

19 Apr 83  
This night i wish would  
Pass me by, without  
looking back not  
needing to cry. Just  
to go on, tomorrow without  
feeling ANYMORE SORROW.

Pamela J. Olson

Objects for Deployment

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Dear Reader,

I am writing to you because I have been stuck for so long. I want to move through this so I will not be held captive to the memories.

Something happened while I was in the Navy.

I want to be a whole person. Up until now, my life has been fragmented, like my memories.

The biggest reason I am writing this is because I feel my kids are growing up without me as a whole person. I want to be able to play with them before it's too late.

Now, I am talking about this trauma out loud, to you. This is the first time I have ever done so in detail.

I am telling you because I want the truth to be known.

I think about the path I was walking that morning; the path I continued on for years. It was so lonely. If somebody else is walking a path like this, I want them to know they don't have to do it alone.

19 Apr 83  
This night i wish would  
Pass me by, without  
looking back not  
needing to cry. Just  
to go on, tomorrow without  
feeling ANYMORE SORROW.







In August of 1981, I was stationed at Roosevelt Roads, Puerto Rico. My first PRD was February 1983, but instead I was given an involuntary three month extension making my PRD May 1983. During this time I worked as a cook in the galley. I was required to report for duty at 0430 which meant that I was the only female walking from the barracks to the galley before dawn. Twice I requested that my watch be changed so that I could walk to work with the women on the other crew. These requests were not heeded.

I was 21 years old

I WAS THREE MONTHS AND A DAY INTO MY 21<sup>ST</sup> YEAR. IT WAS MARCH 13 1983. How Did my Day BEGIN? I Woke UP HOPPED DOWN FROM THE TOP BUNKBED, HEADED TO THE SHOWER. I REMEMBER THAT I DID NOT TURN ON THE ROOM LIGHTS, BECAUSE I DID NOT WANT TO WAKE UP MY ROOMMATES. I DID TURN ON THE BATHROOM LIGHT. WHAT WAS I FEELING? I WAS FEELING ENERGETIC, WIDE AWAKE, STARTING TO WONDER WHAT MY DAY WAS GOING TO LOOK LIKE, I SHOWERED, DRESSED IN MY UNIFORM OF THE DAY: BLACK SOCKS, BLUE TEESHIRT, DARK BLUE PANTS, BLACK BELT WITH SILVER BUCKLE, BLUE AND WHITE SMOCK BUTTON UP SHIRT, CHEF'S HAT AND BLACK STEEL TOE BOOTS, + my BACKPACK.

before

AS USUAL I WALKED DOWNSTAIRS, FROM THE SECOND FLOOR INTO THE LOUNGE AREA OF THE BARRACKS. I STOPPED BRIEFLY TO SPEAK WITH THE MS2 WHO WAS ON DUTY AS THE BARRACKS MANAGER. I REMEMBER FEELING AT EASE. THIS SO FAR WAS A TYPICAL DAY. AFTER WE FINISHED OUR CONVERSATION, I CONTINUED ON MY WALK TO WORK/THE GALLEY. WHEN I STEPPED OUTSIDE FROM THE AIRCONDITIONED LOBBY INTO THE USUAL HUMIDITY OF THE OUTDOORS, I NOTICED HOW QUIET IT WAS, EXCEPT FOR THE COQUIES (THE NATIVE TREE FROGS), SINGING THEIR BEAUTIFUL MUSIC.

I walked

I walked

I walked

I walked

I walked







While walking to work alone on 13 March 1983,  
I noticed the lounge area of my barracks was as quiet  
as ever and I stopped only to speak briefly to an MS2  
who was excited about receiving orders to Washington.  
While walking down the pavement going over  
the the week's work schedule in my mind,

before







every morning  
walk to work thinking  
planning the day  
turn on lights  
quiet time  
steam line  
deserts  
thinking  
unlock door  
breakfast menu  
turn on steamer  
make coffee  
lunch menu  
reflect  
dream  
sense of order



AS I CONTINUED TO WALK DOWN THE PATH TO WORK I WAS DISTRACTED, ONLY BECAUSE I WAS THINKING ABOUT WORK. JUST LIKE MOST WORK DAYS, PLANNING THE DAY. THE ONLY TIME I NOTICED SOMETHING WAS DIFFERENT, WAS THE MOMENT I WAS TACKLED TO THE GROUND. FROM MY RIGHT SIDE, I WAS THROWN A FEW FEET OFF THE PAVEMENT ONTO THE GRASSY AREA, WHICH WAS TO THE LEFT OF ME.

AS I CONTINUED TO WALK DOWN THE PATH  
ONLY BECAUSE I WAS THINKING ABOUT WORK  
PLANNING THE DAY. THE ONLY TIME I  
WAS THE MOMENT I WAS TACKLED TO  
SIDE, I WAS THROWN A FEW FEET OFF  
GRASSY AREA, WHICH WAS TO THE LEFT OF

suddenly

my thoughts were no longer in order.

suddenly



TO WAKE UP MY ROOMMATES. I DID NOT  
WHAT WAS I FEELING? I WAS FEELING ENERGETIC, WIDE  
STARTING TO WONDER WHAT MY DAY WAS GOING TO LOOK LIKE  
I SHOWERED, DRESSED IN MY UNIFORM OF THE DAY: BLACK  
BLUE TEESHIRT, DARK BLUE PANTS, BLACK BOOTS WITH SILVER BUCKLE  
WHITE SMOCK BUTTON UP SHIRT, CHIEFS HAT AND BLACK STEEL TOE  
+ MY BACKPACK.

While walking to work alone on 13 March  
I noticed the lounge area of my barracks was as quiet  
as ever and I stopped only to speak briefly to an  
who was excited about receiving orders to Wash  
While walking down the pavement going on  
the the week's work schedule in my mind, suddenly  
my thoughts were no longer in order. I remember  
being tackled to the ground and thrown a  
feet off the pavement onto the grassy area  
a tremendous force. I was not able to speak  
struggle at that moment for my mouth and  
nose were trapped beneath a hand so full  
of pressure ~~that I felt as if I were trapped~~



I remember  
being tackled to the ground and thrown a few  
feet off the pavement onto the grassy area, with  
a tremendous force.

I DO NOT REMEMBER ANY IMMEDIATE THOUGHTS, AS I WAS TACKLED  
I DO REMEMBER BEING PUMMLED ABOUT THE FACE AND UPPER BODY.



~~beneath a hand so full of pressure~~ that I felt  
as if I were drowning. I could not gasp for  
air and at the same time, I was being  
struck repeatedly in the face. With each blow  
to the face a man's voice was curtly yelling  
"I'll stop if you don't scream. If you scream, I'll  
kill you." Maybe five or six times this was repeated.  
Finally, the pressured hand was lifted from my nose  
and mouth. The striking blows to my face had  
ceased. I was able to see with only my one eye.

in my mouth and nose. HE ASKED ME  
MOMENT I FRANTICLY RESPONDED IN ANY  
D HELP ME,



WHAT HAPPENED NEXT? I WAS THINKING THAT HE WAS GOING TO RAPE ME AND KILL ME, OR KILL ME AND RAPE ME. I WOULDN'T GO THERE WILLINGLY. I'M FIGHTING AS HARD AS I CAN, DESPERATELY TRYING TO KICK HIM IN THE HEAD WITH MY STEEL TOE BOOTS. HE DID NOT LIKE THAT VERY MUCH. HOW DO I KNOW? BECAUSE THAT IS WHEN HE MOVED HIS HAND FROM MY MOUTH AND NOSE TO MY THROAT. CHOKING ME. CUTTING OFF MY AIR SUPPLY.

sheer terror

from this moment forward

SHAME

1"  
WHAT HAPPENED NEXT? HE THEN ASKED ME TO WALK A  
FEW FEET DOWN INTO THE SWAMPY AREA; I DIDN'T,  
I COULDN'T...

