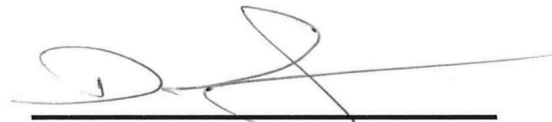


**This is Exhibit "D"
to the Affidavit of
Jonathan William Kiska
sworn before me at Ottawa,
in the Province of Ontario, this 27th
day of July, 2017.**



A Commissioner, etc.

1. About your "delusion," when was the very first time in your entire life you had something like delusion? February 2013 In teen years, adult years? Did it recur? Yes How often? Two more times: April 2013 & May – August 2014. The contents of the delusion always the same or different? Different but with many similarities. How long each delusion last? 2013's lasted for about 4 weeks & 2014's lasted for about 12 weeks. However, I feel that many events in the hospital actually made me worse. I kept creating new levels of delusion to deal with distressing hospital events. What do you think triggered them? Anxiety and/or fear
2. **The content of each delusions;** you said you were on a secret mission as an under-cover agent, please give me more details on your "mission." Please see below.
3. Did medication erase the delusion? I don't believe it did. In 2013, other than the odd shot in the butt, I didn't have any medication because I cheeked it all. In 2014, I did the same thing with the olanzapine. They did eventually force me to take lithium but after 10 days of lithium I was still creating delusions to deal with Dr. Charbonneau's rule-breaking/lying behaviour. I feel that my delusions ended when I informed the Secret Service that I was quitting because I felt it was unfair that they kept me in the hospital all summer and that I didn't get to spend any time with my kids. That is when the delusions began to fade.
4. Do I understand your husband was alarmed by your delusion and called the police and CAS?
The school called the CAS in 2013. John called the police in 2013. He threatened to call the police in 2014 but I called the police several times on him instead. I also called the CAS on him in 2014.
5. Did or do you experience **frequent mood swings**, e.g. from sad to happy? No. How often and how long did or does each episode last?
6. The names of medications that you were prescribed while in hospital. Both times it was olanzapine and lithium. I never took the olanzapine (although I did try it a few times at home for sleep but it always made me feel hostile and never helped with sleep.) I never felt much different on the lithium. If I ever end up in hospital again, I hope they knock me out for 3 days with an antipsychotic and some heavy tranquilizer. I bet I could have been in and out of there in a week if they had done that.
7. Did you ever tell anyone about your delusions? Who and when? People aren't that interested in hearing about them. I have told parts of it to John, parts to a bipolar girlfriend who can relate, parts to Dr. Coupland. I would tell anyone willing to listen. I was certainly never given an opportunity to tell any of the doctors at the Civic. I really have no idea how they could possibly diagnose a patient who is fully delusional. Sure they could recognize the symptom of delusion, but how in the world could they possibly arrive at a diagnosis without any other information from me?

The first delusional experience occurred February 26th 2013. I believe it was triggered by the fact that my husband threatened to divorce me after a nasty fight about whether or not we would be going on a beach holiday. It started with, perhaps, delusion of grandeur in that I was going to write a book, develop a mini-series, etc. that would put an end to bullying. (My book was called "How I Bullied the Bully out of my Husband"). Then delusion of reference began and I moved on to developing first a mental health

company and then a company that would "fix" every industry that was broken: from financial services to the food industry to education Just everything. I worked tirelessly for several days on this company as well as trying to help work on some spreadsheets for John so that he could take some time off. After several days, I saw the initials JC in some of my notes and then I believed that it was God who was directing me to build this company. (Note that I am not religious AT ALL.)

Went I went to my children's school on Friday March 1st to share my book idea with the principal, the vice-principal decided to file a report with the CAS. The CAS arrived that night at 6:00. The CAS "badgered" me for over two hours, warned me that she could take my children from my home. That night she gave sole custody of the kids to my husband John. (Please note, Dr. Suh, that my sister is a family law lawyer and has told me many, many stories about how awful the CAS is and how they tear apart families on a regular basis.)

I believe that that night in bed I had a full psychotic break I believed that God would "spin" the Earth so that Canada would now be a tropical climate and the Arabs would be covered with snow. At one point I thought I would die that night as a sacrifice ... but then I recall being healed (from liver cancer) so that I would be able to live.

