

Manitoba Victim Impact Statement Form

When completed please forward to the Crown attorney's office.

Name of victim: Timothy Richard McLean

Police Incident Number: File # 2009-909019

Date of Offence: July 30, 2008

Police agency the incident was reported to: RCMP

Charges (if known): 2nd degree Murder

Name of offender (if known): Vince Weiguang LI

Town, city or community where the incident occurred: 18 kms West of Portage La Prairie MB

Relationship to the offender (if any): NONE

You can ask to read your statement in court. If you would like to do so, please check the following box:

I wish to read my statement aloud in court.

Please Note: The court will be informed if you wish to read your Victim Impact Statement in court, however, if you are not present at the hearing, sentencing will proceed

If you are not the direct victim, please indicate why you have completed this statement and your relationship to the victim.

Name: Carol deDellef

Relationship to the victim: Mother

Reason: _____

I would like to thank your Honor and the court, for allowing me this opportunity to attempt to put into words, the affect this crime has had on me.

Timothy was a very alive person probably the most alive person I've ever known and I've had the privilege of being his mother. He had a very active, adventurous and vibrant life, he literally radiated energy!

The last professional portrait that was taken of him was a month after his 22nd birthday, I always had trouble pinpointing Timothy for any appointments especially photos. But there he is smiling that smile with that glint in his eye that always made me wonder what sort of mischief he'd be up to next.

And now that light that was Timothy's life has been snubbed out! In the very cruelest, heinous manner possible by you Vince Li, nobody else just you. I believe you're dangerous and why would I believe otherwise? You've demonstrated that very clearly.... No doubt!!

That night in July when I was informed that the young man who's suffered that horrible death on the back of a greyhound bus was MY son I literally wished I'd just die too. I couldn't imagine surviving when my child didn't. My heart completely shattered and I ached to the core of my soul. I struggle everyday to appreciate my own life enough to want to continue to go on and to honor Timothy's memory by cherishing the memories instead of allowing the all consuming sorrow to just swallow me up, because it could, and then this evil would claim me as well I cannot let that happen.

it in bits & pieces, [REDACTED]

I can no longer tell my remaining children to "be careful and to make sure you get home in 1 piece" we can no longer "laugh our heads off" or our "guts out" these used to be such innocent phrases they now have such ugly meanings for me. My mom used to tell me id "forget my head if it wasn't attached" and I can no longer "dead head" my flowers.

Medically speaking there is no medication that can treat the wounds inflicted upon a person's soul. My body still functions as it's meant to with the addition of aches caused by stress headaches caused by stress digestive trouble caused by stress insomnia caused by stress. I take a handful of supplements daily and see a chiropractor regularly to help with these issues because I do not want to be on prescription medications if I can avoid them. They make me feel too forgetful & confused and I would be tempted perhaps to take them all at once and what would that leave my other children with?

In the early days of this nightmare I was given lorazepam to allow me to breathe properly and sleep. My husband was always asking, "Where are your pills carol?" I just handed him the bottle silently as I knew what his fear was.

Financially, well we've never had a lot of money; always enough to take care of our children and our bills. I'm on long term disability now, which is significantly less than my salary was.

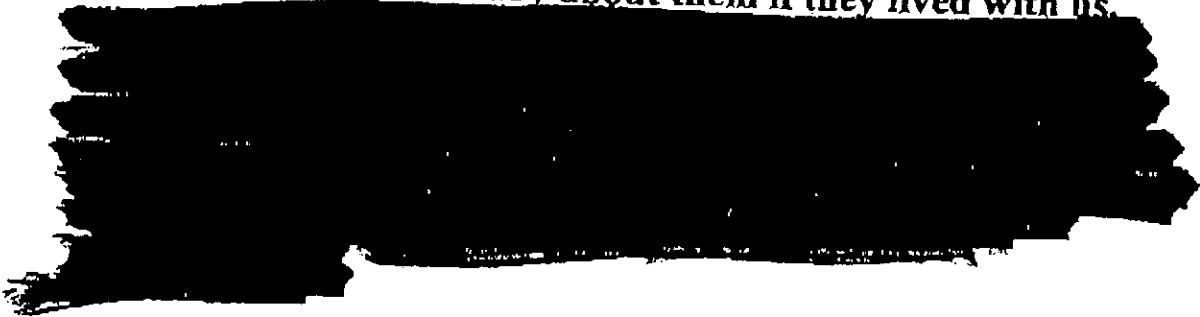
I drove a school bus and now I do not possess the patience, confidence, and ability to concentrate which is required to

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safely transport other peoples children (the most precious cargo)

My husband is the person who taught Timothy how to use a hammer and a paint brush, how to ride a 2 wheeler and helped him with homework. The stress of Timothy's vicious murder is taking a huge toll on him and he is currently reducing his workweek to allow him a chance to grieve and to take care of myself and our younger son Kendall.

Our 2 girls live far away and it's difficult not having them close but we'd worry about them if they lived with us.



