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3-27-2014

### Statement by Anonymous collected by Joan Ura-neck on March 27, 2014

Anonymous

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### General Information

**Private or Public Statement?** - Private

**Statement Provider:** Anonymous

**Date:** 3/27/14

**Location:** Wabanaki Health and Welfare, Bangor

**Previous Statement?** No

**Statement Gatherer:** Joan Uraneck

**Support Person:** N/A

**Additional Individuals Present:** N/A

**Recording Format:** Video

**Length of Recording:** 1:05:22

### Recording

**JU:** Ok. Yea, it's running. Ok. So, um, this is file number W-201403-00026. And... my name is Joan Uraneck, and we have a statement giver, um... I think maybe you should say your name.

**MC:** [REDACTED]

**JU:** [REDACTED]

**MC:** (Nods.)

**JU:** Yep. And um, we are located at the Wabanaki...

**MC:** Building.

**JU:** Health and Welfare building in Bangor. And it's March 27th, 2014. And um, [REDACTED] have you been um informed of the consent form...

**MC:** Yes...

**JU:** And have you filled that out and signed it?

**MC:** Yes.

**JU:** Yes, Ok. So um, now we can start. Um, and if you... whatever you would like to tell of your story. Anything-- (*camera falls*) How did that happen? (*Laughter.*) Wow, thank you. Oops, sorry about that.

**MC:** You said that to the machine? (*Laughter.*)

**JU:** Ok, there. We had a little accident. So, yes. And as long as you want, there's no...

**MC:** I thought she was gonna fall again. Alright, I guess my story is I'm gonna be 60 years old next month, so I wanted to you guys to know my age because I think I became a full circle of my life and then I'm on a the full circle of the healing process. I've been in the state of Maine welfare system, 1956. I was two years old and my brother was one. We were both brought into Old Town, to our first foster home, age, one to two to twelve to eleven. That was our first home.

So those you might say... I might say I lost my childhood. Throughout all those years. Didn't understand most of it because I was being groomed by a pedophile and it happened to be the-- her husband. Now that I'm older and I investigated when I found my brother six years ago in Bangor here, we sat and we talked and filled the puzzle. And that's what we needed, was to fill each other's puzzle. Cause we were just walking around with no soul, no identity. I found out that my brother stayed here after he, and him and I were split. We've never seen each other since then. So after 40 years we talked. So he says some things to me that I wouldn't... that filled the puzzle in my early childhood. Now I understand.

And I asked my brother why you weren't there to protect me? That's what I asked him about. About five or six years ago. And then he went ahead and he didn't understand what I was talking about, or where I was coming from. And I said, well, our foster father he's been sexually abusing me from far as I can remember. I think the only-- I can only remember four years old. I can't remember three. He's probably been doing it since two or three, I have no idea. Just that I remember the four years old and I always was wondering where my brother was. He was always gone. Where was she? Where was the wife? You know?

And um, all I know is that they slept in separate bedrooms [00:05:00]. They were on the downstairs. Me and my brother had bedrooms upstairs. She would always be gone. Be a Saturday, never fail Saturday, even to this day Saturday makes me sick to my stomach because it became such a repetitious thing to me during Lawrence Welk show. Lawrence Welk show... hate that show even today because that was going on during the sexual abuse. She would be going to bingo or something. She was always... she would leave us alone with him. Ok. Off she goes. I already knew what was going to happen, but I couldn't find my brother. Oh Paul said, he used to fill up his baby bottle with Narragansett beer until he drank it all. You know, I guess that sedated him. He had to be three. So I guess he put him upstairs and put him to sleep while



I was downstairs with him. And it was a ritual. It was completely... I don't know how his mind worked. But I was fully undressed. He always laid out a towel on the bed. It was like he was... that's why I call it, I felt like I was being sacrificed. He had a wash cloth. Wash me down gently all over. Flip me all over, whatever he was doing. But I think he was jerking off the same time. I wouldn't know... flip me back over. Then he would just do his ritual. He would never insert. He never penetrated. He took care of himself. But it was all over me. So that's where the washcloth came in, is to wash his evidence. So when he was done, he would dress me back up. He knew the time when the wife was gonna come back. And I know he didn't sedate me. All I know is I was... It was kind of like I just was brought back upstairs, it was time to go to bed on a Saturday. And then the Lawrence Welk show would come on. And I would hear that. I said good, he's not gonna come back.

Then Sunday morning would come. Like nothing happened. Paul would wake up. But he nev-- Paul was always groggy. I never understood it. You know, but we're putting things all together now that we're older. So, I've been doing... he's been doing that all the way until he had a heart attack. I think I was like 12 years old. And my brother said, ran out and said... well he kept calling her mom. That's all we knew was call them mom and dad anyway. And he needed to go to the bathroom and said "I think dad, dad don't look right on the toilet." And so that's when she ran in to see. And we didn't never seen death before. So I remember she screamed at us. She said "You guys go out to the porch. Outside on the porch." Like we were nothing. But I guess that's just the grieving of the mother. Grieving of the wife.