When I woke up on Saturday morning, I wanted to sit with my kids to watch all of the birds that would be arriving. John tried to take the kids away from me and make me go to bed. Instead I started to "organize" items in the house. I made a big display of items that would no longer exist (e.g. Barbies, bad books, junk food) and items that would survive (e.g. lego, good books, healthy food) John called my parents. When they arrived, I tried to explain to them (via my displays, not using words) that God was mad and was going to change the world. Nobody believed me. I went to my room and began to stage the room for when Oprah would be arriving. I was "directed" to remove all of the pictures, curtains, everything from the bedroom so that it looked as sparse as possible. I was to represent "simple living" to help encourage the world to return to a time of less consumption/waste/vanity/etc.

After a couple of hours of waiting for Oprah, I realized that she wasn't coming. I went out to the living room and explained to John and my parents what I had done to the room and why. I was totally delusion free and just began to put the house back in order.

The next morning, John still wouldn't let me be alone with the kids. I felt he was bullying me again. I felt he was also bullying the kids. He yelled at my daughter to go and get dressed. I yelled back that she didn't have to get dressed if she didn't want to .. that we could be naked! My daughter and I both took off our clothes and I held her on the couch.

John called the police. I dressed my daughter and myself and then prepared to deal with the police. I expected that they would also be bullies ... and they were. The more tough they got with me the more I refused to cooperate (believing it was my job to finally stand up to all of the bullies and put an end to it.)

The police handcuffed me and drove me to Civic Emergency. Upon entry, I believed that this was all being filmed so that eventually it could be turned into a "based on a true story" movie. I began to "act" in a variety of ways to see how the hospital staff would deal with me (i.e. in a caring fashion or in a bullying fashion). At this point I think I went from being just delusional to full psychosis. I believed I was there to test the system, expose the bullies ... all for the movie.

I think it was Haloperidol and Ativan that was in the shot that they gave me. (I can check on this but it would take some time.) I think the shot snapped me out of psychosis but that I remained delusional. I met with Dr. Saul the following day (Monday) but was not very co-operative as I believed I was still there to expose the system. The following day I staged the room for the media to arrive by making sure everything was tidy. I did this several times. Finally, when it was just my parents &/or husband who arrived, I played along with all of the questions/answers and thanked Dr. Saul for his help. He released me on Tuesday March 5th and suggested I could be atypical bi-polar. He wrote a prescription for Seroquel and valium that I could take if I felt I needed to. As soon as I was released, the delusions ended. They just stopped. That was it.

I met with a CAS worker on March 7/8 and they returned to me joint custody of the children. They scheduled a follow-up appointment for April 16th when they would provide their final recommendation.

We went to Mexico from March 18-25. I did a lot of internet research on bipolar disorder and did not feel I had the symptoms of this disease. During the trip, I had lots of fun and lots of energy. I had trouble sleeping so I tried taking Seroquel a couple of times but it would keep me up all night and I would have to then nap during the day so I stopped taking it.

At some point in April 2013, delusions slowly began to return. I was again starting to focus on how I could expose bullies within the system and put an end to it. As the date of the CAS meeting drew nearer, I was also working on a tight work deadline as well as experiencing problems with my computer. It seemed as if nothing was working. Plus, an organization called the Ontario Coalition for Accountability was actively looking for people to sign its petition to have Bill 42 (Ombudsman Amendment Act) reintroduced for consideration. I read lots of horror stories of how the CAS was breaking up homes and watched a parliamentary presentation that stated there were 4,000 complaints lodged against the CAS over the past x years. I believe that my anxiety over the upcoming CAS meeting lead to this second round of delusions. This time they included delusions of persecution. I believed that the CAS was in cahoots with the public school system to identify smart kids that could be removed from their homes, given a broken childhood so that they would eventually turn to the streets and get caught up in human trafficking. I believed that the police were also involved. On the day of the meeting, April 16th, I felt my husband wasn't doing enough to prepare the house for the CAS meeting. As I started to panic, John began to boss me around. I felt he was setting me up to lose custody again. I believed he was doing this so that he could get the kids and that he was planning to divorce me for another women who would take her kids from her husband. At some point

I began to believe that the CAS-school operation was Irish and part of the IRA. At some point I began to believe that my mother (born in Belfast Ireland) was the leader of the Canadian IRA branch and that she was part of setting me up as well. I broke in and out of a psychotic state several times that day and ended up at the Civic that night on April 16th.

