

Senator Coleman, Representative Fox, and members of the Judiciary Committee, my name is Evelyn Miller, and I am testifying in support of SB 1033.

I am a survivor of the horrors of molestation, incest, beatings, and rape I know this is a lot to put into one sentence, but that is the only way to describe my childhood. I come from at that time a well known family in our town, a family of eleven children, four brothers and six sisters. My first remembrance was at the age of four when I was molested by my brother. My molestation was almost daily, at the age of nine my father wanted oral sex, my mother was told and at the age of nine I was told I was a slut and a whore then beaten by my mother. The role my mother played in my life was to beat me almost daily with a razor strap and let me know that I was just a girl and in her eyes being a girl meant you were nothing. I learned to keep my mouth shut and take it. I lived in fear every day worried about where I was in the house looking always to try and not be around my brothers. At night if I had to go to the bathroom I would go to the end of my bed knowing that if I wet my bed I was getting a beating the next morning from my mother, but sometimes the beatings were better to take then to go downstairs to the bathroom. If I did venture downstairs to the bathroom I would try very hard not to make any noise as to not wake up my brothers. If I did make noise and one of them woke up I would hide under the table trying with all my might not to make any noise, even afraid they would hear my heart beating and find me. I would be dragged into their bedroom and molested; I couldn't even go into the pool without having them molested me.

At the age of 15 I tried to commit suicide, which at that time I told my guidance councilor at school. That did no good seeing that the family was well known and my mother told him that he couldn't believe me, the guidance counselor believed her. Again I learned to keep my mouth shut; there was no one for me. I learned to put it aside and go through my life with the help of drugs and alcohol - anything to hide the pain and dirt.

I grew up, managed to live, got married, and had two children, a boy and a girl. When my daughter was three, one of the brothers that molested me molested her. It took almost a year to come to terms with what happened to my daughter. Thru this year I was dealing with the failure of being a mother. I was supposed to protect my children. I was also dealing flashbacks, night and day terrors. And fear. Fear of the fact that people would know how dirty I was. Fear that no one would believe me. Fear that I would be alone in this. When I finally was able to come forward, there was nothing I could do for my daughter.

I started to get strong and went to the prosecutor for what had happen to me to try and stop it from ever happening again to anyone else, but I couldn't do anything legally. The statue of limitations was good for only one year after my 18th birthday and I was in my early 20's. The system failed me again, and because of the fact that there was no help, I could do nothing to stop this man from molesting other children. I could not protect them. I chose to confront my brother for what he had done to my daughter and for what he had done to me. That night after confronting him my parents had to get him from his apartment. He had aluminum foil all over his bed, candles all over the place and porn magazine all over the floor. He has been diagnosed as a sic-frantic and I've been told that if he stays on his medication I should be ok. We don't know what he would do if he comes off his medication. I know in

my case if the system worked with me instead of against me, others would not have gone through what my daughter or I had to go through. Please keep in mind coming from a family of 11 how many nephews and nieces have already gone through this, and are just starting to come forward.

Thank you for listening.

Evelyn Miller, a survivor