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To whom it may concern,

The past 9 months have been filled with big transitions, panic attacks, anxiety, fear, and pain. It's been hard for me to get to the point of being able to write my story and how life has been since February 23rd, 2019. I'm a writer and I love to journal, but once the words are physically on the page, I am forced to accept that what happened is actually real. When something is so disturbing and crippling, I usually block it out and avoid it. This is something I've done since a very young age when I faced my first extremely traumatic event. I cannot block out and avoid what happened anymore, instead I am writing out and sharing my story so that something can be done.

Back on this very date, February 23rd, 2019, it was very late, definitely after midnight, and I had just gotten off of work from Joey Restaurant. I had plans to hang out with Zach Jaquith that night. During that period of time I was going through a lot and was very emotionally needy and vulnerable. Zach and I had gotten very close because he had become one of my closest friends who was there for me and I knew I could talk to. He, at the time, was one of my favorite people and I trusted him.

When I arrived at his apartment, I was under the impression that we were going to go somewhere and drive around or go on an adventure like we usually did, but instead, he told me to come inside and be quiet. I remember saying, "I'm not supposed to be here after curfew, are you sure?" and he replied, "it's fine, just be quiet everyone is asleep. We're in my room." When I went inside everything was dark and he directed me to his room. When I got there, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were there too, and so was alcohol. I didn't look to see exactly what it was but Zach just said it was stuff to make margaritas with. He poured me a small cup of it. I sat on the floor and he sat down beside me. [REDACTED] were sitting on the bed behind us. I remember venting and crying over my ex and talking about the situations that happened. I overall was very upset. I then remember Zach getting very touchy-feeling and rubbing my arm and I think he may have tried to kiss my arm as well. I was caught off guard by it, but I just brushed it off and figured that maybe he was a little tipsy and that it was nothing. That's the last thing I remember. The next morning, I woke up in my car with his comforter on top of me and my pants unbuttoned. I was so confused on how I got there. I also felt so "drunk" and messed up. I had never been drunk before and a personal and very important goal of mine was to never get drunk. I knew I was a heavy weight and how much I could handle so waking up feeling this new feeling of being drunk left me very confused. I looked behind me and [REDACTED] was laying in my back seat and I asked her how she had gotten there. She said she had come later that night. I had no memory of it. I then told her I had to get home because I had to get ready for work.

I looked at my phone and saw that I had a message from Zach that morning that said he had gone back inside the apartment to wake his roommate up. I never responded. He texted me again at 3:16 p.m. and asked how I was doing and I said awful. In the texts back and forth it is obvious to see that I was still "drunk". I remember still feeling like I was at drunk even while at work in the evening. I honestly don't know how I even worked that day-I dropped a whole tray of waters and could barely function. I remember I had gotten McDonalds on the way home that morning, took a nap, and even ate again that night and nothing was alleviating the effects of it. At the time, I didn't think twice about anything because I trusted him and I also had never been

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drunk so I didn't know the logistics of everything. In the text I even said to Zach, "I didn't even know I drank much," to which he texted back, "yea you drank a bunch." (I will include screenshots of the texts below). I only remembered drinking one small cup of whatever he made for me. The rest of the night I had no memory of. Along with never being drunk before, I had never blacked out before either. I remember the symptoms didn't start to wear off till around after 6 p.m. the night after we drank. I was kind of embarrassed I had even blacked out-I felt like I failed myself. I remember being confused on how I could've blacked out over one drink and also being curious about why my pants were unbuttoned but decided to try to forget all of that because I was scared of the answers to my questions. My counselor has recorded that I started having panic episodes in February so it's interesting how the body reacts to the subconscious when your mind hasn't even caught up yet.

