

I was 15 Years Old ...

I was 15 years old and pregnant when these words were written. Frightened out of my mind as the father of my unborn child was one of those who had inflicted years of pain and abuse on me and on so many others. The father of my child was my oldest brother. I had become pregnant after being brutally raped by him as I was held down by my own father, as well as our family doctor while dozens of people watched and took pictures as I cried out in pain, as my brother was ordered to make it as painful as possible which he achieved in the end by forcing both of his hands inside of me literally tearing me open. Fifty four stitches with nothing for pain brought even more evil smiles to everyone when they tired of watching me bleed totally helpless.

The feeling of being trapped was overpowering having been conditioned from earliest memory to believe that my life and body belonged to others to use in any way they saw fit. The turning point for me was after my first ultrasound when my child's father brought me home and placing his hand over me announced to everyone that soon they would have a new pet to play with. Somehow those words broke through everything and I realised that if I didn't find a way out of the abuse then my child would be condemned to suffer the same tortures that had been inflicted on me and those that I witnessed being inflicted on others.

I promised myself then that I would either get away somehow to anywhere my child would be safe or I would kill us both. I was already dead inside and I just could not stand by watching the slow, agonising, soul destroying torture of my own child. I managed to send a SOS for lack of a better word to the only person I could think of that might be able to help.

My aunt in Toronto was the only person in my entire life that was not part of this insanity. She was a survivor of the Shoah (the holocaust) and the only one I was not totally afraid to trust. It took some time but six months later and almost eight months pregnant I ran no longer caring if they killed my body because my neshome (my soul) was already dead.

I made it to my aunt who had been trying desperately to contact me. Today I am 34 years old and after many years of therapy I myself work with sexual abuse survivors but what I want to say so that everyone may have some understanding of what the torture of a child does is: There is no amount of therapy that can completely heal me, no doctor skilled enough to piece together the fragments of a child's shattered soul and for so many no love great enough to restore the faith that was stolen and perverted by the very adults who were supposed to protect us and keep us safe.

Linda and Jeanne, I thank you for all you have done and continue to do. There exists what we call Tikkun Olam-It mans Repairing The World. What

you are doing is the very essence of Tikkun Olam and you bring hope to many.
Never stop believing because one day we will change the world.

... **S. K., a survivor of ritual abuse-torture**

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