Bob grab her and utter the last words she'd ever remember him saying: "You're dead, whore!"

Andrea acted reflexively, and stabbed downward with the knife, hitting him on the head. He continued his forward movement, pushing and grabbing her, and she stabbed again, going into a paroxysm, fighting over and over for her life, stabbing up and down. This is the last of what Andrea would remember for three hours as she lost consciousness. The crime scene photos I've viewed show that Bob continued his forward motion, and there were about 25 superficial, and obviously defensive knife wounds in his back. The photos show him lying on his stomach, so I've never seen a front view. But at some point, he got to his feet and threw himself at her.

Andrea awoke from unconsciousness to see what she thought were shadowy figures running out the patio door, and Bob beside her with a knife in his chest. She pulled the knife out of him, not knowing what had happened. He couldn't be dead! She jumped up and pushed the panic button, then looked down at her hand and saw the bloody knife. She knelt down and cradled his head in her hands. "Please don't die," she cried. "My 40th Birthday is in 2 weeks, and my first grandchild is on the way. You have to be here to celebrate with me! Oh, Bob, who were those people who did this to you?" She continued to talk to him as she cradled him, but she was numb. It was as if she were holding nothing in her hands, and she couldn't feel the bed she was kneeling on. All she could remember was Bob telling her about the people who were going to come into the room and rape her. Combined with 3 hours amnesia from the head injury Sand had inflicted on her, Bob's fantasy characters had become real to her, and they had killed him. And, she heard a continuous buzzing in her ears, the beginnings of tinnitus which would occasionally increase to the sound of thousands of birds chirping. It was a product of the head injury.

His head rolled over, and his open eyes gazed at her blankly...and they were BLACK! His eyes were black with dilation! She backed off in shock, and looking down again, she noticed there was a piece of his flesh in her hand. The top of one of his ears was cut off, and she was holding it! She screamed, then went into a fit of animal-like noises. She doesn't know how long this continued, but doesn't think it could have been long. She felt as if she were running all over the house, but in truth, she was lying on the floor, feeling not in her body, probably kicking and flailing at nothing. Then, she got to her feet and ran to the bathroom. She threw the flesh in the toilet, and washed her hands along with the knife. Then, she saw blood in her hair, and rinsed it out as best she could. Then, she turned and saw the bathtub.

"I know," she thought. "He needs a bath...he'll be OK if I can just clean him up, then we'll have a drink and talk." She liked things clean, and felt that if she could just straighten things up, it would be as if none of this was really happening. She ran back and went to the sliding glass door. She could no longer remember the fight, but instead, remembered the people Bob had talked about. Those people had killed Bob, she just knew it! Had they raped her? She didn't know and couldn't remember, but she knew she saw them running out the glass door. It was unlocked! She wanted to find them, but they must have made their escape.

Where was security? Why were they taking so long? She went back and pushed the alarm a second time, then went back to Bob. She began to move him, dragging him toward the bathroom. But, no sooner had she moved him a few feet than she saw that he'd been lying on the paddle board. She picked it up, and underneath that was the 2nd knife. She picked the knife and board up, along with the scissors, and ran toward the kitchen, sadly cleaning them and putting them away. She quickly rinsed a few dishes that were on the sink, and ran back toward the window. Now, the guards were coming up walkway, and she was afraid if they saw her with the knife, they'd think she was the intruder, so she dropped the knife on the floor beside the couch. Then, she took the sheets off the bed along with a down comforter, and threw them in the washer. She answered the door.

The security arrived, and seeing her in a panicked mood, they thought she was having a heart attack. She was unable to find her voice, so she led one of the guards to the bedroom, and pointed to Sand's body. When she could talk, she told them that a gang had entered the house, and stabbed Bob to death...she did not know who they were, or what their motive was. They called the police, and

when she arrived she repeated the story. Finally, one of the cops told her that she had blood all over her bathrobe, so she quickly took it off and threw it in the washer. The cop said "No!," and took her robe, then looking in, saw the sheets and comforter, and quickly took them. "Thank God you didn't start the washer," he said sympathetically. "How long ago did the killers leave?"

