

Testimony before the Judiciary Committee

March 26th, 2009

Raised Bill H.B. No. 6532

Rec'd 3/30/09

Good afternoon chairs and members of the Judiciary Committee. My name is Barbara Albert, renter in Htfd., registered voter, member of **Keep The Promise Coalition**, activist and advocate for Human Rights, and surviving multiple medical challenges, a.k.a. Disabled. This is my testimony concerning Raised Bill H.B. No. 6532, an act concerning the statute of limitations for bringing an action for damages for the sexual assault of a minor.

Personally, I think there should be no statutes of limitation for bringing action(s) for damages for sexual assault, for **any aged person**, make that, what's left of them. What remains of my existence, was literally shattered by being sexually abused, from before I was out of diapers into chronological "adulthood". I didn't start realizing, or even remember until chronologically, almost aged 30. It took a few more years to remember who was the perpetrator / pedophile. In the mean time, how many other 'personhoods' were shredded away by this narcissistic, sociopathic pedophile? After over forty years of rage and self destructiveness, questions I didn't/don't have words for, even if I speak... there's been my own messed up choices, have no idea how many times I've been hospitalized for depression, detox, suicide attempts, misdiagnosis, misedication and over medications, ect... And I at the time, I really didn't know why, accept it was because I'm an worthless ass, taking up someone else's space, breathing someone else's air.

Even now, people remark that I look well, how am I feeling? I put my hand on my forearm, brush by it saying "I feel alright", knowing inside, oh no I don't. I'm not even in my body most of the time, have no idea how I feel. Have the impenetrable walls reinforced. If there's ever any trust, it's not a gift, don't know how. There's this continual need to feel safe, and I don't. On the outside, "stuff" looks ok, inside, it's so not, and we're terrified. The body still remembers even what the mind forgets. Even though I thought I've remembered enough already, my gut says there's more. Halfway to dead, and I've barely lived. It's a shame there's so many like us like this. Even worse, there are a lot of us who are not allowed access to qualified help, even to let any safe people in. Because I don't trust they are safe, when is whoever, going to hurt me? When is, whoever going to leave? I feel no hope in existence. My siblings continue their silence towards my questions, what do they remember? I'm a middle sibling, a middle sister. Until any of them speak up, if there's something to similar with their own memories, with mine, it's my word against the "biological vessel from which I emerged". (allegedly) Please, thoughtfully consider amending Raised Bill No. 6532, so there are no statute of limitations for damages, huh, 'damages'. My original self was murdered. There are no statutes of limitations on murder.

Thank you for your time, and attention to this matter.

The following is a poem I wrote back when I was first trying to deal with this.

"Soul Set Free"

An unknown child, why was she born?
Even before birth the message was clear.
She knew she must make do on her own,
on scavenged crumbs.
Learned early to remain quiet, unseen,
hidden within unnoticed pain.
Drained of the longing to be held and comforted,
needed to feel safe, warm, loved.
Starved by no safe touch, no play,
no guidance, no acceptance.
Chained by learned fears, silent raging anger,
unheard tears, untrusting meaningless smiles,
lost hope, nothingness.
There was no choice, no chance to just be.
Childhood's innocence was ripped away.
Personhood, stolen.
Confusion tormented her aching soul.
Abandoned till death she had kept the secrets.
May her soul be in heaven,
peaceful, loved, truly, set free.

Barbara Albert

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