

HB 1145

I am support of extending the statute of limitations for victims of sex crimes. I have witnessed my best friend undergo PTSD from being raped at the age of 10 years old, and then later molested by a nurse, in the hospital, seven years later. My best friend's name is A [REDACTED] R [REDACTED], who is also speaking out regarding this bill.

I remember how spunky and self-confident A [REDACTED] was, prior to the age of 10 years old. I used to play softball with her and witnessed her being almost "cocky". A [REDACTED] was a good softball player, and I think she knew it!

Fast forward several years later, A [REDACTED] joined the same Catholic school as me. At first I was a little weary of her, but then I realized that something had changed. That same spunky girl I once knew as a young child, had grown into a quiet and meek teenager. I didn't know why, and I don't think I thought too much into it. It wasn't long after A [REDACTED] and I became best friends. We both were outsiders and never felt like we fit in anywhere, but we could laugh and be ourselves together!

At that time, I never knew that A [REDACTED] was previously raped. It wasn't something that A [REDACTED] ever brought up. It wasn't until our senior year in high school that I started to notice that A [REDACTED] was struggling more and more. She was depressed, and spoke about death often. I remember A [REDACTED] made clouds out of paper and cotton, and she hung them from her bedroom ceiling. She used to say how she wanted to be in the clouds with her grandma. I didn't ask why or talk to anyone about this as being a warning sign. I thought it was normal because I, too, had suicidal thoughts every day. Unfortunately, it had all become too much and A [REDACTED] ended up in the hospital. I felt like my world was crashing down as she was my best friend and really the only person that I hung out with outside school. Now what do I do? Who can I hang out with and talk to? I was devastated and I missed my best friend.

It was late in our Senior year that A [REDACTED] told me what happened when she was 10 years old and I later learned that a nurse had molested her during her stay in the hospital. As time went on, I remember that A [REDACTED] provided a testimony to help the 14 year old girl win her case against that same nurse. I once asked A [REDACTED] why she didn't press charges too. I remember her saying that she just couldn't. By the look in her eyes, I knew that it would have been too much to take on. She still had so much healing.

Fast forward to years in the future. I saw A [REDACTED] go up and down in her recovery, but never once turned to drugs or alcohol. As most of us, we have many life obstacles to overcome. Thankfully most people don't have the past trauma to overcome, like A [REDACTED] did. Even through the triumphs and pitfalls, A [REDACTED] still continued to have sleepless nights. She was still traumatized by everything that happened. A [REDACTED] spoke about how she would sleep in an open area, as she didn't want to be enclosed. She also slept with the lights or tv on. I witnessed all of this, over the years and even today. I always felt helpless and saddened watching her struggle.

What people need to realize is there is no time limit when trauma happens to a victim. It is a life sentence. And to put a short time limit of three years for the statute of limitations for a victim to be well enough to stand trial, just isn't fair. Instead, I hope that you can all look into your own hearts for a moment. Imagine if this same thing happened to your child, your sibling, or your best friend. Shouldn't they also be given the compassion to recovery and still seek justice when they are ready?