Andrea told them that all she could remember was Bob yelling for help, and coming out of the guest room...seeing 4 or 5 people...men and women in the house...and then being hit over the head by one of them, and passing out. She woke to see Bob dying with a knife in his chest, along with many other superficial stab wounds. Part of one ear was cut off. She thought it had only been 5 to 10 minutes from the time they left to the time security arrived, so they couldn't have gotten very far. The officer looked outside, and could find no evidence of anyone fleeing across the damp lawn. And, to make matters worse, they told her that Sand's body was beginning to get cold and stiff with rigor mortis. He'd probably been dead for three hours...three hours she could not account for.

Andrea did not realize that she'd been unconscious, or at least not for so long...she felt for sure it had only been a few minutes since the killers left, and felt sure there were at least two men and two women. But, being knocked out is not like being asleep because there is no concept of time passage. Anyone who has ever been under anesthesia for surgery will understand this. And so, what was three hours seemed like moments to her, and made her story to the police inadvertently inconsistent.

The police found the knife by the side of the couch where she'd dropped it, and didn't tell her for several days.

They asked Andrea if there was anything else they should know that would give them a clue to what had happened, and she thought of the thick envelope that had just come in the mail from Garthe Brown in Portland. It was in a pouch attached to Bob's wheelchair. She took it out and handed it to the Investigator. It was returned to her several days later. It was the Will, newly arrived with a note from Garthe Brown stating he'd be in town at the end of the month to help him execute it.

They took her to Eisenhower General Hospital, and when there, they asked her if she'd been injured in any way. "I don't know, I'm numb," she replied. They saw that one of her toes was badly cut, and stitched it up, but never bothered to examine her in any other way. Taking her home, the police explained that they had to cordon off her home for a few days, and asked her if she had a neighbor she could stay with. She said that she could go to her neighbor, Betty Hawkins' home, and so they allowed her to phone and make arrangements. She went there and stayed for the next few days, praying often and fervently for Betty that the killers be caught.

Two days later, while trying to touch up the dark roots in her hair (Andrea had been tinting her hair blonde), she felt a sharp sting. She asked Betty to take a look, and Betty noticed a huge bleeding wound in her scalp toward the back of her head. "Andrea, that looks bad. Why didn't you tell the doctors at the hospital?" "I didn't even know it was there until now. I told them I was numb, and they never checked me."

Andrea went back to Eisenhower for a complete MRI. They told her she had a massive concussion from a blow to the head the killers must have inflicted on her, and she should take it very easy for at least a week.

Andrea became a born-again Christian, at Betty's urging. Eventually, she moved back into the condo. She attempted to sell it, but Sand's attorney's told her to wait. She agreed to this, and within a month, all the assets were frozen anyway.

One month after the killing, after a few weeks with her parents in New Jersey, Andrea was found in the condo hog tied, with a knife in her rectum, and a rope drawn around her neck tied to her feet...she was strangling, but had managed to get to the phone and call emergency with her nose pressing "zero" for operator. The knots were too tight for the woman deputy to undo, so she cut her loose with a kitchen knife and removed the knife from her rectum. She was taken to the hospital. The medical report says that she'd experienced vaginal tearing, and that they'd removed 15cc's of semen from her vagina, so she was sure they'd have at least some evidence. And, they'd been looking for Mrs. Sand, but the elderly Mrs. Sand. What was that all about? She told the police they left her alone after she told them she was Mrs. Sand's sister, Phyllis.

Six weeks later, an investigating officer came to her home, told her that he thought she'd killed Bob Sand, that he knew she'd faked the rape, and advised her to commit suicide before she killed again. He even wrote it in his own police report that I've read. He didn't have the evidence to arrest her, but one way or the other, he wanted her gone. This was so strange...she knew she'd been raped, and knew it was Bob's killers coming back. She'd barely escaped with her life.

