

VICTIM IMPACT STATEMENT – Rebecca Taylor

To fully appreciate the gravity of what exactly the repeated acts of violation have had on my life and then somehow, come up with the words that are sufficiently adequate to paint a detailed portrait to a Judge who hopefully has never experienced the same or similar, is challenging to say the least. Recalling the extensive and multifaceted traumas experienced as a result of what was done to me brings me to a very dark place psychologically. This is a place I truly never want to recall again in such pain staking detail.

I initially wanted to write the entire statement directly addressing the filth that brought us all here today in this courtroom. I understand that this same guilty professed party told the police in his interview that he does not believe himself to be the same as other paedophiles and is somehow above them. For this reason, I have chosen to address your honour directly therefore subjecting him to the position of a witness - the same position his lack of remorse placed me in for 18 months awaiting his decision to plead guilty at the "11th hour". Your Honour, I note that he did not enter a plea until after Friday lunchtime on the last business day prior to the hearing.

James first entered my life disguised as a "knight in shining armour" when I was approximately 4 years old or so, those were my first memories of the guilty party. By way of context, my biological mother [REDACTED], had just ended a psychologically abusive and an emotionally abusive relationship with my biological father [REDACTED]. Some of my earliest and only memories of [my biological father] were of him beating my mother.

It was in this context my mother found solace in attending the Seventh Day Adventist church in Auburn. It was in this context she was offered a shoulder to cry on by none other than the guilty party. He was a vegan, didn't smoke, didn't drink and was a god-fearing Christian. He played guitar, surfed, was "popular" and everyone around him seemed to take a liking to him.

In a flash, the guilty party and 5-year -old Bec along with [REDACTED] had moved to a small town on the NSW Mid North Coast called Diamond Beach.

In amongst all this, [REDACTED]. We needed a bigger place to live, somewhere with more facilities nearer to us. They chose Old Bar and a really cute house on Clerke Street about 100m away from Old Bar Primary School. We moved in the week of the 2000 Sydney Olympics.

Things continued to be "normal" for at least a year or so after this. Then, ever so gradually, for reasons I will never know, a series of unfortunate events took place that turned what myself, my mother, [REDACTED] James' (the guilty party) mates, colleagues, the church and surfing communities all believed to be the "real deal" into something else - an unknown quantity. The shit finally made an appearance and the stench could only be confined for so long.

I recall him either losing his job at DOCS in Port Macquarie or resigning. Either way, the change was blamed on “all the lesbians” at the DOCS office who ran a women’s only office with no room for men. Perhaps if he had confided in his loyal and loving wife, she may have been able to relate to him with the so-described “glass ceiling” frustration he was feeling and may have been able to offer some words of comfort.

By this time, [REDACTED]

Additionally, there was a period where the guilty party was floating between odd jobs. [My mother] never attained formalised employment - she was the dedicated and loving homemaker and to my knowledge still is.

During this time, I noticed the smell of cigarette in the laundry - the smell was exclusive to his clothing. Then the drinking came in. Slowly. When I questioned my mother one day about why James hadn’t come home, the answer was, “Oh he’s out with mates having a drink”.

My life was about to change forever and I was about to be given a one way ticket to what I would come to know as hell. I didn’t know it at the time. I was only beginning to question the inconsistencies I saw between the “Kontaxis clan” (as the guilty party named us) and other families. I was simply enjoying being young. The inconsistencies were only by me acknowledged at this stage. Psychologically, at this point in my “2 minutes” on earth, I was ill-equipped to do anything more.

The grooming started. It was wrong and I knew it. It felt wrong and disgusting. I was shocked, confused, in denial and just completely dumfounded. The hugs started getting longer, the kisses softer. He used to stroke my cheeks and tell me that I looked good. Then, the sly slap on the bum started. Okay... So I’ve seen other households joke around with each other and other fathers complimenting their daughters too right?? Yes, yes I have. So what this creepy feeling? Get over it girl, it’s all in your head... But I had a sick feeling that never left.