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT? CAN I GET THROUGH THE MEMORY.



~~beneath a hand~~  
as if I were dr  
air and at the  
struck repeatedly  
to the face a m  
"I'll stop if you d  
kill you." Maybe  
finally, the pressu  
and mouth. The  
ceased. I was a

HE RELEASED HIS HAND FROM MY MOUTH AND NOSE. HE ASKED ME  
QUESTIONS; AND IN THAT MOMENT I FRANTICALLY RESPONDED IN ANY  
WAY THAT I THOUGHT WOULD HELP ME,



What am I thinking and feeling in the beginning of the attack;  
Panic, Fear, Death, Shock - trying to get him off of me. By moving  
my lower body, 'the only part that was "free"', he was too strong,  
me mumbling beneath the pressure of his hand, 'can I talk  
to you, can I talk to you?' Hoping that he would just leave,  
that he would quit beating me, that no more harm would  
come to me.

what am I thinking and feeling in the  
beginning of the attack: panic, fear, death,  
shock

I was being crushed

"I'll stop if you don't scream"





I was not able to speak nor struggle at that moment for my mouth and nose were trapped, beneath a hand so full of pressure ~~that I felt as if I were trapped~~ beneath a hand so full of pressure that I felt as if I were drowning.

I REMEMBER THE SENSATION OF DROWNING, BECAUSE OF HIS HAND COVERING MY MOUTH AND NOSE. I REMEMBER HIM GETTING ON TOP OF ME AND MY ARMS BEING TRAPPED/PINNED AT MY SIDES. I REMILL TRYING TO MOVE MY BODY, TRYING TO GET HIM OFF OF ME.

DO I REMEMBER WHAT IT FELT LIKE? THE PHYSICAL PAIN AT THE MOMENT OF THE ~~TALK~~ TALK, CAUSED A SHARP PAIN ABOUT MY NECK. AFTER THAT, WITH EACH STRIKING BLOW TO MY FACE - I DO NOT REMILL ANY PAIN. I DO REMEMBER THE SENSATION OF MOIST/WETNESS, ABOUT MY EYES AND FACE - THE BLOOD, THE TERROR THAT GRIPPED ME AS THE BLOWS KEPT COMING. THE BLOOD STREAMING DOWN MY FACE AND NECK! ONE EYE SWOLLEN SHUT, THE OTHER JUST A HAZE.


"if you scream, I'll kill you"

I could not gasp for air and at the same time, I was being struck repeatedly in the face. With each blow to the face a man's voice was curtly yelling, "I'll stop if you don't scream. If you scream, I'll kill you." Maybe five or six times this was repeated. Finally, the pressured hand was lifted from my nose and mouth.

HE RELEASED HIS HAND FROM MY MOUTH AND NOSE. HE ASKED ME  
QUESTIONS; AND IN THAT MOMENT I FRANTICLY RESPONDED IN AN  
WAY THAT I THOUGHT WOULD HELP ME,

and mouth. The striking blows to my face had  
ceased. I was able to see with only my one eye,



ALSO IN THE HOSPITAL, I REMEMBER THE NURSE RINSING  
MY 'INSIDES' OUT/A BETADINE DOUCHE, I REMEMBER SHOWERING,  
BUT I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT DAY. I REMEMBER SLEEPING IN  
MY CIVILIAN CLOTHES. SOMEBODY MUST HAVE BROUGHT THEM TO  
ME, I DON'T REMEMBER WHO. I REMEMBER SLEEPING WITH THE  
LIGHTS ON. 

SO SEE, IT'S FRAGMENTED.

D LEFT THE BUILDING AND STARTED RUNNING DOWN  
HILL. MY ATTORNEY CAME CALLING AFTER ME. HE HELPED  
CALM DOWN SO THAT I COULD GO BACK IN. HE  
CONVINCED ME THAT I NEEDED TO DO THIS, AND  
HE WOULD BE THERE. I WENT BACK IN. I DON'T  
REMEMBER THE REST OF THE DAY AFTER THAT.

THINK I WAS ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES, MY  
KID GOT CAUGHT

BASE - AS FAR AS I  
TO FIGURE OUT WHEN

REMEMBER MY FRIENDS/CO-WORKERS TRYING  
HOSPITAL STAFF NOT ALLOWING THEM  
ALLOWED IN, I WAS NOT ALLOWED

25 YEARS TO LIFE



(my other eye was swollen shut already) who the hand and voice belonged to. It was apparently a young military man not permanently stationed on Roosevelt Roads. Not a person I had ever seen before. I was allowed to breathe in a bit of air then the hand had covered my mouth once again.

this is where the puzzle gets mixed up



ovement, praying to myself and outloud,  
my struggling efforts did not stop this  
n from ripping my clothes, fondling my  
dy using any means he wished, then  
ally raping me. Somehow after all this, I  
s able to stagger away on my own, after  
is living nightmare...

~~It has proven to be a very difficult  
me for me to try to reconstruct my life.  
Painful reminders, reoccurring fears, mental  
anguish...~~

### WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?

I DO NOT REMEMBER HOW, BUT I  
AN AMBULANCE. I REMEMBER MY WITIA  
REMEMBER ANY PAIN, UNTIL MY SCIONS  
I HAVE SHIPPITS OF MEMORY RECALL REGO

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT. HE RAN AWAY. SOMEHOW I  
STAGGERED AWAY. I FOUND MYSELF KNOCKING ON ONE DOOR



my experience: Powerlessness and FEAR for my LIFE and at  
The same time asking Forgiveness for Him AS well AS myself,  
What Happened next? HE SAID " IF YOU SCREAM, I'll kill you!  
HE kept REPEATING THIS MANTRA, With NOTHING TO LOSE, BUT my LIFE -  
I mumbled BENEATH THE HAND, 'CAN I TALK TO YOU, CAN I TALK TO YOU'  
I REMEMBER THE MOMENT HE RELEASED HIS HAND FROM my MOUTH,

can I talk to you?

can I talk to you?



This time, he was saying he wouldn't hurt me anymore, so at that statement, I mumbled beneath the hand, "can I talk to you, can I talk to you?" I was allowed to speak, I tried frantically to think of anything and everything to say so that I might be able to walk away before any more harm could come to me.

NO HARM COME TO ME.

MY WORDS WERE NOT ENOUGH!

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT? I SCREAMED, HE COVERED MY MOUTH AND NOSE AGAIN.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT? THIS PART IS WHAT HAUNTS ME IN MY DREAMS... THIS IS WHERE I GET STUCK.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT? GETTING THROUGH THIS PART IS EXCRUCIATING, I HAVE A HARD TIME BREATHING THROUGH THIS PART OF THE MEMORY.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT? HE THEN ASKED ME TO WALK A FEW FEET DOWN INTO THE SWAMPY AREA; I DIDN'T, I COULDN'T...