Um, all the sudden... she had seven children of her own, and they all lived right around her in the same street. They all came, all her sons and daughters. Then, then the ambulance people came. I was sitting on the, on the... I'll never forget, it's probably my on-- the memory... like John Lennon died. You know, John F Kennedy died. He died. I wouldn't even know how to grieve. I never grieved as a child cause, you don't-- cause we'd never seen death. So all I knew is I was so happy. I was so happy. I didn't have to go through this no more. I said, oh my god. I knew I had to keep it to myself because she would just beat me up. (*Laughs a little.*) That's what they're known to do to us kids. But Paul was crying. He took it the hard way, Paul did. And that.

So, two months later, here comes the... one of the uncles... his son, he was a pedophile too. *[00:10:00]* I think that this foster father pedophiled his own children, because I... the two uncles did the same thing to me. And I couldn't believe what was happening. I was like... his thing was... "Ma, can you bring her down, tell her to come down and bring me the magazines." I didn't know what that.... so she gives me the magazines. I go down to his house, open the door... there's nowhere to be seen. He goes, "I'm in the bathroom." Alright I'll put the magazines on the table. "Oh! Oh, I just dropped something." "Yea, ok!" He made me... he came out of the shower, naked, and he says, "Come here." I just looked at him and I said no. I had enough of this for a decade. I already know what he was going to be about. And I just

looked at him and I just said, I didn't even know how to say the "f" word back then... you know, we don't know that stuff back, when you're children. But all I knew was that I ran back up to the main house and I told her. I said uncle Gene is showing me his privates. And I said every time you make me go down there to bring him magazines, he's showing me his privates. Well, she goes, how dare you say something like that about my son. I got the biggest slap in the face. Got a beating with a paddle and sent upstairs without food. So I'm sitting up there, my poor brother is in the bedroom next to me and I can hear him saying what's wrong sis? And I couldn't... I was just crying. And I, I couldn't answer. I couldn't tell him. I couldn't tell Paul. I think it would wreck Paul completely if he knew what was going on. And he was already in bad shape, when I saw him six years ago, because he couldn't understand why we got separated. He still was trying to work that one out. I couldn't tell him that, but I did tell him six years ago, what they were doing to me. So he could-- he, it was just like a blank to him, he don't remember nothing.

I hear, I hear a phone. The old rotary phone. She goes "Eugene." [*Inaudible*] I'm not going to say my name. She just says something to me, "I want you to come on up here. I need to see you." And I'm like, oh my god, here comes more beatings. That's what I'm saying to myself. He came up to the house and they say in the living room. She goes, she said something like, "You're showing your privates to her. And you've been doing it for many months." He says "Oh yea, yep mom. She's got to learn someday." She just... I couldn't see her face because I was hiding behind, looking down the staircase. I heard a slap. I heard a slap, I know a slap because I know she slapped me. And she goes "You're not allowed in my home at all. I disown you." "What over that Indian girl?" That's what he said to her. And um, I didn't even know what Indian was. I was like, Indian? I just knew back to lone rangers, cowboys and Indians, you know, I didn't understand that. He left. Very quiet that night. She must have done a lot of thinking. Her husband just died. Her son is penet-- trying to penetrate us... it's like, she doesn't even know her husband. I didn't even... I spared her. I spared her as a child to tell her that her husband's been having sex with me for ten years.... I didn't even think she could handle that. She couldn't even handle the death. So I kind of held that secret, until this day I'm talking to you really.

**JU:** Wow. That's a long time.

**MC:** It's like saving his reputation. Why? Why? So the next morning that's where the two suitcases were by the door. And she made that decision that she had to call the Health and Welfare, state of Maine. I remember the social worker. She's been our social worker ever since we were babies. Betty Fitzpatrick. She been working for the system for 20 odd years. I always looked forward to seeing her every month. Every month. I wanted to tell her so bad, what that, what this family was doing to me. And I wasn't ashamed because I didn't know what the word ashamed was as a child. I just knew something wasn't right, but I couldn't pinpoint it. That's what made me really mad with the system. Is because they came by once a month and called them... "We're on our way up to see the two children." That's when I told you in the group that they we were getting us ready for our Sunday best, and that we-- teeth were brushed and everything. We looked like little angels. But, and I've always was sad looking at... when she got back in that car, backing out of the driveway. I say it will be another whole freaking month of this, this sickness. In this house. Until I see her again. She was probably the only positive



that I had. And I didn't want her to go. And she couldn't understand, she goes "I gotta go. You'll be alright, you've got a good home, you've been here for ten years." Haha, yea, alright.

