

# ENOUGH

A portrait of Cassidy Hutchinson, a woman with dark, wavy hair, wearing a white blazer over a dark top. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a solid, light yellow color.

CASSIDY  
HUTCHINSON

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# ENOUGH

CASSIDY HUTCHINSON

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*To Bill Jordan and Jody Hunt*

# Acknowledgments

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Writing this memoir has deepened my appreciation for my family's support and often uncelebrated sacrifices—a narrative that surpasses the limits of these pages.

I owe a debt of gratitude to my mother. Her refusal to accept anything less than my best nurtured the fire within me, and she provided a home to my passion for life and bravery to speak the truth.

Jack, my brother and eternal friend, has revealed the virtue of patience and deepened my capacity for love. When confronted with adversity, we had each other to light the way.

My chosen father, Paul, has enriched my life more than I can express. Paul exemplifies that the true essence of family lies in bonds forged through commitment and love, and demonstrates that not every successful man is a good father, but every good father is, undoubtedly, a successful man.

My beloved grandmother, a paragon of resilience and grace, encouraged me to search for miracles in the overlooked corners of the world. She taught me that a single act of courage can have a reach beyond one's imagination.

Aunt Steph and Uncle Joe breathed life into my greatest aspirations, taught me the power of compassion, and showed me how to embrace hardship as an opportunity for growth.

I pay tribute to the lessons and spirit of my dad. He imparted to me a warrior spirit—mental fortitude and perseverance—qualities that have shaped my path toward success. Despite the complexities of our relationship, he will always have a special place in my heart.

To the family, friends, and mentors, past and present, whose names and stories are not mentioned: thank you. Your memory and love is with me, always.

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*Enough* would not have been possible without the village that saw purpose and value in this project long before I did.

Mark Salter, my collaborator, source of strength, and dear friend. Mark's appetite for understanding and belief in my potential allowed this memoir to reach greater heights. Thank you for being a beacon of confidence and ensuring my fingerprints are on every page.

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In the fabric of our nation's history, there is a body of guardians who protect the sanctity of our republic.

I extend heartfelt gratitude to the United States Capitol Police. Your courageous defense of the Capitol, and the democratic principles it represents, is an enduring reminder of the sacrifices made by those who preserve the ideals of freedom and justice.

Thank you to the members of Congress and staff who served on the January 6th Committee. These individuals shone light on the perils our nation faced that day. Their commitment to the task at hand, regardless of political affiliation, exemplifies the strength of our institutions. A special thank-you to

Kristin Amerling, Dan George, Tim Heaphy, Joe Maher, John Wood, and Hannah Muldavian for your professionalism and intellect.

Alyssa Farah Griffin is a true American patriot who I am fortunate to call my dear friend. When courage was scarce, Alyssa chose to speak out—a testament to her fidelity to our nation.

I cannot overstate the impact that Alexander Butterfield has had on my life. His allegiance to the oath he swore is a reminder that the pursuit of justice is an obligation that should never waver. May his legacy continue inspiring future generations to find their moral compass in the face of adversity.

This journey would not have been possible without the generosity of Alston & Bird. Beyond their legal expertise, the entire law firm became a source of encouragement and support—a reminder that no one should face the challenges of life alone. Richard Hays, Mary Benton, Stephen Simrill, Alicia Badley, Mary Fertitta, Dayle Foster, and Alex Wolfe: thank you for renewing my sense of resilience and transforming my perspective on the power of community.

Bill Jordan and Jody Hunt, you changed the trajectory of my life for good. Thank you for representing and caring for me as though I were your own. My love for you two and your families is forever, always.

And finally, I want to extend my deepest appreciation to Liz Cheney. Liz reminds us that true leadership is grounded in principle, and that change can be achieved through unyielding loyalty to our democratic ideals. May this book serve as a testament to the transformative power of leaders like Liz, who inspire us to be agents of the truth in our republic, and beyond. That we, as individuals, are enough.