Thus began what would be over 20 false rape and abduction reports filed by Andrea. Yet, although she was being accused of staging them, she absolutely believed they were real. The fundamentalist "Free Evangelical Church" she became involved with, while trying to help her, only exacerbated her problem. She was told she was being obsessed by demonic entities, and should destroy all connections to anything they considered Satanic. They went through her house, gathered up all her eclectic spiritual books, and told her to burn them. There were hundreds of wonderful books they considered Satanic, even a "Book of Miracles." Any book not fundamentalist Christian was to be destroyed.

Among these "Satanic" books was a complete astrological ephemeris, 50 Time-Life books, a beautiful gold-leaf, very old collection, including a copy of *The Prophet* by Khalil Gibran, some books by Elizabeth Claire Prophet, and the complete works of Carlos

Castaneda. She also was told to destroy an antique Crystal Ball she'd brought back from a trip to Beirut. But, wanting to be rid of the entity, she sadly put it in her trunk and carried it to the trash dump.

At the church, she met a man named Joe Mims, who was also recently widowed, and became his friend and confidant. Joe had been widowed even more recently than Andrea, and when she was introduced to him at a gathering, she remembered the loving eulogy he'd given his wife at a church service. He was a loving, sensitive man, and she thought of him as a friend. She was in no way prepared for a new relationship. But, he, being a religious man, refused to sleep with her outside of marriage, and she needed the protection from the continued rapes and abductions. She needed the companionship. So, she married him. He told her that he loved her enough for the both of them, and that he knew she'd love him in time. She was willing to try.

James Stafford Hawkins, formally charged her with 1st degree murder, and Joe posted bail for her. It is possible that had she not re-married, charges would never have been filed. But, the DA was outraged at her re-marriage. He went ahead even though he didn't have enough evidence to bring her to trial.

I have to back-track again. Remember Richard, the long-time inmate friend Andrea had corresponded with? A week after Bob's death, Andrea wrote to him. She felt that someone with so much exposure to crime could help her sort things out, and even give her clues as to who killed Bob. And, she felt badly that she'd cut him off so suddenly when she'd met Bob.

She didn't know if he'd write to her again, since she'd broken off the correspondence so suddenly a year prior, but she received a response from him in about three weeks. He'd been moved to a prison from Carson City to Jean, Nevada...much closer. He told her he'd be there to lend her moral support, and asked her again to come and visit him, since he was now a lot closer. She was never able to make the trip. At the end of this letter, he asked her to send him her new phone number, since her old one in LA was disconnected. Please note, that this one small item proves she could have had no contact with him while she was with Bob Sand.

When Richard called, she told him what she could recall of the killing, and wondered if he had any clue as to who might have done it. She also told him about the early attempt on her life when she'd been poisoned.

She did not, however, tell him or anyone else about Bob's sex games....Bob was dead, and she wanted the fantasies to die with him.

She could not have known that the continued rapes and abductions she was experiencing were just a continuation of Bob's games. She had crossed over to where the games had become real to her...and maybe...just my guess...the false abductions were a way for her to keep him alive. She had relived her lifetime of abuses and rapes for Bob's gratification, and now she was reliving them in her grief.

Richard had a friend who was paroling, and needed an address to use in order to qualify for release from the Nevada Parole Board.

He told her that the friend (Larry) was a real good guy, and Andrea reluctantly agreed, after Richard told her Larry might be able to protect her from the abductions. Larry got drunk the night he was released, and never did go to Andrea's house. The closest he ever came to contacting her was when he called late one night, very intoxicated. He wanted to come to her home, but she refused to allow it. He sounded frightening on the phone, and she simply did not need the trouble with everything else she was enduring. He was re-arrested on a parole violation, and never met Andrea. But, we did locate him living in San Francisco a few years back. He remembered the situation very vividly. He says Richard was very frantic about Andrea's safety, and that he was being provided with a home in Rancho Mirage with the strict understanding that there was to be no romantic involvement, but that he was to serve as her bodyguard. He was sorry that his call in the middle of the night had frightened Andrea as he had never intended to threaten her.

