

This Happened To Me

The Story of Jill

By: Steven A. Housman

When I first met Jill back in the spring of 1988, I thought she was the "Right One." I should of known something was wrong when things started moving so fast! I was helping a friend of mine that had just bought the farm across the field from me. He hired me to remodel his bathroom, and put in a big round tub for him and his wife. I was in the middle of getting the tub in when Jill showed up. I was a single parent, with a 9 year-old son, and hadn't had a girlfriend, or been on a date since my accident in 1983, not even during my Tech Collage years. So I ask my friend about her, and he told me she was recently divorced, and that her current boyfriend had cheated on her, so she'd kicked him out. I asked him if he'd invite her to their "Open House" when I was finished remodeling his bathroom. He did.

By the end of the day she came over, and told me that she didn't want to spend the night alone, and could she come home with me! Of course back then I was young, and dumb, so I didn't take the time to think things through, or wonder why? I just thought "God I'm sooo lucky," so I said, "Yes!"

She seemed to be the most perfect companion I'd ever met, or so I thought. She seemed to love my son, she liked to cook, loved woodworking, fishing, and most everything I liked. She even went Night Crawler hunting with me at night, so we had worms for fishing.

She told me how her first ex-husband had abused and beat her throughout their marriage, and then took her children when she divorced him. Of course that started a fire burning in my soul! A man should never abuse his wife, or any woman, or children! And of course she took great delight in fueling my anger on this subject. (She never did tell me how he got full custody of the children until after we were married.) Anyway, I was so mad at him I never tried to find out his side of the story. That didn't come out till later.

We had a short, and fast romance before she got pregnant with Sarah Beth, so I ask her to marry me, and she said YES! We got married Dec. 1988, and that's when my nightmare started, on our wedding night! (I'm going to condense the events that took place over the next 6 years into a very short version of all that happened.) That night at our wedding dance, she kicked me under the table really hard in my shin, and told me to "quit looking at that woman!" So I ask her, "what woman?" Boy did I get a look that would kill!! The problem with that was, there were only members of our families there! I thought she was just joking with me, so I didn't think much of it at the time, and just let it slide.

Sarah Beth was born on June 25, 1989, the second most happiest day of my life. (The first was when my son Jericho was born.) At the time, it seemed really strange to me that Jill didn't seem to care one way or another about our daughter, she just handed her to me, and said, "sorry, I wanted to give you a boy, you name her." So I named our beautiful daughter Sarah Beth. There's something about seeing your children born that turns your heart to mush! I get crazy protective of them. At least that happened to me, Jill didn't seem to care about her at all.

Jill worked as a Nurse's Aide at the local nursing home, and went back to work a few days after Sarah was born. I was still convalescing from the back surgery, because of the nerve damage done by the drunk driver that had ran me over, and paralyzed me back in 1983, so I worked the best I could at home. I cleaned the house, washed and ironed the cloths, including her work uniforms, fixed all the

This Happened To Me

The Story of Jill

meals, got the grocery's, took care of the kids, worked in the garden, did the chores, fed, and watered the chickens, ducks, geese, and goats, and built things in my spare time.

When we had her children over, suddenly everything became "Jericho's fault," and she started hitting him, and throwing things at him. I looked the other way most of the time, she always had a convincing argument about what he did to deserve getting beat. Then, because of the bad blood between me, and her ex-husband, he got Family Services to step in, and we now had to exchange the children in a public place for his safety. Also, they told Jill that she needed to go to Parenting Class, and Anger Management, if she wanted to see more of her kids! Shock to me!! I now find out why David got custody of the kids, it was because Jill was an unfit mother, and she beat on them too!! Jericho was no longer so thrilled about having a mother, and begin to hate Jill because of her abuse, and he started to question me "why did you have to marry her dad, I hate her!" I guess he seen the light before I did.

Things were not going so good for us, Jill was getting worse and worse with the "quit looking at that woman" accusations, to the point that I could no longer go to town, or go shopping with her, because she'd always accuse me of looking at some other woman. When we watched movies together, she would cover my eyes even if the woman was only showing a little breast, "you can't look at that" she'd tell me! At one point she got so bad, she even accused me of having sex with my younger sister when Donna and her husband came to visit us! At that time, I had no clue where all these accusations were coming from, and it baffled me that she could be so bizarre. It got to where she would use anything she could to start an argument with me, and then she'd try and argue with me for days about some stupid thing that "she said I said!!" I hate to argue, or arguments, so I always tried taking the passive role by walking away, or I'd try to avoid her snide comments by being quiet, or by ignoring her. It would work some of the time, until she'd get in my face, and do whatever she could to get me to fight with her (I found out later that she did the same thing with David, and that's why he'd hit her. My mother raised me better than that, so I knew better then to hit, or abuse someone else).