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Name of offender (if known): Vince L

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Name: Nadine McLean

Relationship to the victim: Step Mother

Reason: _____

When we think of our beautiful son Tim, our thoughts are no longer just of the love we have for him or of the short wonderful time we shared with him. They will always marred by the brutal way in which he died.

Tim's murder was nothing short of traumatic and gruesome and I can't even begin to explain the pain and anguish my family has endured since.

Our feelings of emptiness and sorrow are like a hunger that can't be satisfied. We ache with sadness and are exhausted each day. It's an effort to get up each morning and put on a brave face for each other.

We have been introduced to antidepressants during the day and sleeping pills at night just to escape this nightmare we are living in.

We have been forced to seek therapy in order to help us deal with our pain and overwhelming grief.

We have been forced to question our trust in mankind, our faith and our religious beliefs.

We have been unable to work since Tim died, because we have trouble focusing & staying on task with everyday activities.

We have had to isolate ourselves from the community because now we are so well known.

We find that friends, acquaintances, and neighbors don't know what to say to us. We are constantly looked upon with sadness and condolence.

Our lives and our futures have been changed forever. Although our grief and sorrow cannot be measured; all we know is that we are unable to move on with our lives at this time.

Just when we think we are coping well, and adjusting to life without Tim, we open the closet and discover one of his shirts, or stumble onto a letter he wrote or a picture. Over and over again we have to deal with his horrific death and the void of not having him here.

It is the simple things we miss most, the summer BBQ's or the late nite chats, when he would come home after work and share his stories., of adventure and travel, or even just spending time with him and his friends.

When Tim wrapped his arms around us and gave us a hug, we knew it was filled with love and sincerity. We will never again get to feel Tim's hugs.

Our family has lost a son, a brother a Uncle, a nephew, a cousin and grandson

You ask me how we feel...

We are devastated, and desperately trying to remain strong for my family. We know a parents love for their children is like nothing else in this world, and when your child is taken from you for no apparent reason, that love knows no law and no pity, it is almost impossible to continue to live life.

The indelible images of our son's last moments and hours after his passing will remain with us forever .

We have been in a waking nightmare since July 30th 2008.

05-15-08 09:53am From:MYERS WEINBERG

12048890350

T-463 P 03/06 F-551

Victim Impact Statement of Bruce D. Martin

Review Board Patient: Vince Weiguang Li

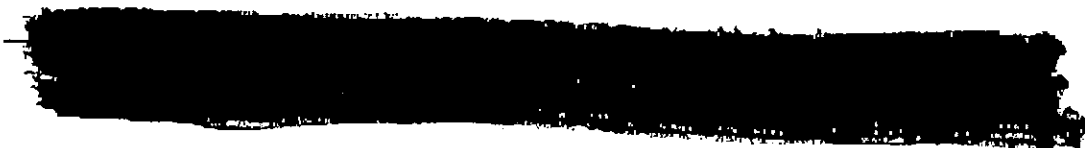
Anywhere from 5 to 50 times a day I think about what I saw at the back of the bus, a body laying on the floor and Vince Li thrusting his knife into a limp body over and over and over again. Sometimes I can override those visions in my mind and go on with my day. Many other times I feel numb all over. At times I feel a lot of anger over a person taking the life of another. Other times I cry as I vision Tim McLean, a young man who had his whole life ahead of him and had it snuffed out! He will never enjoy marriage, children, grandchildren things of which I hold dearest to me. Sometimes I feel gut wrenching pain. As a parent, I see Tim's parent's loss, hurt, pain, agony and frustration. I just can't imagine life if one of my children pre-deceased me.

I become very angry knowing that Vince Li will be reviewed on a year to year basis and may one day roam free among us. I understand the reasoning of the law, however, I cannot get over the losses to so many people and the lives that have been affected. The very thought of Vince Li re-offending causes me to shake. It then becomes very difficult to control my anxiety.

My wife has been put through hell, worrying about me, looking after me and dealing with inquiring persons. She has had to deal with all of my major mood swings and anxiety attacks which are a direct result of the murder. In our waning years of work and nearing retirement, my wife should be sitting back enjoying our children and grandchildren, traveling and visiting family and friends. Instead she is at my side helping me struggle through these panic attacks and anxiety. I know our children look at us not just as their dad and mom but with sadness, hurt and stress watching us go through these hard emotional times. Because of this incident, friends and close family act and look at us a little different as they do not know what to say, what not to say, whether to visit or not.

I have not yet been able to return to work, a job which I had enjoyed for 24 years. I was not even able to step on a bus for the first 5 months after the murder. I am still under the care of a psychologist. I experience high levels of anxiety walking through crowds of people, especially at airports, malls and bus depots still to this day. I suffer severe panic attacks when around people of Asian decent. I spend my days worrying about my future, job, marriage, friends and family. These relationships all seem "grey" as there is no normality in any of these.

