Justice Laurie Selber Silverstein, May 17th, 2021

On Weds., May 17th, I read a story in USA Today paper. It was yet another story and yet another paper that only served as a painful reminder of a wound that day after day, month after month, I wished I had left covered.

I don’t intend on writing you a letter filled with repulsive details of what happened to me. As I can only imagine the overwhelming amount of letters containing such horrors that year already receiving, I know that for many of the other victims involved, it’s a way, its own way, to therapeutic. In my particular case gets just the opposite. I’d like to be completely honest: Until reading about the Court Case, in multiple publications, I had done my best to bury as deep as I could. I had absolutely no idea of the emotional flood gates I was opening by finally telling my story.
I had no idea just how much trauma, just how much damage and scars, it's caused me. You, just like most anyone, can understand the anger and the frustration I experienced after reading stories/articles like the ones I've used today and the Wall Street Journal. I can only imagine that the people contributing to these stories have no clue of the depths of the damage caused by the SEC and its sponsors and now its lawyers and insurers.

You may have noticed that this correspondence was sent to you from a county jail, one that dimly currently being housed at while awaiting court on federal drug charges. I cant with a clear conscience sit here and claim that all of my life's problems stem from the abuse I suffered as the Scout. Although I often wondere how drastically differently my life would've played up had I been free of my fear, free of my anxiety, panic attacks, free of my night terrors and night-
mores, or free to be a normal, safe kid. One that was free to attend sleepovers at friend's houses cause I was free of the fear of wetting the bed there. The embarrassment of waking up before sunrise to attempt to hide my accident from the other kids & their parents. As you can imagine how horrible it would be being scared of everything especially the dark, but also being alone. Going to sleep (because of the nightmares/mores) or always being on the sidelines of virtually all organized activities. Sports and groups. The Scouts took that from me. Then replaced them with self doubt, fear, insecurity, shame, uncertainty, anxiety and low self worth.

Looking back now I get realize how much the BSA took from me and I wonder how my life would've went had I not been abused then shamed then had my entire life essentially taken from me. How different would things be if I could've trusted on adult? Because not
only was I abused but my abuser also convinced my family and the scouts and the church that I was a liar and a thief. That because I was a thief that I could not be trusted. So on top of the shame and confusion I faced alone I was robbed of the Scouts that up until the time of my abuse I loved more than anything. The weekly meetings in the church basement for chores and activities.

I have an 11 year old son. To think for a second, to just imagine that at 7-8 years old the things I suffered. I tell comfort knowing my son will never experience these things. To sum it up a bit. I came from a home with a single mother. We had very little. Often times barely enough food. But my mother did the best she could and worked non-stop to keep a roof over our head. The Scouts started as an escape for me. A family. Something then at became a man
praying on me and probably countless others. It became a man telling me to a closet or sometimes an empty room in the basement of a church. So he could

he left me confused and so ashamed that even at the age of 7 I feared that God tell me. I actually begged God to please kill me. I often cried quietly on the silent sward while my mom slept. While I was scared to sleep while most children were safe and sound and slept peacefully I begged God to kill me.

I've lived a long hard life. I've known unimaginable amounts of sadness, pain, anguish. I've struggled with alcohol addiction then perscription pills then eventually meth. I've spent the majority of my life in and out of jail and prison. I've never felt good enough no matter
how much job training, school or education I gain. I couldn't even begin to list the ways the SSA has negatively affected my life. And now after all these years I thought they would finally be held accountable. Finally have to pay for what they've done. They've literally destroyed thousands upon thousands of lives and families and still have yet to be held accountable. Every day that passed do yet another day they get to inflict abuse. I know that there are other victims out there that have suffered from abuse and assaults and pain I couldn't even begin to comprehend. I'm not doing this for money. I'm doing this to stop them. To maybe prevent some other little boy from being raped. From being abused. From being broken.

Please! Please Justice. Please stop these people. Please hold them accountable. Please stop them from ever doing it again.
I know that you are in a position where your actions will carry with them events that may very well change the course of history. Please make history by setting an example ourmen and organizations whom condone child rape. Save any other victims from these men.