

GAINING INSIGHT FROM REAL-LIFE EXPERIENCES

Personal stories give us the opportunity to understand the thoughts and emotions experienced by victims of crime and their family members. This section of the Guide contains seven stories told by the people who lived them. These stories are moving and written to assist people in understanding the reality faced by the authors.

These testimonials can be used during National Victims of Crime Awareness Week or throughout the year:

- To provide victims' experiences for articles, letters to the editor, and other media events;
- To include in stories for your organization's newsletters, bulletins, or other publications;
- As anecdotes for speeches or presentations on victim issues;
- To support efforts for volunteer victim services recruitment.

THE PREY: AN ACCOUNT OF DENUNCIATION

I was a victim of sexual assault by my father from the age of two until I was 19 years old. Despite all my efforts to forget it, I could not stop thinking about my experiences. I replayed the images of that assault over and over again in my mind, dealing with all kinds of feelings that were hard to bear: hate, anger, violence, resentment, incomprehension, etc. I hated myself and was angry with myself for having submitted to and put up with so much violence. I blamed myself for not having known how to defend myself. I felt responsible and dirty.

All these emotions turned me into a workaholic. I worked so much that I became depressed. I always felt I was incapable of facing the real problem, which just caused me to sink more deeply into depression. All the strategies I had developed to hide my past or to escape from it were no longer working. Despite all my avoidance, I soon realized that my aggressor was free and that I was the one in prison. Then one day I knew I had a choice to make: speak out or die! I decided to speak out. The charge was laid in June 2004. After a two-year trial, a guilty verdict was finally delivered. The aggressor is currently serving a seven-year prison term.

The judicial process is painful and difficult but I can tell you that the police, the Crown Attorney and the people at “*Centre d’aide aux victimes d’actes criminels*” (CAVAC) were exceptional. They believed, liked and supported me. It was not easy talking about my past, but it was liberating. I did not go to court in order to prove to anyone that I was telling the truth. There were two people who knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that everything I was saying was true: my aggressor and me. I wanted him to know what he had done to me and the consequences of his actions on my life.

I suffer from post-traumatic stress disorder. Unfortunately, the wounds from this do not heal just by speaking out. But, I am doing much better. I feel like a weight has been lifted from my shoulders. I have no regrets and even though it was difficult, long and painful, I would go through it again. It is the best thing I have done for myself in my whole life. Today, I am free. I talk about it as often and as freely as I choose. I am not a slave to my past. Yes, I still

sleep badly. And, yes, I still have flashbacks, but the impact on me is not the same. I am learning to live rather than just surviving, and it is much better than before. I can finally breathe!

I was fortunate to have help and support in my efforts from CAVAC advocates, all of whom were skilled and understanding. When I decided to file a criminal complaint against my aggressor, I had no idea what I was getting myself into. I was desperate and worried. My advocate helped me manage the stress of the court proceedings. I was safe, accompanied and supported throughout the whole process. CAVAC was the central and key element. I felt that I had a place to go where someone would listen to me and understand. There was also an actual place at the courthouse where I could be alone and cry. I always felt welcome, listened to and understood. The CAVAC advocates took the time to answer all my questions, to explain each step of the legal process. They also took the time to answer my family’s questions and make them feel safe. CAVAC’s tremendous accessibility gave us a reference point to manage and calm our fears and anxieties. The organization also gave us huge moral support and informed us of our rights. One of several things I learned from CAVAC was that there was compensation for people who are victims of crime that could help me financially.

I can never thank CAVAC enough for all the help they gave me and my family. I continue to visit my advocates regularly because, despite the fact that the trial is over, there are still bridges to cross. I have to understand and manage things like the appeal of the sentence filed by my aggressor, my rights as a victim in the event of parole, etc.

I can assure you that organizations like CAVAC and VCI are there for a reason. Without their support, I would never have made it through these events with as much peace of mind.

Martine Ayotte
Rouyn-Noranda, Quebec

HOW ONE VICTIM OF MURDER CHOSE TO BE A SURVIVOR

December 25th, 2005... Christmas, like every Christmas since we were born, was spent together under one roof from the 24th to the 26th. As we raised our glasses during our Christmas meal to give thanks for all that we had, we could never have imagined that the acts of another human being two days later could bring such pain and devastation to this loving and happy family.