Because of the ongoing problems between Jericho, Jill, and her kids, Family Services assigned us an "In-Home" family counselor that would come out to the farm once a week. The In-Home Counselor suggested that we get Marriage Counseling also. It got to the point where even the Marriage Counselor got so flustered with us, that she suggested we go to Individual Counseling sessions, because Jill would try to start arguments with me while we were there, "he was looking at another woman again," and would start blaming me for everything that she thought was wrong in our marriage.

It happened to come out in one of our sessions, that Jill had been molested by her older brothers since she was 6 years old until she was 18!! Her "Normal" was having sex with her brothers!! She also said that she was fondled by her drunk father on different occasions, and raped by her brothers friends!! (I now know why she thought I was having sex with my sister, and why she accused me of molesting my daughters.)

So they referred Jill to classes for "Adult Survivors of Child Abuse." I tried my best to love, help, and support her, through everything for both our sakes, and the kids. Every week I'd drive her over 100 miles (round trip) to her classes. Go to marriage counseling, do the in home counseling, and the individual counseling sessions, because Jill was getting more depressed (????)!!! It seemed the more I tried to understand, and help her, the worse she got!! It got to the point that I was carrying the full work load at home, and she had all she could do just to make it to her job at the nursing home.

This Happened To Me

The Story of Jill

During the time she was going through her classes for Adult Survivors of Child Abuse, our love life got worse and worse until it became nothing more than a nightmare, now all of a sudden she'd scream at me to "STOP I'm having a flash back," or "It hurts," I guess her uterus got ripped, and healed crooked from all the abuse (or so she said), so I'd stop in the middle of our lovemaking, out of respect for her. It got to the point that I was so frustrated, I just flat out ask her, why did she put up with her brothers having sex with her until she was 18, and why she didn't say anything when her brothers friends raped her. She looked straight at me, and answered me, "because I liked it!!" I didn't know what to say, to tell you the truth, I was totally shocked to the core. Not only had our love life become a nightmare, but now my whole life had become a living nightmare!! I didn't know what to say, or do anymore! What I really don't understand, is why none of these things came out BEFORE we were married? Why did it take so long to show up? When I first met her, she seemed to be as normal as normal could be. It was as if nothing was wrong with her! She would initiate intimacy with me, laugh and joke around, and she loved to make love, or so it seemed. When I told her I didn't like porn, she laughed at me, and would occasionally rent a porn movie anyway, because she said "I like it!" Then, after our wedding, it was like she "flipped" a switch, and psycho woman appeared!

Somewhere along the line Jill got pregnant again, and Karrie Ann was born October 22, 1990 (the third most happiest day of my life!). Once again, Jill's attitude towards our daughter, Karrie Ann was as uncaring as it was with Sarah Beth, and once more all she did was hand her over to me and say, "sorry, I wanted to give you a boy, maybe next time, you name this one too." So I named our second beautiful daughter, Karrie Ann. Shortly after Karrie Ann's birth, I told Jill that I didn't care if we had another boy, I was more than happy with our two healthy daughters, and besides we already had 2 boys and that 5 children was enough. She started to scare me when she insisted, "but I want you to have a boy from me!" I finally talked her into letting me go to the doctor for a vasectomy (I didn't trust her to take the pill any more).

In our session's with the Marriage Counselor, Jill would always turn everything around to make it look like it was all my fault, I wasn't doing enough around the house, etc., and she complained that she had to come home from work just to help take care of the kids, or cook supper, etc. The truth was that most of the time, unless company was coming over, she'd just lay on the couch, watch TV, and wait for me to make supper. If the kids bothered her, and wanted a story read to them, she'd scream at them: "Get the hell out of my fucking face, if you want a God damn story, go ask your dad!" When I first heard her swear at our daughters like that, I tried to intervene, and explain to Jill about the harm she was causing them by abusing them mentally with her swearing at them, but it just started another fight between us, and created more tension, because she never listened to me anyway.

I was the one who would read to our children, and I taught our daughters our phone number, and address. I also taught them the difference between Good Touch and Bad Touch, and I'd read them story's like, "It's okay to tell Secrets," because it really freaked me out that Jill had no problem taking our children to her family's place for visits, and for the holidays, so I made sure that they knew all about good touch, bad touch!! I had to protect them in every way that I could from her, and her family!