At this time, his drinking had increased 10-fold. Wild turkey and cigar smoke was the smell that met your nasal passage like a punch to the face upon entering the laundry. Any discussion he and mother had would simply result with the guilty party shouting, shouting until mother resigned to indifference and he of course “won”. And he would remind us “I pay for the food in this house, I pay the bills, everything you have is because of my hard work, this is my house with my rules. If you don’t like it leave. I’ve put my foot down and my decision is final”. This repetitive propaganda was unfailingly followed up with dessert of a patronising chuckle and his favourite statement of “Do as I say and not as I do”.

The drinking was so bad. So bad to the point that those earlier memories of myself and mother, [REDACTED] would still happen. However, mother would make sure before the fun started, we’d all be in our PJ’s ready for bed in anticipation of the guilty party arriving home, drunk as usual.

This unfortunately for mother, wasn't because of "mummy and daddy time" that most couples look forward to when their "issues" are in bed. This was because, and we all knew, that when the drunkard would arrive home, he'd be an unknown quantity. And not just drunk; drunk beyond functional speech ability-well beyond slurred. Drunk to the point where the car would be parked in the middle of Clerke Street with the windows down and the keys in the ignition. Drunk to the point where IF, by some miracle, he made it beyond the front stairs leading to the veranda, he would fall through the door. Drunk to the point where, if he managed to get in the door, mother would have to come and get me out of bed so that I could assist with dragging the fool to bed.

He wasn't a happy drunk either. He would start systematically listing each person's fault and recalling every single irritable half-moment in time, in which each of us had caused him over the last so-termed eternity and would spend triple the time telling us how much it upset him. He would then proceed to elaborate and explain that he needed a family that would support and not upset him and cause him grief.

After the elation I felt when James was initially incarcerated, I enjoyed a high that I've never felt before - of justice. Of a correction of a wrong so great, there are no words sufficient to describe. Then, like with every feeling of ecstasy that one can experience, reality eventually catches up with you... The reality of the price paid for speaking out has been nothing short of enormously profound. The mental space I must place myself into, in order to compile this statement, is so dark, so disturbing and soul destroying that I have been avoiding this with every fibre of my being. I never envisaged that putting the impacts of the trauma inflicted on paper would be harder than facing the prospects of a jury. Given the date, I now have to succumb to my dread and finish this. I acknowledge that this will be the only chance I have to tell Your Honour, the court and the community at large about what the lasting impacts of such an experience can have. If anything, by writing this, it is my hope that I can provide valuable and long lasting insight into the long-term extensive damage, hurt, humiliation and self loathing that 1 human being in a position of authority can inflict. Furthermore, I aim to explore the ripple effects this has had which are far and wide reaching.

As per my aforementioned comments, nothing seemed too off to start with. Then, when [mother] was exhausted taking care of [redacted] and setting the house, he'd always ask for a massage. [Mother] was too tired so he'd ask me to massage him and [mother], for whatever reason, did not think there was anything untoward in him doing so.

The massages escalated into him touching me and then he started to caress my still-infant body. I didn't think anything of it at first... Then he started getting closer and closer to my genitals. I started questioning what he was doing and he told me it was nothing, normal and a part of growing up... that every girl goes through discovering her body and this was only part of the process. He then extended to tell me that it is a personal matter.

When I told him that it didn't feel right, he proceeded to tell me that it was normal and that tribes in Africa do that same and not to tell [mother] because she wasn't in the right mind and telling her would not only destroy her soul and break her heart, but if I destroyed her, I would destroy the family and this would all be my fault and my fault alone. So I complied.

I loved my mother. I hated him and what he did to me. But when I complied, the drinking continued, but he yelled less, left [REDACTED] alone - as in didn't get as agitated with them for just being kids - and he didn't belittle my mother as much. In my mind it seemed a small price to pay; to exist in what was already a hell that I wasn't happy in.