On December 27th, 2005, just one week before her daughter Anna's first birthday, my 36-year-old sister, Paula Anne Gallant, was violently murdered. Her lifeless body was put in the trunk of her car which was then driven to her elementary school just minutes from her home. Her car, with her dead body in the trunk, was later discovered by family. Life as we knew it was redefined in the most horrific and unimaginable manner possible. Someone living amongst us made a choice to end Paula's life. To end her career as a teacher and artist. To end her role as a mother, friend, sister, aunt, and so much more.

Shock, disbelief, numbness, isolation, indescribable pain, confusion, fear, an inability to function... You keep hoping you are going to wake up and it will be the same as it was before the nightmare. Then, you look into your children's eyes, into the eyes of those who have filled your home and you know it is real. Sobs fill the silence. You pray that darkness will not fall. You don't want your friends to ever leave your kitchen because then you know you will be left alone to feel. It is like your body is consumed with concrete and you cannot move. You barely breathe. You know it is worse than you ever thought possible.

Chaos exists, but not like the hectic chaos we all live daily. It is a solemn, subdued, eerie chaos. We all sit waiting. Not knowing what to do or when to do it. The phone rings constantly and we just hope someone on the other end will help us.

Over three years have passed since that horrible, senseless day Paula's voice was silenced through murder. As if the loss is not painful enough, we also continue to live without closure or justice for this violent crime. This is as agonizing as the crime itself. Knowing the person responsible is living freely among us. You are consumed with one thought: how are we going to survive this nightmare?

In the first couple of weeks, the numbness and pain is crippling but hope is prevalent. Hope that justice will come quickly so our efforts can be focused on healing. But as time passes, you are presented with the harsh realities of the situation. Once you are able to absorb this reality, the challenge becomes "getting on with life" and redefining "normal" without Paula, with an altered family structure and with the acceptance the killer lives freely in our society. It is the hardest thing I have ever been faced with in my life and there is no handbook or blueprint to guide and provide the required support. You are exposed to the learnings of a life experience one should never have to endure and you look to everyone for answers, for closure, for justice, for peace.

The first half of the second year was a continuation of the first year. The pain was as raw, the frustration as exhausting, the need for answers as consuming. But just as the murderer had the free will to make the choice to silence Paula, I too realized at some point in year two that I had the free will to choose to either be a victim or be a survivor. In choosing to survive, I could not only be Paula's voice, but the voice for all women who have lost their lives to violence or continue to be victims of violence.

I also realized I had the opportunity, through my experience, to become an advocate for all victims of murder in the hopes of improving the levels of support and types of services provided. It was a turning point for me in this journey and although I knew it would be a daunting undertaking, I felt it would give meaning to Paula's death.

Trying to drive change is not easy. I hit one roadblock after another and felt even more isolated as I came to realize my voice as a victim of murder was weak. It would be so easy to just walk away. But through the love, support and encouragement of my family, friends, our communities, the media and so many others, I knew this would become my lifelong purpose.

In 2008, when I was preparing information for an event called “Men Standing Up Against Violence Against Women” during Family Violence Prevention Week, I came across the following quote which is now my guiding principle:

*“I am only one,
But still I am one.
I cannot do everything,
But still I can do something;
And because I cannot do everything
I will not refuse to do the something that I can do.”*

Edward Everett Hale

I “cannot refuse to do the something I can do”. I have experience as my foundation, Paula as my strength, society as my support, and my free will to choose to survive and make a positive contribution. I guess one could say I have evolved through this nightmare and now have the clarity, confidence and steadfast determination to be a strong voice for Paula, for all who have lost their lives to violence and to the victims of murder who represent the minority.

I cannot change what happened to Paula, nor can I bring her back. I cannot make the last three years any easier or wave a magic wand and get the justice Paula deserves, but I can try and drive change. Change that gives victims the required support to get through the maze with expert guidance, empathy, dignity, respect and, most importantly, the ability to one day heal. Change that makes society more aware and less tolerant of violence. It should not be an acceptable norm.

And so as I drove from Paula’s grave on Christmas Day 2008, filled with sorrow, I realized how far I had come and I knew I would survive and be the voice society would some day embrace.

