

Testimony of  
**Ms. Sharon Timmons**

September 4, 2002

I would like to introduce myself to you. My name is Sharon Timmons, a resident of Riverside California. I am a single mom. I work Monday through Friday. I have coffee with the neighbors on the weekends, I mow my yard, and am not always last to bring in my trash cans.

Just two weeks ago my life changed in an instant. It happened the instant I went to wake my daughter, Nichole only to find her missing from her bed. From the very moment I tried to open her bedroom door to wake her, I realized that I did not even shut the door the night before. I stepped into her room and her messy room was a different kind of mess. The stuffed dog that sits in the barber chair was not in her chair, but flung on the end of her bed. Her down-comforter was bunched up in an odd sort-of style. I was so confused. I couldn't see her arms and legs hanging out like usual. I threw the dog to the floor, (big stuffed dog), and with both hands flipped the blanket high into the air. I was so stunned. No Nichole in the bed. I notice that her barbie doesn't have any clothes on.

I am so stuck on confusion. The night before I had wanted to go to bed because I didn't feel very well. I was not in the mood to mess around, she was begging for her barbie to wear a certain dress and have her hair in a pony-tail. I at first was not participating with the idea of a delay, and then I thought what's a couple of minutes. So we dress barbie, fix her hair and finally put her to bed. So for me to see Barbie not even in the bed, or with any clothes on., I couldn't even figure.

Then I notice the back door to her bedroom is open. This door goes to the back yard, to the pool. I am screaming now. We have probably used that door in the 19 years I have lived there 50 times. I have pretty much gone into sheer panic by now, I run around in circles screaming her name. I then notice that the back gate to the cul-de-sac is opened with the roll-lock and chain laying on the ground.

From here on the events are a blur. I run to the neighbors house, beat on the door screaming for help. We do a loop around the house, looking in and around everything. We do circles around the yard. I notice that Bryan, my neighbor is not saying one word. I can't take this. I ask him if I should call the police, and he says, " I think you better." Now, I am losing it. No way, how could this happen, who could do this ? I call 911. I am frantic, I can hardly talk, I certainly cannot think. The lady asked me what was Nichole last seen wearing. I couldn't tell her. I could only remember what Barbie was wearing.

The first policeman shows up, and asks me general questions regarding the description of Nichole, last conversations, where her father lived, which I could not even answer. I gave him my ideas of the only possibilities based on the fact that one time they had been mad at me, but no

way could they do this???? They tape off the house, I see motorcycle cops pull up to the front of my house. They looked like robots, doing everything in perfect unison.

Friends and neighbors start to come by and they are crying, they try to hug me. No, I cannot hug anyone. I will crumble. I keep thinking that somewhere inside my head there is a clue. And if I cry, I will miss my opportunity to help Nichole.

Some weird realization comes to mind, I realized that Nichole's shoes are missing, not just one pair, but two. I run and check the floorboards to my truck and they are not there. I have hope.

I meet the policeman and the bloodhound named Patsy. I am excited because my first doll was named Patsy. I have hope. Patsy does a wonderful job and sniffs her way to the freeway, by a familiar path she smells like Glenn. I have hope. Different police agencies were there, Riverside Police Department, the Riverside Detectives, (whom I spoke mostly with), the CHP, the FBI. They asked me lots of questions and they would confer with each other a lot. I noticed that they were so respectful with each other. I noticed that they were so calm and positive. They only spoke about when they found Nichole, not if. There is not a word good enough to describe how awesome they were.

Sometime in my blur, they told me that they were going to use the Amber Alert system. And it seemed like within a short time, that they had received more than 200 calls. I was so excited, the weirdest thing was happening to my arms. It felt like every cell was moving around, I'm even sure how to describe it. I can tell you that when you run out of tears, the pressure of crying or not crying makes you feel like your head is going to explode.

Pretty quick, it seems, I am told that Nichole has been found. My emotions are so all over the board that I cannot even explain. If I said I was thankful for the Amber Alert Program, it would truly not even be enough. It saved Nichole's life, it brought her back to me. I am truly the luckiest woman.

Since this has happened, I have met people from every part of my daily travels, the gas station, the bank, the grocery store. They all kind of say the same thing. They all tell me how happy they are for me. They a lot of times want to hug Nichole and me. They all tell me how they saw the Amber Alert signs, or heard the news, and they all tell me, or show me how they acted while driving looking, looking to find that truck.

This is such a great tool. It will save children. One child is one miracle.