

██████████'s Report of Abuse from David Hamblin

██████████ Infant

When: Between years ██████████. Where:

New York apartment

Experience: On his bed.

Experience #: 1

The first incident I can recall of being sexually abused was when I was a baby in New York. I still remember being able to look through the bars in my white crib, and at the ceiling. I remember looking out of my crib and seeing David's body standing in front of it. He wasn't wearing any pants, just the top of his LDS garment. David lowered the side of my crib and took me on his bed. It was daytime because the room was filled with natural light. The next thing David did was put his penis in my mouth. It was a horrible taste, and he kept putting it in my mouth and made me choke and cough. Later I learned the horrible smell and taste was semen, because as David continued to abuse me, he would often verbalize what he was doing, and would often tell me to "suck out the semen," or, "lick up the semen." (See Experiences #2 and #4). I remember this instance happening many, many times when I was still in a crib, but this memory really sticks out to me.

██████████ Kindergarten

When: During the school year, wintertime.

Where: Provo house

Experience: Basement bathroom. Experience #:

2

I was often scared to go to the bathroom in the night. I knew if David heard me get up, he would come hurt me. I usually tried to hold it until the morning if I could, and if I couldn't, I would be sure to not even flush, or turn on the sink to wash my hands, just to be safe. This was hard for me because I have always liked being clean, and I've been somewhat germ-a-phobic, but obviously the alternative was much worse, so I did it anyway.

During a school night while I was in kindergarten, I woke up needing to go to the bathroom really badly. I didn't want to, and after holding it for about half an hour, I finally got up and tiptoed to the bathroom. The basement was very cold, because it was winter outside, and so it made me shiver. After I wiped, I realized that I got some pee on my hand, and wanted to wash my hand really badly. I went to the sink, and kept looking behind me. I turned the nob for cold water just a tiny bit, to get some water dripping out. I commenced washing my hands, when I heard

someone walking up behind me. David grabbed me and I shook I was so scared (and cold) and he grabbed my wet hands with one of his, and pulled down his garment bottom, revealing himself. He forced my hands on top of his penis and violently rubbed back and forth in my hands with his hands clenching the outside of mine. I was quietly crying, and tense all over as he shook me back and forth (because he was making me rub him so fast and hard). He hurt my hands as he continued to squeeze them tighter and tighter. I was so grossed out I wanted to throw up. He continued until he started breathing more and more heavily and then he ejaculated in my face, and tried to force open my mouth with his hand. I kept clenching my lips and turning my head away and it got on the floor. He kept saying "Open your mouth [REDACTED]!" I wouldn't. He had finished ejaculating, and it had gotten all over my care-bear night gown and my face, as well as the ground. He commanded me to lick his semen off the floor. I shook my head, too afraid to look at him. He said it one more time. I responded in the same way. I was angry. He clenched my arms and made fists, hurting me and said, "If you don't do it, I will go beat up [REDACTED] right now." He started walking to [REDACTED]'s room (the west bedroom in the basement) and I said "Ok!" I got on the floor and started licking up the semen. I was crying very hard, and started to dry heave. He watched as I did it. And when I finished he picked me up off the floor and put me on my feet. He pulled my nightgown off over my head and wiped off my face and the floor with the nightgown. Then he put the nightgown in the sink, flushed the toilet and turned on the hot water. He told me to go to bed. I ran away into the bedroom and cried for what seemed a long time. I was disgusted with the taste in my mouth, I kept spitting into a tissue I had gotten from the side of my bed. The taste of semen and smell of semen was so thick I couldn't sleep. As soon as it got light outside (about 3 hours later), I ran to the shower and showered off. [REDACTED] came down to wake us up, and she saw I had gotten ready, but the nightgown was still in the sink. She asked why I washed it. I told her I was running to the bathroom and started to pee, and it got on my nightgown so I put it in the sink. She took it to the wash for me.

This wasn't the only experience like this. I have several experiences when I went potty at night, and he would come and hurt me, and my sisters as well.

When: During the school year.

Where: Provo house

Experience: In the basement, the bedroom with the maroon carpet. Experience #: 3

Wherever we lived, [REDACTED] and I would try to find hiding places, and safe places to escape David at night, or when [REDACTED] was away. When we moved to Provo, we would often hide in the north east corner of the basement, the storage room-which was a scary place because of spiders, boxes, and a single light which hung from an electrical cord. David would hate it when we would hide, and in some of our hiding places he would find us. When he did, he would usually take us to the back hallway, or the bedroom on the south-eastern corner of the house (the one with the maroon carpet). He would throw one of us against the wall, or onto the floor and would abuse one of us while the other two were forced to watch. David would abuse whoever was home, and his mood would control his level of violence in the abuse. When my mom would come home he would often tell her that we had been fighting with each other and that he had to stop us from hitting each other. The next day we would have big bruises, but they were from him.