I was assigned Dr. Anderson who came up with a diagnosis of psychosis with paranoid delusions and atypical bipolar. For 4 weeks I remained fully delusional and believed Dr. Anderson was keeping me in the Civic so I could no longer support Bill 42, a legislation that would bring more accountability and oversight to the four "soft" services: police, hospitals, nursing homes and the children's aid societies. I had no medication during this period other than the odd shot of ?olanzapine?. I worked tirelessly at the hospital to expose the members of the IRA that I was aware of. (I would write lists at 4:00 a.m. and hold them up to the video camera where I believed Dr. Saul, who was on "my side", would retrieve the information.) I also began to identify other risks to national/global safety including security at VIA Rail, proposed pipeline projects, northern drilling projects, etc., etc.

After four weeks, Dr. Anderson announced that he would be going on vacation and Dr. Charbonneau would be taking over. As I recall, as soon as Dr. Anderson left the delusions vanished.

Dr. Charbonneau met with me for about 40 minutes during our first meeting and said he did not want to review Dr. Anderson's file because he didn't want it to "taint" his opinion. Dr. Charbonneau said I had bipolar disorder and that I could not be released until I agreed to his treatment plan of lithium. I argued that I did not feel I had the symptoms of bipolar but agreed to the lithium to get out of the hospital (as advised by the psychiatric support worker).

I was released on May 28th and I would say it took about 3 months to feel like my normal self again. I had a great autumn, winter and spring.

In April of 2014, I was looking for a way to distance myself from the personal trainer at The Athletic Club that I had been working with since my release from hospital the previous spring. I wanted to continue to have him be a resource for me by providing information when required, but I didn't want to have to work out with him anymore. (I find personal training relationships can be very awkward.)

I approached management with a "virtual personal training" proposal but they rejected it. I was shocked by this as I had paid them thousands of dollars in fees for the past year and couldn't believe they would refuse future business from me. I decided to cancel my membership. For the final month, the trainer and I met and developed programs that I would use on my own once I left.

At some point, I began to feel sorry for the trainer who was stuck working at this "stupid" gym and did some online research to see what kind of company it was and whether or not and had much of a future there. (He had just bought a new house and gotten engaged.) I tripped over an article that, to me, suggested the company was not legitimate: that it was likely a well disguised money laundering operation. (See <http://blogs.windsorstar.com/news/local-philanthropist-faces-gun-assault-and-robbery-charges>)

A few days after I found the article, I was returning from my usual walk and noted that I was a bit nervous taking my usual short-cut, so I took the long way instead. Then I thought to myself, "how strange, I am feeling a little paranoid." I phoned John and told him about this incident. Then I called Dr. Mercer (out patient psychiatrist at the Civic) and asked her about non-medicinal coping skills to prevent an escalation). When she returned my call her answer was to start taking olanzapine ... which I thought was ridiculous.

During one of my meetings with trainer in May, I showed him a copy of the article hoping he would "get it" and realize that he needed to find a new job ... but I didn't tell him anything. I asked him to read the article and hoped he could figure it out for himself.

We had many meetings during May when trainer would work on documenting a variety of programs for me and I would independently work on developing out business ideas for how to run a fitness facility. I shared a lot of these ideas with trainer.

On May 22nd, we had our final session when delivered several training programs and I gave him as much career advice as possible.

On May 23rd 2014, after reflecting on the previous days' session and different things that were said, I began to believe that trainer finally "got it": that he realized he was working for a mob-related enterprise. I believed that trainer would read my fitness blog and I began to write in a way that would provide him with more advice if he were able to "read between the lines". The phone rang several times that evening and I believed that it was trainer relaying the message "yes, got it, read between the lines and got your message". I also believed he was asking me to delete the details from my fitness blog so that The Athletic Club couldn't discover that we were onto them.

Early that evening, I realized that I was experiencing delusion of reference. I told John I would check in at the Queensway Carleton to try to get some help. I went to the hospital. I had to wait all night to see a doctor and when I saw one in the morning, she refused to admit me because I wasn't there for "treatment". I was sent home with a prescription for zoplicone and olanzapine. I started taking the zoplicone but I can't remember if I took the olanzapine or not.