## Author's Note

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As I write this, it has been just over a year since I testified before the House Select Committee to Investigate the January 6th Attack on June 28, 2022. I chose to come forward to provide the committee—and country—with my truthful and candid observations of events that preceded the attack on the United States Capitol. I chose to come forward in *Enough* to share how I arrived at that moment, and what happened afterward.

I relied on information both personal and public to write this memoir: my memory, text messages, call logs, journal entries, notes, calendars, and government interview transcripts. The essence of moments and dialogue are rendered according to my best recollections.

Names and identifying characteristics of some individuals have been changed.



## Prologue

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**HOW HAD I GOTTEN HERE?** What had I done to wind up in this predicament, a featured player in a Washington political scandal, struggling to keep my composure under the glare of television lights as I became, depending on your political allegiance, briefly famous or infamous?

The Cannon Caucus Room is one of the largest and grandest rooms in any of the House office buildings. With its high, ornate ceilings and chandeliers, it looks like a Hollywood set that's meant to transform the often cramped and dingy reality of government office space into a majestic hall of power. As Rep. Liz Cheney, of Wyoming, would observe in a subsequent hearing, it had been home to the historic talks for women to be able to vote a century earlier; Cheney noted, "In this room in 1918, the Committee on Woman Suffrage convened to discuss and debate whether women should be granted the right to vote." I would estimate its generous proportions could accommodate five hundred or more people comfortably.

On June 28, 2022, I entered from the back of the chamber with my lawyers, and we wound our way down a security-cleared path to the witness table, past a row of US Capitol Police officers. There wasn't an empty seat in sight. House staffers who couldn't find a seat stood along the walls. Photojournalists pressed against the table, clicking away. I blinked and tried to adjust my eyes to the bright lights needed by the many C-SPAN cameras that were providing the live feed to the news networks. I had wanted to arrive at the same time that the members of the committee did, so I wouldn't have to endure prolonged, awkward minutes of being frantically photographed as I tried not to return people's stares. But still the seconds ticked by excruciatingly slowly as I waited for the hearing to start.

The atmosphere was charged, to say the least. Everyone in the room—committee members, reporters, spectators—seemed attuned to the sense that something dramatic and important was about to happen. So was I, the

hearing's sole witness. The committee had been methodical in planning its five previous hearings. Today's hearing had been rushed, out of concerns for my safety, news reports claimed, and, I expect, out of concern that I might back out at the last minute.

I just might have. I had been episodically panic-stricken for the last twenty-four hours. The night before, I had pleaded with my lawyers, Jody Hunt and Bill Jordan, that I wasn't ready and needed more time. I had threatened to bolt on the car ride to the hearing, and again as I peered from a holding room into the bright, bustling hearing room.

As members of the select committee looked down at me from the dais, I could sense myself trembling, and I worried someone would notice. I could feel that my necklace wasn't straight, which Mom had warned me about, so I tried to straighten it discreetly, aware my every move could be scrutinized.

When the hearing concluded, press accounts described me as cool, calm, and collected. A *Washington Post* columnist wrote that I "had a preternatural poise." And in truth, once the hearing began, my nerves quickly settled as Liz Cheney, whom I had come to trust and admire, began to question me. But before the gavel came down and Liz began her inquiry, I had felt debilitated by my nervousness.

I was an ambitious twenty-five-year-old conservative Trump White House staffer, who had occupied a position in proximity to power. I had worked myself to near exhaustion to prove worthy of it. Now I was about to provide testimony in a high-stakes congressional hearing that I knew could damage, and potentially incriminate, the former president of the United States. I was also going to alienate friends and former colleagues.

How had I gotten here? Shortly before I graduated from college, with several congressional and White House internships on my résumé, I had shared my aspirations for the future with a reporter for a student newspaper. I wanted to "be an effective leader in the fight to secure the American dream for future generations," I volunteered, "so they too will have the bountiful opportunities and freedoms that make the United States great." Corny? Maybe. Presumptuous? Certainly. But I meant it, and I would work my tail off in service to that aspiration, to be useful to my country.

