

Commonwealth of Virginia v. Juliana Peres Magalhaes

Sentencing Date: February 13, 2026

Court Case Number: FE-2024-226

Victim Impact Statement

Thank you, Honorable Judge Penney S. Azcarate for giving me the opportunity to talk about the impact of the murder of my son, Joseph Nathan Ryan.

My baby boy was born two days before Christmas, making that *our* special holiday. His middle name was Nathan, which means gift.

Since Joe's murder, I haven't been able to take down my little Christmas tree, which sits behind the urn with his ashes. I say good morning to him each day when I turn on the tree's lights, and I tell him I love him each night when I turn off the lights.

But, of course, that's not Joe sitting there. He can't say "I love you" back.

When Joe was taken from me, cruelly and callously murdered by Julianna and Brendon on Feb. 24, 2023, I lost so very much. More than I can possibly name.

I lost my confidant, someone who knew me deeply, listened without judgment, and offered advice with my best interests at heart.

I lost my biggest ally and cheerleader, that empathetic voice saying "mom, you got this" and "mom, you should be kinder to yourself".

I lost my rock and protector, the person who flew down repeatedly to take care of me when I had cancer (twice) and when I had other health issues.

I lost the comfort of knowing that my son would be there to care for me when I'm an old woman with illness or dementia, just as he cared for his grandmother and grandfather.

I lost my financial sustainability due to grief's torturous effect on my health both physically and mentally, which has affected my ability to work, or even function.

I lost my peace and sense of well being. I can never unhear Joe's moans and cries after he was shot, the cries of a dying man. I can never unsee the image of his lifeless, bloody hand from the trial images.

I lost nearly all of my friends, who couldn't handle dealing with someone lost in grief or understand why my life can't just "go on".

I lost the chance to ever be called "grandma".

I lost the sound of Joe calling me the most beautiful word in the world—mom.

I lost my Christmas baby, Joseph Nathan, my greatest gift.

The impact of Joe's loss doesn't go away, will never go away, but only grow.

So many tears.

So many times reaching for the phone to call him only to remember that he won't, and can't, pick up.

So many times hearing the phone ring and wishing it was him calling me out of the blue about something happening in the world or in his life.

So many empty Christmases, and so many birthdays without him singing to me in his awful yet beautiful tone-deaf voice.

So many moments of trying to remember the exact sound of his laughter, and fearing that someday I won't.

So many sleepless nights.

So many nightmares of his brutal murder and the fear, confusion, and pain he must have felt.

So many screams and guttural cries into my pillow feeling the loss of my son.

So many moments of reading horrible things online, lies told about who Joe *wasn't*.

So many moments defending and explaining who my son *was* and why he couldn't have committed the murder of Christine Banfield.

So many conversations with others draining them and me of the chance to make happier memories together.

So many stomach aches.

So many doctors' appointments, hospital bills, and feelings of shame about my health.

So many times wishing I could tell Joe about another milestone in my weight loss journey seeking better health, knowing how encouraging and proud he would be.

So many lost moments, and so many moments of loss.

My son's life was used and thrown away, seen as worthless and utterly disposal by those who plotted and executed his brutal murder.

Do I think, or dare hope, that there will be justice for Joe's death...for my loss as his mother? I don't believe that is possible.

What I *do* hope is that, even for a moment, the world and *you* will say Joe meant more than nothing. That he was someone worthy of dignity and life who didn't deserve to be used and thrown away, treated as utterly disposal.

Thank you for listening and for weighing the trail of pain and loss Julianna left in the wake of her calculated, cold-blooded murder, with *her* life and future as her only concern. My son, Joseph Nathan Ryan, was not and *is* not disposable.

Deidre Fisher

January 27, 2026