It continued and escalated. I can barely bring myself to type the words because of the shame and anger I feel. I feel dirty and worthless as I write. I feel numbness and a reckless indifference to anything - anything in general. I got through by shutting down - mentally, socially, spiritually, intellectually and, to some extent, sexually. I will later explore the irony of the latter.

The first time he had sexual intercourse with me, he took me to family property on the north coast of NSW. The property is 2000 acres in size and runs either side of the Pacific Highway south of Ballina. At the time, his father was still alive and his father had purchased this property as an investment for the family. Paedophile was one of the main advocates in favour of buying the property. I recall him looking at the Evan's Head Kindergarten to Year 12 school for [us] to attend. The property was at the time (and still is to this day) mostly untouched bushland, dense Australian bushland. There is also a quarry on the property. To put things in perspective, driving past the property, you'd never know it was there unless you were going out of your way to look for the entrance. The nearest town (Woodburn) is 25km away down the Pacific Highway. You could scream into a microphone hooked up to an amplifier and not even God would hear you.

His drinking has escalated out of control at this time and he would just scream and yell and physically coerce you into fulfilling whatever needs demanded to be met. He stank always of onions and wild turkey. My emotions no longer mattered. I was like a cloud; floating wherever the wind carried me, carrying the weight of as much water as I could hold but never being able to release the build up of pressure. I cannot explain how helpless, alone, broken (physically and mentally) I felt. This had occurred during the midst of a school term. I had lied to people at school and told them that I was going away to the Gold Coast to the theme parks (Movie World, Dreamworld etc) for a week with family. When I returned, everyone was asking how cool the theme parks were and what rides I had been on. I had to go along with this lie. Something profound changed within me at this point. I shut down. Completely. I changed to being an observer. A follower. I barely spoke. I became socially awkward. I had nothing to say about anything. The majority opinion of people became my opinion. I blindly believed and followed anything that I perceived would make me acceptable to those around me. I didn't even know what acceptable was anymore. I became an outcast socially and when you are desperate for the attention and validation of

those around you in the search for some kind of normality, you are bound to attract only the wrong types of attention.

When things went to shit at school, I lived in "sick bay". I would go there just to get away. I didn't want to be at home. I didn't want to be at school. I only had a couple of friends to confide in. Even then, I managed to fuck that up. In church, I was the oddball. I didn't see anything wrong with drinking, smoking, premarital sex, same-sex relationships, parties etc. I still don't - the difference now is that I don't subscribe to my views out of rebellion or trying to fit in. There was never any middle ground. Every part of me and everything that was me was either rebellion or just trying to seek validation from others.

Every time he violated me, a part of me died. I arrived at the point where the violation became routine and I learnt completely turn off any emotion or feeling whatsoever during. To this day, 95% of the time when I have been intimate with my partners, past and present, I would say that I have only experienced what most people would deem love making in a loving relationship perhaps 5 times. My first relationship lasted 4 years. I am now approaching 2 years in my second relationship.

The withdrawal or retreat from intimacy has never recovered. After I came out about what he had done, ██████████ told me that she used to count to 3 and then stop hugging me because I always pushed her away growing up. I didn't hug anyone and I got creeped out whenever I did. I was weird, it was wrong. It would lead to heart break and damage. To this day, I've barely been able to change this habit. I now can recognise how wildly irrational these thoughts are but it is incredibly difficult to alter this habit. For the better part of two years of my life, these barriers enabled survival through my darkest hours.

I mentioned earlier on in this piece that this has destroyed me in so many ways and to some extent sexually. While this has meant that I really struggle to this day to allow intimacy through sex into my life and relationships it also had the following impact on my sex life...