I used to like visiting her family, until I found out what happened to her! Now I couldn't stand to be in the same room with them, or to even look at them!! I never wanted to go there again, but she insisted that I go with her to visit her mom and dad on holidays. I hated and dreaded going there because it made me a stressed out "hot mess" the whole time we were there. I would watch my daughters, and her daughter like a hawk! I couldn't take my eyes off them for a second, especial if one of her brothers or her father were holding them. What really freaked me out was that Jill didn't seem

This Happened To Me

The Story of Jill

to care who was holding or touching our children! Jill also forbid me to say anything to them, cause she didn't want to "upset" her family! I really wish I would of said, or did something back then, because it ended up that her oldest brother molested his youngest daughter a year or so later, and when she told her mother, and the authorities got involved, he committed suicide. This may sound bad to some, but I'm glad he died, but feel horrible because of what happened to his daughter. I blame myself for not speaking out when I should have. To this day, I still don't understand why the counselor(s) at Adult Survivors of Child Abuse didn't turn them in when Jill told them her story? I thought it was their responsibility to turn cases like that over to the authorities. So I blame them too, for what happened to that family, and mine.

While the above events were all happening, she also started accusing her first ex-husband, David, of sexually abusing their daughter Angeline! This happened at least 4 or 5 times during our marriage. Of course she was very convincing, and I was behind her 100%! She ought to know, she went through it too, and besides, I still hated David at this point for supposedly abusing Jill.

To tell you the truth, she had my head so screwed up by this point in our marriage that I couldn't tell which end was up anymore! I now believe that she was either some sort of man hater, and all she wanted was revenge on both David, and me, for some imaginary hurt she thought we did her, or for revenge for what her family did to her? Your guess is as good as mine. If I hadn't of been so baffled with all her real, and imagined stories, I would of seen where things were headed, and what was coming!

Things were starting to get more and more unbearable at home, even with all the counseling, so when I got a job offer to drive "over-the-road," I took it. My son lost it, he cried, and begged me not to leave him alone with "her!" I too was at my wits end, and I know now that I should of never have left him alone with her, but I told him that I had to get out of there for a while, or I'd go nuts, so I left. While I was in New York City, I got a call from my dispatcher that I was to call home. When I called, Jill started screaming at me to get my ass home, it was about my son Jericho, he tried molesting our daughters, and then he went into our bedroom and tried to touch Jill's breasts and vagina (so she said?). According to Jericho, he was at his breaking point too, which I missed seeing, and he didn't know what to do, or how to escape his tormenter, and he couldn't take the abuse from Jill anymore. Because of my teachings about "good touch, bad touch," Sarah Beth immediately told Jill about what Jericho had done. Sarah Beth was 2 years, 5 months old, and Karrie Ann was 13 months old. Jill had Jericho put in a Juvenile Detention Center, he was only 12 years old, going on 13 at this time. More counseling for everyone.

During the time I was at home trying to get things straightened out, the company I was working for filed bankruptcy, so I was unemployed again. Jill, and Family Services, insisted that my daughters go through multiple counseling sessions and psyche evaluations. It got to the point that the more "counseling" my daughters got, the more they screamed, and the worse they "acted out." I finally spoke up, and told Jill that she was only making things worse, that it only happened the one time, and it would be better if she'd just quit drilling those ideas, and thoughts into their little heads, making them victims for the rest of their lives. I pointed out that they were only babies yet, and that they would soon forget about what happened to them if they were left alone, and weren't constantly reminded about it. Well, that went over like a lead balloon, and it soon became her new topic of argument against me.

When all this first happened, my first thoughts were, I wanted to kill him for even touching his sisters, my daughter's. But then after listening to him, and his therapist, I slowly began to understand

This Happened To Me

The Story of Jill

where he was coming from, but I was still mad as hell over what happened, even though it was brought out that there was no sexual intercourse involved. I still wanted to kill him for his actions. He thought it was his only way out of a hopeless situation. He'd listened to Jill and me arguing over her family, and what happened to her, and that was enough for him to know what to do. I was hurt and ashamed that I didn't use more discretion when Jill and I were arguing, or take him serious, or handle the situation with him better than I did. I tried reaching out, and helping my son, by going to his group and counseling sessions, but they moved him way up north to some sex offender program, and it was over 150 miles one way to the Juvenile Sex Offender Program they put him in, and it was hard for me to get there all the time. I wanted to eventually have it so he could come home again, but Jill, and Family Services, wouldn't hear of it. So I would see him whenever I got the chance, but he had a "hidden hate" for me that I didn't realize at that time. He blamed me for everything that happened to him, and what was still happening to him.

It was now worse at home than it had ever been, tempers flaring, arguments lasting for weeks. I found another job driving truck over-the-road, I believe it was in July or August of 1992. Jill threatened me that if I took that job she was going to divorce me! Things had finally reached the point of no return for me, and I was through with all her madness, and I couldn't take it anymore, so I broke down and told her: "I can now see why David beat you, but I wasn't raised that way, I was raised to respect women, so I'm not going to hit you, so don't let the door hit you in your ass as you leave. I'll help find you another place to live, and then I'm moving you out!"