Now...let's jump back ahead to after Andrea married Joe. Joe was fairly easy-going, and did not object to Andrea remaining friends with Richard by mail and phone. But, Richard turned nasty after Andrea re-married, and began making undue demands of her. He'd since transferred back to Carson City, and a long time friend of his named David, who was gay, was being beaten up by inmates in Jean. He demanded that Andrea call the warden at Jean, and have David transferred back to Carson City, where Richard could protect him. He also demanded that she phone the prison Chaplain at Jean and tell him she was Richard's sister in order to ask for assistance in the matter. Actually, we've since learned through David that they were lovers, and Richard wanted David back in his cell.

Andrea could not agree to do this...she was falling apart emotionally, and could not deal with it. And, the thought of lying to a prison chaplain for Richard was unbearable. When Joe saw what Richard was doing to Andrea emotionally, he jumped on the phone and told him to never call again. He furthermore told him that Andrea had been charged with Bob's killing, and that contact with an inmate would make her look bad at trial. Big mistake! Richard did not know Andrea had been charged up to this time, and quickly came to the realization that if he could no longer get Andrea for little favors from the outside, he could still use her to his advantage.

Richard meekly agreed not to call, but then immediately called back.

When Andrea answered the phone, Richard told her that he was going to get revenge, and she'd be very sorry for breaking off with him again. He started telling her she'd "done me wrong," and that she'd be very sorry for marrying Joe. He told her that he had

evidence against her, and that he intended to call the DA and become a witness against her. Andrea hung up the phone, and told Joe of Richard's threat. Joe brushed it off, and told her that Richard had nothing on her and was merely bluffing.

The next day, he called Prosecutor James Hawkins in Indio. He told him that Andrea had admitted to killing Bob, and had even told him prior to Bob's death that she had tried to poison him but he hadn't died. He claimed to have letters in which Andrea had supposedly spoken of her intent to kill Sand, in addition to others in which she described the act afterward.

Obviously, he concocted this story from Andrea's story of HERSELF being poisoned.

Now, the Assistant DA had the info he needed to bring Andrea to trial.

The deputy DA, Jim Hawkins traveled to Carson City to interview Richard with two investigators, and conducted an interview taped over three days. I have a large portion of this interview on tape, including Richard's first phone call. Hawkins sounds very skeptical on the tape, since Richard only had the sketchiest information. All he really knew for sure was that Sand had been stabbed, and that Andrea had spent the night on her neighbor's couch after the police had taken her home from the hospital. From this, he came up with her saying something like "I stabbed the old bastard to death, then took a nap on the couch." That's all he knew! But, with his talk of an earlier conversation about having the talk with Andrea before Sand's death, in which she revealed she was planning to kill Bob, and had tried to poison him, Hawkins decided to use him.

A letter never explained to the jury would have proven that this is a conversation that could never have taken place, since it was at a time when no contact between Andrea & Richard was possible. And, when you click on to view that letter, you will also see a letter written almost a year after the killing in which Andrea is speculating as to who might have killed Bob...meaning that at no time ever did she admit to killing him, since she still believed Bob had been killed by intruders. Furthermore, it was evident from this letter that she believed the same intruders were continuing to stalk her.

Richard had only one thing he wanted in exchange for his false testimony.

His lover, David, had to be transferred back to Carson City, and into his cell. Hawkins assured him it could be arranged, even though they were working from different states. In addition to missing David, he was arranging to help a bank that David had supposedly embezzled money from recover their loss, for which he would receive a financial reward. This is greatly documented in our Federal Writ.

Richard went on to say he had letters from Andrea that would prove she'd admitted to the killing, and which he'd also showed to David. But, the only letters he turned over show that Andrea made no such admission, and that she believed she was being continuously abducted and raped.

When contacted, David told us that he never heard of Andrea, and that he always believed Richard had just used his "juice" with prison staff to get him transferred. Richard was a good barber, and styled the warden's hair, so it would have been believable. David makes a good credible witness for us. He was in prison for embezzlement, but has since become a successful businessman. He says he and Richard were lovers, but he long since stopped communicating with him, once he realized what a con artist Richard was. In a meeting in 1985 in Las Vegas, when they were both free, Richard told David that women were just there to be used, and thrown out when they were no longer of value to him. Richard, when confronted with this in Alabama, where he now lives, got very upset screaming (in front of his new wife) "I AIN'T NO HOMO!!!!"