During my kindergarten year, when I was five years old, my sisters and I were home from school, and [REDACTED] was gone. David stayed at home with us; he was supposed to be doing work in his office. I remember because he was wearing his work clothes, his khaki pants and brown belt and shoes with the tassels on them, and a collared shirt). About a half hour after [REDACTED] left home, David came downstairs where we were playing (in the main basement area where most of our toys were. He violently grabbed [REDACTED] by the arm, and yelled at [REDACTED] and I to follow him. [REDACTED] started crying and we quickly started following. He shook her and told her to be silent, and told [REDACTED] and I that we should be silent as well. [REDACTED] was crying so hard, and started hyperventilating so David threw her aside, hitting her against the wall. After he threw her against the wall, David said that if we didn't remain quiet he would cut up and kill [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] orange tabby cat, named Angus. [REDACTED] kept crying quietly, but it wasn't quiet enough because he threatened to hit [REDACTED] again. I moved toward him (which was not uncommon of [REDACTED] to take turns being abused). I did it because I didn't want him to keep hurting [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] had both done the same thing for me before. David got a really crazy look on his face and violently took off my pants and yelled at me to kneel on the floor. I did, and then he put his penis into my anus and picked up my back legs as he kept pushing me forward and backward. I started to scream because it hurt so badly, and he covered my face (over my mouth, but covered my nose too) so I had a hard time breathing. Then he started breathing really heavily, he dropped my legs and was shaking as he started ejaculating, we all started crying harder. He pulled his penis out, and the rest of the semen got on my naked bottom, and my shirt, as well as the maroon carpet. He got angry and grabbed my underwear. He used my underwear to wipe up the spot of semen, and then he got up and yelled "put your shirt in the sink [REDACTED], and then get dressed!" As he passed the bathroom, I heard him turn on the sink, and then he turned it off again, and left. When he was gone we cried together. He had put my panties in the bathroom sink to soak. David's abuse was so painful that I couldn't even sit down for a little while because it hurt so badly. It was the most difficult when I was supposed to be at school again. I told [REDACTED] that I had a hard time sitting, and [REDACTED] asked me if I was thoroughly wiping my bottom after I went to the bathroom. I was scared to tell her anything because of David's threats, so I told her that I was not wiping as well as I should be. [REDACTED] put in me in warm baths with Epsom salt when this happened.

[REDACTED] Grade 2

When: Summertime.

Where: Spring City house

Experience: In the barn.

Experience #: 4

One hiding place [REDACTED] and I would often go is to the barn. We would hide in the hay, or other small corners of our old 1800's barn that big people couldn't fit. I would even go up on the rafters where he couldn't crawl so that I was safe. There was one time however, that David saw me on top of the rafters in the barn and yelled at me telling me to come in the house. I acted like I didn't hear him. He slammed the door and came marching out to the barn. He yelled at me and told me to come down. I wouldn't. He pulled out a lighter in his pocket and held up a piece of straw and burnt it right in front of me, and said "If you don't come down, you're going to die in a fire!" I came down and in the enclosed area where the haystacks were (almost up to the rafters)

he pulled down his pants and told me to suck on his penis. I started to run away, he caught me immediately and opened my mouth. He filled my mouth with his disgusting penis and holding my head with one hand and pushing his body against me (and up against the wall of the barn) he held his penis with his other hand and moved it around in my mouth. He kept pulling it out of my mouth and grabbing it and rubbing it, and then kept pushing it back into my mouth and then suddenly he started ejaculating and loudly whispered "Suck out the semen! Suck it out!" and he kept pushing his penis further and further into my mouth. I felt his weight collapse on me from above, my neck and jaw were killing. I was starting to choke because I couldn't breathe—and so I bit his penis to get him to pull it out of my mouth. He yelped a bit and then I started running away, spitting as I went.

Grade 4

When: October-November, (around Halloween).

Where: Provo house

Experience: Bathtub.

Experience #: 5

During my 4th grade year, our family spent the majority of our time in Provo. I ended up going back to Elementary where I had gone to kindergarten. My teacher was , who I still admire as one of the most loving and sensitive people I have come in contact with. I loved to be at school. When I was home from school, I wanted to go back because I felt safe there. Before dinner one night, I was playing outside. It was around Halloween because there were pumpkins in front of the house across the street (west) from us. called me to come inside for dinner. After dinner, I went to take a warm bath in the bathroom upstairs next to my parent's bedroom. It wasn't their bedroom bathroom, but one down the hall from them. When I went into the bathroom, David came in after me. was cleaning up after dinner in the kitchen which was a hallway away from the bathroom, I'm not sure where was, and were watching TV in the family room next to the kitchen. David came in as I was getting undressed and grabbed my shoulder/neck with one hand, and my vagina with his other. He told me not to lock the door, and to stay in the tub until he said I could go back. He threatened that if I didn't he would cut up and and put them in my bed. I sat in the bath, with the light on, and stayed up as long as I could. knocked on the door and asked if I needed anything before she went to bed, and I said I was okay, that I wasn't feeling good, and that the warm water was helping my tummy. She asked about it and I said I was okay. She went to bed. I lay there in fear as I heard playing and laughing out the door. I wanted to get out and be with them, and be safe. It was around midnight when I refilled the bath for the third time. I knew the time because of the plastic cream-colored clock that was hanging on the right side of the toilet on the wall, and I kept track of the time because it was so scary to sit there watching the clock. I knew David was going to come and molest me, and I just wanted to get it over with. After refilling the bath, it was warm and enveloped me. I fell asleep. When I woke up, David was picking me up and putting me on my stomach leaning over the edge of the tub with my legs out, and my head in the water. It was up to me to keep my head up to stop myself from drowning as he kneeled, dropped his pants, put Vaseline on his penis, and pushed me back and forth putting his penis in and out of my vagina. We always had a big tub of Vaseline in the bathroom (and every bedroom for that matter). He used that on his penis and

raped me. I gasped for air over and over as my head came out of the cold water, and my ribs hit the cold porcelain rim of the tub. I cried silently, trying to be as quiet as I could. When I got loud, he would stick my head under the water and hold it there for a few seconds. I would come up and be as quiet as I could. Not long after he ejaculated in me—breathing very heavily—he pushed me back in the tub and drained the water. He leaned down right into my face, and spitting on me, commanded me to go back to sleep. I did, but not for too long. I woke up around 4 am (which I think was about an hour or so after he came in) and was freezing, not to mention I had sperm coming down my legs. I turned on the warm water and felt better. I went to the bedroom, put on my pajamas and went to bed. I ran to school the next morning, happy to be there.