Well, miss Betty Fitzpatrick showed up the next day and I looked at her and I was so happy and I said, oh my god, we're going on a trip. She goes yea. I didn't even want, you know... her name was Corinne, the first foster mother. I saw tears in her eyes. Paul cried. He says, "Where we going sis?" I don't know. We were in the backseat of an old Chevy car. All I know is that I got dropped off first, at St. Michael's orphanage. In Bangor. It was a group home for girls. Paul, Paul wanted to go. I think Paul's mind completely went. I don't know. I can't even explain because I don't know. I just knew I was, I was safe, I was out of town, I was in a new city which was Bangor. But I saw I was in a different atmosphere where there was not a man around. It was all nuns and wom-- girls. I said, oh my god, there's nobody's gonna hurt me. Nobody. I was happy. I was so happy. But Paul was so sad. And I saw him riding off with the social worker. She didn't tell me that she was going to put him in another home. I... that's what Paul said to me six years ago. He said, they didn't tell me where you were. He says "I've been asking for you every day." I said I've been asking for you every day, but I never seen a social worker for two years in that orphanage. And I didn't understand that because it was supposed to have been a once a month check up.

Somehow the system... I think, when they put in a group home, they think that us kids were gonna be ok with nuns. "Oh, they're safe, we don't have to go and check on you as much," and all that. Well hello, I think you had to check on us once and a while because I was being beaten up by all these girls and they were white. And I was an Indian child put into a white home. Already been told orders. This is your room. This is your chore. There was no love. Nuns don't give love. It was the Sister of Mercies. They just, they didn't even explain to me... I woke up one morning, all just blood. I started my period. All I knew is I break down, I thought I cut my leg. And there was four children in each room in this orphanage, all under 12. So one of the nuns says, Elaine come over here and explain to her and off she went, the nuns. So Elaine just like a big sister, picked, took me up to the bathroom, washed me up, gave me my first pad, and explained the facts of life to me. And I'm like... wow... (*laughs*). I said wow. What's this? I'm, I'm sitting here thinking that I'm just glad that he didn't penetrate me, because it brought my memory back. I was like, wow, what's this bleeding stuff and all this. [00:20:00] They said you're a woman now. I'm a woman? I've been a woman since I was four I think, if this is what you're talking about being a woman. I, I'm already grown up. Yep, you graduate now, you get to go on the second floor... thirteen to eighteen years old, where all the girls have their periods. I said, oh wow, I graduated because I had a period.

So everybody downstairs, they couldn't talk to the kids upstairs, they kind of like mentally separated us. And, but we all had to eat in this big long table. And the babies were down at one end, the teenagers were on the other end. I'll tell you one thing... I, it boils down to one big word to me is bullies. Bullies were come from way back, from bullies. Foster homes were

bullies, children of your own peer was bullies. They didn't make me into a bully. They didn't make Paul into a bully. We were victims. There's some that have tough skin, some don't have tough skin. I had a tough skin.

And um, I had enough of that for two years. I ran away. It took a lot out of me because I never ran away before. But I said, there was no love. I had no one to... even as a child. I was never held. I was touched, but never held. So I wouldn't even know how to bond. I didn't even know how to bond with my own brother. Even when he died, I, I bonded more with him being by his bedside when he died, but it was a little bit too late. And um, so really there was no, there was no bonding, hugging, loving in an orphanage. And then I said, I'm running away. There was the Kenduskeag river behind that orphanage. Like I said to the group, I didn't know my direction. I didn't know, I just knows follow the river, it had to go somewhere.

**JU:** Uh huh. (*Knock on the door.*) Come in.

**Voice of person who came in:** I hate to do this but I left my shoes... I'm so sorry.

**JU:** (*Laughs.*) It's ok. Thanks.

**MC:** Well anyway, they, they caught up with me.

**JU:** The police?

**MC:** Yea, cause the nuns called it in because they're responsible, you know? Me and this other girl went, so there was two of us. She's the one that kind of like really taught me how to run away. So, yeah, she taught me, cause she was from Bangor. But she didn't know a direction, I didn't know why we were going to Dover Foxcroft. I didn't even know that. I thought we were going to a big city. You know the things you see in encyclopedias back in those days.

They brought me back home, they put me back in the nun's office. She opens up this drawer. Had paddles. And I saw those paddles and I looked right at her. I said "You know, that don't bother me any." I said I've been beaten by those paddles from way back. She goes, "Oh yea? Well, we'll see." And then she whacked me. It broke in half and I laughed. "She thinks that's funny?" And I said, "Told you." I said, "It doesn't bother me, you beating me, because I've been beaten already." She said, "You're not scared of me?" She pulls out another paddle and she beats me again. They, nuns hit you on the back of your calves. That's how they do it. They... no marks. You could wear pants back in those days. They hid them, the hid the bruises.

