

For years now I have been able to call myself a survivor instead of a victim, I have been able to teach others about the transforming process of becoming a survivor from a victim, and I have been open about my sexual assault to almost everyone except you. How am I supposed to look you in the eyes and tell you “mom you know those two friends you trusted me with when I was in high school while we were going through a lot? Yes, those guys that you took in as your own because they came from a broken home. Yes, those guys mom, those guys raped me for hours one night... Do you remember the guy that used to live next door to us mom? The one you would always bring home when you saw him running around in the streets because you wanted him to change so badly. Yes, him, I loved him for six years of my life mom and in return he beat me, he broke me, and when I came to him about what had happened to me, he left me because I was no longer worthy to him.” I know that right about now your heart has dropped, your stomach has turned upside down, and your mind is thinking of all the possible ways to kill these three because they destroyed your baby girl. I just want you to know that I am okay. This class has truly transformed me from a victim to a survivor, from a bystander to an up stander, and from a silent girl to a loud womyn whose story matters.

Querida,

Tu Hija Que Ya No Esta Sufriendo

By: Casandra Phillips

Art by Katie Riopka