When: Sometime in my fourth grade year, not long after Experience #6.

Where: Provo house

Experience: Strangling.

Experience #: 6

The first time I remember being strangled was when I was in fourth grade, I remember this because it was not long after the experience in the bathtub. I was sleeping in my bedroom when I suddenly awoke to David taking off my pajama bottoms and my underwear. I began to scream and he covered my mouth. I started struggling against him physically because I was afraid. He climbed on top of me and his weight took me over. He held down my kicking legs and started to put his penis into my vagina but because I was struggling he got some sort of lubricant (like Vaseline all over me and my sheets. He got so angry and told me that it would only hurt more if I struggled. I didn't stop but he lay right on me and then put his penis into my vagina, it hurt so much! I began crying quietly, and tensing up. Then he started sweating as he moved back and forth. He was breathing more and more heavily and suddenly grabbed my neck and as he ejaculated he squeezed my neck sporadically, not consistently, strangling me. Then he collapsed and let go, I was choking, I thought I was going to die. He got up and left.

Grade 5

When: August, [REDACTED].

Where: Spring City home

Experience: Closet.

Experience #: 7

One day after I didn't go to school in 5th grade (August-it was right after school began for the term), [REDACTED] told me that I couldn't do that anymore. She said that [REDACTED] would talk to me about it when he got home. I got worried, and ran outside. When he got home, [REDACTED] found me outside playing and told me to come in. He yelled at me and chased me all the way up the wooden stairs into my bedroom where I hid in my tiny closet. He yelled downstairs to [REDACTED] and told her not to come upstairs, that we were going to have a talk. He pulled me out of my closet and told me to be silent. He stuffed my panties in my mouth as he put his penis in my butthole. He ejaculated not long after that, and used my own underwear to clean it up.

When: [REDACTED], 5/6 grade.

Where: Southern Utah, Arizona

Experience: In the 4-Runner, on the way to Arizona.

Experience #: 8

We left on a Wednesday in order for David to go spend the weekend with his brother in Arizona. He came into my room the night before and said that I had to tell [REDACTED] that I wanted to go with him the next day- or else he would kill [REDACTED]. So when he announced that he was going he looked at me and I said I wanted to go too. I would miss three days of school- and I didn't want to. But I was forced to. We left that morning. He told me that I had to go take a nap in the back of his red 4-runner Toyota as we were driving. I didn't want to go and said I wasn't tired. He took the next exit off the freeway and drove up a dirt road- where there was not a soul in sight. He forced me into the back seat to lie down on my back with my head hanging off the seat as the car door was open. He stood outside the car door, blocking himself with the car door as he pulled down his pants and forced his penis into my mouth. I choked and he hit my head with his fist. After a few moments, he ejaculated, I started coughing and choking. I threw up afterwards. He got back in the car and I woke up a while later- we were still on the road. I woke up because there was moaning in the car. It was David moaning as he listened to his book on tape that described people taking of their clothes- what they looked like- and then the detailed description of them having sex. I remember specifically hearing about a man entering a woman's apartment. And her blue sleeveless dress that was tight showed she wasn't wearing a bra. It described the woman hugging him from behind, and then how she grabbed his penis, and went on explaining how they were going to have sex, and then they did. I assume he was touching himself because he was moaning as he drove, and I heard clothes being rustled. I didn't move to look however because I didn't want to get hurt again. He pulled over almost immediately after I woke up. I pretended to be asleep so he flipped me over and sat on me in the back of the car and put his penis into my buttocks. He moved back and forth until he ejaculated, which happened more quickly than usual. When he had finished, he made me look at him, and he angrily told me that I wanted to take a nap and that's why I climbed into the back- and that I slept all the way to Arizona because I had stayed up too late playing the night before. He was threatening me, to not tell anyone what he did.

[REDACTED] Grade 7

When: August, [REDACTED].

Where: Provo home

Experience: My bedroom.

Experience #: 9

In my seventh grade year I went to [REDACTED] Junior High in Provo. However, [REDACTED] remained in Spring City, Utah where [REDACTED] attended [REDACTED] High. David, having an office in his home in Provo, spent the weekdays in Provo. I lived there with him, alone. I often heard strange sounds such as moans coming from his office (we found out later he had several affairs with clients, and also his own problems with pornography). I

When: [REDACTED], 5/6 grade.

Where: Southern Utah, Arizona

Experience: In the 4-Runner, on the way to Arizona.

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[REDACTED] Grade 7

When: August, [REDACTED].

Where: Provo home

Experience: My bedroom.

Experience #: 9

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rarely saw him, except for dinner time, and at night. Sometimes he would come into the kitchen and see what I had tried to make as a [REDACTED] year old for dinner, he would often leave and go to a restaurant. He wouldn't talk to me, and would never take me to get food either. I know he would go out because he would often come home with left-overs (with his name written on top as if we were college roommates- and I wasn't supposed to touch his food). I remained at home alone, except for glorious Wednesdays when I would have harp lessons, and [REDACTED] would come up to get me groceries and bring [REDACTED] to their lessons.