No... still, no social worker. Where's Betty? No phone. Nothing. I said, how in the hell... I ran away again. They caught me again. Put me... they said well, the nuns didn't want nothing to do with me anymore. They think I was trouble. I wasn't trouble, I was kind of confused. One thing about group homes... there's no kind of... what do they call them? There's no counselor. Ok? No one to talk to in those group homes. So they put me in another home. Right where the covered bridge is, with this other family. I remember, these two, these two first foster homes were Catholics. That really made me kind of laugh because what the first family was about... I can't believe that was Catholic. But the second family it was too much Catholic. It was too



many nuns. Church three times a day in that orphanage. It was too religious for me. I lost my religion you might say. I was not taught of any Indian customs or anything. I learned more about who I was an Indian through kids in school. I'd been through so many elementary schools already, I was already in one, two, three... I'm on my fourth elementary school now with the third foster home. And um, what school was I in in that one? It's just there's so many schools I been to. But I, I remember that I was always separated from the crowd because... Indian. There is one word that I remember being called, and I didn't know what it was, and that was being called a squaw. And I did not know what a squaw was. So I let that go in one ear and out the other. (*Laughs.*)

And um, this family took in handicapped kids. I couldn't even relate to them. I said wow, I said look at this family. I had, they had one that was 17 years old that already wants to take me downstairs into the basement and have sex with me. I'm kind of like... I was already ahead of him. I just said... haha, NO. You know? No. And I was not afraid, I was becoming tougher now. I went right to the foster mother and I said "Hey, Dickey wants to take me down into the cellar and wants to have sex with me." So she turns around and tells Dickey, "Now that's not good, Dick. Don't you ever say that again." And all this. And I gave him a smile and then I went away into my bedroom. And I sat there on the bed. I said, I already know what this, what this is-- I already know what this is gonna be. It's gonna be right back into the... he must have been molested as young to do this to me. Because we're right now, the age of 14 to 17. So he's already experienced by somebody. I'm already experienced to fight off. You know, and he didn't understand that maybe. I didn't recall [*inaudible*], I was too strong. Got dressed.

I said Jesus, I gotta go again. Packed up my bags, slid down the porch post, and I knew where I-95 was at that time. I'm thinking I was hitting 15, and I ended up in Portland. I don't know why, I just went to Portland. Everything was big. This guy took me in. He knew I was a runaway. But I was so hungry and cold. He kept me underground. And then he was doing the same thing to me, and I was like... I had to make a choice. I said holy shit, I need shelter and food. He wants to have sex with me. So, I have to give in in order to survive. I think that's where my mind went. And I used my body as a tool. It was my tool for the rest of my life. I carried through hatred for men, hatred for a certain kind of men, hatred for white men, because that's all there were, all white. And they brought me back again. And that's when they gave me the \$100 check. The state of Maine. They say, well you seem to be so fancy to run away, and to grow up so fast. We're tired of you. And that's where... [*00:30:00*] this is a guy... that had me in a car, that was a social worker. It wasn't my Betty. Betty would never done what she did. She would have been more sympathetic about it, or maybe she was fighting for me. She probably was fighting for me to stay til I was 18. But it was some guy that gave me a hundred dollar cash and a letter saying your mom last known was in Boston. Dropped me off at I-95. He says, if this is the road you want to take, there you go. And I turned around and looked, and there goes the car. And I'm looking at all these cars going by. And I said, well I gotta take that path. There's nothing in Bangor. There's nothing but pain in Bangor. So, I took that path. And I



found the strength to go see that guy that took me in underground. He took me in until I turned 18. And when I turned 18, I, I wouldn't know why I would call it running away at 18, but I stuck my thumb out and headed to Boston and started looking for my real mother.

Found... I found her. She was in some bar. Short little woman. Took me a lot of talking, cause she was down in ah, down by Chinatown. There's a name of a place where all the Indians hung out down in that area. Here's this little person going around saying, do you know this Mary. "Oh, little Mary? Oh yea, little Mary. Oh, you look like little Mary." Where is this Mary? "Oh she's down there in the bar." I, I wasn't even... I went to the bar, and then I looked at the bartender, and I said do you know this little old lady, Indian woman named Mary Smith? "Oh, why, are you here to pick up her tab? She owes me 80 bucks." And I'm like I'm not gonna give up the \$100 I had in my pocket. I, I kind of like, no... I don't even know what a tab is. "Well that's her sitting down there in the corner." And I turned around and I looked. I walked towards her. I said, are you Mary Smith? *(In an angry tone.)* "Who are you?" I pulled out my birth certificate. And I showed her name on it, and it showed her husband's name on it, it showed my name on it. She looked at it. She took a big drink out of that beer. Stood up. She goes, "All you kids are coming back to haunt me." I didn't even know what she meant by that. But she had six of us. I just knew me and my brother. I didn't know what she was talking.... I thought she was drunk, saying we're all coming back to haunt her. She goes "I'll be right back." And I sat there, waited. Twenty minutes goes by. Then I hear a big commotion. Then I go outside. I ran to where everybody's going to. Trying to think of the name... Tremont Street, Boston, that's where all the Indians hung out. Yep, Tremont, talk about brining memories back now.

