

## Transcript - Video Testimony

June 2006

When I was between the ages of 13 and 15 and uh my life has been pretty screwed up since then. This is paper around and um I'm supposed to when I start feeling things, like feeling badly about myself because of what happened, I'm supposed to express myself, and so I just ripped up about ten magazines, um because when I don't feel alive anymore and I want to cut myself I have to do something to make me feel alive again and today that was ripping up magazines.

Uh, on the weekend of the \_\_\_\_\_, I told my uncle \_\_\_\_\_ about how I felt you had touched me inappropriately and that's all I said. I didn't go into detail because I think I had just realized it. Actually I did realize it in a class, um, at \_\_\_\_\_ College where I was going in the spring semester of my freshman year and it was a class on social, it was like a sociology or some, something, some class and they were giving the description of what happens when you are sexually abused and um, I realized that I was. And uh I, I, I've been thinking about what you did to me every day since the first incident. I've carried it around with me every single day, since I was 13 years old and I'm 21 now. So for a 13 year old girl, a little 13 year old girl, I've been carrying this around, in me, and I didn't tell anyone. I didn't tell anyone what you did to me, because I thought I was to blame and um, I'm just going to tell you what you did to me, in case you forgot.

I call you Mr. Keating because I don't think you deserve to be called a priest. I love the Catholic Church so much, and I have so much respect for seminarians and the fathers of our different churches, for priests. You don't, you are not a priest to me. You are not a priest to me.

I cannot look at a Narnia book. Cannot look at the Chronicles of Narnia. You gave me this big book for my birthday, and um, I remember you would read to us, my brothers and sister and I and you would, as you were reading to me, you would run your fingers through my mouth like this, like this and like this, around my gums and you would touch my lips and you would touch my gums, and I always, it felt strange to me, and um, I don't know how many times you did that, I can't count the number of times. But I feel like it happened every time we read. Actually, it did happen the majority of the time as long as I was laying in the right position. Um, I was really nervous about a lot of things when I, when you came into our life, our lives. I was worried about my mom and I was worried about my dad. I was worried about how all my siblings were doing and it felt like finally someone came into my life to, to actually take care of me. But, I don't understand how what you did could ever be considered right or excusable. When I confronted you the first time and I said to you that you had, I felt that you touched me inappropriately, um you said that you were sorry that I had taken it that way. You rubbed my chest for an hour. I laid there and you rubbed my chest for an hour. My brothers wouldn't do that to a 13 year old girl. My dad wouldn't do that to a 13 year old girl. I can't think of anyone that would do that. And I remember pretending to be asleep because I felt so uncomfortable. I hated the way it felt but then I thought, well Mr. Keating loves me he says that he does and he wouldn't hurt me and this must be what um, what, what um, he's, he's probably just trying to teach me something like what my future husband will do, or um, helping me figure out my body. I remember thinking oh now he knows me better than anyone else knows me. And I was so ashamed I felt whenever I

would have thoughts of that and I would think badly about it I would think, gosh you are such a pervert, you are such a slut.

And there was another time where you um, we were reading in my brothers' room and uh my brothers were each in their beds and and I were lying with you on the floor and um, and they fell asleep and went off to bed and I remember the night because it was the night that I said that you would have to sleep in my bedroom because I felt badly that you were always sleeping on the floor and you said that you did that because of your back and so I said well you can sleep on your back but in our bedroom so that you could have privacy. So and I didn't sleep in our room that night. But I remember the night perfectly. I was wearing sky blue shorts with um embroidered flowers on them and I remember thinking gosh this is inappropriate to wear around Mr. Keating. I shouldn't be showing him my legs. But I didn't think it was inappropriate to wear around my uncle or my dad. But around you I did. I felt uncomfortable and um, we were, anyway I was wearing uh, I can't remember if I was wearing a tank top or a t-shirt but I do remember that I was wearing a sports bra, and um, you were reading Narnia to us and like I said the boys fell asleep and went off I don't know maybe she was sleeping with my parents and I said, Mr. Keating I'm uncomfortable, because I was lying next to you with my head sort of on your shoulder and chest kind of like a girl, a daughter would cuddle up with her dad. And I said I'm uncomfortable and you said okay. And you, I think this is so disgusting what you did. You picked me up under the arms kind of like a little girl, which I was. And you pulled me on top of your body. Well you spread your legs and then you pulled me up on top of your body so that my belly was against yours. And I remember feeling your penis on my leg. And your heart was beating really fast and I again said I'm uncomfortable so I moved off and laid on the floor next to you with, on my stomach, and you started rubbing my back and you put your hand under my shirt and you were rubbing the skin, skin against skin, and then I went to bed down in the living room after we were done reading and for some reason you came down there. You came down to where I was sleeping in the night. In the middle of the night you came down to where I was sleeping, and, I don't know why. And you asked me to give you a back rub. And so I gave you a back rub, and um, then I told you that I felt uncomfortable about what you had done up there, but I didn't say that when you pulled me up on to your body thing, I didn't say that because I was wrong in that area, I was a pervert for thinking that, I was a slut for thinking that, but for you putting your hand under my shirt that was inappropriate and, you said that you did that to your nieces and nephew, or your niece and nephew when you read to them. I think their names are and . And um, you then sat on the couch with me and you held my hand and we talked for a very long time and I remember you asking me, um, what's wrong ? You know, what is going on in your life and you were you know consoling me because my mom was sad.