Before retaining my new lawyers, at times I had told less than the whole truth to a congressional committee charged with investigating a matter of the

highest national importance, a matter that posed a threat to America's future greatness. I had withheld information about events that I had witnessed or that had been recounted to me by witnesses. Those events had precipitated the shocking assault on the United States Congress, an institution I cherish, and threatened the continued success of American democracy. My conscience was bothering me, and I came to the decision, in parliamentary language, to clarify and extend my testimony. That's the short answer. That's *why* I was there.

The long answer, the story of *how* I got there, is a little more complicated than that, and takes a little longer to tell.

PART I

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GROW

## Early Days

ONCE THE SUN WAS LEVEL with the treetops, I knew it was time to wait in my spot. I never waited alone, though. I waited with Abby, our chocolate springer spaniel. Sometimes Abby and I did not have to wait very long, but most of the time, the glow of summer fireflies was flickering across our front lawn when we heard the first rumblings of Dad's landscaping company trucks. Once we were certain it was indeed Dad making his way toward our house on Reed Road in Pennington, New Jersey, Abby and I burst with excitement. It was officially our favorite part of the day: time to welcome Dad home.

Barefooted, I sprinted down our long gravel driveway alongside Abby as the trucks came into sight. Dad led the caravan in his white 1992 Ford pickup truck. Slowing down, but not coming to a complete stop, he would open the passenger door for Abby and me to hop in. We would belt "Black Water" by the Doobie Brothers and Glenn Miller's "Chattanooga Choo Choo" at the top of our lungs as we drove to the back of the property, where Dad rested the equipment for the evening.

Dad, Mom, and I had moved to Reed Road when I was three and a half years old. It was the third house we had lived in as a family of three, and so far, it was my favorite. My second favorite was our town house on Hilton Court, just a few miles across town, where we had lived for six months. That house was special to me because it was where Mom gave birth to me.

Recently, I had learned that while we were to appreciate some of the miracles of modern medicine, we also were skeptical of doctors in hospitals. And doctors and hospitals in general. Since a home birth did not involve any medication, it was the safest and most responsible option for Mom and me. The privacy of home births was a bonus for Dad, who always said privacy is power. They found the perfect holistic midwife, who delivered me in the early morning hours of December 12, 1996.

Though Dad was born and raised in Pennington, he never shared stories from his childhood. Before my paternal grandfather, Dick, passed away in 1995, he made Mom promise to share as many stories as possible about his life with his future grandchildren. But Dad did always tell me that our family had a long history of cultivating the land and building businesses in Pennington. Dad claimed his relatives made such important sacrifices so he would have the perfect place to raise his family.

Mom's family was the only extended family I knew. The eldest of seven children, she was close to her siblings. My grandmother's heart was soft and her spirit was free. Mom's family moved all over the United States before settling in New Jersey for a few years.

After Dad, Grandma was the hardest worker I had ever met. Sometimes while Mom cooked dinner, Grandma and I would stash a handful of chocolate chip cookies from the kitchen cupboard, and we would tiptoe out the back door together. After we set aside two cookies for ourselves, we would smash the rest into tiny crumbs to sprinkle on the ground. Grandma and I did this so we could "witness one of nature's miracles." Right when I began to fidget with impatience, the miracle began: a single ant would appear from a crack in the dirt and navigate its way to the crumbs. Before we knew it, hundreds of ants marched across the earth to collect and carry the cookie crumbs back through the dirt.

Grandma told me that ants were some of the hardest-working insects in nature. They worked for their community and their family. We were able to see one of their daily tasks, Grandma said, but some of the ants' most important work happens underground. Though we would never be able to see it ourselves, there was a whole world being built beneath our feet. Grandma promised that if I learned to be curious and attentive, I could help others see what's often overlooked.