For some reason that I still don't completely understand, I found that I had an ability to use my body to give me validation of my physical self. When you have no self worth and you find, in vulnerable times of your life, men giving you attention because of your looks, you capitalise. Well I did anyway. I had few friends, was a social outcast and could not speak about anything going on in my world. So when I was noticed, I would willingly and wholehearted give myself. I would give myself to as many men as possible as often as possible because it made me feel empowered and valued. It even made me feel beautiful... not so shitty. I am not proud of this. I am rather ashamed actually. It made me feel wanted and not worthless. I was so depraved at the age 14 that I was compelled to engage in such behaviour in order to chase that high feeling of being wanted and valued. This means of being validated would destroy my first relationship and damn well came close to destroying my now relationship. I fully and wholeheartedly acknowledge that as an adult, I am responsible for my actions. I have made mistakes. I've caused hurt. I've now learnt, and I'm still learning that

this is not an acceptable way of gaining self worth. If anything, it can only hurt you and those around you more. However, similar to my avoidance of any sort of affection with persons I love, I have found it extraordinarily difficult to get rid of old habits that, at the time they were developed, enabled me to survive the day to day or helped me cope with the ramifications of the day to day.

The paedophile violated me repeatedly. Relentlessly. Ruthlessly. I recall crying during the act on more than one occasion. This did not deter or discourage. He remained indifferent or told me to shut up before my mother heard and woke up and I ruined the family. I resorted to drinking to solve my problems. I enjoyed (and still do) enjoy the escape that alcohol provides. It stops the nightmares and can even give you courage and confidence to address matters you don't want to address. My relationship with alcohol has been tumultuous to say the least.

When I first left home, I drank for the hell of it. 17, new-found freedom, no more living under the same roof as paedophile, adjusting to life in the big smoke, hell yes I drank with new found friends. The first year out of home I drank for fun. The second (when I resided in The Netherlands) I drank for several reasons: To stay warm, for the fun and in the later months of my year-long stay, out of loneliness and longing for home... Wherever that was.

In my third year out of home, I returned to drinking purely for fun. My fourth and fifth year out of home, I entered the start of what would be my great depression. This great depression of mine continues to haunt me to this day. Even when it doesn't seem to be present, the "little back dog" always seems to be never far away. When I left home, I was of the mindset that simply not being around there or him would make it all go away and "time would heal all wounds". Wrong.

Even when I first started to taste success in my career within Superannuation, I was, of course, happy. Inexplicably, I was always happy but something... something... was weighing on me, even if I rarely consciously acknowledged it. That something, this invisible storm cloud would gradually build to epic proportions and be the driving force at the helm of a self-destructive lifestyle. I am still battling with this every day.

My drinking spiralled out of control as did my spending. I turned to drugs. I predictably stepped up the "sexcapades". I struggled to hold down a job. My relationship of four and a half years ended. Not only had I ruined my life, I shat on his. When all had been shot to shit, I was faced with confronting the root cause of the problem head on. This moment was the start of what I knew would be a very dark and disturbing period.

My mother was initially distraught at what had come to light. I had never told her my version of what had happened or even that it had in fact happened. After I confronted James, he had driven back to the house at Old Bar and my understanding is that he had threatened suicide. He then proceeded to tell [my mother] his version of events, however skint this version was.

In the following week, [my mother] had come to Sydney with [REDACTED] to escape. Things were crazy and irrational. Everything was surreal for all involved. The wider family was in disbelief, and understandably so. Jim had worked for DOCS, Juvenile Justice, was Vice President of the PCYC in Taree for at least 2-3 years, had taught surfing and guitar lessons within the community, was a foster parent, was a registered referee for local and state touch football matches and, above all, was a revered member of both the Seventh Day Adventist Church and Uniting Church. Who would even consider suspecting anything was awry, right? Perhaps subconsciously as a pre-teen and teenage girl I knew the odds were already well and truly stacked against me. He was so respected within the community.

