

DECLARATION OF DEBORAH FERNANDEZ CROWDER MUSIC

I, Deborah Fernandez Crowder Music, declare as follows:

1. I am over 18 years old. I have personal knowledge of the facts set forth in this declaration and, if called to testify, could and would competently testify to them.
2. I currently live in Vallejo, California. I am 70 years old. I have serious health conditions, including emphysema, chronic obstructive pulmonary disease, asthma, and high blood pressure. I rely on a nebulizer every four hours to breathe. I sometimes rely on a wheelchair for mobility. Because of my health, I am not able to work, and I live on a fixed income.
3. I am the mother of Fenton Warren. Fenton is 49 years old. He is my firstborn son. He has been incarcerated in the Solano County jails since August 21, 2024. He is currently detained at Stanton Correctional Facility in Fairfield, California.
4. Throughout most of Fenton's childhood, he lived with me and I took care of him. Fenton has Tourette syndrome, and he needed more attention than most kids. As a result, we were inseparable for much of his youth. Starting when he was seven, however, I was separated from him on three occasions while I served three separate terms of incarceration. Each time I was arrested, I spent some time at Claybank Detention Facility before being transferred to state prison. This was back in the 1980s and at that time, I was permitted to have contact visits with Fenton while I was detained at Claybank. The visits lasted an hour. Fenton could sit on my lap and give me hugs. I was able to give Fenton things I had purchased at commissary, like candy bars. I was also able to gift him things I'd made for him, like hats, gloves, and scarves I'd crocheted while in jail. Fenton would also bring gifts for me, like drawings he had made. Those visits always brought us closer. They helped me get through a very difficult period and they made it clear to Fenton that I had not forgotten him.
5. In addition to being my son, Fenton is also my best friend. Before he was incarcerated, we lived together and he was my primary caregiver. He helped me with the things I

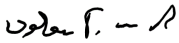
cannot do on my own. When I needed a wheelchair, Fenton was the one who went out and got it for me. He is the only reliable family member I have.

6. Fenton has several tattoos dedicated to me. One says, “Mama’s Boy.” Another is a portrait of my face. He got these tattoos because of how close we are.
7. Fenton recently received a 14-year sentence. His final sentencing hearing is scheduled for July 17, 2026. After that hearing, I understand that he will likely be transferred to state prison in Delano, California.
8. Because Stanton Correctional Facility does not allow in-person family visits, I have not been able to hug Fenton, hold his hand, or sit in the same room as him (other than at court proceedings) since he was transferred to Stanton. The only way I can see my son is through iWebVisit video calls.
9. Each week, Fenton uses his one free iWebVisit video call to talk with me. When I can afford it, I pay for an additional video call, but I often cannot afford it. Every dollar I spend on iWebVisit is a dollar I am not spending on food, on hygiene supplies, or on doing my laundry. I regularly have to choose between seeing my son and meeting my own basic needs.
10. The video calls are not a real substitute for being in the same room as my son. The picture is often either glitchy or blurry. It freezes in the middle of a sentence, and I find myself talking to a still image of Fenton’s face on a screen. The calls also drop often. I do not feel like we are spending meaningful time together.
11. Even when the video calls work properly, I cannot speak freely with my son. I am aware that the iWebVisit calls are closely monitored and recorded. I have heard the click on the line that tells me someone is listening. Knowing that the calls are monitored changes what I am comfortable saying to Fenton, and what I believe he is willing to say to me. There are things a mother and her son should be able to share with each other in private — about how we are each really doing — but we cannot say those things when we know someone else is on the line.

12. Even when the calls work, they cannot give me what I need with my son. I cannot put my hand on his face. I cannot hug him. He cannot look into my eyes and see how much I miss him. I am heartbroken that I cannot visit my son in person. Not being able to hug him or look him in the eye fills me with a grief and anxiety I carry with me every single day. There are mornings I wake up and it is the first thing on my mind, and it makes it hard to get up and face the day. At my age, and with my health, I do not have much energy to spare; so much of the energy I have is being spent on this pain and sadness.
13. Because of my age and my health, I do not know how much time I have left. Fenton's sentence is 14 years. He is likely to be transferred to a prison in Delano, California. I am not sure whether I will have the health or the means to travel to visit him. His time at Stanton may be the last chance to visit him in person, yet the facility's policy is preventing me from doing so. I am afraid that I will never again get to hug my son as his mother.
14. If the Solano County jails allowed family contact visits, I would go at any time of day and on any day of the week. I have a car, and I would drive there no matter what. Nothing would keep me away. I would be there as often as the jail would let me.
15. It would mean everything to me to be able to hug my son again, even one more time. It would mean showing him that we still have each other.
16. I understand that this case seeks to bring family contact visits back to the Solano County jails. I want to be a plaintiff in this case. I talked to my lawyers about what it means to be involved in a class action lawsuit. I want to help the other families who are living through what Fenton and I are living through. Even if this case only helps them, I want to do that. I live the pain every day. I do not want anyone else to have to.

I declare under penalty of perjury under the laws of the State of California that the foregoing is true and correct.

Executed this 23.00 day of June, 2026, in Martinez, California.

Signed by:

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Deborah Fernandez Crowder Music