On weekday nights, I slept in the bedroom next to David's. I would lock the door behind me wherever I went in, especially to go to bed for the night. Especially in the bathroom and in my bedroom I would lock the doors. I was scared of David coming to hurt me. When I would get up to go to the bathroom usually twice a night (often because of abuse) the door was never locked. I would lock it always after I went back to bed. My first week attending school I realized that even though I locked the door every night, it was unlocked every morning. I have no history of sleep walking, and therefore began experimenting. I did it over and over, and even would put my chair under the door-handle to block David from entering. I was trying to send him more messages that I hated what he was doing, but I wasn't going to disobey him. After putting my chair in front of the door many times, my chair was not even in my room the next morning. I also would leave my favorite Sarah McLaughlin song on "In the arms of the angels, far away from here... " on repeat all night long—and that would be turned off in the morning as well. David would come into my room sometimes even three times, but at least once every night, and rape me. I had a gauze canopy over my bed, and because I would tie the knots so tight to try and keep him out, he even ripped my canopy. I bought the canopy in the first place because I thought it would be protection as I slept. I saved up all my money as a [REDACTED] grader to purchase it. It cost around \$80-\$100 at "The Company Store". That is a lot of money for an [REDACTED] year old. He would tell me that he was an angel. He would also tell me that this was what God wanted me to do. He told me that if I remembered that he had come into my room, and the things he did to me in the morning, or if I told anyone, that I would be killed, along with all my family members, my pets, my best friends [REDACTED], and [REDACTED]. He also described in explicit detail how he would kill me. For example, I remember this threat that he told me in the experience stated below. He told me that he would take a big, sharp knife into my vagina and cut me all the way up my front, and through my face and head. Other times he would tell me to be happy- and that I had to tell people how wonderful he was, and what a perfect dad he was. I did. I was afraid.

I remember one particular night when I was praying because I was so afraid every night, he came in and saw me kneeling, praying and said he was an "answer to [my] prayer" as he tore off my pants, pushed me onto the floor, and inserted his penis into my buttock. I fought against it as much as I could, throwing my arms behind myself. He pushed against me, moving toward and against me, breathing really heavily. He ejaculated on my back and in my hair. Before he left he pushed my head very hard into the carpet, almost suffocating me and then gave me the threat as stated above, which was "Forget what happened, or else I will take a big, sharp knife into your vagina and cut you all the way up your front, even through your face and head! "

The next day I got to school late. I was tired, and very sore. Not just in my buttock but on my arms and legs—from the struggle. If I didn't obey him he would hit me and hold me down, sit on me and crush me. He would cover my mouth until I couldn't breathe and force me down. It hurt

so much. He told me to go to sleep and not remember it. I would- it hurt so much. He would even go the length to strangle me if I wasn't behaving- or allowing him to hurt me.

When: August, [REDACTED].

Where: Spring City house, and Provo house

Experience: Leaving Spring City, back to

Provo. Experience #: 10, 11

It was Sunday in Spring City during the first few weeks of my [REDACTED] grade year. David and I were going to leave for Provo later that night to be at school in the morning. After church, I took a shower. I had just gotten out of the shower when I realized I had no towel. I called to [REDACTED] who was making bread in the kitchen. But when I opened the door I saw David sitting on the couch directly across the room from the bathroom door, in perfect viewing distance. He was staring at me- as if waiting for me to get out of the shower. I called to [REDACTED] and she said "no one's here, just run up stairs, I'm kneading the dough right now". I said "well [REDACTED] here". She said "[REDACTED] won't look, [REDACTED]!" I responded, "Tell him to close his eyes." I obviously didn't feel comfortable telling him, even though he was right there. [REDACTED] told him to close his eyes, laughing somewhat, as if I was behaving strangely. I ran upstairs as if I was being chased by wolves. I felt so afraid and the whole time I kept my eyes on him to see if he would open his eyes. He did and I yelped as I ran up the stairs out of his view. I felt so afraid. I knew it meant that I would be hurt later. I went back downstairs after I was dressed and David was still sitting in the same spot and creepily said to me "I could tell you had nothing on just because of how light you were on your feet". I felt sick.

When we drove up to Provo that night, I sat in the back of the car and tried to sleep, I knew I wouldn't be able to sleep once we got to Provo. It was often clear to me that David was in the mood to abuse me or [REDACTED]. I was right; later that night after we got to Provo he raped me two times.

The first time was when we first got home. He had been listening to some bad music on the way up. I still don't know who it was, but they swore and had more of a 70's or 80's feel. It seemed like his music got him really sexually excited. Because when we got home he ordered me to run in the house as fast as I could and then he started chasing me, growling. I was terrified and started hyperventilating and crying as I ran. He began to laugh (like an "I'm going to get you" kind of laugh) and then I slammed the door (the door to his office on the south-west end of his house, but not the laundry room door) behind him and tried to lock it, but he opened the door and was laughing and growling at the same time—and still chased me until I fell on the floor between his office and the hallway. I had tripped on the line between the lighter carpet and the brown tile. My head hit the tile floor in the hallway and I had a lot of pain. He dragged me by my feet, back into his office and flipped me over, undid my pants and pulled them off. I was crying and saying "Don't! Don't". Then he got up to close the blinds (it was dark outside, and so if he turned on a light someone might have been able to see in). When he got up to close the blinds I flipped back over to my front-side and grabbed my pants, pulling them up as I ran from the room to my bedroom right next to his office. I locked the door to my bedroom and sat by it so if he tried to unlock it he could not. He yelled and yelled and yelled, and even hit the door over and over. I was crying quietly, and praying. I don't know what time I fell asleep (because I didn't

have a clock), but I woke up to the door smashing me against the east wall of the room (I had fallen asleep behind the door). He came in and pulled me by my legs to the middle of my bedroom floor. He then already had his pants off, and had stuff (lubricant) on his penis. He immediately forced his penis into my vagina, but it wouldn't go very far so he kept pushing and pushing. He started shaking and ejaculated in and on the outside of my vagina. He left me there and went to his room (one room away) and slammed the door.

