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 Please note I Need Blue episodes do contain stories which feature graphic content and could be triggering. Please seek help if needed. Remember, you always come first.

This episode focuses on the topic of rape. If you are a victim of rape or know someone who is, contact the National Sexual Assault hotline operated by RAINN, which is the largest anti sexual violence organization. They can be reached at 1-800-656 HOPE. When you call this hotline, it automatically routes the caller to their nearest sexual assault service provider.

Some details have been altered to protect the identity of the survivor.

Today's story is about Becki, a female survivor of rape. Included in this conversation is her husband Lloyd who was her boyfriend at the time. Please note, the definition of rape is a bit graphic which is inevitable when describing crimes so violent. Rape is forced sexual intercourse including vaginal, anal or oral penetration. Penetration may be by a body part or an object. Rape victims may be forced through threats or physical means. In about 8 out of 10 rapes, no weapon is used other than physical force. Anyone may be a victim of rape women, men or children, any sexual orientation.

I would like to welcome my guests, Becki, and her husband Lloyd.

Becki

I'm happy to be here.

Jen

Becki, this violent violation happened in 1990, 32 years ago, and what our audience is going to find out is that you are still dealing with it in numerous ways, including seeing this monster in court. Can you share with us what your life was like before and share the story behind meeting Lloyd?

Becki

In 1990 I had big hair.

Jen

It's all about the Rave hairspray remember.

Becki

Exactly. I was a typical early 20s late teens. I had moved out from my parents’ house. I was working a full-time job and had moved into a house with two of my girlfriends. The three of us lived together and it was a very exciting time.

Through one of my roommates, I got set up on a blind date with a friend of her boyfriend. They were just sure I had to meet this guy. I wasn’t quite so sure. We ended up on this blind date which he knew about, but I didn't. We had a good time and ended up dating for about a month in December.

Jen

Lloyd, I would love to know when you first met Becki, what that was like for you.

Lloyd

It just seemed to click from day one; from that first meeting. We met and left together that night.

Becki

I drove him home.

Lloyd

We spent a lot of time together and not in an intimate way; it was lots of talking about where we had just come from. We created a bond which we didn't even realize the magnitude of at the time. We had not expected to connect as quickly as we did, which in the end, I think probably was why we were able to make it through everything that we did.

Jen

So after a month of dating, Lloyd is getting ready to move about an hour away. You are essentially “breaking up.” Becki, you are living with two of your girlfriends. Can you describe the house that you all are living in?

Becki

This little house which we were renting was about 1000 sq ft and we each had our own room. One car garage, 2 little bathrooms, a small kitchen and living room. We were young and just kind of making it out on our own.

It never crossed my mind or any of my acquaintances mind to be concerned about being alone in our own home. You should never have to be concerned about it. One of my roommates had gone to another state to celebrate Christmas with her family and my other roommate and her boyfriend had gone to an amusement park. I had the house to myself that evening. Christmas Eve and Christmas day I spent with my family.

I was attacked on Christmas night.

I believe around 7pm I left my family and went home. I was planning to do laundry and it was going to be so exciting.

I drove to Walgreens. I got a bottle of laundry detergent and went back to the house. I started doing laundry; I did one load of wash and put another in the dryer. It was getting tired and decided to get ready for bed. I checked the doors to make sure they were locked. We even had a broom handle that we kept in the sliding glass door to keep it from being jimmied open. I went to bed and read a book for a while. I don't recall how long, but at some point, I was falling asleep. I put the book down and turned the light off on my nightstand. I rolled over into bed all cozy within my blankets. I fell asleep quickly.

 I had been asleep when something jarred me awake; it was loud. Now I was kind of like oh, okay, maybe that was the lid of the washing machine falling because I had left it open. I would always leave the washing machine lid open; my mom taught me to keep it up to prevent it from getting stinky. It didn't concern me because gravity could have caused it to fall. I didn't give it another thought, rolled over, and headed back to sleep.

Suddenly, I heard something which made me think somebody was in the house. I was laying in my bed, facing the door. I saw, a beam of light from a flashlight. I’m thinking, what the hell and wondering if one of my girlfriends’ boyfriends had stopped by and let himself in. That reasoning was the complete and utter innocence of “nothing bad could ever happen”. I look back and realize it was my last moment of absolute innocence in this world. I know that sounds kind of harsh, but everything changed after that.

 A few paces later, there was a person now in the doorway.