On February 26th, 2019, Katie Hamrin (KT) and I were hanging out. She asked me about my weekend and I told her that it was fine, I just worked a lot. She kept asking, hinting that something had happened that she wanted me to tell her about, but I, having no memory, was confused so I just kept asking what she was hinting at. After messing with me about it for a little while, she realized I had no memory of the event. Her eyes widened and she asked, "You really don't know?" To which I replied, "KT I have no idea what you're wanting from me." She instantly got concerned. She then proceeded to tell me that Zach had come to work with a small hickey on his neck. She asked him about it and who he had gotten it from and when she guessed my name he told her not to say a word to me about it. I was furious because I had no recollection of the event or even kissing him. He was so much younger than me and I was never attracted to him so I was confused as to why I would even do that. I texted him immediately and said I needed to know what had happened that night. He ended up calling me and I don't remember what he said but I just remember him placing the blame on me causing me to leave the conversation feeling ashamed and dirty. Because of these feelings, I didn't want to tell anyone what had happened.

On April 27th, I went to eat and hangout with my now current roommates ([REDACTED] and [REDACTED]). It was then, for the first time, I had a sudden string of flashbacks and began piecing things together. The flashbacks were of me sitting in the passenger seat of my car-the seat had been reclined back some, my arm was on the arm rest, and Zach was on top of me. I remember trying to lift my arm but was unable to, I could barely move it. I remember it freaked me out, but other than that, that's all I could remember. The combination of this flashback, the memory of waking up with my pants undone, and feeling as if I was drunk until at least 6 p.m. the next evening made me began to panic and question if something worse had happened.

After that night, everything became real to me. There was no more blocking it out, no more avoiding it, no more just pushing it off like it was nothing. I started having panic attacks and breakdowns and I fell apart. I couldn't step foot into Churchome because it only reminded me of Zach and I didn't want to risk running into him. I had to quit my job at Olive Garden because he worked there and even thinking about going to work would give me a panic attack. I ended up quitting my job at Joey due to panic attacks too. Being around males at my job who were drinking caused me to have PTSD which led to more breakdowns. I didn't feel safe around men and this feeling only escalated when being around them drinking. Because I was a server,

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being in these situations was apart of my job and something I couldn't avoid, so I had to quit. Overall, I was not okay.

During this time is when I really started talking a lot to my counselor about it and went into detail. One of the first things she said was that it sounded like I had been drugged. My friend [REDACTED] was also under the same assumption. I had called her the same night I had the flashbacks when hanging out with [REDACTED] and told her everything. After grilling me about little details of how much I drank, what I drank, and what I remember, she, like I said, was under the strong impression that I had been drugged. She was extremely concerned. Her and Zach were close too, so it took me awhile to build up the nerve to even tell her what had happened.

In actuality, everyone that I talked to seemed to be under the same assumption and was concerned that I had been drugged. My counselor, [REDACTED] and other close friends in my life were urging me to come forward to someone at the church and also to the police. I kept just brushing it off. I was terrified of even coming forward to someone at the church because Zach seemed much like the "it" boy. He was a Pastor's kid with parents who pastor a church, which used to be one of the campuses of Churchome, in Mexico, so why would anyone believe me over him? Why would they care? Would they try to cover everything up to protect him? Would me coming forward even make a difference? Would they blame me because I made the choice to take a drink? Would they blame someone else instead of holding the one who committed the crime accountable? Did I really matter? Would my voice really matter? All sorts of questions went through my head. I was terrified of the reaction I would get because I was terrified that I would have to walk away from the first church that felt like home to me. I was scared that I would never feel safe again, especially if my fears came true and I was brushed off like I was nothing.

After months of my counselor, my mentors, and my close friends encouraging me to come forward, I finally did when I heard Zach was moving back to Mexico. On July 21st, I met with [REDACTED] I told her my story and she asked me the question, "If he goes back to Mexico and you never spoke up or even confronted him and got the chance to make a difference, would you have peace?" After I met with [REDACTED] that same day, I met with [REDACTED] [REDACTED] After she confided in me about what had happened with her and Zach, he had taken advantage of her while she was asleep, I then told her my experience. Hearing her story really shocked me. Honestly, it broke me. What would have happened if I would've spoken up sooner? Would it have made a difference? Would it have potentially not have happened to her? I knew that [REDACTED] hadn't yet come forward and she wasn't sure if she was going to or not. I knew though that she wasn't talking to him, even when he forced his way into her room at one point trying to get her to talk to him. She wanted nothing to do with him.

