

LINDSEY ISAACS
STATEMENT BEFORE THE UNITED STATES SENATE

Good afternoon. My name is Lindsey Isaacs. I would like to share with you what happened to me beginning on October 4, 2025, and how it forever changed the trajectory of my life.

On October 4, 2025, I spent the day with my mom cooking at my apartment in Palm Coast, Florida. We left my apartment separately at around 6:30 p.m. She drove home to Ocala, and I drove to a store in Davenport.

It was a normal drive. I stopped for gas and then continued to the store, where I stayed for about an hour before heading home. I arrived home at approximately 10:25 p.m., ate some of the food my mother and I had cooked earlier that day, and called my parents to say goodnight.

At approximately 1:04 a.m. on October 5, an FHP trooper and three deputies from the Marion County Sheriff's Office arrived at my parents' home in Ocala looking for me. They asked where I was and where my vehicle was, and told my parents that I had been involved in a fatal crash.

My parents were confused and terrified. They told law enforcement that I was home asleep in Palm Coast and gave them my address. They could not understand what they were being told and were now worried about whether I was even alive.

My parents immediately drove to my apartment. They arrived at approximately 4:45 a.m. and found additional troopers already there.

I woke up frantic. My parents were at my door, multiple troopers were outside, and an impound truck was taking my Dodge Durango away right in front of me.

I gave the troopers my receipt and information showing where I had been. I told them that I had not been involved in any crash. The troopers told me there was damage to my vehicle consistent with a collision.

But I could not see the damage they were describing. My Durango was in immaculate condition. Yet I stood there watching law enforcement take it away while telling me that my vehicle had been involved in a crash in which three people had died.

That same day, October 5, 2025, I retained criminal defense attorney Patrick McGeehan.

In February 2026, my defense team sued FHP seeking the return of my vehicle.

I later learned that a Flock automated license plate recognition camera had captured my Dodge Durango approximately two to three miles west of the crash scene. Investigators were looking for a black Dodge Durango.

I also later learned that witnesses had described a maroon Dodge Durango as being involved in the crash, and that 911 callers had provided information about that vehicle, including a partial license plate number of 458.

Despite this information, the investigation continued to focus on me and my vehicle.

On April 17, 2026, a warrant was issued for my arrest. I was ordered to surrender myself at the Volusia County Jail by 2:00 p.m.

I could not understand what was happening.

I was placed in solitary confinement for approximately three and a half days. Correctional officers told me that because of the severity of my charges, I could not be housed with other inmates until I had been evaluated.

I was placed in a blue suicide-prevention dress with broken Velcro on the left side that left me exposed. The cell door was shut, and it was not opened for approximately 86 hours.

I was then moved to a mental-health unit for approximately 24 hours before ultimately being transferred to G-Block, a maximum-security housing unit, where I remained for approximately 10 days.

I was terrified.

I was facing the possibility of spending the rest of my life in prison for a crash that I knew I had not been involved in. I did not know if I would ever get out of jail.

At my lowest point, I did not want to be alive.

The television was constantly on in the jail. My mugshot appeared on the news, and I watched as information about me and my case was broadcast publicly. Other inmates harassed me about my charges.

Every day, I prayed that the truth would come out.

When another inmate was sent to prison, she gave me her Bible. I read that Bible every day. I slept with it as my pillow. I even took it into the shower because I had almost nothing else and was afraid someone would take it.

I still have that Bible today, and I cherish it.

On April 22, 2026, I was denied bond at my pretrial detention hearing.

On April 28, my attorney, Patrick McGeehan, presented the court with multiple photographs of my Durango sitting in the FHP impound lot without the collision damage investigators had claimed was present. This prompted the State to reevaluate my vehicle and the case against me.

The following day, April 29, I was finally granted bond.

After 13 days in jail, I ran into my mother and father's arms. I could not believe I was free.

In May 2026, the State ultimately declined to prosecute me and filed a No Information. An Information was never filed against me. The investigation instead resulted in charges against another individual.

I came here today because I want you to understand that surveillance technology does not exist in a vacuum. Information collected by technology can become part of an investigation that affects a real human being.

In my case, a Flock camera captured my vehicle a few miles from the scene of a terrible crash. That piece of information became part of an investigation that ultimately led to my arrest on three counts of vehicular homicide and 13 days in jail for a crash I had nothing to do with.

I am not here to tell you how to do your jobs. I am here to tell you what happened to me.

Thank you for allowing me to share my story with you today. I thank God, my family, and my attorney, Patrick McGeehan, for standing beside me and helping me get my life back.