

In Support of HB 7408 AN ACT CONCERNING THE RISK ASSESSMENT BOARD, THE DISSEMINATION OF REGISTRATION INFORMATION OF SEXUAL OFFENDERS AND THE SEXUAL ABUSE OF CHILDREN.

APRIL 4, 2007

Representative Lawlor, Senator McDonald and members of the Judiciary Committee.

As a child I endured the rape of my body and soul. I'm not sure how old I was when it started, but I was molested thru out my entire childhood by my brothers and father. My mother's part in my childhood was to let me know I was just a girl and I didn't matter. My mother liked to beat me with a razor strap or whatever else she could get her hands on.

I'll give you a couple of instances: My brothers had a bedroom in the basement. My mother would send me down there to get something out of the freezer. I would be dragged into the boys bed molested until my mother would scream "where is" whatever she sent me down for. When I came upstairs if I took to long I would be hit. Then if company came over and the brother that just molested me put his arm around me I better put a smile on my face or I'd get beaten when the company left.

When was 9 years old my mother found out my father and brothers were molesting me. I was called a slut and a whore. Nothing was done to the boys or my father. Needless to say I learned at a very young age not to talk about it, because no one would do anything about it.

By the time I was in 7th grade I started drinking and smoking pot. Anything to forget what was happening. When I was in High School I tried to commit Suicide. When the guidance councilor found out again nothing was done. Because my mother told him I was on drugs and lied. My family was well known in the town. Again the lesson was you don't speak.

After I graduated High School I moved away for a while. When I moved back I met my husband. At that time I stopped drinking and smoking pot. He was the first man who went out for me and not sex. We got married and soon after had a son. Then a few years after we had a girl, which scared me. At one point I had to tell my husband about me, but made him promise not to let anyone know I told him.

Because of the sexual and physical abuse I went thru I had very low self-esteem or self worth. I still was in the place of you don't talk about what had happen and I was still seeing my family.

When my daughter was 3 years old one of the brothers who molested me allegedly molested my daughter. I woke to her scream. I ran out to her crying and getting off the couch where my brother was. I grabbed my daughter and said NOTHING for a year. You are probably wondering what about my husband. I made him say nothing to.

During the next year I went thru flashbacks and nightmares. I was afraid that my daughter would have flashbacks when she grew up. I finally started to talk to a girlfriend who got mad and said either bring your daughter to her Doctor or shut-up. With that I decided to go to her Doctor. He found nothing wrong with her. This was good and bad. Good, because she wouldn't go through what I went through. Bad, because there was nothing legal I could do about it. I FAILED MY DAUGHTER.

At this time I got the nerve to confront by brother who said he didn't do anything. That night when he went home hi flipped out. He had aluminum foil all over his bed, porn magazines all over the floor. He kept saying he had to stay below the aluminum foil or the evil rays would get him for what he did. They brought him to a sic ward at the Hospital. After he got out he lived with his parents. They got him a job in the School System as a custodian. I begged them to keep him away from my kids. They said he

will stay in the High School. One day when my son came home from 1st grade said he saw my brother I flipped out. I went to my mother and said "I thought you were going to help me." She said back to me "You have to take care of your children the same way I have to take care of my children." I feel that was the first and only gift she ever gave me. I never was her child I was just a girl.

After that I went to a lawyer who let me know there really wasn't much I could do. The statute of limitations had run out. He said I could get a restraining order, or sue for the mental anguish. I decided to get a restraining order, but it could only be for the School my son was at not the high School because he worked there. With that I let the family know if he comes around my kid I will put a suit against him and I'll make it public. After that he moved away out of state. I started to breathe and would let my daughter outside to play without me (OK I watched her thru the window).

He has moved back to his parent's house sense then. He's diagnosed as a Schizophrenic. I've been told if he stays on his medication I should be OK, but if he gets off he could kill himself or he could kill us because of the guilt.

Thru the years the legal system has not been there of me. I work everyday to be the survivor that I am. Children should not have to go thru what I went thru. As a surviving adult I now volunteer for SACS (sexual assault crisis services) to try and help other people who go thru the rape of their heart and soul. The flashbacks are real. Its hard to see the people who did this to you not only get away with what they did but, be around other kids IT KILLS YOU. This is something that goes from on generation to another and it has been around sense the beginning of time. IT'S TIME TO END IT! NOW!!!!

When you were a kid, say your Mom made cookies with you and you had a great time with her. If you close your eyes you can see, smell, and feel it. That's what a flashback is like.

The word molested has almost become a word that is nice. If I say I was molested, people say "oh that's too bad." If I am to say I was raped, they want to know if they got the person and if I am OK. Why do they think one is better then the other? Why do they think if you're molested you should get over it?

When you are molested your heart and soul is raped and your childhood trust is ripped from your soul. You don't get the trust back very easily if ever. You have nothing to hold on to as far as trust, because the people who are supposed to teach trust and self worth are the ones who took it.

When is enough going to be enough? Who is going to stand up and say this is not going to happen anymore. Someone needs to be there for the children.

Please support expanding the statute of limitations for the sexual abuse of children.
Thank you for your attention and consideration.
Evelyn Miller