Andrea was now in complete nervous collapse, and could not be touched without experiencing extreme physical psychosomatic pain. She could no longer have sex with Joe, and he began to grow frustrated and distant. The rape/abduction reports were continuing, and Joe was at a loss to be able to prevent them, and nothing in his life's experience could have prepared him to deal with Andrea's emotional problems.

Sadly, her problem could easily have been solved. If Joe had been a little more worldly, he might have helped her himself. But, he saw his entire world through the narrow fundamentalist eyes of his Evangelical Church. It was a world of Angels, Demons, literal belief in the wording of the King James Bible, and blind acceptance of his Church's interpretation of scripture.

Joe's life with his first wife, Doty, had been in the style of 1950's sitcoms, a world of Ozzie & Harriet. They raised three "perfect" children, went to Church on Sundays, and generally succeeded in business. The marriage may not have been exciting, but it was comfortable and loving. But, when his third child, a son, (Mark) was born, Doty began to develop Rheumatoid Arthritis, which progressively worsened. When Doty gradually declined in health, Joe had felt his little world crumble around him. Withdrawing, he became estranged from his children. He would later tell Andrea how hard it had been on him being provider, father, mother, and having to take care of routine household chores. By the time he had met Andrea, all but Mark were married, and fought continuously amongst themselves.

In Andrea, he saw a beautiful woman he never thought he could have attracted. She made him feel young, and her angelic appearance and elegant manners made him see her as God's own handiwork of perfection.

When her emotional situation worsened, Joe just couldn't fathom it. She tried to get him to listen, she tried to explain, but he couldn't or wouldn't hear. His only solution was prayer, both at home, and with the Evangelicals. The marathon prayer sessions at the Church only exacerbated her distress. Joe could not have seen the harm the well-meaning Christians were doing to Andrea with their "laying on of hands," and prayers for her demons to depart. They would hold her for hours, rock her back and forth, and sing praises to the Lord. Some would go into rapturous frenzies, rolling on the ground and uttering strange languages.

The closest thing to what Andrea was experiencing is in the accounts of Alien Abductions we read about today. It does not really matter whether the abductions are real or not. People are being traumatized and need help. Whether the traumatization is from within or without is moot.

In Andrea's case, all she ever needed was for Joe to tell her he believed in her. She needed to be counseled and psychologically treated as if the rapes were real. In a very real sense, they were far worse than real. She could not have been protected if she had been sleeping in the White House under Secret Service Protection.

She could not understand why she was being persecuted by the police and the District Attorney's Office. She had trusted them to solve the murder of Bob Sand, and they had turned on her viciously. Couldn't they understand she was a victim? Why couldn't she communicate her stark terror to anyone? Was there anyone in the world who would listen? Even her psychologist, Dr. Leitmann told her she was imagining everything, yet he seemed crazier in his habits and manners than she'd ever been. She would try to talk to him about her continued "rapes," but he would simply act bored and indifferent, always diverting to a different subject.

The answer from the authorities was ridicule and contempt. The answer from Joe was a good stiff drink and an all-night prayer session. If she became hysterical, Joe would tell her to have faith, walk out of the room, or break down and cry in exasperation. He tried to suggest sex to help her forget, and when she could not deal with being touched, he'd become angry. Yet, Joe's idea of sexual excitement was anything but comforting. His skills as a lover even at his age were as awkward as an inexperienced teenager, and he viewed anything outside of immediate intercourse without foreplay as sinful and non-Biblical. And, much to Andrea's dismay, he believed that kissing below the collar-bone was sinful. When Andrea would get out the Bible, and ask Joe to show her where he was getting the idea, he'd just tell her it was what he'd always been told.