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Once a week while Dad was at work, Mom and I went to her favorite nail salon on the Pennington Circle for manicures. One morning when I was four years old, Mom said that we had to go to her doctor's office after our manicures so she could pick up important paperwork. Later that night, she and Dad gave me the best news—we would soon be a family of four. We didn't yet know if I

would have a brother or a sister, so I named the baby Cake, after my favorite treat. Baby Cake was due in April 2001.

I never wanted to leave Mom's side when she was pregnant, and I think she always wanted me by her side. Though I was supposed to attend preschool a few mornings a week, Mom let me start skipping days so I could be with her, and we would do my schoolwork together at home. As my sibling grew, I would read it books and sing it lullabies while rubbing my hand around Mom's tummy, anxious to feel a fluttering movement. Mom and I prepared the baby's nursery together, and she started teaching me how to cook.

Because our family was growing, Dad had to work more. His landscaping hours were pretty much the same, but Dad tinkered with the equipment out back long after the sun went down. Sometimes Dad was still outside working when Mom tucked me into bed.

One night that winter, Mom and I were snuggled in my bed when she asked if I could keep a secret. I nodded eagerly, and we wrapped our pinky fingers together. Mom told me that the baby was a boy, and that she decided that his name would be Jack Henry. Dad had wanted to name the baby Hunter Henry. Henry was a family name on Dad's side, she told me. But she loved the name Jack. I loved it, too.

I realized that I didn't know my own middle name. Mom laughed. "Your middle name is Jacqueline. Cassidy Jacqueline Hutchinson." We practiced saying it together—it was what she called a tongue twister. I asked if Jacqueline was also a family name, like my baby brother's middle name. She shook her head. Many years ago, Mom told me, there was a United States president named John F. Kennedy. His wife, Jacqueline Kennedy, was one of the most intelligent, elegant, and generous souls Mom knew of. Mom told me that your name can determine your entire future, and she hoped I would look to Jacqueline Kennedy as a role model.

I felt special that Mom had chosen such an important middle name for me. I asked her how she had come up with my first name. Mom said that her very first doll, a Cabbage Patch Kid, had been named Cassidy, and ever since she had wanted to name a daughter Cassidy.

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When I woke up on April 15, 2001, I found a giant Easter basket in my bedroom doorway. I grabbed a gold-foil-wrapped chocolate egg from the

basket and bolted downstairs in my nightgown, only to find out Mom was in labor. I took Abby into our backyard and piddled around, trying to distract myself from all the excitement I was missing inside. Before long, a midwife appeared at the back door and extended her hand. I wrapped my hand around hers, and she squeezed mine tight as we climbed the stairs. I found Mom in her bed looking a bit sweaty and red-faced, and I caught a glimpse of Dad in the bathroom with another midwife, cleaning my baby brother. I climbed in bed next to Mom, and Dad handed the baby to her.

His face was chubby and so squished it was hard to identify his features. I noticed his head was covered in bright red fuzz. Mom looked at Dad and cried. She didn't know that there were redheads on his side of the family. Dad made one last effort to name the baby Hunter, but Mom repeated that his name was Jack Henry.

None of their bickering mattered to me. I ran my hand over the red peach fuzz and told Baby Cake how much I loved him already.

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After a long summer at home with Mom and a screaming newborn, I was excited to return to preschool—my final year before kindergarten. One morning in September, Mom picked me up unexpectedly. With Jack balanced on her hip, Mom hurried me into the school parking lot. Frightened, I kept asking Mom what was going on. Once Jack and I were buckled into our booster and car seats, Mom began driving and explained that something bad had happened in New York City, and she wanted me at home with her. I pressed her for more information. She said that men the news reporters were calling “terrorists” had flown airplanes into the World Trade Center towers.

When we arrived home, she turned on the TV and immediately called to check on our next-door neighbor. Just as they connected, we watched one of the towers collapse. Mom shrieked and slammed down the phone receiver before picking it back up to try to get ahold of Dad.

Dad did not answer her calls for a long time, though. He came home later that day and told us how he had driven to the top of Baldpate Mountain, where he claimed he could see the Manhattan skyline, and a column of smoke rising from the disaster. As we listened to Dad describe his adventure of the day, Mom pulled Jack and me close.