On Monday May 27th, I believed that someone from the mob had hacked my fitness blog and warned me that they were on to me. (Dr. Suh, I am still a little confused about how the posting happened, actually.)

I then found a document on my computer that I believed was a threat to my daughter. I showed the document to John and my parents. I also showed them the article but nobody believed me. John said I probably typed the document myself and just forgot about it.

I believed the mob had hacked into my computer and now had all of our passwords. I immediately invested the money in our corporate account into GICs so it would be safe.

I believed I had to stand up to the mob or they would hurt my family.

After standing up to their "threats" for about a week, I interpreted seeing a woman in a trench coat as their offer to join the mob as an undercover member. As I felt I had no choice, I accepted. The next couple of weeks were without event.

Note that on June 3rd I actually did receive an email from the fitness website stating that my account had indeed been hacked, and not by a random hacker but by someone who probably knew me. This confirmed all of my suspicions However, I suspect they were wrong: they were simply interpreting some of my weird, delusionally-inspired posts as those of a hacker.

On June 5th, John and I went to meet a new psychologist Dr. Crowe. I was happy to I felt John and I really needed to work on our relationship. However, Dr. Crowe seemed to only be focusing on me (not us). I was really turned off when he suggested I was a very angry person. We never went back.

On June 5th, I spoke about going to Montreal to visit old friends, one of whom was Italian and, I now suspected, part of the mafia. The very next day, as I was leaving the gym, a young man shouted "I dare you to go to Montreal. I dare you." (Dr. Suh, this actually did happen and my son heard it and asked me why the man yelled.) To me this was confirmation that our house was now under surveillance.

On June 6th, believing that my cell phone was also under surveillance, I emailed myself stating that I just wanted to do TrainerOnTrack, a new fitness facility. I did this so that the mob would realize I would not expose them. I would simply set up this new business and they could continue with their money laundering.

Around June 8th I started shopping around for something nice to wear to an upcoming event. I also purchased some items in anticipation of ramping up more work soon. John started to interpret this spending as "going manic" and began asking me to prepare a budget and suggesting that we wouldn't be able to afford to go to Mexico this year if I didn't stop shopping. (Dr. Suh, I was NOT doing any excessive shopping.)

John was becoming increasingly short with me as well as trying to control my behaviour, boss me around.

On June 14, John and I went on a date and had a terrible time (similar to our previous date in April). John was giving me the silent treatment, something he has done quite often in the past when he is upset.

On June 17, I drank way too much tequila and stayed up all night feeling really bad for trainer who was stuck working for the mob gym and had nobody to help him.

On June 18, I emailed trainer and asked him for some ideas on how I could write up a reference letter for him so he could get more clients.

On June 22, I interpreted a post on the fitness blog as a threat to trainer. I also interpreted a random spam email as direction that I had to break off all ties with trainer. I immediately emailed trainer with the draft of his reference letter and let him know he could edit it/finish it himself.

On June 25, I interpreted a post on the fitness blog to let me know that it was not the mafia I was working for after all, I was actually working for a Secret Service that had very altruistic purposes: changing the world but quietly and without recognition.

On June 30, John and kids and I went to Morrisburg in preparation for Canada Day celebrations. John and I weren't on very good terms. I stayed up all night working on son's t-shirt and began to believe that Secret Service and I were going to crash/boost the global stock markets in order to redistribute wealth.

On July 1, I hid all of the knives, medication, ropes, etc. in my parents home. I believed that there was a risk they would all kill themselves once they realized I had been selected to "save the world". Later that afternoon, I interpreted strangers in a crowd as a signal that we were to head home as my life was in danger.

The next 10 days were a flurry of delusions, ?psychosis? but also with lots of intermittent lucid periods. I again began to believe that John was trying to set me up for divorce and take the kids. Meanwhile the Secret Service wanted me back in the hospital so I could expose the medical system for all of its faults.

Dr. Suh, I have to stop here for now but I can provide much more detail. In a nutshell, the Montfort formed me and released me July 3-5. I was delusional going in and coming out, but with periods of non-delusion, I think. I brought myself to the Civic on July 10 to escape John as well as to get into the hospital under cover. I did not react well to the fact that they formed me even though I brought myself in voluntarily.