Lynn Gallant-Blackburn
In Memory of my sister, Paula Anne Gallant

A WISH FOR POSITIVE CHANGE

On June 15, 2006 my husband Lloyd and I were dealing with a lot of stress in our lives. Today it seems so futile but on that day the triggers seemed to be massive. In a manner which, unfortunately, was common in our household my husband decided to go out to have a 'few beers with the boys' to relieve some 'pressure'. In the early morning hours of the next day he received the beating of his life. He required a 10-hour surgery two days after this beating to repair multiple fractures to his cheekbones and forehead. He never awoke from his surgery and to our shock, horror and disbelief, my husband and best friend for 18-years died in an Intensive Care Unit on June 22, 2006.

Despite much pain, Lloyd was conscious prior to his surgery. I will always cherish the time we spent together. I remember telling him how scared I was for him. He was scared too and as a teardrop rolled down his cheek, my heart ached for him. I silently prayed for him and I never felt closer to my husband than I did in that moment. Since his death I replay this time over and over in my head. I will never forget our last moments together. Now I realize I am so fortunate to have had this time with him before his death.

This journey, which was shoved on to my children and me upon the death of my husband, has been an agonizingly painful lesson. From the moment I knew he was hurt, I wanted positive change.


The accused was charged with manslaughter because my husband died six days later and not at the scene of the crime. This man remained at large until the day of my husband's funeral when he turned himself in. He is also a member of our small community of approximately 500 people. Today, due to numerous delays in the court proceedings, the trial is still before the courts.

The comfort and support my children and I received since my husband's beating has been phenomenal. I am eternally grateful and I will never, ever be able to repay the kindness we have received.

So many of our community's emergency services came to our aid. The local RCMP detachment's staff sergeant paid us a visit. Victim Services informed us what services and financial assistance would be available for the funeral. The RCMP members were polite and compassionate throughout their investigation. I would have done just about anything not to be a part of this, but the police and other professionals made it bearable.

When it came to say good-bye to my husband at the funeral, I was overwhelmed and grateful to the people who attended. Many people had many, many kind words about my husband. These words were so comforting and have consoled me since the funeral and when I really needed to be reassured about the circumstances of his death. One co-worker at our school, where my husband worked as an educational associate for the grade one classroom, told me in person and in a sympathy card that the children of the school simply enjoyed having him in their room.

After the funeral was over, I realized I had an obligation to help my children and myself. I began to research violent crime, grieving, the court process, adolescent responses to grief, spirituality, the body's response to stress, and anything else that seemed to relate to what we were going through. I joined on-line and in-house grieving groups. I attended conferences and workshops; I even met Arun Ghandi, the grandson of Mahatma Ghandi. I asked him how to get through this ordeal? He told me the teaching of his grandfather was, "to be the change you want the world to be." This made so much sense to me.



Today, it really doesn't matter the conclusion of the pending trial. In my heart this person will always be guilty. Regardless of the trial's outcome, I know I'll be able to make it through and that I will come out of it a stronger person for it. In my heart I know the Creator will never give me more than I can handle and I will get through whatever obstacle is put in front of me.

I have numerous people to thank for helping me get this far. I also realize it is the frame of mind that you set yourself in. I could be bitter about the trial taking so long and some days I am bitter. I refuse, however, to let my life be ruled by forces I have no control over. I did not ask for this journey but I can choose to learn from it. I miss my husband, but I also want him to be at peace. I too want this peace.

Anonymous
Victim

MY ANGEL, MY HERO

In 1993, I was a very confused and angry teenager. I was afraid, alone, and ashamed. I had been suffering abuse at the hands of my father since I was six years old.

I was terrified of my father. He had complete control over me. He had verbally, physically, emotionally and sexually abused me on a regular basis. He convinced me that it was my fault, that I deserved this treatment. I was silent about the abuse, believing what my father had said: “no one would believe a child over an adult”.

I felt that no one would understand or believe an upset teenaged girl's story of ongoing sexual and physical abuse. Confiding in my dear friend Lisa was the first step on my journey to the life I have today.

Lisa convinced me that going to the police was the right thing to do. It was the only way to end the abuse and stop my father from hurting others. Hand in hand we walked into the police station. Filled with terror and shame, I waited to tell my story.

This is the moment when my life changed forever. This is when ‘my hero’ Frank walked into my world and saved my life.

Frank was a police officer who, at first glance, made me feel safe and understood. Above all else, he believed me. He was comforting and waited for me to be ready to open up with my story.

After that night Frank went above and beyond the call of duty. He tracked down other victims of my father's hateful acts and collected victim impact statements to be used in court. Because of Frank's persistence and dedication, my father was declared as a ‘dangerous offender’.