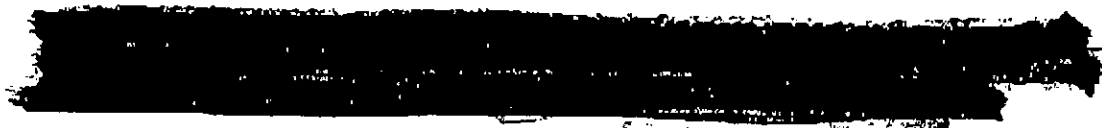
My life has been affected in so many ways which will last a life time. Work will never, ever be what it once was. Our every day living will never be normal. Tim McLean cannot be brought back and his family will live with that pain forever.



05-15-09 08:56am From-MYERS WEINBERG

12049890350

T-464 P.04/06 F-551



Bruce Martin, Greyhound driver

Date May 11, 2009

05/15/2009 10:23 FAX 204 787 7039

GDS MEDICINE HSC

007/00

To the Review Board re: V. Li

I sat before my television set, listened to the radio and read the details of the story of a person that had been murdered on a greyhound bus, dismembered. The editing accounts took over the front page immediately. The details shocking and the sorrow I felt for the family gripped me.

I prayed for the family of the person whom was killed on the greyhound bus believing there was nothing I could do but that. I was disgusted by the horrific nature of the crime. My work place was buzzing, there was no escape from the shock that not only I felt but a country as well.

It was July 31st at 3 a.m. in the morning, the phone rang a few times my son said. My son took the call, I knew this when he knocked on my bedroom door, he stepped to the side of my bed and said mom it's Carol. My first thought was what is wrong. The next words he spoke have chilled me to the very core of my body, it was Timothy on the greyhound bus that had his fatal death he said. I opened my mouth to scream, moaned and groaned and covered my mouth quickly lest my friend hear me. Tears of pain poured from me. I was little comfort to my friend, we cried, it was difficult to conceptualize that this had even happened, lest it be someone I knew. Who could have ever imagined this. In the previous 24 hours or so I remember thinking about the family and how horrible this must be for them. Little did I know.

She spoke so softly into the phone that night on July 31 at 3 a.m. I could barely hear her. It was Timothy she said amongst her tears. What do you say. I don't even remember what I said, I think I cried with her, as I am from a number truck being in a state of shock and disbelief. I felt sickened to my stomach, remembering the smiling face of a young man vibrant with life, and now I put a face to the person whom met his fate on that terrible night.

I went to her as quickly as I could, the look in her eyes empty, void of the life that was there not 2 weeks before. I felt that I needed to be strong and not show my friend how disturbed I felt, she didn't see me. This was a nightmare, and one that I will never forget.

The tears were silent. She cried and there appeared to be no noise, just these soft tears falling as they caressed her face. Short gasps of air, breath inhaled, I never heard her breathe. A heart so profoundly broken, as was mine for her, I still could not imagine losing a loved one like this. I continued to be nauseated. The images in my mind so disturbing, even today, it is hard to shut it down.

Timothy McLean was a vibrant, fun loving young man, full of life, a journey man of sorts, liked to explore not only the things around him but in travelling as well. He enjoyed children and made them laugh with glee. He sat at my table and enjoyed meals, he played with my children at the beach and in his home. We were family.

I use to watch many different kinds of shows on the television and today I can not. The images on some of these shows, the murder's, take me back to all of what has happened. When I hear of some act of a brutal killing I am taken back to that night. Remembering the details. As time has gone on, my friend needs to talk about this crime, and it brings it all back in a swoop of pain for me.

05/15/2008 10:23 FAX 204 787 7038

GDS MEDICINE HSC

006/008

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

When I saw you in court Mr. Li I was consumed with anger, rage, pain and tears. I keep asking the God of my understanding why this happened, a purpose that I will never understand. This crime has affected me in my job in that people approach me and ask questions. My family asks always. Now the family is going. For me, I begin to feel the anger and pain all over again. I see in my mind's eye the greyhound bus, tears well up, and I control what I can and other times not.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Today when I see a Greyhound bus... usually daily as I go to work... I now look to see what the number of the bus is. That is since court. I also experience a chill that begins on my chin and works its way up into my head. The bite rises into my throat when I see a greyhound bus and it chokes me. A greyhound bus could be the last means of transportation and I would walk instead today. I see Timothy's body strewn all around that bus, it's the details of the case... I feel that I will never lose this sensation when I see a greyhound bus, it is one of fear, disgust and reminds me of what has happened, reliving the nightmare again and again.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

We used to play around, go for a relaxing lunch and talk about our kids and what they were up to, now its pendons, interviews, buttons, painful. Nothing is normal now nor will it ever be again.

This crime has taken a young man, vibrant with life, with wit and humor and desroyed him. His journey will be taken from this. His love, his hopes, his family, his life gone, gone is his breath. This crime has caused a family, friends and myself more pain than I could ever imagine.

Brenda Lewis