

Those of us that come before you today will have our own approach as to how and what we present to you here this day. I've decided to approach the subject of S.99 bill from a more personal perspective. Which is, all the years of therapy some of us have gone through as a result of our time in St. Joseph orphanage. Mostly on our own dime. The entities involved in the operation of the orphanage had a chance to do the right thing back in 1990's , but decided to call all of us liars and swept it all under the rug. Leaving us damaged and desperate for help. The fact that the entities were protected by the statute of limitations for so many years prevented us from seeking that help. The passage of the S.99 bill will hopefully open some doors for us. If S.99 passes it will be our legacy to all the abused children in our country. Never again will the abusers of innocent children be able to hide behind the statute of limitations. This will be our Legacy.

Here is an example of the physical abuse that they got away with for over 50 years. My therapist knew I was a singer, song writer so she said I might find it therapeutic to write my stories in song form. This happened to me every Friday night. I couldn't leave the cafeteria until I ate all the blood sausage, or it was bedtime. I'd be there for 3 or 4 hours. I would repeat this line ( I don't want to do this ) hundreds if not thousands times every Friday night driving it deep into my subconscious mind. To this very day I live in a constant state of dread. This is my song of abuse, it's called:

I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS

It happened a long time ago.

but it still bothers him so.

It happened every Friday night.

And the food was a frighten sight.

I don't want to do this,

I don't want to do this.

He cried, oh, so... many times

For surely this, this must be a crime.

Please, Please, don't make me do this.

Blood sausage, is what they called it.

The very smell, would made him sick.

It was dark red, and full of blood.

Clean off your plate she said,

you don't need taste buds.

I don't want to do this,

I don't want to do this.

He cried, oh, so... many of times

For surely, this, must be a crime.

Please, Please, don't make me do this.

When he couldn't eat it, he got a paddle to the head.

He faced Friday nights, with so much dread.

He choked it down, and it came right back up.

Then, forced to his knees, to eat, what he just threw up.

I don't want to do this,

I don't want to do this.

He cried, oh, so...many of times.

For surely, this, must be a crime.

Please, Please, don't make me do this

Please, Please, don't make me do this.

Thank you for your time and your attention to this matter.

The speed in which you've worked on this bill is absolutely amazing. We have finally been heard. Thank you so much.