Coming forward was a very emotional and stressful time in my life. I did second-guess myself and, out of fear, changed my mind. Yet in the end, Frank was my voice of reason. He was always supportive, understanding and never judging, which was one of my biggest fears of coming forward.

It has not all been smooth sailing. There have been many ups and downs. I have battled my demons, with suicide attempts, depression and anxiety problems. Through it all Frank has been my guiding light letting me know there is hope.

Now, I have a wonderful husband, beautiful daughter and an amazing son. All because one police officer went out of his way to help a scared, ashamed young girl who thought no one would believe her.

Part of my healing process has been writing about the pain, emotions and fear of my experience. In 2007, my collection of poems based on the abuse was published. “Cry No More” is my journey. Writing it has helped me. Now my only wish is that it can help others to see they are not alone and they can overcome, make a new life and move forward.

Recovering from such a long, traumatic childhood of abuse has been very difficult. I have a great support team though, lead by My Angel, My Hero, Frank. Without the love and support of Frank and my husband Trevor, I would not be where I am today. Alive and happy.

Included in my book "Cry No More" is the following poem written for Frank.

My Angel, My Hero

*Heaven sent to me an angel,
With no halo or wings or dress,
An ordinary everyday hero,
With a badge upon his chest.
He came to me one evening,
When hope was almost dead,
With patience and concern,
Offered to me a helping hand,
I could not believe that here before me stood,
My angel,
My hero,
Who I had prayed for every night.
He did amazing things for me,
He gave me back my life,
He gave me hope and dignity,
Things I never thought would survive,*

*So much time has passed since then,
A lifetime ago it seems,
Today I have a family,
A home full of hopes and dreams,
All because this stranger believed,
While others turned away,
Burying their heads in the sand,
So not to hear my pleas,
To many he did his job,
To me he moved the world,
In my heart he'll forever stand,
In my life I hope he'll remain,
Forever and always,
"Mommy's policeman," as my children say.*

Never give up hope. No matter how dark and unending the pain may seem there is always an angel waiting in the wings. Just believe and depend on those you love. Thank you Frank.

*Tracey Lynn Jones
Victim*

“STEPPING OUTSIDE THE BOX” FOCUSING ON THE EVOLUTION OF VICTIM ASSISTANCE

On Easter Weekend of 2000, our daughter, Cory, 20-years-old, was murdered by an ex-boyfriend who couldn't handle the rejection of being told that an on again, off again relationship was finally over.

We took our grandson into our care the same day that Cory's body was found stuffed under a cottage at a resort community some 50 miles north of her home. We had no idea of the abuse our daughter had succumbed to, only suspicions that would be confirmed in the preliminary hearing. We were also glaringly ignorant of what our grandson experienced the night his Mom was murdered and the effect it would have.

During that first year, we were given much attention by the agencies charged with assisting families through crises. Our grandson began a series of assessments to try and determine what effect the trauma had on him. It was assumed at the time, because of his young age, he would forget most of what he experienced. Sadly, the funds allocated to pay for therapy are the same for a three-year-old as they are for an adult. We ran out of benefits for his psychological therapy by the time he was five-years-old. It wasn't until he was seven-years-old, that he was finally diagnosed as suffering from Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, the prognosis being long term treatment to adulthood.


Needless to say, this caused huge upheaval in our family. Our son, 17 at the time of his sister's death, struggled for nine years to find meaning to his life. He resorted to drugs and alcohol to dull the pain. He recently told us how several times he contemplated taking his own life. In the spring of 2008, he entered a treatment program and has been clean and sober for 10 months.

My wife went into a deep depression soon after Cory's death, angry at God for allowing this tragedy to befall our family. She reached an all time low in 2004. She was put on a medical leave, never to return to her chosen profession as an Intensive Care Nurse. It was almost eight years after Cory's death before she was able to enjoy the communion of fellow believers in our Sunday morning church gatherings.

I chose a total opposite approach to our family tragedy. The morning after Cory's death, I sat in my garage, my morning cigarette and coffee in hand, and cried out for intervention in my life. I knew I would need support from a higher power to keep this fractured family from falling completely to pieces. It was then I felt warmth enter my body, the like I had never before experienced. I was given the assurance that Cory was in a safe place, never again to experience pain and suffering. That experience transformed my life.

