

Royal Canadian Mounted Police – Edmonton

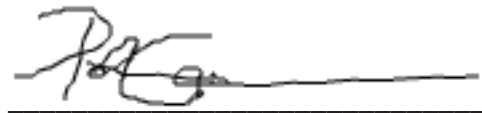
Voluntary Witness Statement #4

I, Pat Coen, on this date, Feb. 9, 2013, am giving this statement to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in the Edmonton Branch, Division 12. If you need more room do not write on the back of this sheet (start a new page).

I have read this Voluntary Witness Statement, consisting of 2 page(s), each of which bears my signature and I do affirm that all of the facts and statements contained herein are true and correct, to the best of my knowledge.

Pat Coen
Name

December 10, 1959
Date of Birth



Signature

Voluntary Witness Statement of Events

I'm going to try and recollect all of this the best I can—it's been a very difficult time for me—I am very fond of all three of my girls, but Etta is the special one, I'll admit it, and not just because she's the baby. I'm scared to think about what's happened to her, that there's nothing I can do but wait to hear something. I will say, of the three girls, Etta is the strongest. My other girls, Priscilla and Mary, are wonderful, but they are definitely more like their mother and very sheltered. Etta is my little carbon copy though; outspoken, independent, and stubborn, through and through.

On the day she went missing, I could tell in the car that her mother had been on her case, probably all morning. She has a special wrinkle in her brow solely from the amount of times Fleur irritates her. I love Fleur, don't get me wrong, but she is not good at...anything, as far as Etta goes. She doesn't realize the energy she wastes trying to keep 'Ets' under her thumb. It'd be sad if it wasn't so funny to watch sometimes. I've spent the kid's whole life running interference between them—it's no wonder Fleur gets angry and jealous about Etta not bonding with her. But you didn't hear me say that—my relationship with my wife is that of a peaceful co-existence, provided I bring home money and don't pick fights. Not healthy, I'm sure, but after 25 years, it's not necessarily about love anymore.

Ets was on her phone a lot in the car—this is usually code for "I'm tuning out Mom." Half the time Etta and I talk, we talk digitally, on Facebook or by text—we keep each other updated throughout the day. I'm fortunate, because Etta tells me more than she tells her mother, but I always thought at least one parent needs to have a good relationship with her. But this—I never saw this coming—I don't know what happened, so maybe our relationship was not as good as I thought. Someone should really talk to Parma Pinder, Etta's best friend.

At the airport, we checked our baggage. When I went to grab Etta's bag, I remember she giggled and said I should help Priscilla and Mom instead, so they didn't break a nail or something equally disastrous.

In hindsight, I think she didn't want me to know she packed very little. One thing is for sure—her camera is with her. She wouldn't go anywhere without it.

Walking to security, I teased her about Grant Bucks. This is a running joke—she is not interested in that boy, and I can't say I blame her. He and his family are about as interesting as pencil erasers. I have growing concerns about Grant. He's in love with Ets, even though she's rejected him many times, and he still doesn't seem to 'get it'. Etta tries to be patient; she doesn't want to lose the friendship.

When I mentioned Grant, she looked very sad. She asked me if I could get Grant to back off with his romantic interest and I said yes, which seemed to calm her. Then, Fleur flustered the poor kid going through security.

Priscilla, my little spender, took my attention, talking about money to buy her dress and when I realized Ets had fallen behind, I was practically on the plane. I texted her from my phone, and she texted back at 5:45 pm. All it said was, "I love you Dad."