Well come to find out there's a six lane highway bridge there and she jumped. She jumped. I didn't know it was her that jumped. I just saw that somebody got hit. I turned around and kind of like went back to the bar, still waiting for her. Nothing. And I kept asking around. Asking around. That was the end of that puzzle. Then I said well, I guess that's it. I'm on my own. I have-- I don't have anybody. Never even thought about looking for the father. I, he wasn't mentioned... I just didn't understand how a mother could dump a child and, and, and have no remorse about what she did. Even when she met the child. You know like, I'm sorry, I'm glad you're back in my life or whatever. But no... it must have took a toll on her, because I found out years later, I got her de-- I got her death certificate at my house right now. They just buried her head and one hand, that's how many times she's been run over by cars.... and um, so I, I got that report.

Got another... I said well shit. What else is going on in my life? Found a half brother down in Boston. I said holy cow, but he was adopted. Raised white. Looked at me and says "you ain't my sister." Oh, I'm your sister. We both got the same parents and I showed him the paperwork. He goes well I'm Italian. I've been raised South Boston with the Italians. I have nothing to do with the Indians, and he slapped me. And told me to never ever come back. He said, you have a sister, that was just here two years ago. Came right up to me and says she was my sister.

And that's the one I'm looking for today. She's in Portland right now. And he did the same thing to her. Slapped her and says I don't want nothing to do with you, you're Indian. Cause, the reason why I know this, is because when I met my half sister six years ago here with my brother, we all sat together and put our puzzle together. And it filled a lot of our holes around



us, but it wasn't a happy puzzle. We were all like broken souls. And that's when my half sister was saying you got a half brother up in Nova Scotia. I said, I do? Is there anybody else? Well we got one more sister somewhere, she's been adopted in Maine but we have, still today, I wouldn't even know. It says it in the paperwork, so she's, she's the baby. She's got to be about 42 years old. I don't even know, even today if she's looking for me. She can find me and my brother because we never been adopted so we still carry the family name of our parents. It was hard for them to do it because they all had different names.

So I think the law should change, when it comes to, like I brought up in a group, I had all this information about my father... his social security in Bangor, and they're sitting there looking right at it on the screen. "Yep, we have it right here. Where he's buried at. No we can't. Regulation." I wanted to turn that screen right around and, and look, but I couldn't, I'd go to jail for it. I think that law should change when it comes to broken homes of Native children. When we find out we got siblings, it is good to have a group like this in Wabanaki community because we all come from five tribes, so everybody talks, everybody knows one another, and I think something like this will connect. Like Sharon will find my sister down in Portland. You know, I need to bring her back.

I ah, that's a hole in my heart right now because I did the same thing to her as my half brother in Boston did. Told her to get out. I ain't gonna believe you. You're nuts. But she had all the paperwork. And I was like, I was in shock when I came up here. Let alone, what I went through down in Florida with my ex... I'm trying to deal with a domestic violent case, and here I come up here and I thought she was stealing my identity. Because my brother was saying "Yea there's this girl here saying that you are... she's my sister. And I don't remember her, growing up with her. You're my sister." I said yea, we grew up together, and we started bringing up all the things we did as kids. And then Paul went ahead and says "Yea, yea." And it was his happiest time of his year-- of his life, is our child-- he had a childhood. I didn't. I just remember all the, the Christmases and that. I said, man, I gotta bring nothing but positive to Paul. Cause he looks already beaten down for what Bangor did to him. And I think he found Wabanaks somehow along the way because they've been taking care of him here. In his face... his life... you can see it all in it. His face is completely... so many lines. Looks like, different.

I couldn't save him. I couldn't even save him from cancer. I said I got to do something.  
[00:40:00] And um, so it's kind of like in a way, my path seems to be forming in a circle here, that here I am... (*makes circular motion with hand*) maybe I'm feeling like I'm healed. I'm healed from all the abuse. All the childhood tragedy. Because I toughened myself and jumped all those obstacles. It made me so tough that I became anti-social. Really in a way, throughout my whole life. My marriages didn't last. They were men. But I had a daughter. I do have a daughter. She's a police officer, down in Fort Bragg, married military. And um, I told her she was an Indian. I said here's your Indian band card. You can use that, it's in Canada, for college, anything. It's yours. She looked at me, she goes, ha, I wouldn't even admit I'm an Indian. And I

was like... I didn't even raise her that way... to, to be prejudiced. Just that, she has a white father, she just doesn't look Indian. At all. She took her father's features. It hurt. To this day we don't talk no more. I got two grandchildren, she don't talk. She don't want the grandchildren to know that I'm ill.