Once, at church, he'd even talked the minister into giving a special sermon urging wives to "submit lovingly to your husbands." As he gave the sermon, Andrea felt the minister's eyes boring through her, and she instantly knew that the sermon was being directly given to and for her. Feeling humiliated, Andrea felt herself actually disassociate and leave her body. As she floated above the assembly, she encountered several beings she felt as "angelic," who reassured her and told her that her travails would one day be a light to other women. Returning to her body after the service, Joe eagerly asked Andrea what she thought of the sermon. "I don't know, I guess I wasn't listening," Andrea answered, much to Joe's angst!

Halloween of 1982 was the last day of freedom Andrea ever was to know. Andrea spent the day painting Christmas decorations and had purchased some beautiful statues she also planned to paint. She'd also cut out some Halloween pumpkins (paper mache'), and had found a pirated copy of "ET" in one of the new video stores that were popping up everywhere at that time. She'd planned to watch it with Joe that night.

She got out the blender, and made her favorite Margarita Mix, then, to be sure she could ease her chronic pain, she took a couple of pain pills. Maybe she'd be able to make love to Joe that night. She'd been avoiding him for six weeks.

After a family party, Andrea told Joe she wanted to take a bath and relax. If he'd like to, she'd appreciate the company as she soaked in the tub, and he could wash her back for her. Joe became hopeful...was Andrea feeling romantic tonight? She lit scented candles, and settled back in a hot, soothing tub.

Joe poured his heart out to her. He loved her so much, and assured her that he was determined to get her through her legal difficulties. He was convinced that after she was acquitted, and with her stress gone, her emotional problems would cease, and they could live a happy life.

Andrea thought, "This is a good man, and I've really been unfair to him. I've got to try to make it up to him before another marriage is ruined for us both." As she got out of the tub and dried herself, she said, "Would you like to try and make love?" Joe couldn't believe his good fortune, but as he and Andrea settled down in bed, he realized Andrea was unable to relax. She appeared frightened and stiff, and because of this, Joe was unable to stay aroused. He rolled over on his back, then thought of something: "Maybe it's the house, 'drea. This is where everything happened. Why don't we drive out to the desert and make love under the stars?" "Yes, we could try that," Andrea answered non-committally.

Joe had been trying to get Andrea to carry a .38 Smith & Wesson he'd bought for her to protect herself against abductions, but she refused. She had agreed to carry a small hammer, or a knife and screwdriver in her purse for protection, as had always been her habit. Joe drove Andrea's Celica looking for a secluded spot. Joe remembered a canyon he liked to hike in, and took the bumpy dirt road off the main highway. Finally, he found the spot he was looking for.

They got out, and when Joe began unbuckling his pants, she playfully grabbed him and performed oral sex on him. He'd always believed oral sex was a sin, so this was his first experience with it at the age of 55. Andrea thought it would be easier than straight intercourse, since it did not require that she be touched, and if Joe could just understand how good it could make him feel, perhaps he'd reciprocate, enabling her to relax and become aroused sexually also. It only took 30 seconds for Joe to climax, after which he felt embarrassed. Andrea spit his semen on the ground, wiped her mouth with a Kleenex, and told Joe it was OK, and she was glad he liked what she'd done for him.

"Now, lie down, Joe. I'm going to give you the best back rub you've ever had. Then, if I make you feel good, we can make love again...but I also want to teach you to do something for me!" Joe was in heaven, happily lying on his stomach on the blanket he'd brought for them.

Andrea straddled him, and began rubbing Joe's shoulders & back. She made Joe feel better than he'd felt in his entire life. Andrea leaned her head back, and took in the Fall's warm night air. Soon it would be too cold for this. She looked up at the beautiful moon and...the moon and...THE MOON!!!

Suddenly, everything went black and Joe was gone. She had only looked up for a second, and he left her...or had he been kidnapped? Had her abductors followed them to the canyon? She tried to scream, but could make no noise, and the dim buzzing in her ears that had continued non-stop since the night Bob had died became the din of millions of birds chirping in unison...it reminded her of Hitchcock's "The Birds." But, this was not Bodega Bay, it was the desert!

The buzzing and chirping became human voices, then demonic voices, all taunting and mocking her. Before her eyes, the moon turned red, and then changed shape. As she watched in horror, a face began to emerge...a face she hadn't seen in years and hoped to never see again. She felt pain!