

I first want to thank the court for the opportunity to share my voice and story. Before I speak about the event which has brought us to today, I would like to give some brief background.

When I was in my early teens, I developed an autonomic disorder called Dysautonomia. My ability to digest, regulate my blood pressure, heart rate, temperature, and breathing all became compromised.

Since May of 2012, I've had twenty-seven surgeries and a long list of battles with that. To this day I rely on Total Parental Nutrition in order to survive. For twelve hours a day I am hooked up to an IV bag that I carry around in a backpack. Each night I spend roughly twenty minutes starting the nutrition treatment and connect it to either a PICC line or a Port-a-Cath.

The opportunity to attend college was one of the greatest blessings of my life. Though my body had endured too much to play a college sport, I still was able to be a student assistant with the [REDACTED] basketball team and I could continue to invest myself in a game I deeply love.

School became my safe zone, my stability, and my foundation for the future. The people who surrounded me became my family, my mentors, my best friends, and my community. They looked out for me, helped me find healing, and propelled me to growth. I could not have asked for more.

In June of 2018, I was hospitalized for one of my five battles with sepsis. Within hours of developing the infection I went into shock and had less than a fifty percent chance of survival. But, I fought back and I beat the infection.

In July of 2018, I began getting back on my feet from sepsis. I started working on redesigning a website for a non-profit that brings awareness to the gastrointestinal disease I battle. I had planned several events to raise money for the non-profit. I was in school, I had multiple jobs, and I had my own place. I was about to get off the IV treatment I had been on for 7 months.

Then you, Joshua Caudill, came to my home. [REDACTED]. You ignored it when I made it clear I don't sleep around and didn't want sex. Even when you recognized the PICC line in my arm, you kept flirting and making advances. After I went to sleep you came in my room uninvited and got in my bed. You wrapped your arms around me, trapping me in my own bed. You said we were just cuddling as you shoved your hand up inside of me. You paid no attention as I cried hysterically "no," "I don't want sex," "I don't want any of this." You took my phone away when I tried to call my friends for help.

You proceeded to climb on top of me despite my protests. You stripped me naked waist down and I realized then I had no chance. You were twice my size. You didn't like that I would not kiss you back. You didn't seem to notice I could barely breathe from fear. You didn't care I could hardly move from terror.

When I felt your naked body brush against my legs, I knew the inevitable was about to happen. You forced yourself in me and immediately I wanted to die. I grabbed onto your shirt as I sobbed in pain. You told me you were doing this to make me feel good.

I wish deeply I could have overpowered you. But I knew if I abruptly went from a laying to standing position, my body's inability to regulate itself would cause me to immediately fall to the floor temporarily unconscious and potentially induce a seizure until it could adjust. If that was not enough, I was hooked up to my IV nutrition and would have had to carefully get out of bed, in order to avoid the risk of ripping out my line and potentially bleeding to death right there.

Even when my housemate [REDACTED] walked into the room, you tried to convince [REDACTED] we were fine. But my audible gasps of air from my panic and desperate spattering of "I do not want this! I do not want this!" was more than enough to convince [REDACTED] to kick you out of my room.

Once you left, [REDACTED] found clothes for me to put on. I begged [REDACTED] to keep me safe from you. [REDACTED] promised not to let you touch me again and held me through my sobs until I fell asleep.

I woke the next morning at 5 AM in shock. I gathered myself and went to the hospital. Still stunned, I wrote down the details of what happened. I took every article of clothing off and placed it in evidence bags. I stood naked while they swabbed every part of my body. I cried while they took pictures of the injuries. I wanted to turn the clock back twenty-four hours and erase this event. I did not want anyone to touch me and I sat numb while I began to realize what this meant. My life was gone

Believing my safety was at risk, I left [REDACTED] for nearly three months. I hoped somehow to avoid the reality that the life I had built was gone. I thought if I stayed away long enough, I could come back to what I once had. Even when the Sexual Assault Response Program called me to see how I was, I avoided their calls. I denied that I needed anything, I refused to attend group therapy, and would speak very little of the incident with my therapist.

But, the trauma could not be ignored. The nightmares came about and the flashbacks hit unexpectedly. I moved from place to place, sleeping on couches, floors, or wherever I could feel temporary safety.

Unfortunately, it never lasted and I knew I had to return to [REDACTED] to face the reality of this situation. When I returned to [REDACTED], my soul shattered. I looked up to see my home was gone, the school I so loved was not a place I attended anymore, the jobs I previously had were no longer available, my health had declined, and worst of all, the people I had grown to love so deeply had been ripped away from me. I found myself alone, homeless and empty.

Embracing my reality splintered my heart, but I knew facing this situation was the only way I could begin rebuilding.

Yes, I may have been unable to defend myself. Yes, you hurt me in a way few things ever can. Yes, this life event devastated me. But, I refuse to stay your victim. You will never be able to destroy what is inside of me.

My passion to make a difference, my heart to help others, my faith in God, my fight, and my dignity will not be taken by this act of violence. I have been broken before by worse events than this rape and I always have gotten back up and come back stronger. Guess what? I'm standing tall now.

When I first began considering the idea of bringing charges, the thought of the process was overwhelming. I was fully aware of the risks and benefits of holding you accountable. I could have just shut my mouth and never gone through the process. All I had to do was never say a word and I would have never seen you again. I had everything to lose and so little to gain.

But, you did not just rape me. You raped me with confidence like you had done it a hundred times before. You made a deliberate decision. Your decision to assault me was precise, thought out, and manipulative. For that reason, I knew you had to be stopped.

I would never live with myself if I had stayed quiet and you raped someone else again.

So here I stand today. Still rebuilding my life. Still in therapy. Still hoping I won't have vivid images in my sleep of being raped. Still jumping at every unexpected noise. Still wondering if I'll ever fully heal. You broke me into many pieces, but I'm putting them back together. Anger is not an emotion I find easy to express, but I do not find it difficult to call you a vile individual.

Judge/Jury today I ask you to serve Joshua Adam Caudill the maximum sentence possible, not simply for justice for me, but for the safety of your wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters. As stated before, Joshua's violent actions were done with such confidence, it seemed common place for him. I am fully confident if I said nothing, he would have thought nothing of what he did and would have done it again the next opportunity he had. The precise actions he took prompt me to believe I was not his first girl and I ask today that you ensure I was his last.