I'm not mentally ill like my mother. If anything I tried to break the circle. I didn't give up my children. I, I-- I raised her, cause her father left when she was two. I said, damn it. Here we go again. I'm not gonna give up a child because that's what happened to me. Worked three jobs. Three jobs a day to raise her until she kind of like, turned sixteen years old, and um that's probably my weakest spot in my heart, is my daughter. She don't want nothing to do with me. Because I'm not rich no more. I was a millionaire. I was living the high life. She liked it, I spoiled her I guess throughout her childhood because that's how we lived. That's-- I wanted something better than what I had. And if it took my body to become the best prostitute, I got the best sugar daddy. And I used my body to provide a lot for my daughter. She don't even know it. I gave her everything. And then I said, well it didn't work out. So I moved out and I took her with me. We downsized from a beautiful five bedroom home into a, an efficiency. And she goes from riding around in a Lincoln town care, and she's like "what happened?" Well, it just didn't work out between us. Oh, she would go out, ok. Next day I get a phone call... I'm in Atlanta, Georgia. And I'm from Hollywood, Florida, and I'm like, what? What the hell are you doing in Atlanta, Georgia? Oh, I hooked up with a prostitute. She's a stripper. She can get me anything I want. I got Nikes. I got all these nice stuff. I said, Amanda if I could I would, I said, but I can't. "Well, oh well. I can get it now."

She's still like that today at 32 years old. She denies...my, my grandchildren don't even know I exist. And that hurts. Because... but then I have to look at it a different way. This is my healing process. And this is what I'm working on. She's doing what I wanted to do, be married, she's got her two children, she's got a husband, ten years strong. She broke the circle. But I think I'm the first one to put the crack in the circle. So I have to look at it in this way. My purpose on this earth, with all the shit I've been through, and... I don't... cause we'll never understand why we had to go through all this... children... but somehow, we prevailed somehow. We lived through it and here we are talking about it, and all we can do is talk to people like you right now. There's some, make some new guidelines about foster homes. They need to be checked more than once a month. They need to take the children out of the environment itself, and take them for a ride somewhere, or go get them an ice cream. Talk to them. Don't... and tell them, "Don't be afraid. Don't be afraid. If you're being abused, tell them, it's not like I'm going to go back there and tell them that, hey she said this because you're going to get beaten for it." So I'd like to see that changed. It's called a surprise visit. It is. You catch these people off guard. Because it's all about money, especially, especially the ones that had 13 kids.

That was one of the foster homes that was on Indian Island. I made history on that island. I'd seen a couple people in the group, their head went down because I mentioned a name. John Sappier. He was the constable of Indian Island. She... they took in 13 of us. They had me locked up in the attic. They had my brother locked up in the, in the basement, a dirt basement. They had three girls locked up in another room. And those three had to watch the door because that's what she ordered, make sure she don't come out of that door. It was a closet they had me locked in. So I'm kind of like... Well, there's a lot of abuse going on in this frigging place. Too



much abuse. She was so nasty that she had each one of us every day change a pad. She was like 250 pounds. She wouldn't even get out of the chair to change her own pad. She made us kids do it. If we refused, we had to strip down and bend over a bench and she had one of the older kids whip us with a branch. They did that to my brother. And I heard that. I busted out of the door, ran downstairs, looked at that bitch, and then I just went ahead, grabbed my brother. I don't know where I found the strength, but I was just a little bit stronger. I seen too much abuse already. And I just dressed my brother up, and took him to the side, and I said we're going to run away. And he said, really please? And, don't wash the blood off. Keep the blood on. We're going to run away to Bangor.

