

Thank you Chairman Hardesty and members of the Committee for the opportunity to speak here today.

I've thought a lot about what message I would like to give you today. But first I think you need to know a little about how I came to be here or why I think my opinions should even matter to this committee.

On July 3rd, 1999 my 20 year old daughter Jennette Wren Testa never came home from work. She worked the night shift at Kinko's on California Street in downtown Reno. This was only a temporary job since five days earlier she had signed a six year enlistment in the United States Navy... I might add - the proudest moment of her life.

I contacted the Washoe County Sheriffs office on the night of the 3rd when I hadn't heard anything from Jenny and she was due back at work. She would never not call me, not show up for work, Jenny was the most dependable, responsible person anyone could know.

I spent the entire night and next day, the 4th of July calling every hospital emergency room and praying and wondering and somewhere inside knowing a sick feeling. The night of the 4th I stood outside on my deck of my home which overlooked Reno and recalled hearing and seeing fire trucks responding to a fire in the South Meadows business park area. The sheriffs deputy, I still remember his name as if it were yesterday ... Officer Dougherty, called me about midnight and asked if there would have been any reason Jenny would be in the South Meadows area of town and I said no... I couldn't think of any reason.

The next morning I picked up the newspaper and in a small add on piece there was an article that said they had found a body burning next to a dumpster in the South Meadows business park ... I began calling, first the fire department, then the newspaper ... everyone was closed because this was the Monday after the 4th which had been a Sunday... all I wanted to know was this the body of a small female ... I knew somewhere in my soul this was Jenny for where else would she be, then I called the Reno police department and I explained that I had a missing persons report filed on my daughter and asked if the body was that of a small female, they told me to call Washoe County where the missing persons report was filed, then I called the Washoe County detectives missing persons number that Officer Dougherty had given me and all I got was an answering machine. Just as I hung up from leaving that message Detective Jim Duncan of Reno Police called me and asked if I was the person that had called about my daughter. I said yes and asked if the body was that of a small female and he said he could never tell a mother that a body could be that of her daughter unless there was absolute proof ... and I again asked if the body was a small female ... I could feel right through the phone the true pain that he felt having to tell me that I was right, this was a body of a small female ... He then asked where my husband was and I told him he had

driving to the county sheriff's office and he asked if I could call him and have him come home and he would call me when they were through the autopsy to let me know for sure if this could possibly be Jenny.

I think I knew at that point there was no question ... and I think he also knew as well ... as I look back now over eight and a half years.

Jenny was raped and strangled to death on Saturday July 3rd, her body taken to a storage unit and left there overnight, her murderer returned on the 4th of July and took it to an area very close in to town, placed it in a sleeping bag next to a construction dumpster, poured two cans of lighter fluid and three cans of kerosene over it and set it on fire.

I was never able to see Jenny again. I could never touch her hand, touch her cheek, kiss her, nothing. I cannot begin to tell you how haunting and painful this is. I cannot begin to tell you how much I love my daughter, she was my best friend and to tell you I miss her is beyond an understatement.

I still recall the week before she died, she worked both at Kinko's and at Franktown Corners Carwash and then she would get home at around noon and sleep and sometimes in the afternoon I would sneak into her room and sit on the edge of her bed and just look at her or give her a little kiss, or brush her long beautiful hair away from her face. She had this fuzzy little teddy bear she would snuggle with and I would always make sure it was tucked in with her.

So what about Jenny's killer, what is his story? And how does justice play a role in our lives, in Jenny's short life?

Four months prior to Jenny's murder Jonathan Lloyd was arrested for manufacturing methamphetamine together with his brother (who had three outstanding arrest warrants in California), the charge for both brothers was plea bargained down to possession and they were given diversion programs. Jonathan and his brother didn't spend any time in jail. It's my understanding that the first time he even saw his probation officer was the week he murdered my Jenny. I, to this day, don't understand why he wasn't given any jail time. When I asked the DA handling the murder case he dropped his head and said very hesitantly ...'well, he got a really sweet deal.' That sweet deal cost my daughter her life.

I realize plea bargains are a part of the justice system but I am very opposed to them in many instances. There are certain crimes that when a plea bargain changes the nature and category of the crime I believe it is wrong. Primarily because as the offender moves along in