Soon, our phone rang again. Mom jumped up to answer the call and started crying when she heard the voice of her closest sister, my aunt Steph. Mom stretched its long cord from the kitchen into the living room to sit with me on the couch. Aunt Steph lived in Indiana but promised she would drive to New Jersey to see us soon.

When photos of the aftermath appeared on TV the following day, I could not understand why anyone would attack the United States and kill thousands of Americans. All I knew was that I loved my country, and those men had hurt us. I felt my first surge of national pride as Mom, Jack, and I rushed with our neighbors to local stores in search of American flags. Several stores were sold out of flags, but we finally found some at Home Depot and bought dozens. I planted the flags all over the yard, wearing an American flag T-shirt I found in Dad's drawer as a dress.

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Dad went hunting every winter. He had taken me turtle trapping and fishing before, but he would not take me hunting until I turned five. But in the fall of 2001, Dad promised he would take me, even though Mom told him I was too young. Dad reminded her I was starting kindergarten next year and that it was better to learn to be a hunter than to be the one hunted.

Early one Sunday morning, Dad and I woke up before the sun for a long day of hunting preparation. We started the day with our usual tradition: hot chocolates from 7-Eleven and a bagel with olive cream cheese. We then drove around town to the local ponds Dad set his snapping turtle traps in. We found a massive turtle at our first stop. Dad yanked the turtle out of the trap by its tail and chucked it into the bed of his pickup. I was giddy with excitement as he drove us to the Clubhouse.

The Clubhouse was a tiny shack in the middle of the woods. There were a few pens outside for pigs, chickens, and sheep. All the club members were men Dad hunted with, which is why I did not get to go very often. When Dad and I drove down the packed-dirt road, a few guys were standing outside. Dad stopped me from getting out of the truck with him, instead handing me a pair of safety earmuffs.

I stretched my neck to look over the dashboard to see Dad hurl the turtle onto a tree stump. One man handed Dad a gun. All the men walked a few steps behind Dad as he fired the first shot. The turtle's shell shattered, pieces flying

in the air. Dad tossed the gun to the next man. When he took his shot, the turtle split.

I opened the truck door and screamed, begging them to stop. The turtle was dead. Dad stormed back to the truck and shoved me inside as he scolded me to stay in the truck. I buried my face between my legs and hugged the safety earmuffs closer to my head with my elbows.

On our drive home, I told Dad I never wanted to go hunting again. Dad nodded. "That's fine, Sissy Hutch," he said. "But just so you know, warriors are not afraid to hunt. If you want to be a warrior just like Daddy, you must learn to hunt, Sissy. What you saw today is the circle of life."

Dad always talked about how he was a warrior, and I wanted to be one, too. I knew how important it was to be a warrior. But I didn't want to be a hunter, at least not yet. I decided to become a vegetarian.

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Later that year, Aunt Steph visited us, this time with her boyfriend, Joe. At dinner, Mom dug her elbow into my ribs and whispered harshly to quit staring, but I couldn't help it. From the time Joe arrived with Aunt Steph, I couldn't *not* stare at him. Joe was taller and thinner than any man I had ever seen in my life. He almost looked like a character from a storybook. I thought maybe he was related to Jack, since they both had bright red hair, but I decided that Jack was too chunky and talkative for that to be true. Joe was polite and soft-spoken in a way that was very different from Aunt Steph's other boyfriends. Steph told me that midwestern men tend to be a bit more reserved than Jersey men.

After dinner, Joe and I sat on the back steps where Grandma and I usually fed the ants. He lit a cigarette and began to tell me all about his job as a police officer and a member of the Indiana National Guard. I had only seen police officers around Pennington before, but Dad would bristle when they encroached on our space. Other than the few New Jersey state troopers who Dad was friends with, Dad frequently reminded me that I should never trust anyone with a government badge.