To add to our struggles, because we had taken guardianship of our grandson, service agencies dropped off the map after the sentencing hearing in 2001. It's like we were left to drown in our struggle to remain gainfully employed. We asked for in home care for our grandson in order to retain our careers and were told we would have to pay for that service because of our perceived affluence. By early 2007, our careers were decimated, increasing the anxiety level in our struggle to support our grandchild.

Is there a silver lining in all that has happened? Well, it appears the one thing our grandson needed to progress was a subdued and slower paced home environment.



That progression appears to have begun in 2007, shortly after I took leave from my employment to better support my family. Was it coincidence? Maybe, but the turnaround in our grandson's achievements has been amazing these past 18 months. We are hopeful we are on a path to see him become a successful member of society.

Yes, there was a reason for that "Divine Intervention" that morning in my garage. I truly believe, had it not been for that spiritual intervention in my life, our family would have been further damaged forever. It is my faith in a higher power that has given me the resolve to see this task through. There will come a day once our grandson turns 18, that I will become more vocal regarding the support mechanisms in place for children at risk.

Would a different approach to providing support have minimized the affect on our family? I know that had we received the same level of support after the sentencing hearing as we received before the hearing, we would possibly still be gainfully employed. Our grandson would have begun his recovery much sooner, had we been given the in home services requested.

Here in lies the challenge for the future. How do service agencies better support crime victims in the community? By stepping outside the box! Looking beyond the court process!

Arthur Lepp

BRUCE'S GIFT

May 16th, 2004 the day our world, as we knew it was forever changed.

My family had planned a surprise party for my 50th birthday. There had been many frantic and secretive calls going back and forth, among them a few to my youngest child, Bruce, a Springhill, Nova Scotia police officer. He wasn't able to make it home that night because he had made plans to attend dog-hunting trials, but he called to wish me a happy birthday. I said goodbye to my son and told him to have a great time. I didn't think to tell him I loved him or how very proud we were of him. It was the last time I would ever hear his voice.

About 1:30 a.m. Bruce and his friend Jason were headed back to the lodge after the dog-hunting trials when their vehicle was hit head-on by a vehicle driven by a young man doing 187 Km per hour, with a blood alcohol level of .243 or three times the legal limit. The young driver died at the scene of his crime. Jason was rushed to the hospital and for the rest of his life will live with the pain of his injuries and the memory of the last moments of his friend's life.

We received the 3 a.m. call that no parent ever wants to receive from the Deputy Chief of Bruce's police detachment. He informed us our son had been in a serious crash and to come to the hospital right away.

We arrived at the hospital at the same time as the ambulance and saw our son being brought in. It is a sight that no parent should ever see and was one that we will never forget. When the doctor came to the waiting room, he told us there was a 99.5% chance that Bruce was brain dead and we should think of organ donation.

We couldn't imagine! Our son was only 26, an athlete, 6'2" and 240 lbs. We imagined that nothing could hurt Bruce. But something had.

The day had many ups and downs, some hope and then no hope. There were many prayers and tears and begging for God's mercy. The doctor finally came in the room and said that he had signed the death certificate. It was over. Our son was gone.


When we were told that the young driver who caused the crash was believed to have been impaired, I immediately thought of Mothers Against Drunk Driving (MADD) Canada. For now, in fact, I had become a 'mother against drunk driving'.

My life seemed to be spiraling out of control. The future loomed ahead as a big black void.

I had heard about MADD Canada, so I checked their website. We learned the facts, the statistics and what the members of MADD Canada had been doing. We also saw that their mission statement "*is to stop impaired driving and to support victims of this violent crime*".

That was us. MADD Canada offered support, and was only a phone call away.

My fingers shook as I made that first call. I connected with Gloria and I told her that our son had been killed by an impaired driver the week before. As I told her all about Bruce, she listened, gave me hope and offered to send some material in the mail, not only for my husband and myself, but our adult daughters as well. She connected me with the local chapter of MADD Canada. She told me that they would be there for us every step of the way and was true to her word.



Looking back over the last five years, my life has evolved. The pain of Bruce's loss will always be with me. However, MADD Canada has given me the help, support and the means to go on and make Bruce's life still matter. As a volunteer National President for MADD Canada, I represent a group that works together to educate, to inform and to support. We meet with the Prime Minister, Justice Ministers and local MPs and MPPs to strengthen our laws against impaired driving. We show a multi-media presentation to 750,000 students across the country to teach the impact of impaired driving and strategies to avoid it. We do countless interviews and public appearances to bring about awareness and change. And we pay tribute to those who have been killed or injured by impaired driving.

