

Submitter:

Tonjje Ophus

On Behalf Of:

Committee:

House Committee On Rules

Measure, Appointment or Topic:

HB3582

You drove into town September 2014 like my knight and shining armor, my too good to be true dream come true. Charming, good looking and a long career as a police officer. We had an undeniable chemistry. You wined and dined me always showing me a good time. But after only a couple months of dating you, I started having blackouts while at your house. I once woke up with dried blood all over my face and all over the bed and I asked you what had happened to me, since I had no recollection from the night before. And your response was I don't know we ate dinner watched TV and then went to bed. I tried to wrap my head around what was really happening to me. Then April 2015 while you were in Oregon visiting at my house, I found a crushed up blue substance all over my pizza and my salad that you had served me. It then immediately clicked with me that you had been drugging me. The next morning I showed it to you, I had put the pizza in a Ziploc baggie. And you said "oh my gosh" jumped out of bed and threw all the pizza in the trash. I was so in love with you and us that I could not believe for a moment that you would want to hurt me on purpose. But as time went on, I learned I was wrong and that is exactly what you wanted. Even having to re-tell my story is my nightmare lived over and over again. You had no right to take from me what I wouldn't give you. I have now been clinically diagnosed with C, PTSD, depression, generalized anxiety, and panic disorder. And as a result, I can no longer work in the capacity that I used to. I now have to accept that this is a way of life for me. Every time I told you no, you would force yourself upon me or I would give in so that I would not have to suffer the consequences with you later which would include the silent treatment, you taking your drugs and checking out every single time or some other form of passive aggressive punishment. I loved you so much that even when you hurt me, I tried to understand you. My healing journey is now for a lifetime. And I did not deserve what you did to me. I tried to leave, but you convinced me to stay because your evil plan had not yet been fulfilled and when you realized I was no longer going to let you continue to violate my boundaries you abruptly without notice threw me out of your house like trash and during the pandemic and after the Alameda fire when you knew I would be facing homelessness. I suffer, extreme highs and lows some days and I just start crying from out of nowhere. I fight every day for other victims who suffer in silence from hidden abuse. No, you never laid a hand on me while I was conscious nor did you ever raise your voice to me but the passive aggressive, psychological devastation that you have caused me is irreversible. Every time I would tell you no you would remind me that for 25 years of you were told no by your ex-wife or you would say you really like that word don't you? You violated my boundaries repeatedly but that does not mean that I deserved what you did to me. You prey on women with high empathy because you know they will be an easy target for you to gain power and control over

and you use the fact that you were a police officer to lure them. You are a predator. I now advocate for those voices who never feel seen, heard or understood. Psychological abuse is silent abuse and it is domestic violence. As I choke back the tears and power through my own anxiety, I share my story with courageous vulnerability hoping that I can one day make a difference.

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