



MISS JULIE'S
SCHOOL OF BEAUTY

It started when I was a young child—too young to understand what was happening. For years, I grew up believing that I had done something to deserve the pain and isolation. Let me be clear: I didn't choose this life, this life chose me. The choices others made against me took away my freedom and my ability to dream about a future.

Because of this—this crime—this trauma, I am behind in ways that most don't understand. I've struggled to find a job that sustains me, to feel seen, heard, and supported in a way that allows me to heal and rebuild. There are days when I'm reminded of how far I've come, but also how far I have yet to go. This pain, this struggle, is not my fault.

I want what many might take for granted. Getting out of bed or going to the grocery store without running into the people, places, and things that held me hostage. To feel joy and connection without the weight of my past overshadowing everything. I want control over my own life. These are not luxuries; they're basic rights that were stolen from me.

Survivors like me need a community that acknowledges our struggle and offers us a hand. We need opportunities to rebuild our lives and space to dream again. To find balance and relearn how to do the daily things.

I am not invisible. I am not just another statistic.

And I am certainly not a Jane Doe.