I went to the bathroom and locked the door behind me. I tried to clean up all the gross stuff he put on me. I cried and cried, afraid that I would wake him up in the process and he would come get me again. He didn't wake up just then, but he did come back later that night while I was asleep in bed, he pulled off my pajama pants and underwear and again inserted his penis into my vagina. It was soooo sore! He smelled horribly and drooled on me as he pushed himself back and forth. I fought against him and pushed him but he just clamped his hands on my arms and held them up above my head. He started breathing heavily and then he ejaculated. He ejaculated in my vagina, and as he was ejaculating he pulled out his penis and pushed my body down putting his penis in my mouth while he said "Eat it!" over and over. I cried and choked and turned my head away. He whacked my head and left the room. Again, I went to the bathroom, locking the door behind me and showering. I had the worst headache the next morning and missed my first period (French class).

When: School year, [REDACTED].

Where: Provo house

Experience: Devil's angel.

Experience #: 12

As a child I took the LDS faith, prayer, and scripture study very seriously. I was naturally religious. David knew this. After about the time I turned seven years old, David began telling me that he was a prophet, an angel, or a spirit sent by God. It was a way he would try to control me, and get me to obey him. Prior to abusing me one night, David came into my room while I was sleeping and woke me up saying my name loudly as he stood in his LDS garments. He then told me that he was a very powerful angel, and that having sex with him was commanded by God. I became tense and afraid just like I always did, even fighting at times, and he held me down and again. As I continued to fight he started to hit me on my chest. He then grabbed my breasts, which were just beginning to grow and squeezed them so hard I stopped fighting and cried. Then he forced his penis into my vagina, and thrust in and out while he was on top of me. Then as he kept pushing down on top of me (his smelly chest in my face, I couldn't breathe) he ejaculated inside my vagina while collapsing on top of me. I cried and he left. I went to the bathroom and kept crying and showered off. At this age, I still had not begun my period, so he was not afraid to have intercourse.

He was often lubricated before I would even wake up. I'm pretty positive that he just used the Vaseline by the side of our beds because I would sometimes find black pubic hair in those tubs— which could only be his.

When: January, [REDACTED] (it was a Sunday, maybe the 10th or 17th).

Where: Provo house

Experience: The arrest, and the after effects.

Experience #: 13

On or about January 12th, 1999, at the end of a weekend visit to Spring City, [REDACTED] were yelling and fighting. David hit [REDACTED] more than once, and then he told her that he was leaving and never coming back. They seemed to be fighting about the Native American ceremonies, and the animals that David had been poaching. He had poached a golden eagle, or a hawk, he had other bird's wings, deer parts and other items in the back of his borrowed car. (He was using a car from a rich client). As he put those things in the car, he told me to grab my stuff for school because we were leaving. I didn't want to go, but David forced me into the car, and we drove towards Provo. It wasn't long before there were police lights behind us. David only sped up. I told him to stop because the police were trying to stop him. He yelled at me and told me to "shut up." I got really scared. He kept yelling and making noises like he was angry and was driving erratically. I was so scared that he was going to crash or lash out and hit me, so I jumped into the back seat and lay down. I began praying that the police men would catch him soon. After about 10 minutes, he pulled over, and I lay there. There suddenly was a light on my face from a flashlight. A dare officer opened my door and took me to [REDACTED] who had followed them in the Suburban. I was really embarrassed because this particular officer was my dare officer from school the prior year. David was arrested. However, [REDACTED] still didn't know that we were being abused by him. She thought it was only her that David would hurt because he hid it so well.

After he was bailed out of jail by a friend, or a client, (not long after), I spent another week or so at the Provo house with David. I was abused almost every night that week. I tried to get to school, and stay there as long as I could I had bruises the shape of finger prints all over my bottom, hips, and thighs. I remember him coming into my room almost every night, and each time he would put his penis into my vagina and ejaculate. He was especially violent and angry this week. For example, one night I particularly remember him putting his penis in me, and sitting me up pushing me back and forth so he didn't move, just me. He did this until he ejaculated. He even gave me whiplash from it—that week I was in a lot of physical pain.

When: January, [REDACTED]

Where: Provo house

Experience: The last time, and the worst time I remember.

Experience #: 14

I remember David having many "meetings" in his office that last week that I lived at the Provo house (my bedroom was located in between his bedroom and his office). He was more liberal with allowing me to hear things. He, and other people (male and female) moaned in his office several times, saying things like "harder" and "yes!" and "thank you". It was clear he was having sex with people. There were many frequent visitors such as Joe Bennion, James Mooney, and other members of David's church. The last time I remember being abused was the last night I spent at the Provo house. I was sitting in my room while David was having a meeting with several men (I heard them all talking, laughing, and yelling, but couldn't understand everything

they were saying through the walls, nor did I want to). All of a sudden, I heard David's office door open, his footsteps down the tile hall, and then to my bedroom. He opened the door, said "Follow me [REDACTED]." I just looked at him and shook my head—I was really afraid. He got angry and grabbed my arm and scolded me as he brought me to his office. I was in his office, and all I remember is being so cold, and smelling gross smells, and 4 different men forced sex onto me (vaginal intercourse). I don't remember who they were, or know who some of them were. I did know that David was one of them. The next thing I remember is waking up in my bathtub with semen all over me. I showered off and went to bed.

Other Significant Experiences and Effects of Abuse:

During my [REDACTED] grade year, when I lived with David in Provo, he told me to stay out of view of any of his clients. He was having sex with most of them and didn't want me to get in the way of their feeling guilty about it because he was married or had kids, or something. He never asked me about school. He never bought me food. He would just go out to dinner and sometimes there would be left overs in the fridge. But as they were marked his, if I ate them, I would be hit.