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT? CAN I GET THROUGH THE MEMORY NOT WITHOUT MUCH TURMOIL...

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT? I WAS THINKING THAT HE WAS GOING TO RAPE ME AND KILL ME, OR KILL ME AND RAPE ME. I WOULDN'T GO THERE WILLINGLY. I'M FIGHTING AS HARD AS I CAN, DESPERATELY TRYING TO KICK HIM IN THE HEAD WITH MY STEEL TOE BOOTS, HE DID NOT LIKE THAT VERY MUCH, HOW DO I KNOW? BECAUSE, THAT IS WHEN HE MOVED HIS HAND FROM MY MOUTH AND NOSE TO MY THROAT. CHOKING ME, CUTTING OFF MY AIR SUPPLY.

WHAT DO I REMEMBER AS HE IS CHOKING ME?

WHAT DOES IT FEEL LIKE? I CAN'T BREATHE, I AM DYING, MY AIR SUPPLY IS CUT OFF, IT GETS HARDER. I THINK IT'S KIND OF LIKE DROWNING. (THIS IS WHEN I SHIT MY FUCKING

THE NEXT THING I REMEMBER IS WAKING UP IN THE SWAMPY AREA. I WAKE UP ON MY BACK. HE IS ON TOP OF ME,



Everything I had learned from television, from school, or from home about talking our way out of this type of trouble didn't seem to be working out as taught to me. I wasn't able to persuade this man to let me go.

HE ASKED ME QUESTIONS, "ARE YOU A VIRGIN"? "ARE YOU PREGNANT"?

HE ANSWERED HIS OWN QUESTIONS.

HE TOLD ME I WASN'T A VIRGIN,

HE SAID I WASN'T PREGNANT...



this is the first time  
I have ever written or  
spoken out loud  
the questions he asked me

I know why  
the questions  
were so awful

at that moment  
my voice was taken  
away from me

he asked me questions  
but didn't let me  
answer them

my soul was pulled  
out of me

that moment  
I lost my voice

He then asked for me to walk a few feet down  
into the swampy area with him. I didn't. I  
couldn't as long as I was able to fight back.  
I started to struggle, screaming, trying to  
physically fight, but to no avail, I was  
then dragged the few feet still struggling,  
and with each struggling effort on my part,  
I was being beaten over and over again. I  
was able to lift up my leg from behind  
trying to kick him in the head with my  
boot.

I THINK HE IS GOING TO

KILL ME AND RAPE ME OR RAPE ME AND KILL ME. BEFORE HE PUT HIS HAND BACK ON MY MOUTH AND NOSE, I SCREAMED! AND THEN I TRIED TO KICK HIM, WITH THE ONLY THING THAT WAS "FREE", MY LOWER BODY; LEGS/FEET - MY STEEL TOE BOOTS. I TRIED KICKING HIM WITH MY BOOTS. I REALLY FOUGHT BACK WITH EVERYTHING I HAD. I THOUGHT THIS IS MY LAST CHANCE. I SCREAMED, I PRAYED, THEN I 'DIED' - I'M DYING, PRAY FOR FORGIVENESS FOR HIM AS WELL AS MYSELF. I DID NOT WANT TO GO TO HELL -



I prayed

I was afraid of going to hell

I grew up catholic

WHAT I THINK OF WITH REGARD TO MY FEAR OF HELL, HAS TO DO WITH MY MEMORIES FROM CHILDHOOD. MY FAMILY WAS RAISED CATHOLIC. THIS GOES BACK A NUMBER OF GENERATIONS.

GROWING UP WE HAD A FAMILY PRIEST. THE MAN WHO WOULD BE THERE FOR OUR FAMILY.- THROUGH, WEDDINGS, BAPTISMS, FUNERALS, CONFESSIONS, CHURCH, LAST RITES ETC.

AS A CHILD I WAS IN THE HOSPITAL TWICE. BOTH TIMES MY FAMILY CALLED THE PRIEST. BOTH TIMES HE GAVE ME MY LAST RITES.



MY FAMILY THOUGHT I WAS DYING  
AND WANTED ASSURANCE THAT I  
WOULD GO TO HEAVEN.

IN MY CHILD'S MIND, THE  
ALTERNATIVE WAS HELL. EVERYTHING  
I KNEW ABOUT HELL WAS AWFUL -  
THE FIERY PIT OF OF HELL, ONLY  
A PLACE OF ETERNAL DAMNATION,  
NO TURNING BACK ONCE YOU ARE  
THERE. ANY SIN COULD TAKE YOU  
THERE.

IN THE MOMENT WHEN I THOUGHT  
I WAS GOING TO DIE, THE LAST RITES  
PRAYERS, AND CONFESSION ALL CAME  
RUSHING BACK. HOW WOULD I GET  
OUT OF GOING TO HELL?

I WANTED MY SOUL TO BE IN GREAT  
ENOUGH SHAPE TO GO TO HEAVEN. IN  
MY FEEBLE PRAYERS, DURING THE  
ATTACK, EVERYTHING I DID OR DIDN'T  
DO NOW RESTED ON THE STATE OF  
MY SOUL...

I ALSO PRAYED FOR MY ATTACKER.  
ACTUALLY, HE WAS THE FIRST PERSON  
I PRAYED FOR.

I WANTED TO BELIEVE THAT THE  
ATTACKER IN SOME WAY WAS HUMAN.  
THAT IF HE REALLY KNEW WHAT  
HE WAS DOING TO ME, ANOTHER  
HUMAN BEING HE WOULDN'T GO  
ANY FURTHER WITH THE ATTACK.



I WAS GOING TO DIE, I KNEW

I WOULD DIE, BECAUSE HE SAID SO! WITH THIS IN MIND, I BEGAN  
TO PRAY. UNDER THE DRAINING, BLOODY, FRANTIC, FURIOUS FEAR  
OF HELL, I PRAYED 'FATHER FORGIVE HIM AND FATHER FORGIVE ME.'  
I REMEMBERED WHAT THE PRIEST WOULD PRAY, "THROUGH THIS  
HOLY ANOINTING MAY THE LORD IN HIS LOVE AND MERCY HELP ME  
WITH THE GRACE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT", "MAY THE LORD WHO FREES  
ONE FROM SIN, SAVE ME AND RAISE ME UP." AMEN.

death

At that point, I was stopped from  
all my struggles only by being choked until

I could not breathe anymore;



Roosevelt Roads. Not a  
n before. I was  
n a bit of air then  
my mouth once again.  
aying he wouldn't hurt  
t statement, I mumbled  
I talk to you, can  
s allowed to speak.

think of anything  
o that I might be  
fore any more harm  
hing I had learned  
hool, or from home  
t of this type of  
working out as  
able to persuade this  
the reasons I had  
wasn't), etc... etc...

lk a few feet down  
him. I didn't. I  
able to fight back.  
eaming, trying to  
o avail, I was  
- still struggling,  
ffort on my part,  
and over again. I  
eg from behind  
e head with my  
was stopped

I MUMBLED BEHIND THE HAND  
I REMEMBER THE MOMENT HE POLE  
I BREATHING IN A BIT OF AIR A  
MY WAY OUT OF THIS LIVING  
QUESTIONS AND THEN ANSWER TH

HE ASKED ME QUESTIONS, "ARE YOU  
A VIRGIN"? "ARE YOU PREGNANT"?  
HE ANSWERED HIS OWN QUESTIONS.  
HE TOLD ME A WASN'T A VIRGIN,  
HE SAID I WASN'T PREGNANT...