[My mother] at first told everyone that she was going to be leaving her husband. She was heart broken. For me, the timing of my coming out with everything was signed, sealed and delivered when the reality of [my mother] having breast cancer set in. The straw that broke my back was the prospect of not wanting my mother to possibly die to knowing who she was married to. She had had her first mastectomy on Christmas Eve of 2013. She had recently recovered from her second mastectomy when I confronted the paedophile.

[My mother] went home by herself for Christmas to “sort out the separation”. She returned to Sydney a week later staying at house owned by a friend of the family. She insisted that she was ready to walk away and leave Jim. She understandably had to sort out finances and what the kids were going to do. One morning, she had left her phone unlocked and I checked for the time [REDACTED] [REDACTED] (I don't think it had a passcode). When I picked up her phone, I saw her messages open. More specifically she had sent a message to the paedophile only a minute or two earlier “Good morning my Greek god, how are you feeling today?”

I lost my shit. She denied it then got angry at me for “going through her phone”. I left the house. She spoke a week later and she played the denial card. I spoke with my Grandpa (her father) about what had happened. Four weeks later my grandpa, [my mother] and I had a meeting. My grandpa outright asked her to leave the paedophile. She refused. This occurred in February of 2015. Its now July 2016. She remains with James. The only change is that she no longer lies about leaving him. She instead resorts to insisting that he is a changed man and is therefore justified in staying. She had full knowledge of the insistent and deliberate delaying of the trial. She even told [REDACTED] on the morning of the trial that she came to the courthouse to see firstly what would happen and to support paedophile and find out her rights as spouse. When [REDACTED] (her sister) who came as a support for me on the day asked why she came, she changed her story to “I came to make sure he went to jail”.

The hurt [my mother] has caused is immeasurable. There are no words to describe what having your so-called mother choose a paedophile over you feels like. She even left my biological father because of physical abuse. She learns of what James has done, and she refuses to leave. She even went as far one day as suggesting that I had brought the abuse upon myself. I never left her side in her

darkest hours of breast cancer (like any daughter wouldn't) and she chooses a paedophile over me. To this day, she still chooses him. The sickest thing of it all, is that she expects me to be okay with this and wants us to co-exist in her life.

What is a paedophile? Well, I can say as someone who had their teenage years robbed by a paedophile that the term predator doesn't begin to take the skin off the rotten apple that is paedophilia. There's the violation, the minimalising and eventually removal of all self worth for prolonged abuse. Reckless indifference of self then ensues, persistently and relentlessly. I wish he was instead, a murderer. At least in this way, I would not have to clean up the mess that he made which is me. Being raped (when it happens to an adult) is fucking deplorable. When you commit the same act of violence or passive aggressiveness to a human being who hasn't even figured out where the fuck or what the fuck her own clitoris is and does, you are guaranteed to cause permanent damage of unknown proportions. When you end up on the phone with your mother in a fit of uncontrolled rage vehemently insisting that everyone in the family would have been far better off had she terminated the pregnancy that resulted in me, there are no words to cover the anguish.

Everyone reacted differently. [My mother] didn't want to and still doesn't want to "get involved", believes he's a changed and sorry man, believes I'm vindictive and, as she mentioned to my now partner, has caused "a lot of hurt and damage". I guess the paedophile was right. I would break the family if I ever spoke. To this day, her position has not changed. We no longer speak. I tried speaking to her several times, weeks apart and she tried the same. I cannot accept her position, I will not accept her position and I should not, quite frankly, ever be in a position where I have to accept her position.

I do not speak to her anymore because I'm torn between being turned borderline violent out of anger and despair, and wanting to throw myself in front of the Newcastle intercity (which passes regularly near my work) to escape the pain. I don't have a father. My mother has chosen a paedophile over me.