I was very private about my body, I would not change in front of [REDACTED]. I was afraid she would see something that David had done to me, and didn't want her to know anything.

I was always complimented on my strength beginning from just a few years old. I could wrestle any boy (from first grade until highschool) and win. My muscle strength came from fighting.

Bruises were blamed on wrestling matches with sisters, and some of them were from us wrestling, but many times, it was David who would tell us to fight with each other because he didn't want [REDACTED] to know that we were getting many bruises from him.

Since I was a very young girl I have had major back pain, often lower back, but really all over. I would wake up sore many mornings, especially the mornings after he raped me. [REDACTED] have all had similar problems of which I attribute to his consistent abuse. We even went to Doctors because of our back problems as little girls, and they would tell us that we were just fine. It is clear to me that many of these problems came from abuse beginning at infancy when our bodies were forming.

[REDACTED], and I would always find hiding places, or friends houses where we thought we could get away from David. David would discourage us from leaving home by telling us he saw evil spirits in the barns, cabins, and empty old buildings around spring city. He would also tell us that Jack Allred (the neighbor who lived just west of us in Spring City) and other people would do the same thing that he does to us, and that it should only be a thing that [REDACTED], not strangers to little girls. When we didn't follow his advice, he would sometimes tell me that if I left the property (of his house) without getting his permission, he would find me and kill me.

Today

Irrational or not, I am still dealing with many of these effects. The examples below have all been consistent problems since my family was separated from David Hamblin.

- 1) I still have to check my house under my bed, in my closet, shower, everywhere whenever I come home.
- 2) I can't sleep very well. I have night terrors of him hurting me.
- 3) I have a hard time with physicality, even with friends (hugging, sitting next to someone, being in a room alone with someone, especially a male).
- 4) I can't be at home alone, sometimes during the day, but especially at night. If I am, I freeze and can't move, or rather, too terrified to move.
- 5) If someone walks into a room when I'm not expecting them to (sisters, mom, husband), I jump, and often scream and cry uncontrollably for a while. Crying can last for a long time, depending on how I was feeling already, or how much I was scared. This is especially dramatic if I'm getting into the shower, or changing.
- 6) I can't be in a bathroom without the door locked, I get so scared that someone (or David) is going to hurt/rape/kill me.
- 7) I have great difficulty being sexually intimate. Hugs and kisses are totally different because David never did that. But as soon as I am touched in a private area, I will either jump/jolt, and push or hit my husband (out of my control-it shocks me as much as it shocks him); or, I will freeze, and stop breathing. I have also found that I will suddenly zone out—I will sometimes stare at one thing in the room (like a bedspread, or something on the floor, or the ceiling above me). During this time, I have noticed that my thoughts often go to something very different than what the intimacy that is happening at the time. To me, this seems to be a defense-mechanism so that I won't remember my past experiences, and won't feel any pain. I will think of something else to block out the pain I am afraid I will feel. I will even have memories come into my mind while we are intimate, and I suddenly feel like David is raping me again.
- 8) While on my mission I was sent 2 cards from David that were unwelcomed. The images on the cards were (1) a Lion (Aslan from the Chronicles of Narnia), and (2) a girl riding a horse. David had used these images when I was a kid. I loved the Narnia books, David knew this, and he told me that he was Aslan, that he had all control. He also told me that I was always going to be a little girl in his eyes, and that he would always be the horse that I have to stay close to or I will be lost, that he will choose where I go/what I do. Each of these cards had these pictures on them. I tried not to remember what they said but they were just basic like, "I still remember you like this. Love, Dad" And stuff like that. On the outside it is very normal, but once his abuse is understood, it is actually quite threatening.
- 9) In relation to point 8, one week before I came home from my mission I got Irritable Bowel Syndrome (IBS). This is a bowel syndrome that is understood to be contracted from stress. I was very stressed in coming home. I had been safe in ■■■, I always had a mission companion with me, I was far away from David- I didn't think he could hurt me where I was. The thought of coming home was terrifying. As I was on the plane, I threw up in the bathroom because I was so sick. I was very afraid. As soon as I came home my night terrors became worse and worse, I became more jumpy and afraid, my problems with IBS

only worsened. Now, I have gotten a lot of my problems under control by trying to manage my stress, change my diet, exercise, etc. . . But without fail, anytime I have a dream about David, strong fears of him coming to hurt me, or have to do any writing, speaking of, or description of what David did to me I have relapse problems with IBS, it makes me so sick for days at a time. The time it has gotten the worst is actually today (2/28/12), as I finish this document and get ready to turn it in to the authorities. I even missed class this morning because I was stuck in the bathroom in complete pain. All the fears of his threats and abuse are flooding back into my muscles, mind and body. I'm terrified, but to protect others, as well as my own family. This document has to be recorded!

Times in my childhood and teens when I was abused

Grades and Years: (For your reference)

████████ Senior (IHS)
████████ Junior (HS)
████████ Sophomore (HS)
████████ Freshman (HS)-All high school at ██████████ HS in Provo
████████ 8th-████████ Middle School (Provo)
████████ 7th-████████ Middle School (Provo) Parents separated- ██████████
████████
████████ 6th-████████ Elm, Teacher: ██████████
████████ 5th-████████ Elm, Teacher: ██████████
████████ 4th-████████ Elm, Teacher: ██████████
████████ 3rd-████████ Elm, Teacher: ██████████
████████ 2nd-████████ Elm, part of the year attended a home-school Teachers: ██████████
████████ f-████████ Elm, Teacher: ██████████
████████ Kindergarten — ██████████ Elm, Teacher: ██████████
School (Pre-school) Provo, Teacher: ██████████

Provo:

Bathtub-

9/1/85.