I knew about soldiers, too, but only from the morning news shows. Joe nodded confidently when I asked him if being a soldier meant he could go to war and die. Joe explained that he loved America and its freedom so deeply he was willing to sacrifice his life to make sure our country stayed safe.

I decided Joe was the tallest, thinnest, bravest man I had ever met in my life.

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When I started kindergarten in September the following year, the idea of taking the school bus for the first time made me nervous weeks in advance. I had been complaining to Mom that my tummy hurt whenever I thought about it. She told me one story after another, painting the bus ride as a fun adventure in an effort to convince me I would be okay. Still, on the morning of my first day, my stomach was twisted in knots, and my hands and feet were damp with sweat.

Mom ran upstairs, promising to be right back with a magic trick. The trick turned out to be baby powder, which she sprinkled in my shoes, claiming it was fairy dust. “This will take all your worries away,” she promised. “Now your feet won’t be sweaty.”

When Mom turned her attention to Jack, I dumped piles of the baby powder into my sneakers and slipped my feet into the shoes before Mom could notice. At the bottom of the driveway, clutching her hand, I watched the yellow school bus pull to a stop. Mom walked me onto the bus and buckled me in and kissed my head, with the bus driver at her side. “You’re going to have a great day,” she assured me.

The driver stayed by my side until Mom had stepped off and stood in the driveway. As I peered through the window at her, my eyes welled with tears, and I quietly unbuckled my seat belt. When the driver had settled into her seat and was preparing to pull the door shut, I bolted off the bus, sprinting past Mom and Jack. Clouds of baby powder puffed from my sneakers as I screamed, “I am not riding the school bus!”

From that day forward, from kindergarten through fifth grade, Mom drove me to school.

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I had heard Mom and Dad start to bicker a few months back. I was frightened when Dad’s screams rattled the walls at night. I couldn’t block out the sound with my pillow over my ears. I sometimes left my bedroom and sat at the top of the staircase to get a better listen. I only confronted Mom about it one time, later. She looked a little heartbroken when I brought it up, and told me I was probably just mishearing things—I was probably hearing the movies they watched at night.

That explanation may have worked a year ago, but I was a wise kindergartener now. I knew that I was not mistaken.

Dad was disconnecting from our family and focusing too much on work, Mom said. She loved how close I felt to him, but he was letting that start to slip away, too. Recently, I had been injured while I was in the yard with Dad and his employees. The yard was junked up with machines that Dad had taken apart to fix, but he had not gotten around to finishing the projects yet. I was out back with Abby and tripped over a machine part and fell on an old lawn mower blade.

Mom had begged Dad to take me to the hospital for stitches, which I probably needed. The cut was deep and bled more than I thought I had blood. Dad thought Mom was being ridiculous. Working with Dad made me stronger, and warriors don't get stitches for little cuts and bruises. I was just happy that Dad still thought there was a chance I could be a warrior, even though I had decided to become a vegetarian after the turtle incident.

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They kept bickering through Christmas, and eventually we all sat down for a family discussion. Mom looked so happy, I could not wait to hear what they had to say. I thought maybe we were getting another pet or, even better, another baby sibling.

The news was much different than I had anticipated. They informed me that we were soon moving to Spencer, Indiana. We would buy a house there and live very close to Aunt Steph and soon-to-be Uncle Joe. Dad was selling his landscaping business, so it would take a little extra time for him to join us in Indiana, maybe six months. Dad promised to come visit us every weekend, and he said that he would call us most nights before bedtime.

I loved our house on Reed Road and didn't want to leave it behind, but Dad told me that even if we didn't move to Indiana, we would probably move to a new house in Pennington soon. Trees are meant to stay in one place until they die, Dad said, not people. Mom rolled her eyes at this, and said that moving around Pennington didn't quite count.

Mom packed up the house quickly. Dad brought a moving truck to the house, but he had to work the day Mom began to load boxes in it. At one point, I saw Mom muscling our baby grand piano through the house on her own. I scolded Mom to stop—she was going to hurt herself, and that was a