KILL ME AND RAPE ME OR RAPE ME AND KILL  
PUT HIS HAND BACK ON MY MOUTH AND NOSE,  
I TRIED TO KICK HIM, WITH THE ONLY THING  
LOWER BODY, LEGS/FEET - MY STEEL TOE BOOTS.  
WITH MY BOOTS. I REALLY FOUGHT BACK WITH EVERY  
THOUGHT THIS IS MY LAST CHANCE, I SCREAMED,  
'DIED' - I'M DYING, PRAY FOR FORGIVENESS FOR



THIS IS THE PART THAT

KEEPS COMING BACK TO HAUNT ME IN MY DREAMS, THIS IS WHERE I  
KNOW I AM NOT SAFE. HE IS CHOKING ME AND IN THIS MOMENT  
I AM DYING, AND I AM OK WITH THIS. THEN I LOOSE MY BODILY  
FUNCTIONS, THIS IS THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IN THIS MOMENT.  
THE NEXT THING I REMEMBER IS WAKING UP IN THE SWAMPY AREA,  
I CANNOT SEE. I THINK I AM DEAD! BUT THEN I WAKE UP.  
HE IS ON TOP OF ME, BRUTALLY TEARING MY CLOTHES OFF.

here, I am disconnected



from my body

BRUTALLY RIPPING MY CLOTHES OFF, WITH NO REGARD FOR ME AS A HUMAN BEING, I AM DETACHED EMOTIONALLY FROM MY BODY, I FEEL NO PAIN, YET I FEEL THE BLOOD, I TASTE THE BLOOD IN MY MOUTH. I AM AWARE OF THE STICKS AND ROCKS PRESSING INTO MY BACK.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?

I THINK I NEEDED A LITTLE HELP WITH THIS PART, BEFORE HE RAPED ME (IF THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL IT). HE USED OTHER OBJECTS/THINGS AND VIOLATED ME IN OTHER WAYS, AS HE WAS DOING THIS I THREW UP ALL OVER MYSELF, I THINK BECAUSE OF THE PAIN, YET I DO NOT REMEMBER THE PAIN.



I felt not much of all the physical pain at the moment, but a numbness throughout my total being.

no time left, no

way out, no escaping

all my effort, even

getting sick to my stomach, having a bowel movement, praying to myself and outloud, all my struggling efforts did not stop this man from ripping my clothes, fondling my body using any means he wished, then finally raping me. Somehow after all this, I was able to stagger away on my own.







HE IS NOT TALKING, JUST BRUTALLY TEARING MY CLOTHES. HE TEARS MY SMOCK SHIRT OFF, I HEAR THE BUTTONS POPPING OFF, HE RIPS MY TEE-SHIRT OFF MY BODY, HE YANKS OFF MY BRA, THEN HE TEARS/GRABS MY PANTS, BOOTS AND PANTIES. HE IS FORCEFULLY GRABBING AND BITING MY BREASTS. HE SHOVES HIS HAND AND THEN A STICK INSIDE MY VAGINA AS WELL AS MY ANUS. THEN HE AGGRESSIVELY PENETRATES ME WITH HIS PENIS. I DO NOT SCREAM OUT IN PAIN I THROW UP ALL OVER MYSELF! AND I CRY, I CRY, I CRY... NOW YOU TELL ME I'M ALIVE!

dark



HE RAN AWAY. SOMEHOW I STAGGERED AWAY. I FOUND MYSELF KNOCKING ON ONE DOOR THEN ANOTHER (AT THE MALE BARRACKS). I DO NOT REMEMBER HOW I ENDED UP THERE. I DO REMEMBER THE FIRST DOOR OPENING, THE MAN LOOKED AT ME AND CLOSED THE DOOR. THE SECOND DOOR OPENED AND THIS SAILOR LOOKED AT ME - I REMEMBER POINTING WITH MY LEFT HAND EXTENDED, IN THE DIRECTION THAT I HEARD THE ATTACKER RUNNING. THIS SAILOR TOOK OFF AFTER THE ATTACKER.

I DO NOT REMEMBER HOW, BUT I DO REMEMBER, BEING IN AN AMBULANCE. I REMEMBER MY INITIAL ENTRANCE - I DO NOT REMEMBER ANY PAIN, UNTIL MY SECOND DAY IN THE HOSPITAL I HAVE SNIPPITS OF MEMORY RECALL REGARDING MY TREATMENT.







re-member

Now



THE EVENTS OF MY TRAUMA PLAY OVER AND OVER AND THEY ARE EXTREMELY DETAILED. THAT CHUNK OF MEMORY IS WHOLE. AFTERWARDS, THE MEMORIES BECOME FRAGMENTED. WHAT TAKES PLACE NEXT, SO TO SPEAK, BY NEXT I MEAN MONTHS AND EVEN YEARS DOWN THE ROAD. THAT IS MUCH HARDER TO REMEMBER.

I WILL TELL YOU EVERYTHING I REMEMBER AFTER THAT TIME

EVERY DAY AFTER I REPORTED TO THE GALLEY, BECAUSE I HAD TO GO BACK TO WORK, I FELT LIKE I WAS BEING PUNISHED BECAUSE I HAD TO RETURN TO WORK RIGHT AWAY, AND THEY EXTENDED MY TIME.

I DON'T REMEMBER WORKING, PER-SAY, BUT I DO REMEMBER GOING INTO THE DINING AREA AND SITTING ON THE FLOOR, SITTING ON THE COOL TILE FLOOR STARING OUT INTO SPACE, NOBODY CAME TO SAY, "GET UP, GO TO WORK." MY FELLOW SAILORS WERE GOOD TO ME. - I WOULD DO THAT OFTEN.

I REMEMBER THE COOL FLOOR BECAUSE I WAS IN PUERTO RICO, I NEVER GOT USED TO THE HUMID WEATHER. THE COOL FLOOR WAS GROUNDING FOR ME. I REMEMBER THAT. I SEE IT RIGHT NOW. BUT I DON'T REMEMBER COOKING ANYMORE AFTER THAT. I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT I DID. SAILORS AND MARINES CAME TO EAT. WHERE DID I GO? I DON'T REMEMBER. SURELY I DIDN'T STAY THERE FOR THEM TO TRIP OVER ME.



WHEN I WAS GIVEN CONVALESCENCE LEAVE, I REMEMBER A COUPLE OF PEOPLE TOOK ME TO THE SAN JUAN AIRPORT. I DON'T KNOW THEIR NAMES, OR THEIR FACES, BUT I REMEMBER A MAN AND A WOMAN.

THE GENTLEMAN PUT A BIG PAIR OF SUNGLASSES ON ME. I WAS ALL BRUISED. SO IT HELPED ME COVER UP. THEN HE KISSED MY FOREHEAD AND GAVE ME A WAD OF MONEY. HE HANDED ME A PLANE TICKET. I DON'T KNOW WHO BOUGHT IT, BUT IT MUST HAVE BEEN THEM. THE MILITARY DIDN'T BUY IT.