During my ██████████ grade year, our family spent the majority of our time in Provo. I ended up going back to ██████████ Elementary where I had gone to kindergarten. My teacher was ██████████, who I still admire as one of the most loving and sensitive people I have come in contact with. I loved to be at school. When I was home from school, I wanted to go back because I felt safe there. Before dinner one night, I was playing outside. It was around Halloween because there were pumpkin in front of the house across the street (west) from us. ██████████ called me to come inside for dinner. After dinner, I went to take a warm bath in the bathroom upstairs next to my parent's bedroom. It wasn't their bedroom bathroom, but one down the hall from them. When I went into the bathroom, David came in after me, ██████████ was cleaning up after dinner in the kitchen which was a hallway away from the bathroom, I'm not sure where ██████████ was, and ██████████ were watching TV in the family room next to the kitchen. David came in as I was getting undressed and grabbed my shoulder and my vagina. He told me not to lock the door, and to stay in the tub until he said I could go back. He said if I didn't he would cut up ██████████ and ██████████ and put them in my bed:

Provo?

Shook
8:00

I sat in the bath, with the light on, and stayed up as long as I could. ██████████ knocked on the door and asked if I needed anything before she went to bed, and I said I was okay, that I wasn't feeling good, and that the warm water was helping me tummy. She asked about it and I said I was okay. She went to bed. I lay there in fear as I heard ██████████ playing and laughing out the door. I wanted to get out and be with them, and be safe. It was around midnight when I refilled the bath for the third time. I knew the time because of the plastic cream-colored clock that was hanging on the right side of the toilet on the wall, and I kept track of the time because it so scary to sit there watching the clock. I knew David was going to

come and molest me, and I just wanted to get it over with. After refilling the bath, it was warm and enveloped me. I fell asleep. When I woke up, David was picking me up and putting me on my stomach leaning over the edge of the tub with my legs out, and my head in the water. It was up to me to keep my head up to stop myself from drowning as he kneeled, dropped his pants, put Vaseline on his penis, and pushed me back and forth putting his penis in and out of my vagina. We always had a big tub of Vaseline in the bathroom (and every bedroom for that matter). He used that on his penis and raped me. I gasped for air over and over as my head came out of the cold water, and my ribs hit the cold porcelain rim of the tub. I cried silently, trying to be as quiet as I could. When I got loud, he would stick my head under the water and hold it there for a few seconds. I would come up and be as quiet as I could. Not long after he ejaculated in me—breathing very heavily—he pushed me back in the tub and drained the water. He leaned down right into my face, and spitting on me, commanded me to go back to sleep. I did, but not for too long. I woke up around 4 am (which I think was about an hour or so after he came in) and was freezing, not to mention I had sperm coming down my legs. I turned on the warm water and felt better. I went to the bathroom, put on my pajamas and went to bed. I ran to school the next morning, happy to be there.

In the Basement-

(Explained already—although I have glimpses into several other memories in this basement)

Leaving Spring City: back to Provo-

It was Sunday in Spring City during the first few weeks of my [redacted] grade year. David and I were going to leave for Provo later that night to be at school in the morning. After church, I took a shower. I had just gotten out of the shower when I realized I had no towel. I called to [redacted] who was making bread in the kitchen. But when I opened the door I saw David sitting on the couch directly across the room from the bathroom door, in perfect viewing distance. He was staring at me— as if waiting for me to get out of the shower. I called to [redacted] and she said “no one’s here, just run up stairs, I’m kneading the dough right now”. I said “well tell [redacted] here”. She said “[redacted] won’t look, [redacted]”. I responded, “Tell him to close his eyes.” I obviously didn’t feel comfortable telling him, even though he was right there. [redacted] told him to close his eyes, laughing somewhat, as if I was behaving strangely. I ran upstairs as if I was being chased by wolves. I felt so afraid and the whole time I kept my eyes on him to see if he would open his eyes. He did and I yelped as I ran up the stairs out of his view. I felt so afraid. I knew it meant that I would be hurt later. I went back downstairs after I was dressed and David was still sitting in the same spot and creepily said to me “I could tell you had nothing on just because of how lightweight you were on your feet”. I felt sick. Later that night after we got to Provo he raped me two times.

In my [redacted] grade year I went to [redacted] Junior High in Provo. However, the majority of my family remained in Spring City, Utah where my two older sisters attended [redacted] High. David, having an office in his home in Provo, spent the weekdays in Provo. I lived there with him, alone. I often heard strange sounds such as moans coming from his office (we found out later he had several affairs with clients, and also his own problems with pornography). I rarely saw him, except for dinner time, and at night. Sometimes he would come into the kitchen and see what I had tried to make as a [redacted] year old for

WOM
STOP RAPISTING
BAD FOR FAMILY

dinner, he would often leave and go to a restaurant. He wouldn't talk to me, and would never take me to get food either. I know he would go out because he would often come home with left-overs (with his name written on top as if we were college roommates- and I wasn't supposed to touch his food). I remained at home alone, except for glorious Wednesdays when I would have harp lessons, and my mother would come up to get me groceries and bring my sister to their lessons.