After that I really started praying about coming forward and confronting Zach. I decided to do it. I texted Zach on July 25th and asked him when he was moving home and, after trying very hard to get him to meet with me, I finally scheduled a time to meet with him at 203 Coffee. Everyone that I was talking to, including my counselor, close friends, and leaders in my life, were concerned about me confronting Zach. Everyone wanted me to do it with a leader or an adult or at least a close friend, but I didn't want to scare him into not meeting with me. I knew if I brought someone that he would bail. So, I asked [REDACTED] to come into the coffee shop a little after

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Zach and I got there and sit at a table close by so that I felt safe. I even planned to put my boyfriend on the phone while Zach and I were meeting, because he too was concerned about me being alone with Zach. I was terrified and others were equally as concerned for me, which is why I took so many precautions.

When we met up, he tried to act like everything was normal even though he clearly knew something was up. He kept trying to avoid the topic so I very directly told him that I needed to talk to him about the events of that night and he knew without any further clarification what I was talking about. I asked him, "Did you know why I wanted to meet?" He replied, "Yes," and then added, "Do you want me to tell you my side?" To which I said, "No. I don't want to hear your side it is my story to tell and I want to tell you what I remember." He kept trying to interrupt me so I asked him to stop talking and just listen. As I began telling him about how I remembered only having one drink he stopped me and said, "I don't think you even had a full drink." His comment during this conversation was contradictory to the text he sent me the day after the incident that had said I had had a lot to drink the previous night. As he was saying this I realized that he was lying but I didn't call him out on it.

I continued telling him about the flashbacks I had where I could barely lift my arm as well as him being on top of me. I began questioning him about waking up with my pants unbuttoned and wondering what happened. He told me both of our pants were unbuttoned and that things had gotten heated, but it was only intense kissing. He again tried placing blame on me. I kept asking myself though, how was someone who couldn't move participate in that situation? I began interrogating him on how it was possible to black out and basically be paralyzed after having only had one drink. He said, "I don't know." I said, "It doesn't make sense to me Zach," to which he responded, "it doesn't make sense to me either." I pushed on saying, "It's not logical, you're agreeing with me that it doesn't sound logical. So something else had to play a part don't you think?" He got really red and antsy and asked, "Are you trying to say I put something in your drink?" I replied, "I didn't say that," but then he got really upset and kind of "spazzed" i guess you could say. He said, "I'm only 18, do you think I know where to get stuff like that? My mom taught me that no means no." He continued on saying that he made sure I was okay and that I wanted it. I kept on pressing on the subject. He then said, "well, we bought it [the alcohol] from the store maybe they did something to it." Not satisfied, I pressed and questioned him more about why the store would do that to which he answered, "I don't know. [REDACTED] and I had been drinking awhile before you got there, maybe he did something to it. I don't know." Still confused and upset I said, "well, what happened doesn't make sense and I am sick of the stories I've heard of so many girls getting taken advantage of. Enough is enough," to which he replied, "I know I'm on yalls side, I've sat down multiple of my roommates and had talks with them."