The only thing-- we didn't know... all I knew was follow the river again. There was just something about the river. It was the Penobscot River this time. Me and Paul, it took us two days walking the railroad tracks until we finally made it to Bangor Health and Welfare by John Babst. That was their office. We slept one night, we slept at St Mary's church in Orono. And um, rest until daybreak and then we went back to the railroad tracks and finished until we finally made it to Bangor. And we walked into that welfare office, everybody was looking at us. I said, I'm looking for Betty Fitzpatrick. And she came out and she goes "Oh my god." And um... "You want to see something Betty? This is something that... you didn't come to see us." I think she was busy. They all busy. I lift my brother's shirt up and showed them the seven to eight whip marks with blood. I said this is what this family is doing to my brother. I said, I just broke out of the attic. She goes, oh my god, then uh, she goes "I have to take you back." And I said, no, you ain't taking us back. It took us two days to get here. She goes "I have to bring you back, but I'm not gonna leave you there. I'm just going to go back to take a look at the situation. You're going to stay in the car." All those girls were in the windows upstairs, they saw us in the car... and I was telling what, how much abuse was going on with all these, all the children. Finally Betty believed me. Someone believed me. And they got raided. **[00:50:00]** The state must have came. I was too young to know it. I was, all I know is, I was happy to be out of there. And all that. But ah, when I found out, even...it was such bad memories on that island. And every-- all the Indians knew. They called it the old brown house, up on the hill. Known for having 50 something chickens. And um, they burned it. They burned it. They got rid of her. They sent her back to Oklahoma. John Sappier got fired. Was sent to Boston. And all those children, they were all disperded into different homes now.

But... to me, I think I saved them. I saved the children and I saved my brother, and I saved the chickens. *(Laughs.)* I don't know what happened to the chickens. But um... but I'm 60 years old now, and this was different to be in this group. To listen to all... I never felt like I was alone in this world, because I've seen too much abuse, sexual abuse in my life, as a child... I knew I wasn't alone. It just, it looks like everybody must be doing it. You know, that's what it seems like. There is still today a lot of predators out there. Still today. And it's just coming out of the closet now. So, when I hear these stories now, I feel so sorry for the children, no matter what race they are, we're innocent children. These predators are pedophiles. There's too many of

them in this state. To me I feel like the city is loaded with them. They don't know what to do with them. You can't... you don't even know if you're sitting next to one. You know?

And I can't live like that. I can't live in fear. I was a fight or flight and I fight, I didn't flight. But this time around I had a flight to save my life. So, I think this was my path because I always sat there, still today in my apartment, like why am I here? Why am I here? Someone mentions saying, maybe this is the path you need to come down and experience, and this is your home. Even if you feel like you've been dumped here. Because still today I don't have a friend. I don't. I'm an isolator. I'm comfortable with it. They're trying to make me come out. So this is a big thing for me, what we're doing today. It's the first time being around people. And um, so, I'm trying. Not healing from the past, I think I took that, care of that throughout my life. But I think it's time for me to start healing other... I don't know, I mean I can relate to abused children. I wish I could-- I know the signs. I wish I could become a social worker. Because I already know by just looking in their eyes. Because that's all it takes, is, look at their eyes. The eyes tell the story. When a child just looks at you and they, a social worker just says, how are you, you just stare at them and you want to say something but you just stare. Social workers are not trained, at all, to see signs. And they need to be trained to see signs of abuse. It's called, we're in a quiet room... the kids are. So if they can be trained... just read the eyes. Read the body language. Take them away. Go give them an ice-cream. Calm them down. They'll tell you, they'll tell you. They'll tell you, the story.

So um, this is probably about how far I'm going to go now. Because um, sometimes I got to bring my anxiety back down because post traumatic stress, I noticed that in today in this group, it all boils down to post traumatic stress. I heard them all saying their heart was racing, all this. And yea, that's post traumatic stress. And it don't go away. It triggers. And you're not even thinking about nothing, it just wants to do it. And that's where I am, I'm on Lorazepam. They used to have... give it to me four times a day, because here I am trying to deal with my ex... he put a hit out on me. And that's what makes me stay in my apartment. Because I'm thinking that there's somebody out there, he hired to have me killed. Because he tried to do that six years ago. So I am already dealing with a, a trauma. I think a trauma like that is more trauma than what I had to go through as a child being molested. He wasn't trying to kill me. But when someone's trying to kill you, hello... that's a different trauma. So that's where I stand today, now it's kind of like... they're try to get me out. Yea... six years now. I'm putting my guards down. And I'm gonna try to get involved with this group. And try to get involved with my sister. And, she wasn't even here when Paul died. I need to make up to her somehow. I have to ask Sharon to get that together for me. And I think that might be the last piece of my puzzle, of my heart. Cause she's my last, the last of the piece of the puzzle. And I think I'll be healing her. I want us to get together for thanksgiving.