All I could see was a dark figure; no distinguishing anything. It was a tall-ish, dark figure standing in my doorway. I’m trying to reason, my girlfriend’s boyfriend is here theory, but then as I put the story together in my head, I’m realizing there is a flashlight. If it was a boyfriend, why would he be using a flashlight and not just turning on the lights. From that point, everything just happened.

The flashlight was shined in my face; directly in my eyes so I could see nothing. I was rushed at. I’m still wrapped in my blankets, and I put my hands up. I shoved his face away. I must have shoved hard enough because he stumbled back. I was able to get up and I ran for the door, but I didn't make it. He grabbed me, threw me to the ground and I was struggling at this point. I must assume I was screaming, but I don't remember those moments exactly. It was chaos!

I was trying to throw anything I could get. I put my hands on a solid figurine hoping to hit him, but instead, it smashed down on my head. It dazed me for a minute which gave him enough time to take control. He put a pillowcase over my head, duct taped it around my head to hold the pillowcase on. I believed he did this to stop me from screaming. It was wrapped around my lower mouth area. I was flipped over, and he bound my hands behind my back. He bound my ankles. I was still screaming at that point because he took a pillow and put it over my face to quiet me. I couldn't breathe. I was suffocating. I said I can't breathe or I'm dying, or something. He took the pillow away and used his arm against my face. He then began the physical attack. I won’t get into that.

Jen

Did you have on night clothes?

Becki

I was wearing sleep shorts and a T shirt. Lloyd, who I'd been dating for a month and was crazy about, had given me a t shirt or left a t shirt at my house. I wore it religiously every night, but it had gotten kind of grungy, so I had put it in the wash that night. As things were ripped and pulled off me, It’s the weird things that go through your head, I remember thinking how at least I didn't have that shirt on.

At some point to control me, he pulled out a knife. It was jabbed at me and put against my throat. I wasn't stabbed and blood wasn’t drawn, but it was meant to scare me. I didn’t want to die and I knew now that he had presented this large knife, things were going to get a little more hairy.

I remember thinking of an Oprah episode where they said to survive you need to do what you need to do. I continued to fight and try to get away, but I wasn’t in a position where I was going to be able to grab the knife. I couldn't see anything. My whole head was taped, my hands were behind my back, and my legs were tied. There wasn't much I could do, but I tried to do what I could. As he proceeded in the attack, he was trying to commit the rate part, but my legs were bound together.

I ended up with huge gashes on the inside of my legs, where he was trying to strain my legs apart until he decided to cut the tape. From that point on, honestly, I blocked everything out. I’m sure it is somewhere inside me, but I’m not going to dig to find it. The physical attack ended, and he got up. I was still laying on the floor of my bedroom as he walked out. During the struggle, the pillowcase and the tape over my head had loosened. With my head on the floor, I could see the carpet, and as he walked by, I saw his shoe. He walked past my head and kicked me. I must assume he continued to walk out and walked out my front door. I’m sure the kick to the head knocked me out, or the exhaustion of what had just happened; I passed out. I don't have any memories again, until I picked my head up feeling like I had just woken up from a nap.

Jen

Did he say any words?

Becki

Never! He never spoke a single word and to me that was probably one of the most terrifying aspects of it. How do you do something like that and never make a sound? Now there might have been sounds, but I didn’t hear them over my screaming. Nothing was spoken to me. It was as if I wasn't human; I was inconsequential and he had no reason to speak to me.

Jen

Lloyd, what he's feeling right now, as you hear your wife recall the memories?

Lloyd

Honestly, if I had to use a single word right now, listening to her tell you this story is probably “proud”. That's the word I would use. People who have never experienced this have absolutely no idea what it takes to get through it. The years of “Oh, you're not over that” explains the lack of understanding. A comment like that is a total dismissal of what it does to somebody. I would like to think I had a part in it.

To see the person I used to see, who would come home from work, and I would find her in the corner of the bathroom behind the toilet rocking in the dark, and compare that to the person I see today, is amazing!

It takes a long time to even speak of it, let alone speak of it to strangers. It's been a very, very long road. That road won’t end. It never ends. It gets a little better, perhaps maybe it's not as much a dirt road, rather a gravel road. It's never going to be a rainbow. It's never going to be the yellow brick road. Your life is going in one direction and then at that moment, it's going in a totally different direction, never to return. I give her a lot of credit. I don't think many people can get to where she is.

Becki

I would like to clarify a little bit just so you know, Jen, what he's describing. A year to two years after the event, we're actually living together, and I was going through the PTSD, flashbacks and trauma. I was working through nightmares and whatnot. It's a long road.

