

MEGHAN'S STORY

I met my daughter's dad when I was 25. I fell head over heels instantly. The first sign of trouble was when he would want prior approval when I went out with friends. If he hadn't met them before or he hadn't heard me speak of them before then I wasn't "allowed" to go out with them.

The third time that I caught him cheating on me I packed his things for him to move out. Obviously this did not go over well. My daughter was 9 months old at the time. When he came in to see his bags had been packed he tried to sweet talk his way out of the situation.

At this point, however, I had decided I wasn't going to raise my daughter in an environment that lead her to believe this type of treatment was acceptable. He became violent and threatened to kill me if I left the house.

When a friend happened to call that night, I used the "distress code" she and I had created for me to use if I was ever in an unsafe situation.

Over the phone I asked if she could borrow her crock pot and her mom's recipe for spaghetti sauce. This was our distress code to show I needed immediate help. My friend called for police who showed up at my house pretending to solicit donations for the department, and I was able to leave the house with my daughter.

I now have a restraining order against my abuser, but he still has visitation rights with my daughter, and I worry each time they are together. I will forever and always be indebted to my friend who called that night and still call her my savior to this day.



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