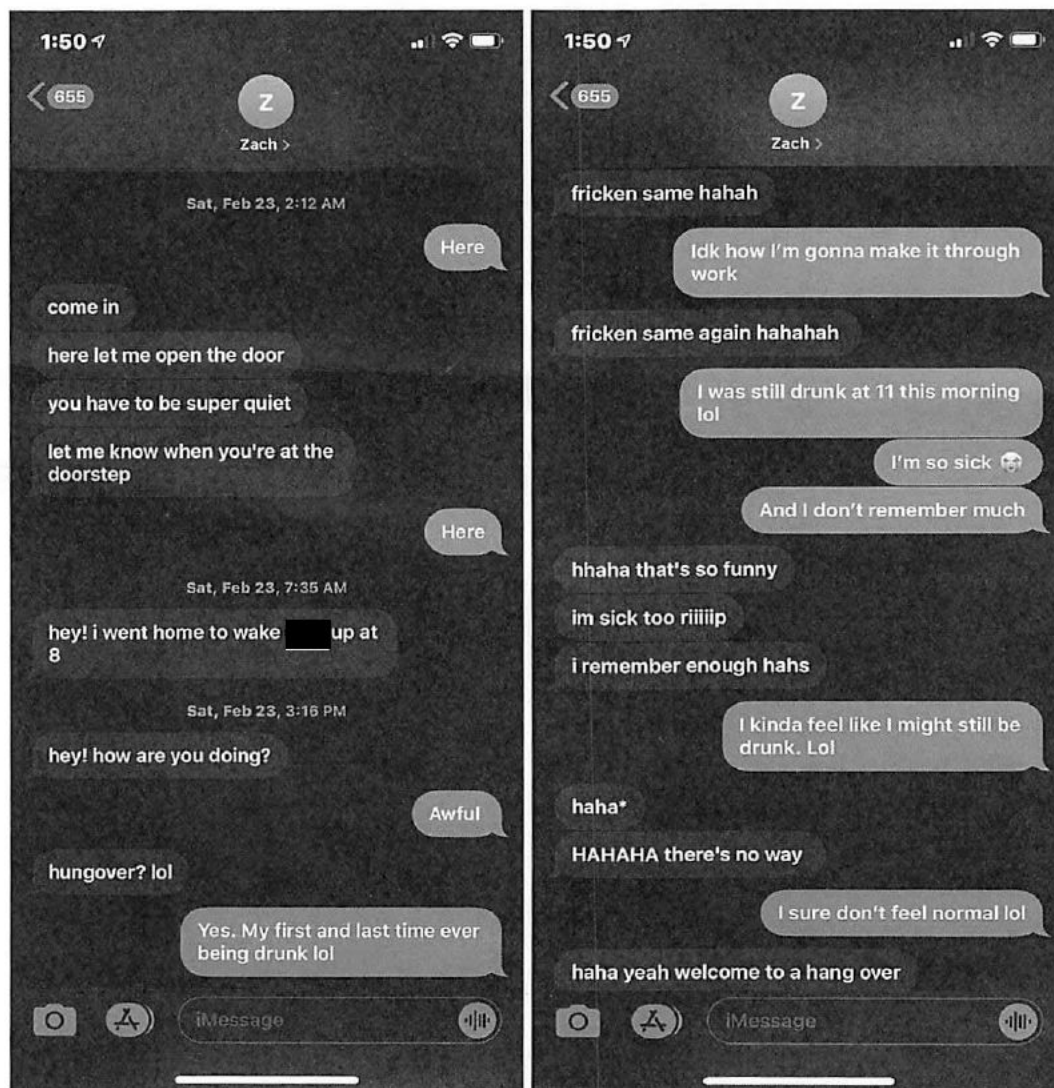
I asked him towards the end if something like this had happened between him and someone else before. (I knew about [REDACTED] already and I wanted to see what I could get out of him about the situation). He told me there was one incident but it was just a big misunderstanding and that they had, "worked it out with the authorities and they were all good." I asked what happened to which he replied along the lines of, "we kissed and things got awkward and weird but they're all good now." This was not true. [REDACTED] hadn't come forward yet and she wanted nothing to do with him. I ended the conversation by telling him that I hoped that

our meetup would bring darkness to light and would open his eyes to his actions. I told him that he needed to be aware of the decisions he makes and to think about his actions and how they hurt and affect others. I said, "I don't know if it's a lust issue or a pride issue or what but what happened wasn't okay and I don't want it happening to anyone else." He said that our conversation totally opened his eyes and that he was "so hurt" by everything I had said. We said goodbye and then [REDACTED] and I connected and I talked through how everything went and what I was feeling. He later sent me a few texts, which are included below, to which I replied that I didn't want to talk to him anymore. I have not talked to Zach since that day.

KT will be sending an email with her side of the story and the text messages she has between herself and Zach. Below are the texts between myself and Zach after the night we drank and after I addressed him in person over what had happened.

response

Dates and times can be seen by each of the messages.



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