Jen

When you “woke up” what happened next?

Becki

I was able to stretch the tape, which was around my hands, enough to shimmy a hand out. I released the other hand. Then I was able to pull tape in the pillowcase off my head.

Jen

At this point, do you still have garments on?

Becki

Yes, the t-shirt I was wearing was cut up, but still over my shoulders. Everything else was gone. Everything else had been cut off or removed. I got to my feet, exited my bedroom, and headed down the hallway. I was in shock and my body was in auto pilot mode. I remember getting to the front door and it was left open. It left me with an increased feeling of disrespect about what this piece of absolute garbage had already done to me. He literally walked out my front door and left the door wide open, wide open into the night and just walked out. I was less than human to this person; I was only prey. I remember closing and locking the door. There was a door out to the garage which was hanging open. There was one little window in the garage that he had come in through. From there he picked the lock into the kitchen.

I picked up the telephone, not a conscious thought of what I was doing, and realized there was no dial tone. During this time we had landlines; cell phones didn’t exist.

I looked down and the cord that goes into the wall was pulled out. I plugged it back in and heard the dial tone. I have no conscious thought of doing it, but I dialed 911. I have no idea what I said, but it was a woman on the other end. She very calmly spoke to me, her demeanor, and her words kind of calming my breath down. She started talking to me and asking me questions. I had gone around the side of the little kitchen island and was underneath this tiny little bar with bar stools. I crawled under the bar stools. She asked me if I was alone or if there was anyone with me. She asked me who to call. I ended up giving her my parents information.

She stayed on the phone with me, while she called my parents. If I remember correctly, my dad thought it was around 2:00am when he got woken up from the call. She told them I had been hurt. They lived 10-15 minute away and immediately headed my way. She had called the police and told me they were on their way too. I said to her, “Okay, I'm going to take a shower, I must take a shower. No one can see me like this.” Not like out of vanity but just out of it was horrible. She said to me, “no” in a kind but stern way. She wasn't going to listen to me. She said, “no, you're not going to do that. You cannot take a shower.” She didn't say why but she just said you can't do that. “It's very important that you do not take a shower. You stay on the phone with me. We're going to stay on the phone until the police get there.”

 I can recall the rocking back and forth. It became my coping motion. I know I was rocking back and forth, and I was still on the phone with her, and I kept saying I want to die, I want to die. I want to die; I want to die. That's the only words I consciously remember saying the whole time being on the phone with her. She said to me, you don't want to die. You just don't want this to be happening to you. You're going to get through this. To this day, those words ring in my head. When I get the dark moments, I'm like, nope, I just don't want this to be happening, and I'm going to get through this. 32 years later, that phone call with that person, I would probably say, is a good, strong reason why I didn't off myself at several points during my recovery into survivor hood. Thank you to whoever that was because they are truly the first responder.

Jen

Who arrived first, your parents or law enforcement?

Becki

Law enforcement arrived first. I remember seeing the flashing blue lights reflecting in the sliding glass door that I was facing. At that moment, dispatch said to me, “they're outside your door. I've confirmed it with them. You can go ahead and open the door.” I remember being hesitant. I think I might have said I don't want to. She said, “no, they're going to help you. They're here to help you.” She told me to go open the door because they were standing at the door. I went and opened the door.

 I look back now, and it seems like there were about 150 police officers on the front lawn and cop cars everywhere and an ambulance. At this point they come in and I’m sitting on the couch with a couple of officers next to me while other officers were going around the house. Shortly thereafter, I heard my father on the front yard screaming, cussing, and screaming. “that's my daughter. Get the eff out of my way. Let me through. Let me through.” I remember screaming back, “daddy! That's my dad, that’s my dad!”

My dad and my mom rushed in. They sat down with me, and my dad had his arms around me and my mom, was there too. That was probably when I first cried and started breathing, once I was with my parents. They told me they were going to take me to the hospital, and they wanted me to go in the ambulance. For whatever reason, I yelled, “absolutely not! You are not putting me in an ambulance. There is no I will go to the hospital. I will walk!”

I don't know why. I have no conscious reason why, but there was no way they were getting me in the back of an ambulance. My dad talked to them and said,” we will follow you to the hospital but she's coming with us.” They allowed me to get into my parent’s car. There was a police officer who lead the way and there were police officers that stayed behind us the whole time.

Jen

This has been a sensitive topic and a sensitive episode. It's not over. This is half of Becky's story. We will pick up with the next episode.