And then there was another time where I remember you wanted to rub my legs and I said no, no I don't want you to rub my legs. And you said yeah, no it's okay I want to do it. I want to rub your feet. And I said no I don't want that because my feet are dirty and I hadn't shaved my legs and I felt embarrassed and you said no let me do it. And you rubbed my legs and you put your hand under my pants, like this. I had, you know pajama pants on and you rubbed my legs and my feet and I felt so uncomfortable, just ugh, I just think about it and I think about other times and you would look at me, and. And before you left for Rome the first time I was so sad. And I, I went up to the driveway with you and I gave you a hug and I told you that I loved you and you

put your hands on my hips, and you gave me this gross, kiss that I didn't know what that was. I knew it was kind of extra wet, and um, it wasn't until I was 19 years old that I realized what that was. It wasn't until I had my first kiss that I realized that what you had done was given me an open mouthed kiss. And it has just destroyed me.

And I thought you know, I was talking about this at the counselor and we talk about my relationship with my dad and how that was hard for me but how you know he would get angry or whatever, but we worked through that and I never spiraled down. We talked about my mom and her , but I never spiraled down. We talked about my other friends that attempted suicide, but I didn't spiral down. But when I finally admitted to what you did to me, I hit the bottom and I really hit the bottom this last January 2006 when I thought the best thing for me to do, for the sake of my family and my friends, would be to kill myself. And I have post-traumatic stress disorder which is very common among people who have been sexually abused and it feels like having a seizure. And before I went into the hospital I was having those sometimes four times a week and sometimes a few times a day. And I couldn't breathe and I'm rocking in a corner. Rocking back and forth in a corner, for an hour or however, however long it was until someone came home. And I have dreams. Oh I have dreams of being raped. I have dreams of your hands. I go places and I see you, walking like a ghost and I hear your voice. And I was thinking all this time it was me, that I was a slutty person. And that because of what you did to me I wouldn't be worth another man loving me. And now I'm numb. I can't feel things, so that's why I want to cut myself. Cause I can't feel things. You touched me on my chest. I can't feel this right now. It's numb. You touched me on my back. I can't feel it. My legs are always sore. At least that's a feeling, but I know it's cause they're tense.

A kiss is supposed to be beautiful thing that you don't feel guilty about. Well, when I kiss someone I feel sick, I, because you did that, to me. So you know what? Well before I say what I was going to say I want to say one more thing that has been such an inconvenience, if you will. Um, you know how a clock goes tick, tick, tick, tick, tick when it goes around. I cannot be around that sound. Because that's the sound that your watch would make. This watch that you would wear loosely on your left hand with the clock side right here, you would wear it differently than most people. And um, you would rub me and I would hear that thing up against my ear. And now I will I, I had a time where it was in last November, or even October, I was in my friend Katie's room and she has one of those clocks and I was taking a nap cause I missed her so I was sleeping in her bed because I missed her, and I heard that clock. And here I am already lonely and here I am already sad and then I hear that clock, and the next thing I know I am thinking about wanting to shoot myself or wanting to hang myself or wanting to take too many pills because, because of that damn clock that I would hear when you would rub me. And I did not ask for this. And I think it's too bad because, Mr. Keating, I loved you like nobody else loved you and I loved you like nobody else ever will love you. Because I loved you with purity and innocence and I loved you because, you weren't perfect to me, I was, I didn't have you on a pedestal of perfection. But I honestly loved you so much and I, I would have done anything for you, and I didn't love you in a romantic way at all. And I think about all the things I wanted to do. And now I'm stuck in a corner tearing up paper, rocking back and forth. So you know what, you can have all of this back. You can have all of this back. This was something that you, put on me. I did not ask for it and no one deserves it. But I do not deserve it because you said you

loved me and you said that I could trust you. And you said that you were a god, that, that you were serving God.

So I'm just gonna, just read one little thing from this book that I was reading before I went into the hospital called the Right To Innocence, the Healing, Healing The Trauma Of Childhood Sexual Abuse. And there's a part of this book where, um, they talk about some of your symptoms. So, I'm handing these emotions that I've felt about myself back to you. Because they're lies. I'm done with my bad headaches. I'm done with the damage that has been done to my self-esteem. I'm done with feeling ugly inside. Feeling worthlessness. Feeling that I'm in the way. I'm done with saying I'm sorry too many times. That's kind of, I'm sorry for saying I'm sorry. I, I am done with feeling that I'm stupid. I'm done with feeling that I'm a failure. I'm done feeling that I'm a loser. I'm done with feelings of guilt and feelings of shame. I'm done with blaming myself for everything that goes wrong cause it wasn't my fault. I'm done with my inability to complete tasks because I'm too, I'm thinking about too many things. I'm done with feeling helpless. I'm done with not, with feeling like I don't deserve good things. Because I do. And I'm going to learn to trust people again and to trust men again because I want to be a mom and I want to be a wife and I deserve to have a good man love me. And I'm done with depression and I'm done with not sleeping. And I'm done with being afraid of living every single day. And I'm done with nightmares. And I'm done with flashbacks and seeing you places. And I'm done with not being able to take showers because I'm afraid that someone is going to come in there and touch me and hurt me. I'm done with not being able to feel things on my body. It's my body. I, God gave it to me. So you can have it all back. You can have everything, that you gave to me, without me even asking. I'm going to give it all back to you.

And one other thing is this is not something that people make up. I have a good memory. A very good memory. Maybe you don't, have the best memory. But, I think my current condition is some pretty obvious evidence of what happened. So thank you.