I REMEMBER THAT MOMENT. THE GLASSES, THE KISS ON THE FOREHEAD, AND THE WAD OF MONEY. BUT I DON'T REMEMBER MY DRIVE TO THE AIRPORT.

I DO REMEMBER ARRIVING TO THE AIRPORT IN SAN FRANCISCO. I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE I WAS GOING TO GO. BUT I OPENED UP A CHECKBOOK, AND OUT DROPPED A BUSINESS CARD WITH THE NAME OF MY REALLY GOOD FRIEND. SHE KNEW ME AS A CHILD. I CALLED HER TO COME PICK ME UP. SHE CAME AND GOT ME AND I STAYED WITH HER AND HER BOYS FOR THE ENTIRE CONVALESCENT LEAVE, WHICH WAS 21 DAYS, BRUISES, NIGHTMARES AND ALL.

MY FAMILY WAS IN SAN JOSE, TOO. BUT I DIDN'T TELL THEM UNTIL MONTHS LATER. I CALLED THEM WHEN I WAS IN SAN JOSE, BUT THEY THOUGHT I WAS IN PUERTO RICO. I DIDN'T WANT THEM TO KNOW.

I DON'T REMEMBER HOW LONG AFTER THE RAPE THIS WAS. I DON'T REMEMBER THE FULL HOSPITAL STAY

IN THE HOSPITAL, I DO REMEMBER THE SECOND DAY WHEN NIS (NAVAL INVESTIGATIVE SERVICE) CAME TO INTERVIEW ME. TWO MEN. I DON'T REMEMBER HOW I RESPONDED. WHAT I DO REMEMBER IS LOOKING DOWN AT THE FLOOR THE WHOLE TIME THEY ASKED ME QUESTIONS. I DIDN'T WANT PEOPLE TO SEE ME. I SAW MYSELF IN THE MIRROR THE SECOND DAY. I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT I SAW, BUT I KNOW I LOOKED. MAYBE IT WAS TOO TRAUMATIZING. I DO REMEMBER THE BLOUSES I HAD ON. I DON'T KNOW WHY I LOOKED DOWN. MAYBE I DIDN'T WANT TO SCARE PEOPLE.

I DON'T KNOW. I JUST LOOKED DOWN. FROM THE HOSPITAL STAY, FORWARD.

I GET TO SEE WHAT KIND OF SHOES PEOPLE ARE INTO.

ALSO IN THE HOSPITAL, I REMEMBER THE NURSE RINSING MY 'INSIDES' OUT/A BETADINE DOUCHE, I REMEMBER SHOWERING, BUT I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT DAY. I REMEMBER SLEEPING IN MY CIVILIAN CLOTHES. SOMEBODY MUST HAVE BROUGHT THEM TO ME, I DON'T REMEMBER WHO. I REMEMBER SLEEPING WITH THE LIGHTS ON.

SO SEE, IT'S FRAGMENTED.



I REMEMBER AFTER CONVALESCENCE LEAVE A COUPLE OF FRIENDS PICKED ME UP FROM THE AIRPORT. I NEVER MOVED BACK INTO THE BARRACKS, I MOVED INTO A CONDO WITH THEM ALONG THE OCEAN. I DON'T REMEMBER HOW I GOT BACK AND FORTH TO BASE. I DON'T RECALL FOR HOW MORE MONTHS I HAD LEFT BEFORE MY TRANSFER, I WOULD HAVE TO LOOK AT MY NOTES. BUT WITHIN THAT TIME I REMEMBER PARTS OF THE COURT MARTIAL.

I REMEMBER BEING INTERVIEWED. I REMEMBER NIS COMING TO THE GALLEY TO INTERVIEW ME, APPARENTLY THEY WEREN'T FINISHED.

DURING THE COURT MARTIAL, I REMEMBER LOOKING AT HIM, AND LISTENING TO HIM AND HIS LIES - WHAT HE WAS TELLING THE JUDGE AND THE THREE-PANEL JURY. HE WAS A STRANGER TO ME. I HAD NEVER MET HIM BEFORE THE ATTACK. I AM SURE IF THERE WAS SOMEONE ELSE WALKING THE PATH IT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HER. I JUST HAPPENED TO BE WALKING THAT DAY.

I DON'T REMEMBER THE DIALOGUE BETWEEN MY ATTORNEY AND I.

I DO REMEMBER ONE DAY IN COURT THEY HAD ME LOOK AT A WHITE EASEL OF PAPER, THE KIND THAT YOU FLIP. THEY WANTED ME TO POINT OUT WHERE THE ATTACK HAPPENED, ON THEIR SKETCH

AND LEFT THE BUILDING AND STARTED RUNNING DOWN THE HILL. MY ATTORNEY CAME CALLING AFTER ME. HE HELPED ME CALM DOWN SO THAT I COULD GO BACK IN. HE BASICALLY CONVINCED ME THAT I NEEDED TO DO THIS, AND THAT HE WOULD BE THERE. I WENT BACK IN. I DON'T REMEMBER THE REST OF THE DAY AFTER THAT.

I THINK I WAS ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES, MY ATTACKER GOT CAUGHT.

CONVALESCENCE LEAVE IS LIKE SICK LEAVE. I GOT 21 DAYS. I STAYED WITH MY FRIENDS I CALLED AT THE AIRPORT.

I STOPPED EATING IN THE HOSPITAL, SO I HADN'T EATEN FOR AROUND A WEEK. I REMEMBER MY FRIEND TELLING ME, "YOU CANNOT HAVE ANOTHER CUP OF COFFEE UNTIL YOU EAT SOMETHING." I REMEMBER THE POTATO WEDGE. I REMEMBER HER BRINGING IT TO ME ON THE PLATE AND I REMEMBER FORCING IT DOWN.

BECAUSE I HAD NIGHTMARES AND WOKE UP SCREAMING. I REMEMBER ONE OF THE BOYS WALKING INTO THE ROOM, BECAUSE I WAS SLEEPING ON THE COUCH. ONE OF HER BOYS CAME INTO THE ROOM AND I SCREAMED IN MY SLEEP, AND HE SCREAMED, AND WE SCARED EACH OTHER. WE LAUGHED ABOUT IT AFTER. I REMEMBER SCARING BRIAN. HE JUMPED OUT OF HIS SKIN. THEY LEARNED TO ~~WALK~~ WALK GENTLY AROUND ME AFTER THAT.









## Photo

28: Photo - at a picture of the chief  
Petty officer

As I look at the photo from August  
1983 - a mere five months after my  
trauma. I have mixed emotions, on  
one hand I feel like justice was served  
on the other, it brings to the surface  
my sadness.

the missing sailor/cut out piece,  
was my chief Petty officer, from  
Naval Station Treasure Island  
San Francisco Ca. Naval Station Galley.  
I worked as a cook/mess/mess specialist  
on the 'Starboard watch'. I ~~worked~~  
I was again the only female  
on my watch. Most of the  
guys were kind, treated me ~~like~~  
with respect, professional as it were.



