

In June of 2006, one month after I turned 13, my life changed forever.

I was generally a well-mannered kid, I did well in school, and followed the rules. I suffered from severe anxiety that interfered with nearly every aspect of my daily life.

I say this because I want to make it clear that these transport services are not just used in situations where the person being transported is a danger to themselves or others. My parents chose to use transport services after being advised to by education consultants.

At 2 am I awoke to the sound of my bedroom door being slammed open. The lights were turned on and I saw my parents with two transporters, who quickly advanced toward me and surrounded me on either side of my bed. They told me that it was time to go and that I “could do it the easy way or the hard way.”

In a state of panic and while crying hysterically, I ran into my bathroom and tried to close the door. One of the transporters ran after me, and put her foot in the doorway, to stop me from closing the door.

I then collapsed on the bathroom floor sobbing as I begged the strangers, and my parents, who were standing in the doorway behind them, to let me stay.

Being a compliant kid, and feeling like I had no choice, I did as I was told.

In a state of shock, I hugged my parents one last time before being put into the backseat of a car, with the child-locks on so that I couldn't open it from the inside. The two transporters then drove me in the dark of night from Bend to the Portland Airport. I felt nothing but fear and panic for those 3 hours. At no point was I given any information. I was not told where we were going, and the transporters, from what I remember didn't speak to me.

I remember looking out the window hoping that some other driver would see how upset I was and call the police. I was sure at this point that this had all been some huge misunderstanding.

Only one of the transporters went with me into the airport. I remember walking through security sobbing, sure that someone working there would stop to make sure I was ok, but that didn't happen. As we went to board the plane, I first learned that I was headed to Utah, though at the point I had no idea what that meant.

Once we landed, we were met by another transporter who picked us up from the airport. I was still not given any information. I sat in the back of the car for several hours, in equal parts shock and terror, while the transporters ignored me and talked to each other. I have never felt so alone in my life.

Once we arrived at the facility, the transporter handed over some papers, and left without a single word.

After four months in two programs, I returned home, where I remained for a year and a half. Since I never received the appropriate type of treatment for my anxiety in these programs, I still struggled when I returned home.

At the end of April 2008, just before my 15<sup>th</sup> birthday, I was once again awoken in the middle of the night to the sound of my door being slammed open. I opened my eyes to see two transporters.

I immediately started to cry as I knew what was happening, but this time instead of being fearful, I just felt defeated and hopeless. In the back of my mind, I had always felt like this would happen again. I wanted to tell my parents that I knew that these programs wouldn't help, just as they hadn't the first time, but I felt that even if I convinced them to let me stay that night, I would just be picked up another time.

I once again was fully compliant, this time with full awareness of what the "hard way" would be and that it could involve me being zip-tied and taken using extreme physical force.

I was again driven to the Portland Airport, this time I had a pretty good idea of where I was headed although I was still given no information

Again, only one transporter went with me through the airport. This transporter did her best to comfort me, however there is no amount of niceness that can lessen the trauma of being awoken in the middle of the night by strangers and being forcefully removed from your home. When we landed, she went against protocol and allowed me to call my mom for a few minutes. It was at the moment that what was happening fully sunk in. I remember thinking about jumping in front of a car, but I was too scared to do it because I knew that injuring myself wouldn't get me home, it would just be another reason for these programs to keep me longer.

I attended two programs in Utah for a 10-month period before returning home again.

My experience being transported was milder than the experience of many of my friends and fellow survivors. I wasn't taken by physical force or restrained, however that was only because I immediately complied. Despite this, I cannot emphasize strongly enough how highly traumatic and life altering these experiences were for me.

My parents used a company called, Right Direction Adolescent Services, to transport me both times. In order to employ their services my parents were required to sign documents giving authority to hold and restrain me should I try to run. These documents also warned them of the urgency of booking their services quickly, they stated that many families were in crisis and they couldn't guarantee their availability until they received money.

It has now been, 15 years since the first time I was transported, and 12 years from the last, and I can say that these events still regularly affect my life. These experiences were incredibly

detrimental to my well-being and for years I have suffered from nightmares, insomnia, and PTSD. I do not believe there is any way to implement these types of services with causing severe trauma and long-term psychological damage to a person.

I believe my experience being transported represents what these companies view as the ideal situation – they didn't need to take me by physical-force, I complied and went without too much of a struggle

Even still, I don't know that there will ever come a time when the events of those two nights don't affect me, but I hope that by sharing my experience today that other children won't have to experience what I did.