The cost of not having mother supporting me has been felt at the lowest of times over the last 18 or so months. My company was taken over by a bigger global corporation and for a good 6 months I didn't know if I would have job. The prospect of little financial security and debts is very unnerving. I couldn't even tell her about any of this because she was living and staying with the paedophile and everything said to her was relayed to him. I was found to have CIN3 cells and also early stages of cancer on my cervix and had an operation to have them removed. I couldn't tell her this either. I had to move house the week after my surgery, I couldn't tell her this. I had two car accidents and I couldn't tell her about this. When my Nanna (her mother) died in March, I refused to sit next to her, say anything to her beyond hello or goodbye or let her touch me - even by my grandma's death-bed in her dying hours. I knew she, at the time, would have been hugging the paedophile only days/hours earlier.

I was on suicide watch for a month. So was [REDACTED]. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]. This was very painful and distressing for me to witness and was a direct result of learning that [James] is a paedophile. This further escalated the severity of my own depression and anxiety. We used to speak regularly but since nanna died and the lead up to the court hearing, we don't speak anymore. She doesn't return calls and if she does answer her phone on that rare occasion, we never speak for more than a minute. She blames me for the removal of [James] and the change to life as she knew it.

[REDACTED]

I was diagnosed with PTSD about 12 months ago around about the same time I was suicide watch. I was placed on anti depressants. At the time, I was having vivid nightmares. Every night. Without exception. I was learning a new job whilst struggling to even comprehend basic situations. Talk about fake it 'til you make it. For me, it was more like fake it, and hope against hope you make it. When your mind doesn't allow you to rest even in your sleep, you wake up more exhausted than you were prior to going to bed. When your dreams are so vivid that you yell and scream in your sleep almost every night, you exert energy. When you dream of being murdered and raped and experience flashbacks in your sleep, you kick and punch, fighting off your attacker. Unfortunately for my partner, that meant he copped several beatings in my/his sleep. I drew blood from him a couple of times. I also recall him having to restrain me and I would wake up startled not knowing why he was holding me so hard.

In light of the above, I tried sleeping pills. I would sleep too deeply and not be able to wake up for work. I was left so lethargic that I recall one morning driving to work and almost crashing into a guardrail after a micro-sleep. I also felt "cloudy" so I upped my alcohol intake. This left me feeling very heavy the following day if not hung-over. This vicious cycle that was a 12-month period metastasised and only got worse. I'd combine sleeping pills with a bottle of wine and anti-depressants and then somehow manage to drag myself out of bed the following morning and load up with a good ½ litre of energy drink. You'd have to have another ½ litre after lunch to stop you from crashing. I'd also comfort eat. I put on 14kgs in the last 18 months. This did nothing for what was already my very pessimistic sense of self and so I drank more, which of course added to the weight. I spent a good 12 months on some kind of drug cocktail just to hold a job, get me out of bed and allow me to sleep. I believe I found the true meaning of being the living dead.

I don't know what James was thinking, when he was "in me" with his beloved wife sleeping in the next room... [REDACTED]. I don't know what he was thinking when the abuse became so normalised that he would violate me digitally, orally or by having intercourse, then get up the next morning as if all was okay and go for a surf with his mates... Or better still go to church and worship his all knowing, all loving, all providing and forgiving God... Or even, as he described to me once, when we went to "give my mother some attention" knowing he'd just violated me.

So where does this leave me? The damage is done. The damage is made worse by the reaction of those around me who I love and have watched suffer because of his actions. I've learnt a lot of things during this period.

I've learnt that the only person in life that you can ever depend on is yourself. This survival instinct James forced me to learn at the very early age. It helped me survive the terror and isolation that was the property where there was no one to help me but me. I've learnt in speaking out about this how better to cope when the only person you can depend on is you. Fortunately, many people will not be able to relate to my experience. Sadly, many people still living with the hurt locked away can relate. For anyone part of the former group, it is damn near impossible to describe the state of mind. I can say anyone with PTSD can relate to the ruthless cycle of endless torturing memories that you live with. Every day. You cannot escape in your sleep and that's if you can sleep. As your predicament is so (thankfully) beyond the comprehension of most, you learn to depend on you. Furthermore you learn to achieve this at a higher level than surviving the assault itself requires. So I guess you could say that I've grown.

