

June 17, 2007

Dear Ms. Buckley,

Many thanks to you for writing *Choices*. I write to you with a grateful heart. Two years ago, in my late fifties, I recovered the memory of being raped at fourteen. I attended a Catholic girls school, had an attorney father and a sheltered home life ... so, mine was a similar tale.

But, at that time, there was no one to 'tell' and so my story went underground for 40-some years. There are many things I could say, how touched I was, when the tears came, but what I most want you to know is that the night after I finished it, I had a dream: There were children in cages outdoors. Someone was coming to torture them. I stood outside the cages, with my arm around my fourteen-year-old self, comforting her and assuring her that she wouldn't be harmed.

Until reading *Choices* I couldn't embody what a healthy, loving parental responses were. I certainly had the intellectual understanding but a circuit hadn't been wired. Now the wiring feels more complete. So I write this note from a place of deep thanks and appreciation, from a fuller me.

Woman reader  
(Ketchum, Idaho)