2

BUT my CPO/Chief Petty officer ~~officer~~ was a different story. From <sup>the</sup> my first day I reported for duty, He would sexually harass me. He was not even SUBTLE ABOUT IT. I remember one time He called me into his office, to show me a photo of Bestiality, He TOLD ME HE KNEW what had happened to me in Puerto Rico, about the Rape. I remember when it came time for me to go from Petty officer 3rd class to Petty officer ~~2nd~~ 2nd class. I WAS Told by him if ~~I had sex with him~~ I didn't have sex with him I would not be recommended for advancement. Well I refused his 'offer'. I never went on to become a 2nd class Petty officer. But I did seek ~~leg~~ legal counsel, came into contact with a Female Lieutenant (Attorney). And we together were able to

3

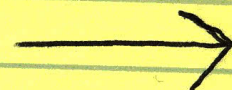
Photo

Get THIS CHIEF PETTY officer Kicked out of the Navy, BUT NOT Before He was Reduced in Rank... Justice sure, a sense of Relief not - only Because this added more weight to my original Trauma. It seemed like I would never Be Able to run away from the Assault and its aftermath etc.

Though He got Kicked OUT, I still had to continue on with my job/my duty as a cook in the Navy. Until my EOAS I would be surrounded by constant reminders, that of the attack and now the Harassment...



Now





cover-up

cover-up

cover-up

DOES THE MILITARY COVER UP  
SEXUAL ASSULT/RAPE, SEXUAL  
HARRASMENT OF ITS MILITARY  
PERSONNEL? YOU BET!

I HAD MENTIONED THAT 'I WAS  
ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES, MY  
ATTACKER 'GOT CAUGHT'. HE NOT  
ONLY WAS CAUGHT, BUT WAS  
PROSECUTED, GIVEN 25 YEARS TO  
LIFE.

IN MY CASE THE <sup>initial</sup> RAPE WAS NOT  
IGNORED, THERE WAS SOME JUSTICE  
WITH REGARD TO THE 'CRIME' PERPETRATED  
AGAINST ME.

FOR ME THE INJUSTICE CAME IN  
THE AFTERMATH OF THE ATTACK. INSTEAD



OF ALLOWING TIME FOR HEALING  
THE EMOTIONAL SCARS, APPARENTLY  
21 DAYS OF CONVALESCENCE  
WAS ENOUGH TO DO THE TRICK.  
THERE WAS NO REAL FOLLOW-UP  
WITH MEDICAL OR MENTAL HEALTH  
SERVICES. WHEN I REPORTED  
FOR DUTY, I DID GO TO  
SICK BAY ONCE AFTER THE  
ATTACK, AS I HAD BROKEN  
OUT IN HIVES. THE  
CORPSMAN WROTE IN MY  
SERVICE MEDICAL RECORDS,  
THAT I WAS HAVING AN  
ALLERGIC REACTION TO  
DETERGENT! WHAT? (HOW  
ABOUT THE STRESS, SEXUAL  
ASSAULT VICTIM, OR

HIVES IN RESPONSE TO BEING  
BRUTALLY ATTACKED). INSTEAD  
I WAS SENT BACK TO THE  
GALLEY AS A COOK. MY  
UNDERSTANDING WAS THAT,  
MY JOB WAS TO KEEP THIS  
RAPE QUIET. REPORT FOR DUTY  
AS IF NOTHING HAD HAPPENED.

ALL THE WHILE THE ATTACKER  
WAS HELD ON A TEMPORARY  
BASIS, IN THE BRIG ON  
THE SAME BASE.

AS A COOK I/WE WERE  
RESPONSIBLE FOR FEEDING HIM.  
I REMEMBER SEEING HIS  
NAME TWICE ON THE MEAL



REQUEST LOG. THIS ADDED TO MY ALREADY VULNERABLE, HIGHLY EMOTIONAL STATE.

SO HERE I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE COOKING FOR MY ATTACKER! NOT ONLY AT ROOSEVELT ROADS NAVAL STATION, BUT AGAIN AT TREASURE ISLAND IN SAN FRANCISCO, MY NEXT DUTY STATION.

THE ATTACKER WAS TRANSFERRED THERE TOO.

I WAS GIVEN A TRANSFER TO TREASURE ISLAND, BUT NOT BEFORE HAVING TO SIGN PAPERS FOR AN INVOLUNTARY

15 MONTH EXTENSION ON ACTIVE DUTY.

SO NOW I WAS EXPECTED TO REPORT FOR DUTY AND SERVE 15 MONTHS MORE BEYOND MY END OF OBLIGATED SERVICE. I TOOK THIS NEWS AS A FORM OF PUNISHMENT, AN EXTENSION OF THE TRAUMA.

AFTER MY ACTIVE DUTY, I WAS TO REPORT TO MY ACTIVE RESERVE UNIT. THAT I DID<sup>NOT</sup> DO; I ESSENTIALLY WENT UN(AUTHORIZED ABSENCE).



I GOT A JOB AT A CHILD DEVELOPMENT CENTER, AND TRIED TO 'FORGET' ABOUT THE NAVY...

IT WASN'T LONG AFTER I WENT UA, THAT I WAS 'INFORMED' BY TWO GENTLEMEN, WHO SHOWED UP AT MY JOB SITE - THAT IF I DID NOT REPORT TO MY NEXT DUTY STATION, I WOULD BE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY. I REPORTED, AND FULFILLED THE REST OF MY OBLIGATION.

UPON MY FINAL RELEASE, NOVEMBER 19<sup>th</sup> 1986. I NO LONGER HAD THE WEIGHT OF

MILITARY LIFE HANGING OVER MY HEAD. AT LEAST I COULD BE 'FREE' FROM THE SPORADIC HARASSMENT, THAT TOOK PLACE ON ACTIVE DUTY AND ACTIVE RESERVE.

THOUGH I WAS AT A LOSS WITH WHAT TO DO ABOUT MY HEALTH ISSUES, THAT HAD CONTINUED TO PLAGUE ME SINCE THE ATTACK. I SOUGHT SPORADIC TREATMENT FROM CIVILIAN HEALTH CARE PROVIDERS, WHEN I COULD FINANCIALLY AFFORD TO DO SO.



MY HEADACHES, BACK PAIN  
AND PTSD DID NOT PREVENT  
ME FROM SEEKING EMPLOYMENT,  
THOUGH IT INTERFERED WITH  
MY ABILITY TO FUNCTION AT  
THE LEVEL I WAS USED TO  
PRIOR TO THE ASSAULT.

IT WASN'T UNTIL 1990 THAT  
I FOUND OUT ABOUT POSSIBLE  
BENEFITS AS A VETERAN.



Now





headaches  
migraines  
hospital  
medical  
documentation  
three hours  
three days  
seven years  
undiagnosed  
PTSD  
denied  
crazy  
sick  
treatment  
qualified  
veteran  
records  
pisses me off  
bureacracy  
administration  
care that veterans need  
soldiers  
men and women  
situation  
broken  
system

MY HEAD STARTED HURTING IN THE  
HOSPITAL, AND THEN IT DIDN'T STOP.

YOU'D THINK WITH ALL THE MEDICAL  
DOCUMENTATION IT WOULD BE A  
BREEZE GETTING BENEFITS AS A  
VETERAN. BUT IT WAS FAR FROM  
A BREEZE.

