

**From:** jolene morgan

**Sent:** Monday, August 21, 2006 7:36 PM

**To:** heal@heal-online.org

**Subject:** I was abused at Cinnamon Hills Youth Center

hello my name is Jolene Morgan, and i give HEAL full permission to use my statements that are true and correct to the best of my knowledge.

first of all i would like to say that i am now 25 yrs old and a MARRIED mother of 3 beautiful wonderful little boys. i have NEVER used drugs or alcohol even now. what is done, and in the past i am writing as part of a healing process since there was never real closure when i left i never got to voice my opinions or feelings or thoughts and now it is my turn as an adult to let them know the damage that they caused to so many i choose not to continue to be a victim i hope you choose the same for your child.

i "lived" at cinnamon hills for 11 months in 98-99. the abuse that was suffered by several people myself included is beyond believe in some cases,

There are so many instances of abuse that its hard to keep an accurate account for all of them for after awhile they all seemed to blend together in a monotony of repetitively. several occasions i can recall are:

1.) One night in the beginning of december 4 girls ( i will not say who) where made to strip down to thier underware and lay face down on the cold floor. while the "staff" opened all windows and doors to let in the "night breeze" . they sat there till almost 4 in the morning the next day they where not allowed breakfast or lunch. thier crime?? talking after bedtime

2.) Two girls where taken to the gym and told to stand against a wall while the "staff" threw basket balls at them if they moved they where made to run 2 laps around the gym. then where put back in thier place. one of them happened to be my roommate when she came in ( at 5 in the morning) she had a bloody nose and was crying. they told her unless she wanted to do it again tomorrow she had better shut up and go to sleep. she then overslept by 10 minutes and was jerked out of bed and made to stand on her tip toes in the corner untill we where all dressed to go to breakfast. then she was lead to the sink and made to brush her teeth over and over untill we came back from breakfast. her offence?? saying she was tired of looking like a hick with the rangler jeans and prison shirts. she wanted her clothes. her and her freind then where talking about thier favorite outfits they had at home and it was considerd "war stories"

3.) One girl was constantly herassed by the "staff" about her wieght ( given she wieght almost 400 lbs) they would say thing like \*Becky you eat last, we have to make sure there is some for everyone else somtimes they wouldnt even let her go to lunch making her stay in the g2 girls unit ( lowest rooms) and do school work. then they would bring her back HALF of what we got and tell her to not complain they where doing her a favor. i will NEVER forget the time ONARAY ( a staff member) said "you fat, tub of lard bitch

you stink go wash your cooch befor i hose you down myself".... we all sat in stunned silence as becky got up and went to the bathroom while onaray WATCHED to make sure she scrubbed her privets.

4.) Of course there where the favorites of the treatment center, the ONLY ones allowed to make it to all star ( top rank of CH) i think we only had 5 at one time out of 40-60 girls or more. if you stepped out of line for even a second you where quickly "narked on" by these girls not that they where to blame what little privledges they where given would have been stripped if they where even in the same room with the offender and did not say anything to a staff member about the alleged crime there where several instances where peopel did it just to be vendictive and powerful. ( erhmmm APRIL)

5.) i was accused of a "runaway" plan with 2 of my freinds it was true enough we had talked about it BUT they claimed to have evidence ( which we where never allowed to see) they claimed that it was found during a "raid" of our room though none of us to this day had any evidence at all written down it was all in our mind. i was told that i flushed the rough draft down the toilet and was made to sit with my head in the ring for 4 hours the whole time denying the offence when i wouldnt give in they brought in april who then claimed that she SAW me throw it in the toilet ( a total impossibility since there is only barley room for one in there and i ALWAYS had the bathroom door closed for what little privecy i could get) not to mention the event never occurred in the first place. she swore up and down and thats all they needed to punish me. me and the 2 other girls where then put on "belt status" where we where led around the complex at ALL times buy an exteded belt i was actually humiliated in front of the boys in our choir performance when the "staffer" Erin made me bark the whole first chores to colors of the wind.

5.) i was never allowed visits from my family ONLY All Star and G1 girls had that priviledge though i made it to g1 status there where "hidden" ranks within the ranks. the ones who did make it either KNEW they wouold never get a family visit since they would never be an All Star or knew they could kiss enough rear end to get maybe just one. i only got to G1 ( still on belt status) for my personally damaging very detailed speach i had to give on my rape when i was 14 yrs old. my therpist at the time was Garcia. ( he has since died) said i had to include all details and then made me read it over and over to him every session he also hung a sign around the necks of his girls with thier "promblems" several "problems" he claimed i sufferd from a combination of the following: Emotionaly unstable, Boarderline personality traits, Sociapath, Cronic liar and Attention seeker as well as Sexually confused and Nyphomaniac. well when i came home all of these traits and problems seemed to dissapear. i have not once had an issue with any of these (now or before or ever. )

8.) on christmasday there where supposed to be enough preseants for all of us ( 2 each) but when we got to the gym to open them 2 peopel where preseantless they where told santa said maybe next year so as a joke a staff member went out and wrapped tampons and pads and some soap and gave it to the girls while others got camera's walkmens and batteries for our rec time ( 2 hours on friday night IF you had no incident reports) and of

course almost everyone had at least 1. the presents were not to be used, traded or otherwise handled w/o permission. we then went back to our rooms and went to bed.

life was very hard there among other things there were fights among the girls and humiliating confrontations with staff and don't even get me started on swimming in the green pool.. i find it exhausting to complain anymore about people i don't find worth my time. but i wrote this all out for you guys hopefully you will see the truth and stop them before anymore people get abused unnessiserially

7.) when i first got there they ONLY had samoan people as staff... gradually we got white black and hispanic staffers. but it was only after we made complaints daily if the abuse some days we were actually sat on for talking back and these people were not light in the smallest sense. people were made to hold their legs straight out for hours at a time anytime someone would mess up everyone started over we were not allowed to sing or would have our mouths washed out with soap we were not allowed to talk to our families if we did not give a full list of the things we could and could not talk about BEFORE we were allowed to use the phone. we were allowed 10 minute calls and ONLY our parents were allowed to talk to us if there was a person change even if it was not our fault we were restricted from phone usage indefinitely.

people that had no history of drug or alcohol abuse were still made to participate in AA and NA meetings and told to associate their lives with the meetings basically find SOMETHING wrong with yourself and point it out to the group for evaluation and "help" again as i said there was so much abuse it's hard to talk about it all these are things that just stick out from memory.

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