I moved her into town, and took the job driving over-the-road, and then filed for divorce. Whenever I made it back to Minnesota, I would go visit my daughters to see how they were doing, but it was always the same, their poor little minds were getting more, and more warped, and they were getting more and more screwed up with all the sex abuse counseling they were receiving, which caused them to act out even more. They had gotten so bad they were even acting out in Day Care with the other children!! Jill wouldn't hear it when I told her to stop drilling what happened into their heads, and just answer them honestly about what happened, and to help them understand when they ask questions about what happened, or where's Jericho.

The reason for their behavior is very clear to me now: Jill never cared for them, nor did she paid any attention to them when we were together, and now that we were separated, and I wasn't there to teach them, or give them the positive attention they needed, so they turned to Jill for their attention, and the only way they got any attention from Jill was by acting out sexually, because that was the only thing she could relate to with the children. I could see that all this negative attention they were getting from Jill was really hurting them, so I told her I was going to seek full custody of our children.

My girlfriend was with me the night I told Jill that I was going to seek full custody of my children. She didn't hear everything that was said between Jill, and me, because she stayed in the truck, but she could see that we were arguing, and that I was mad as hell. That night started the nightmare I'm living to this day!! The extent of Jill's and my fight went like this. When I told Jill that I'd found someone new, and that I wanted full custody of our children, her response was: "I always thought you'd take me back, if I can't have you, nobody will, besides, I'm not going through the same shit with you as I did with David (shared custody), I'll give you a choice, you can forget about full custody, and pay my back taxes of \$2,000.00 and give me an extra \$300.00 each month besides your regular child support, or I'll turn you in for molesting your daughters, and you'll never see them again."

This Happened To Me

The Story of Jill

Like an idiot I told her to forget it, that it'd be a cold day in hell when I let her blackmail me, and that I'd see her in court! The next day I went and seen my divorce attorney and told him what Jill said. His response was: "My hands are tied until she makes good on her threat, there's nothing we can do now unless you have some sort of proof." Jill's first ex-husband, David, had taped their arguments throughout their marriage, without her knowing it, and then used it at their divorce, and custody hearings to show she was an unfit mother. Even though I had known at this point what David did, I hadn't thought to bring a recorder with me that night. I never expected things to go so far South all at once! Boy was I stupid!!!

Seven days later, on June 17, 1993, Jill went to Family Services in Montevideo, and made out her report. My divorce attorney turned out to be useless, even after my warning of what Jill was up to, so I had to hire a different useless criminal defense attorney! After fighting her charges in court for the next 2 plus years, I ran out of money, and my attorney talked me into taking a Plea Bargain: 25 years later, I'm thinking that it wasn't much of a "Bargain!"

After my criminal sentence was finished in 2009, they started my commitment hearings. At my commitment hearing Jill heard that I needed 3 things before I could be considered for release. I was to have a residence (I owned my own farm at that time), I was to also have a job (the entrepreneur that owned the company I used to work for, testified that I was one of his best workers, and that I'd always have a job waiting for me when I got out), and I needed a vehicle (my car was stored at my older sisters, and her husband's place). My commitment hearing was held on January 6, 2009, and eight days later my home was mysteriously burnt to the ground! The Sheriff said it was arson, but that they didn't have a clue who did it! Really?

Both Sarah Beth, and Karrie Ann were at my civil commitment trial along with Jill, and the hate in their eyes, and on their faces, made me cry inside. After living with Jill all those years, and having their heads filled with who-knows-what about Dad, they looked like they would rather kill me than talk to me! I realized at that moment that I should of handled things with Jill differently, and that I'd failed in protecting my daughters! I think I died a little that day too. I've tried writing them letters, but I don't know if they got them, or if Jill intercepted them, because I've never received any answer to them. I also sent them all the information that they would need to show them that daddy never hurt them, and that I was innocent, but they never acknowledged that they received that information either. I've also prayed all these years that they would someday, somehow know the truth about what really happened to them, but 25 + years later, my prayers haven't been answered, and I'm still waiting for them to realize that daddy would never have done anything physically, or mentally, to hurt them.

I have no way to reach them, and even if I did, I'm not sure that they would want to talk, or have anything to do with me. So, as time passes, I'm beginning to believe that perhaps they will never know the truth about what really happened, and I'll die nothing more than a monster to them, and that hurts worse than anything else! They were the sunshine in that dark period of my life with Jill, and Jill knew that I loved them more than life, and that taking them away would be the final big hurt she could do me. I still don't understand how anyone could be so evil, and cruel, to another human being that once loved them with all their heart?