**JU:** It does seem to me that you're a healer.

**MC:** I am. Yeah, I'm a healer. I've been healing.

**JU:** You're healing yourself. And, and, and...

**MC:** Heal the others. Around. Yea. I can't-- I couldn't do nothing for Paul, but I think the best



thing was hospice was there. And I had him sleep in my bed for 30 days until he died. I was his nurse. I never took care of my brother all my life. And, it's a little bit too late. We had so much, we wanted to talk. But he was suffering. Not from the cancer.... it's what life did to him. He lived in the woods at 12 years old. He raised himself in the woods. Cause he didn't understand. And when I came up here, he was still living in the woods. Yeah. Even the Wabanak gave him an apartment, he chose to live among the homeless. He didn't want the homeless to know that he had an apartment. Because he didn't want them to feel like he was better than them. So he made himself their equal... to be accepted in this town. I don't know why. I wouldn't, I wouldn't even give them the satisfaction, this town, for what they done to me. Or when I came back up here and, and told them my story, to Penquis. I didn't know these programs even existed... section 8. They knew they had to protect me really fast. And I told them my story as a child here... I said I feel like the state of Maine owns-- owes me. They put me through hell as a child here. You guys owe me. She didn't understand it. She's just a Penquis worker... she goes, but I like, I didn't even exist.. I said it's the state of Maine. I think they should.... why make me sit here and wait, five years to be on a list for a home, to be protected from somebody who's going to hurt me. I've been hurt enough. I got my section 8 in three weeks.

**JU:** Mmm, good for you.

**MC:** Because I spoke up.

**JU:** Yea, I think it's speaking up and reaching out. I'm really glad that you came today.

**MC:** Thank you. I think that's good. I think we did good today.

**JU:** I think we did good too.

**MC:** Yea. Yep, go home and take some more pills. (*Laughs.*) Just the anxiety, just my anxiety pills.

**JU:** Just take it, take it easy. Because you've been though a lot. You know, today, but...

**MC:** I've lived through nine lives.

**JU:** Yea, your whole life, I mean...

**MC:** God-- I just feel like God had a purpose for me, and maybe this is my purpose. I don't know. We'll see where this leads to. I hope I can make a difference in some kind of social worker laws about checking on children. I hope that that it happens.

**JU:** See I think, I think that's what--

**MC:** And, and training the social workers reading body language.

**JU:** I mean, that kind of information will make a huge difference. And, and um...

**MC:** Social workers don't know body language, because they've never been through it.

**JU:** Yea.

**MC:** So how can they detect it? I think they want to know something like this show, and hthat, they'll detect it.

**JU:** Yep, they will.

**MC:** So that's it.

**JU:** Well, that's quite a story.

**MC:** That ain't nothing-- that's just a part of it. I don't think even think you have time for all the rest. But I just... this boils down to I became a survivor, and lived this long to tell it. That's what I think. Because I outlived many rapes, a lot of rapes. Rape... it got to a point, rapes didn't even mean like a rape anymore. It's just sex without.... I've been having sex without my permission all my life. What's a rape, you know? But I lived through it... for dead. And I lived through it. So, so I kind of hope that... I don't have no hatred. I still have a lot of love in me.

**JU:** You do. I can see it. And feel it. And that you want to connect with your sister. That last piece.

**MC:** I think so. I think that's-- she's the first on the bucket list. And then I think I'll be ready to help others. I think that's where I'm standing at right now. So.

**JU:** Really.

**MC:** Yeah.

**JU:** Thank you so much.

*(They stand and hug.)*

**MC:** Your first interview, huh? And a hug does good too. Once a day, a hug. You know? Even if you don't know that person, say "could you use a hug?" Oh, ok, you know.

**JU:** I think that, kind of, you've spoken to what reconciliation is.

**MC:** Is it? *(Speaking while standing, putting on coat.)*

**JU:** I think so, well, it's like, because you're willing to... you want to help. That's probably new for you.

**MC:** Well, yeah.

**JU:** Why would you want to help before this?

**MC:** I didn't know. It wasn't that time, and it wasn't ready. But it seems like this is, I think this is the time.

**JU:** It sure is.

**MC:** This is the time. And um, I traveled many miles, three thousand miles and here I am, and, I think this is where my destiny, is where I die at.

**JU:** I think it's gonna be ok.

**MC:** Yeah, I think the reunion, to see my sister again. I hope she can forgive me. That's the only thing, I think, that's holding me... that she forgives me. That poor girl's been looking for me since she was 14. She's 40 something years old now. And that had to be a, had to be a big slap in her face. For someone you've been searching for so long, so it's very important Sharon finds her. So what do we do?

**JU:** I'm glad you've got the Wabanaki, ah, Health and Wellness.

**MC:** Sharon pushed me. Sharon pushed me into it. If it wasn't for my brother being involved, I wouldn't even know you guys existed really.

**JU:** Well I'm really, really glad. I'm so glad.

*(They hug again.)*

**MC:** Do you think everybody's gone and we're just left here now?

**JU:** I don't know! *(Laughing.)* I don't know what we're supposed to do, we'll go ahead and find some people.

**MC:** Let's go look for people, let's go look for a tribe. *(More laughter.)* I still have a sense of humor.

*(Camera left on after they exit the room. JU returns.)*



**JU:** So that's the end of this interview, with *[REDACTED]*.

**[END OF RECORDING.]**