On weekday nights, I slept in the bedroom next to David's. I would lock the door behind me wherever I went in, especially to go to bed for the night. Especially in the bathroom, and in my bedroom I would lock the doors. For a long time I didn't understand why I did this. When I would get up to go to the bathroom usually twice a night (often because of abuse) the door was never locked. I would lock it always after I went back to bed. My first week attending school I realized that even though I locked the door every night, it was unlocked every morning. I have no history of sleep walking, and therefore began experimenting. I did it over and over, and even would put my chair under the door-handle to block someone from entering. After doing that, my chair was not even in my room the next morning. I also would leave my favorite Sarah McLaughlin song on "In the arms of the angels, far away from here..." on repeat all night long—and that would be turned off in the morning as well. David would come into my room sometimes even three times, but at least once every night, and rape me. I had a gauze canopy over my bed, and because I would tie the knots so tight to try and keep him out, he even ripped my canopy. I bought the canopy in the first place because I thought it would be protection as I slept. I saved up all my money as a 1st and 2nd grader to purchase it. It cost around \$80-\$100 at "The Company Store". That is a lot of money for an 11 year old. He would tell me that he was an angel. He would also tell me that this was what God wanted me to do. He told me that if I remembered that he had come into my room, and the things he did to me in the morning, or if I told anyone, that I would be killed, along with all my family members, my pets, my best friends [redacted] and [redacted]. He also described how he would kill me. He told me once that he would take a big, sharp knife into my vagina and cut me all the way up my front, and through my face and head. He also told me that I had to be happy- and that I had to tell people how wonderful he was, and what a perfect dad he was. I did. I was afraid.

When? Where?
I remember one particular night when I was praying because I was so afraid every night, he came in and saw me kneeling, praying and said he was an answer to my prayer as he tore off my pants and inserted his penis into my buttohole. I often was sore. Not just in my buttohole but on my arms and legs. I would fight incessantly whenever he would abuse me. If I didn't obey him he would hit me and hold me down, sit on me and crush me. He would cover my mouth til I couldn't breathe and force me down. It hurt so much. He told me to go to sleep and not remember it. I would- it hurt so much.

He told me to stay out of view of any of his clients. He was having sex with most of them and didn't want me to get in the way of their feeling guilty about it because he was married or had kids, or something. He never asked me about school. He never bought me food. He would just go out to dinner and sometimes there would be left overs in the fridge. But as they were marked his, if I ate them, I would be hit.

On the way to Arizona:

David left on a Wednesday in order to go spend the weekend with his brother in Arizona. He came into my room the night before and said that I had to tell [redacted] that I wanted to go with him the next day- or else he would kill [redacted] (common threat). So when he announced that he was going he looked at me and I said I wanted to go too. I would miss three days of school- and I didn't want to. But I was forced to. We left that morning. He told me that I had to go take a nap in the back of his red 4-runner Toyota as we were driving. I didn't want to go and said I wasn't tired. He took the next exit off the freeway and drove up a dirt road- where there was not a soul in sight. He forced me into the back seat to lie down on my back with my head hanging off the seat as the car door was open. He stood outside the car door, blocking himself with the car door as he pulled down his pants and forced his penis into my mouth. I choked and he hit my head with his fist. After a few moments, he ejaculated, I started coughing and choking. I threw up afterwards. He got back in the car and I woke up a while later- we were still on the road. I woke up because there was moaning in the car. It was David moaning as he listened to his book on tape that described people taking of their clothes- what they looked like- and then the detailed description of them having sex. I remember specifically hearing about a man entering a woman's apartment. And her blue sleeveless dress that was tight showed she wasn't wearing a bra. It described the woman hugging him from behind, and then how she grabbed his penis, and went on explaining how they were going to have sex, and then they did. I assume he was touching himself because he was moaning as he drove, and I heard clothes being rustled. I didn't move to look however because I didn't want to get hurt again. He pulled over almost immediately after I woke up. I pretended to be asleep so he flipped me over and sat on me in the back of the car and put his penis into my butthole. He "woke" me and told me that I wanted to take a nap and that's why I climbed into the back- and that I slept all the way to Arizona because I had stayed up too late playing the night before. He was threatening me, and forced me to tell a story.

Spring City:

One day after I didn't go to school in [redacted] grade (August-it was right after school began for the term), my [redacted] told me that I couldn't do that anymore. She said that [redacted] would talk to me about it when he got home. I got worried, and ran outside. When he got home, [redacted] found me outside playing and told me to come in. He yelled at me and chased me all the way up the wooden stairs into my bedroom where I hid in my tiny closet. He yelled downstairs to [redacted] and told her not to come upstairs, that we were going to have a talk. He pulled me out of my closet and told me to be silent. He stuffed my panties in my mouth as he put his penis in my butthole. He ejaculated not long after that, and used my own underwear to clean it up.

Today:

I am daily dealing with the experiences I had from being abused. I cannot be alone at home during night or day without being terrified to move, or to not move for that matter. If my husband walks into a room where I am (and especially if I am changing or getting into the shower) I jump and often scream. I will also usually cry for a while; sometimes hours. It is nothing he is doing as he is not abusive in any way. It is that I am afraid of someone hurting me when I am in a vulnerable situation.

Also, I have a very difficult time when we are trying to be intimate. I love being hugged and kissed by him, because that is new for me, and is related to real love (David never did that to me). But often, as soon as I am touched in a private area, I will usually freeze and stop breathing. I will stare at one thing in the room, usually something below me, like a bedspread, or something on the floor, or the ceiling above me. I have noticed that my thoughts often go to something very different than what is happening at the time. This is obviously a defense-mechanism for me. I will think of something else to block out the pain I am afraid I will feel. Of course, my husband recognizes this, and stops any kind of possible intimacy, and helps me come back to reality, but it is a very difficult thing that I am dealing with on a daily basis. There have been many times during intimacy when I don't necessarily see my husband's face, but he is on top of me, or visa-versa, when I have had a flashback. Then I look at him and see it is him, and slowly I'm okay again, but it is a real thing I'm constantly dealing with.