I've learnt the limits of my emotional strength as a person. Despite the trials mentioned before that I've had to face in this last 18 months, I've also suffered hair loss, endured a large second-degree burn and have put on ridiculous amounts of weight. This of course, did nothing in the way of helping my self worth recover.

One of the hardest lessons I've learnt is learning when to let go. I spent many months in vain trying to reason with my mother who blames me for the collapse of the family. All efforts materialised to nothing and were only at the expense of my mental health. [REDACTED] have also chosen not to speak to me since James was convicted. They were my family unit and I loved them as such. I have now chosen to let go. This is now the ongoing uphill battle that I face.

I feel in writing this statement that I have at least offered your honour a glimpse into the irreparable damage caused by a person who is clearly recklessly indifferent to the damaged caused - who has shown through his remarks to [REDACTED] that he really does believe that he is entitled to respect as a father and cannot comprehend the damage done or why he's done so to start with.

It's true that James turned himself into the police. What is omitted from this statement is that I confronted Jim at Old Bar Bowling Club 48 hours earlier about the abuse and stated that I would be going public with the abuse. He did not have a holy epiphany as he described. Living in Old Bar, I note the nearest police station is Taree. His "epiphany" led him all the way past Taree police station to Port Macquarie police station (45 minutes north up the Pacific Highway) with a priest by his side to assist with the theatrics of his "epiphany".

I also note that James did not enter a guilty plea until the Friday mid-afternoon before the trial was scheduled. I further note that his legal counsel adjourned the trial at least three times.

On the day of the trial, paedophile had no idea that his eldest biological daughter [REDACTED] and her fiancé would be present in my support. I am instructed by [REDACTED] that the paedophile felt the need to assert his fatherly duties and request that she not be in the court room to hear him enter a plea and requested this as "her father".

I note that he requested [my mother] call on more than one occasion and beg me on the phone to drop the charges and to think of [REDACTED]. [REDACTED]. The above examples are not actions undertaken by one who is sincerely remorseful.

I do not believe James is sorry. I do not believe he ever has been sorry and likely never will be. I believe that he is sorry he got caught. When [REDACTED] asked James why he did it, he told her that he wasn't in the right state of mind. I struggle everyday to comprehend why he did this to me.

I did not do anything to deserve the repeated abuse I endured. No victim of the same deserves the abuse either. This process of going through the legal system and been nothing short of traumatic. Every time the case is adjourned, you are faced with many more months of not knowing whether or not the risk you take in speaking out about the abuse will pay off. You are not allowed to know what the guilty party has said in his defence even after the guilty plea was formally heard by the court. I also learnt that if I chose to incorporate my psychology reports as part of my impact statement, that he would have access to read my medical reports provided. This deeply disturbs me that our law allows such personal information to be disclosed to the guilty party. This is not just or fair. It is a violation of the privacy of the victim (to add insult to injury) and it is certainly not the business of the guilty party to know of this information. For this reason, I have chosen to protect my privacy (or what's left of it) from James and therefore refrain from providing Your Honour with my psychology reports.

James had no right to take away my self worth, my self-confidence, my innocence, my virginity and what should have been some of the best years of my life - for reasons no decent human being could ever begin to comprehend.

After enduring the events that have come to pass over the last 19 months, I certainly do understand why people keep abuse to themselves all their lives or in some cases, end their lives.

I ask that Your Honour please consider that I was a normal, happy, bubbly young girl who had everything stolen by this person. He knew it was wrong - he worked for several organisations who fight to protect children from people like him. I am asking that your sentence send a clear message to persons in our society who are like James that this behaviour cannot and will not be tolerated. I am asking that your sentence offers hope to those who have the strength to endure this process. This process is the only means victims have to rely on for any hope of justice. If we cannot rely on the legal system to deliver adequate justice, what exactly are we to put our faith and hope in?