I'm sure that without MADD Canada we would possibly not have survived our loss. I don't know the person I would have become, but MADD Canada gave me the tools and the ability to do something constructive and fight back. It was something I desperately needed.

My daughter says that my time with MADD Canada is my tribute to Bruce. I believe that it's his gift to me.

Thank you Bruce!

Margaret Miller
Volunteer National President
MADD Canada

DILIGENTLY ENDING VIOLENCE IN NEIGHBOURHOODS (DEVIN)

Imagine your home phone ringing at 11:20 at night.

It rang at exactly that time at my home on November 4, 2002 with the panicked voice of our 18-year-old son Devin's best friend, Travis saying: "Devin's been hit, we called an ambulance".

That call changed our lives forever. Our family never expected to experience violence in our "safe" community. I learned very quickly that violence has permeated every level of society.

I have been married to my husband Brian for over 26 years. In our marriage we were blessed with 2 sons, Devin who was born in 1984 and Jordan who arrived in 1988. Devin attended St. Mary's University in Calgary and also maintained a part-time job at the Rockyview General Hospital as a pharmacy assistant. He was well respected and loved by his peers and co-workers. He was a model son.

Devin had received *one punch* in an altercation he tried to walk away from. That hit severed an artery in his neck. The next morning after a night of sitting at Devin's hospital bedside where he never regained consciousness, we heard the words that are a parent's worst fear: "Devin has no chance of survival and no chance of recovery; you need to discontinue life support."

I thought I was in a movie. As a family we decided to donate Devin's organs and he saved the lives of a least five recipients in the hours and days that followed.

Those whose job it is to deal with the aftermath of a situation such as ours may find themselves unsure of victims needs. As parents, our need for information, no matter how trivial, was overwhelming. Calgary Victim Services filled that need.

Victim Services was involved in our case immediately and over the next nine months we received many needed calls and visits. Our Court Support Coordinator, from the Calgary Victim Assistance Unit, was my saving grace, my guardian angel. She met with Brian and me at our convenience and became the liaison that we needed. She explained her role, the court process, answered questions concerning my appearance in court and set up an appointment to meet with the Crown Prosecutor.

Starting on November 22, 2004 our family sat through 10 days of the manslaughter trial against the accused in this case. Our Court Support Coordinator, again, was our pillar of strength through the trial process. She was in court along with another volunteer. We were never alone and it was a much needed support. They were with us the day of the "guilty" verdict and stayed at our sides to face the media for the first time. To this day I regard the staff at Victim Services in Calgary as near and dear friends.

I have been very busy since Devin's death with the development of DEVIN Foundation with is an acronym for Diligently Ending Violence In Neighborhoods. I spend many days a month speaking to youth across our province and country about how *one decision* can affect so many lives. I feel if I can get through to one man or woman and stop them from raising their fist, I will have been successful and maybe one other family will not have to endure the death of a loved one.

I also speak to many agencies about our journey through the loss of Devin, the trial and the aftermath a family has to endure and obstacles that must be overcome in order to lead a healthy and productive life.

A loss like the one our family experienced goes on and on. I get asked by people “Are you OK now” “Have you moved on?” It has been six years and we are still dealing with the effects of Devin’s death to this day. Brian and Jordan and I have learned to cope but the struggle is still a daily occurrence. I miss Devin’s presence in my life so much.

In closing, I would like to leave you with a list of Devin’s life goals that we discovered shortly after his death. Hopefully, they will give you a bit more insight into the type of young man he was and possibly provide you with some basis for reflection. In this difficult world, and when I am struggling, I turn to Devin’s list and it helps. This list was dated October 2002. When I found this old notebook under his bed, it made me totally understand and be proud of the type of young man we had raised. It was simply titled:

My List:

- *Work out more*
- *Develop definition*
- *Increase cardiovascular capacity*

- *Enrich mind*
- *Work to full potential at everything, including school & work, no more slacking off*
- *Take time to reflect*
- *Write more*
- *Become more realistic*
- *Take everything for what it is, don’t pass judgement*
- *Research life, this means all aspects, religion, fate, history*
- *The past is that, the past, remember that it can’t hurt you*
- *Discipline yourself*
- *Figure out the dream*
- *Become the man you should become.*

Karen Venables
Victim