THE PHYSICIAN'S ASSISTANT  
WROTE THAT MY HEADACHES LASTED  
THREE HOURS, INSTEAD OF THREE  
DAYS. THEY DENIED MY INCREASE  
BECAUSE OF HER MISTAKE.

IF SHE HAD READ CLOSELY, SHE  
ALSO WOULD HAVE SEEN THE  
DOCUMENTATION OF MY MIGRAINES



FROM MY TWENTIES ALL THE WAY  
TO MY LATE FORTIES.

I WENT BACK INTO MY MEDICAL  
RECORDS ALL THE WAY BACK TO  
1983. I FOUND FROM THE AGE  
OF 29 (THE TIME I STARTED SEEING  
A DOCTOR AT THE VETERANS HOSPITAL)  
ALL THE WAY TO NOW, I HAVE  
DOCUMENTATION FROM THE  
GENERAL PRACTITIONER THAT MY  
HEADACHES LASTED THREE DAYS.

THE CRITERIA FOR THE INCREASE  
IN BENEFITS IS "ONCE A MONTH  
OVER THE LAST SEVERAL MONTHS",  
THAT IS THEIR OWN CRITERIA.  
I HAVE BETWEEN ONE AND

THREE MIGRAINES PER MONTH;  
I AM WELL WITHIN THEIR  
CRITERIA.

MY MIGRAINES WENT UNDIAGNOSED  
FOR YEARS BECAUSE I DIDN'T  
HAVE BENEFITS. WHEN I WAS  
IN THE HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY  
AFTER THE ATTACK, I HAD  
DOCUMENTATION THAT I HAD A  
HEADACHE. BUT FROM THAT  
MOMENT FORWARD, I WAS SELF  
TREATING WITH ANACIN AND REST.  
I WOULD GO FLAT ON MY  
BACK FOR A FEW DAYS. LIKE



THEN WHEN I RECEIVED FULL BENEFITS FOR PTSD I STARTED CONSISTENTLY SEEING A PRIMARY CARE PHYSICIAN. HE DIAGNOSED MY MIGRAINES AND GAVE ME MY INITIAL MEDICATION SPECIFIC FOR MIGRAINES. I WAS SO GRATEFUL TO HIM. HE GAVE IT AN A NAME. FOR YEARS BEFORE THAT, I THOUGHT I WAS GOING CRAZY; I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON. I KNEW MY HEAD HURT AND THAT IT MADE ME SICK, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW IT HAD A NAME. I FELT LIKE IT WAS A MIRACLE. I WAS SO RELIEVED THERE WERE TREATMENTS, MEDICALLY SPEAKING.

ACCORDING TO THE VA CRITERIA FOR AN INCREASE IN BENEFITS FOR MIGRAINES TO THE 50% LEVEL. I HAVE QUALIFIED FROM DAY ONE BUT HAVE NEVER BEEN GIVEN THE INCREASE.

I JUST THINK IT'S THE MISTAKES MADE ALONG THE WAY. BASICALLY, MY MEDICAL RECORDS WERE OVERLOOKED. AND THESE ARE DOCUMENTS IN THE VA SYSTEM ALREADY; THEY HAVE ACCESS TO ALL OF IT.

IF THEY'RE MAKING THESE MISTAKES WITH ME, HOW MANY MORE VETERANS ARE BEING LEFT OUT OF THE LOOP



THAT PART KIND OF PISSES ME OFF.

I SEE THESE GUYS COMING IN,  
THEY ARE SO YOUNG IN THEIR  
YOUNG TWENTIES. THEY ARE NOT  
DOING WELL AND IT MAKES  
ME SICK.

THE SYSTEM HAS NOT CHANGED  
MUCH OVER THE YEARS. NEITHER  
HAS THE GOVERNMENT AND HOW IT  
SUPPOSEDLY TAKES CARE OF THE  
VETERANS. THIS DOESN'T TAKE AWAY  
THE FACT THAT THERE ARE GOOD  
PEOPLE WORKING WITHIN THE  
VA SYSTEM. BUT, THE BUREAUCRACY  
GETS IN THE WAY. IT JUST GETS  
IN THE WAY. I DON'T KNOW

HOW ELSE TO SAY IT.

IT HINDERS THE CARE THAT  
VETERANS NEED. IT'S LIKE A  
ROADBLOCK. WE HAVE SO MANY  
SUICIDES AMONG VETERANS. MANY  
OF THESE COULD BE PREVENTED.  
MANY VETERANS REACH OUT, BUT  
IT TAKES QUITE A LONG TIME  
TO GET INTO THE SYSTEM. EVEN  
WITH THE PROPER DOCUMENTATION.  
SO MANY VETERANS GET LOST.

OUR GOVERNMENT HAS CREATED A  
BUREAUCRATIC MESS AROUND THE  
VETERANS ADMINISTRATION. FORGET  
THE REST OF THE GOVERNMENT,  
IF WE'RE GOING TO SEND SOLDIERS



TO WHEREVER WE SEND THEM, WE  
NEED TO HAVE A SAFETY NET  
READY TO CATCH THEM.

I REMEMBER BEING TOLD IN  
BOOT CAMP, "HURRY UP AND WAIT."  
THIS IS A SIMILAR SITUATION. BUT,  
MOST OF THE MEN AND WOMEN  
WHO ARE WAITING IN THIS LINE  
HAVE COME BACK BROKEN.

# MEDICAL RECORD

ARRIVAL (Date and Time)

3/13/83  
0710 A.M./P.M.

NAME OF TRANSPORTER

H.M.3 BAKER

CHIEF COMPLAINT(S) (Include symptom(s) duration)

POSSIBLE RAPE  
ATTACK

# EMERGENCY CARE AND TREATMENT

TRANSPORTATION USED

AMBULANCE

POLICE/RESCUE

PRIVATE VEHICLE

OTHER (Specify)

CARE GIVEN ENROUTE

Transfer,  
Support

ALLERGIES

NKA

DATE OF LAST TETANUS SHOT

2 yrs ago

HISTORY OBTAINED FROM

PT

IF CONDITION IS RESULT OF ACCIDENT/INJURY, STATE WHERE, WHEN, HOW ACCIDENT OCCURRED

It states she was raped on  
her way to work states her attacker  
Hit her in face and choked her.

POSSIBLE THIRD PARTY ☐ YES ☐ NO

ARRIVAL CONDITION	PULSE	TEMPERATURE	CATEGORY (See reverse)
CONSCIOUS	92	ORAL	EMERGENT
SEMI-CONSCIOUS	BP 140/80	RECTAL	URGENT
UNCONSCIOUS	RESP 24	TIME SIGNS TAKEN: 0710 A.M./P.M.	NON-URGENT

TIME SEEN BY PROVIDER 0712 A.M./P.M.

PROVIDER'S STATEMENT-INSTRUCTIONS: DESCRIBE (1) PERTINENT HISTORY (if not given above); (2) EXAMINATION (include results of tests and X-rays); (3) PROCEDURES; (4) TREATMENT (include medications given)

21 y.o. female raped ~ 545 AM. outside barracks.  
Assailant struck her (C) eye + (R) jaw. NO L.O.C.  
Rape intervention team called 0705  
Photographer called. (Evelyn).  
ecchymosis at (C) orbit. Normal extraocular movements.  
PERNA. Fund. benign. Hypertension to medial +  
lateral (C) eye. No step-off at (C) orbit. (Orbit very -  
Bitten epistaxis. Poss Fr (C) interorbital  
Bite injuries superficially to (C) upper l.y. mandible X-ray  
Tender (R) mandible. Teeth alignment normal. NO Fr seen  
Rock - Dentures R.O.M.

