

difficult call from the friend I went with. It seemed as though my sister-in-law had confided in her what had been going on. The next day I called my brother to hear first-hand what I had learned. It was true. My oldest had called her favorite uncle a number of times, but he was sworn to secrecy. Next came the confrontation of my daughter. How do you ask those kinds of questions of your daughter? I didn't know, but I do remember, as a matter of fact, I will always remember her confirming it. The next day the next step was to call my attorney. Again, a twist, she already knew. My oldest had already confided in her. What had happened earlier when the kid's father had shown up one day and the little girls went crazy. I remember that panic call from my oldest and I rushed home to get them out of the house until he left, but you know kids, they do silly things. Then she goes on to talk about how they finally made an appearance with the mental health to see a counselor, and when she told them about the situation then they called the protective services and told the story, then they had to meet with the children and basically the children did confirm it, although some of them...the two little ones were so young that they couldn't really take into account what they had to say. And then they found out, she says, this went right to the heart, nothing could be done. It had gone on for years and the oldest girl had finally stopped it three and a half years earlier. But what about the little girls? The youngest had reported the story that might have been something and the six year old, the protective service people couldn't be sure, she wasn't as open, and they just advised keeping the lines of communication open and maybe some day she would tell me. And so she goes on to say that in the end the father has proven to be the, whatever you want to call him here, the abuser by a polygraph test, and that the girl's stories were upheld. Then she says that's not all the problem. Maybe my kids are safe, but who can say he won't do this again to someone else. Maybe the real issue is what must we do. My story may be like others, we're telling our children it's okay to say no and to tell someone if people do things that make you feel icky. Must we have a time table for them to tell us? Will they muster up the nerve? Will there be little sisters to protect? Is five years long enough? I'm not sure it would change my case. Until my little girls are old enough to explain, and supervised visitation to their father's, the knife will twist in my gut when he's with them. Each time I see my granddaughter, who fought to stay alive and will bear the title legally blind due to prematurity, maybe caused by years of sexual abuse to her mother by her grandfather, each time I see