

1/18/18

Good evening,

My name is Trina Townsend. Growing up, most people knew me by my middle name Kim...or by Eclipse. I was raped by Chicago Police Officer, whose name is [REDACTED].

Until I met Officer [REDACTED], I believed what my mother had always taught me—that the police are nice; that the police help people. To trust the police. I even wanted to be a Chicago Police Officer, just like Starsky & Hutch, Charlies Angels, & the Mob Squad. I wanted to serve & protect the citizens of Chicago, but in one day...the dreams of the innocent child were stolen.

Knowing Officer [REDACTED] from him patrolling the neighborhood. I decided to flag him down as he drove from around the corner in his police car. When Officer [REDACTED] stopped his patrol car, right off the corner of 45th & LaPorte Ave. I reported that I was being molested by my dad inside of my home...and had been sexually assaulted by three of the guys that resided on my block about a week prior. When I told him what had been happening, he assured me that he would take care of the situation.

After a few days went by, I didn't see Officer [REDACTED]. Then, one evening as I was walking, Officer [REDACTED] pulled up and told me to get into his police car. He even got out and opened up the door for me. At first, I hesitated, thinking about what my mother had always taught me...not to get into a car with anyone. When Officer [REDACTED] noticed that I was reluctant to get into the car. He told me that he was taking me to the police station so I can talk to his Sergeant about what happened to me. So, I trusted him, and I got into the car. I thought that I would be okay because I was with a police officer.

After a while, I noticed that we were headed down West 47th Street towards Pulaski. Officer [REDACTED] turned left at Kolin and 47th St. When I asked where we were going. He didn't answer. He just kept driving.

Finally, we came to a stop. I noticed that we were pulled over by what looked like the back of a dock of an abandoned factory by 45th & South Kolin. When Officer [REDACTED] came around to open the back-passenger door on the right side, he said, "I've been waiting on you to get a little older...I have been waiting for this day...Now, take off your pants."

At first, I resisted and told Officer [REDACTED] that I wasn't taking off my pants. He became very agitated. That's when he balled up his fist and made a gesture as if he was about to punch me in the face. I stopped resisting.

Officer [REDACTED], sexually assaulted me on a near monthly basis.

He was always on duty. He was always in the patrol car. Always in uniform. And he always took me to the same area—near the back docks on South Kolin and 45th Street.

I wasn't going to continue to allow Officer [REDACTED] to sexually assault me anymore. I had to refuse to get into his patrol car. Cop or not, uniform or not.

The last time that Officer [REDACTED] raped me [he] appeared to be angrier than usual that day. I just wanted him to hurry up because I had made up my mind that this was going to be the last time. After he was done. His patrol car wouldn't start up. I started laughing, which appeared to have made him more angrier than what he was.

It was hard being in the same neighborhood that Officer [REDACTED] patrolled—especially after the death of my twin brother Tim in 1989, when we were only 21 years old.

A few times, Officer [REDACTED] still tried to make me get into his police car, but since I was older. I learned how to be firm and resist.

Eventually I had to move from my parent's home, just to get away from Officer [REDACTED]. Rather than be around him, I turned to the streets. I got involved in different situations that was not conducive for me.

I began using heroin and cocaine, and became homeless. Living in abandoned buildings, garages, cars, parks, and even on the trains & buses. It was even times that I had to eat out of garbage cans. But it was either that, or [REDACTED].

It's been 17 years since my life has changed for the better. I am a mother of two young adults, and a grandmother of a five-year-old. In April 2002, I began working in the social service field, helping people who wanted to rebuild a better life for themselves. It wasn't long after that that I decided to enroll in college to further my education.

For years, I felt like it was my fault if Officer [REDACTED] was still sexually assaulting young girls and women, because I was too afraid to speak up.

After running into one of his former partners, whose name is [REDACTED], this past August, engaging in general conversation with him. He informed me that Officer [REDACTED] was not a partner that he wanted to work with because he noticed that he was having sexual relations with young females.

I decided at that point that I needed to come forth, and not be afraid anymore of Officer [REDACTED], and tell my story of the trauma, pain and suffering that I endured as a teenager.

However, it wasn't until recently when I believed my youngest daughter was in jeopardy, that I decided to come forth.

Although I am an adult, the horrible memories of being sexually assaulted by Officer [REDACTED] [REDACTED] has caused me to develop Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, PTSD.

I would like to ask all young women and adult women who were sexually assaulted by Officer [REDACTED] or any other officers to have the courage to come forward and tell their stories, like I just did. I am #ME TOO...#Police too.

Thank you

Trina K Townsend