DIAGNOSIS/ASSESSMENT

1 Rape  
2 Facial contusions. 3 R/O Fr (C) orbit

CONDITION UPON RELEASE FROM EMERGENCY ROOM (See reverse side)

GOOD

DISPOSITION

SENT HOME/QUARTERS

RETURNED TO DUTY

ADMITTED TO HOSPITAL

PROVIDER TYPE (Mark one)

PHYSICIAN ☐ NURSE ☐ PHYSICIAN'S ASSISTANT ☐ OTHER (Specify)

PROVIDER'S SIGNATURE AND DATE

PATIENT'S HOME ADDRESS

PATIENT'S IDENTIFICATION (mechanical imprint) FOR WRITTEN ENTRIES GIVE: NAME—LAST, FIRST, MIDDLE; SSN; SEX; DOB; SERVICE STATUS; NAME AND RELATION OF SPONSOR OR NEXT OF KIN

OLSON, PAM

PO3/INTAD

214/10

EMERGENCY HOSPITAL

U. S. NAVAL HOSPITAL

FPO MIAMI FL 34051

EMERGENCY CARE AND TREATMENT

STANDARD FORM 558 (9-79)

Prescribed by GSA and Interagency Committee on Medical Records

FPMR (41 CFR) 101-11.806-8

MEDICAL RECORD COPY

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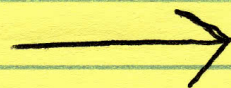






why?

Now



HELP ME TO BE A  
BETTER MAMA.

I REMEMBER ONE OF MY CHILDREN  
ASKING ME, "MAMA WHY DO YOU  
GO TO THE VA SO MUCH?" MY  
RESPONSE WAS 'SO THAT I COULD  
BE A BETTER MAMA'

MY CHILDREN DON'T KNOW ABOUT  
MY TRAUMA. THEY DO KNOW THAT  
I WAS IN THE NAVY, THEY  
KNOW ABOUT 'FUNNY' BOOT CAMP  
STORIES, OR THE TIME I ENDED  
UP WITH SUN POISONING ETC.

THEY KNOW ABOUT MY SALUTE OF  
THE MONTH AWARD, AND HOW WARM  
THE WATERS OFF THE CARIBBEAN  
ISLANDS ARE.

I HAVE MOST RECENTLY, TOLD  
MY ELDEST SON THAT I HAVE P.T.S.D.



WE TALKED ABOUT WHAT PTSD IS,

AND HOW IT AFFECTS PEOPLE IN

GENERAL. (MY SON HAD A VIETNAM

VETERAN AS A TEACHER FOR TWO

YEARS). HE ALSO HAS BEEN

VOLUNTEERING AT A SCHOOL WORKING

ALONGSIDE THE MAINTENANCE MAN

WHO HAS PTSD. THESE TWO 'TEACHERS'

SHARED WITH MY SON SOME OF

THEIR 'TRAUMA' STORIES.

ONE DAY MY SON CAME

HOME AND ASKED ME IF

THERE WERE ANY "CRAZY" GUYS.

THAT I KNEW WHEN I WAS IN -

THE NAVY. ALL I SAID WAS **Yes, BUDDY.**

HELP ME TO BE A BETTER MAMA

WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE A BETTER

MAMA? PLAYING WITH MY CHILDREN. I

DON'T REALLY PLAY. OH, I TAUGHT

THEM HOW TO RIDE BIKES. I ATTEMPTED,

ON MANY OCCASIONS, TO HELP THEM

BUILD FORTS, OR MUD PITS. BUT PLAY,

MY KIDS SAY "DON'T ASK MAMA, SHE

DOESN'T PLAY".

TO BE A BETTER MAMA IS TO

LEARN TO LET MY GUARD DOWN, TO

NOT BE HYPERVIGILANT, TO WALK

WITHOUT FEAR, TO NOT JUMP OUT OF

MY SKIN WHEN ONE OF MY BOYS

COMES UP BEHIND ME TO GIVE ME

A HUG.

BEING A BETTER MAMA IS TO

NOT SCREAM OUT IN MY SLEEP



AT THE SLIGHTEST NOISE  
OR THE INNOCENT FOOTSTEPS  
OF MY CHILDREN.

I WANT TO BE A BETTER MAMA IS TO  
BE FULLY PRESENT WITH MY  
CHILDREN. I REMEMBER WHAT  
MY V.A. THERAPIST SAID ABOUT PTSD  
TREATMENT "IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO BE WHAT  
YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN"

I GO TO THE VA. TO WORK  
ON THE ISSUES THAT INTERFERE  
WITH ME LIVING A FULL, HEALTHY  
LIFE.



Dear Reader,

I started telling this story with my therapist and never finished because she moved. I made this book to complete my story.

Until now, I have never shared the questions the attacker asked me, and then answered himself. I write them here. Somehow, that part of the attack is directly linked to losing my voice. Over the last ten days of our Veterans Workshop I wrote, remembered, felt, spoke and have found strength I never dreamed of possessing.

When I learned my therapist was moving, I felt abandoned and alone. I panicked because I believed I would have to climb back inside of myself - stuff the experience back in - and there was no more room for that. The workshop was perfect timing. Over the course of these ten days, I have watched my writing evolve from shaky to firm - from fragile and crumbly to a solid foundation. Now my hand, my pen, is firmly planted on these pages. I can see this in my book. I hope you can, too.



## COLOPHON

A PROJECT BY  
Monica Haller

BOOK BY  
Pamela J. Olson

PHOTOS  
Pamela J. Olson  
PH 2 L.D. Dorsey  
*The first photo in this book is a picture of the path  
I was taking the day of the attack.*

TEXT  
Pamela J. Olson

COPY EDITING  
Clare Beer

TEMPLATE DESIGN  
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NATIONAL  
ENDOWMENT  
FOR THE ARTS

This book is the result of the author's courage and focus at the Veterans Book Workshop, where we work to make manageable and material personal archives of images, words and memories from the current wars.

This book is one of many made in the Veterans Book Workshop. Each emerged from different circumstances and each finds its own unique use. One veteran may reference this book regularly, while another may set it aside in order to move on.

Regardless of the ways they are used, no dust settles on these archives. This book contains a powerful living collection of data, memory, and experience that is so relevant it trembles. You must pay very close attention to hear its call.

We made this book for listening. Please accept our invitation. We made this book for deployment. Please pass it along and invite someone else to listen.

Thank you,  
Monica Haller

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Pamela served in the United States Navy from April 1, 1981 to March 31, 1984. During that time she served in MS<sup>A</sup> School in San Diego, CA; Naval Station, Roosevelt Roads Puerto Rico; Naval Station Treasure Island, San Francisco, CA. She served in Active Reserve from April 1984 to November 1986 at Concord Naval Weapons Station, CA.

Pamela has a BA in Psychology and Addiction Studies from Bethany College in Scotts Valley, CA and a Certificate in Addiction Counseling. She currently lives in Santa Cruz, CA with her three beautiful teenagers where they are all active members of the community.



