

Lisa Larsen
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

May 4, 2025

LaCreatia Wilson,

My name is Lisa Larsen, and I'm writing as an Alaska Native woman and survivor of domestic violence to express my strong support for Kathleen's Law.

A few months ago, I wrote and sent a letter to Senator Lisa Murkowski advocating for stronger crime reporting laws in Alaska, modeled after existing policy in Texas, where failure to report certain violent crimes can result in misdemeanor charges. I am including that letter again below, as I feel the message still holds urgent and vital importance.

Recently, I came across a video of Antonia Commack courageously sharing her testimony in support of Kathleen's Law. I was deeply moved by the emotion and urgency behind her words. I know it's hard to imagine the pain that victims' families go through. I wouldn't dare ask anyone to picture their own loved ones in that situation, but for many, that's the reality. How can we work together to make sure this never happens again?

I recognize how personal and overwhelming this cause is for Antonia. While some parts of her message may come across as confrontational, I believe she is acting out of compassion, pain, and a genuine desire to protect others. She means well, and what she's doing is good. As someone who has experienced the long term impact of abuse firsthand, I felt called to respectfully share my thoughts and voice my continued support for legislation like Kathleen's Law.

This would be a step forward in combatting violent crimes not just for women, but for everyone, including men, women, and children across the State of Alaska. Below is the letter I previously sent, which I hope will further highlight the importance of this issue.

December 4, 2024, Wednesday
The Honorable Lisa Murkowski
522 Hart Senate Office Building
Washington, DC 20510

Expanding Crime Reporting Laws to Protect Vulnerable Communities in Alaska

Dear Senator Murkowski,

I am writing to advocate for the expansion of Alaska's crime reporting laws to better protect vulnerable populations and enhance community welfare. Currently, Texas law requires individuals to report felonies resulting in serious bodily injury or death, with failure to comply potentially constituting a misdemeanor offense. This model could serve as a valuable framework for Alaska, addressing our state's unique challenges.

Exposure to drug activity poses significant dangers, particularly to women and young mothers who often endure domestic violence in silence due to fear or stigma. Additionally, a great deal of drug activity ends in violence or abuse. Whether through physical altercations, exploitation, or harm to families, the ripple effects of drug related crimes devastate communities and leave many individuals, especially women and children, vulnerable and unprotected. This silence and lack of intervention allow cycles of abuse, poverty, and low educational attainment to continue, preventing individuals from seizing the opportunities that Alaska offers.

As someone who endured severe child abuse, I understand firsthand the profound harm caused when others stand by and fail to act. I still remember being force fed my own vomit, dragged to the toilet by my hair on my tippy toes, screaming for help, and wondering why such cruelty was being done to me. I was a defenseless, helpless little girl, and the inaction of those who could have stopped it only deepened the suffering I endured. This is why I believe so strongly in the need for laws that encourage accountability and action in the face of harm.

Alaska is a state of resilience, with abundant resources and opportunities that should be accessible to everyone, especially women. With Alaska's strong military background and the many young, intelligent, and capable men who walk our streets, I am surprised to see so few women who are confident within themselves, leading healthier, more empowered lifestyles. Expanding crime reporting requirements could play a vital role in fostering safer communities where women feel supported and encouraged to build better futures.

As Proverbs 31:8-9 (NIV) reminds us, “Speak up for those who cannot speak for themselves, for the rights of all who are destitute. Speak up and judge fairly; defend the rights of the poor and needy.” Expanding crime reporting laws would be a meaningful way to live out this principle, ensuring that we protect the vulnerable and uphold justice in our communities.

Addressing drug activity and domestic violence through mandatory crime reporting laws would achieve several critical objectives:

Empowering Vulnerable Populations: Protecting women and families from exploitation and harm creates opportunities for them to rebuild their lives and thrive.

Breaking Cycles of Abuse: Reporting such crimes helps victims access necessary resources, disrupting the cycles of abuse and poverty that hinder personal growth and community development.

Enhancing Community Confidence: Promoting accountability through crime reporting strengthens community trust and fosters a culture of safety and support.

Fostering Stronger Leadership: Ensuring that women feel safe and supported can inspire more of them to step into leadership roles and lead healthier, more confident lives.

I urge you to consider legislation that expands crime reporting laws to address these critical issues. By doing so, we can create an Alaska where every individual, especially woman, feels confident and empowered to live a better, healthier lifestyle.

Thank you for your attention to this matter. I am confident that with your leadership, we can create a brighter future for all Alaskans.

Lisa Larsen

I am adding the following as an addition to this letter for the State of Alaska Legislature.

Because the following paragraph describes graphic and deeply personal experiences including abuse, sexual violence, and mistreatment by individuals in positions of authority, I understand that this content might be difficult to read, but it is necessary to share in order to highlight the severity of these issues. I ask that you take them into serious consideration and understand that the details reflect real events.

This all happened in November 2009, and I was just 20 years old. This was just a week and a half, maybe two weeks before Thanksgiving. In the very same hospital where I was born. My birthday is April 28, 1989. I remember I was nervous. I was very sick, and I was relieved that I thought I was in a place where they were going to try to figure out what was wrong with me, except no one could. The doctors didn't know what was making me so sick. When I first went in and was pretty sure it was strep throat I had all the symptoms, the white patches you would find on the tonsils, I had that. So when the hospital staff did the strep throat test and the test came back negative we were all confused. The hospital sent me home with antibiotics. I got better, but after I had finished the meds and was done taking them, I was sick again, leading me back in the hospital, and that is when [REDACTED] admitted me. I was placed on two different antibiotics, clindamycin and another one I can't remember. I slowly started to begin to improve.

Throughout my stay, different doctors would come in and check on me. But there was one doctor one night when everything changed. To this day, I do not know his name. I don't know who he was, where he is now, or what happened to him. But what happened that night has never left me.

That night, a doctor came into my room when no one else was there. He started touching my leg, trying to massage me. I knew it was wrong, especially because he waited until I was alone. I was deeply uncomfortable and offended by how inappropriate he was. I remember grabbing his hand and telling him no. But he didn't stop. Even after I removed his hand, he continued. I kept telling him, please don't touch me. I don't want you to massage me. But he wouldn't listen.

I told one of the nurses that I didn't want to be alone in the room with him anymore. Instead of taking me seriously, she laughed at me. So I went to another nurse, hoping she would help. She gathered the other nurses, and I thought, finally, they'll do something. But when all four of them came into my room, they just laughed and walked out, leaving me alone with the same doctor.

At some point, I fell asleep. But when I woke up, he was sexually violating me. The moment I could, I pulled out my IV, ran out of the hospital barefoot in my nightgown, and went straight to the police department. I told them what had just happened. I told them I didn't want to be at the hospital anymore. I thought they would protect me.

Officer [REDACTED] was already on the phone, I will assume with the hospital. Looking back, I realize they must have told the hospital I was there. Officer [REDACTED] and two other officers took me back against my will. I didn't understand what was happening. I kept saying, I don't want to be here, but they blocked the doors and told me I had to stay. I didn't want to fight them. I just said, okay, I'll stay.

Once I thought the police officers had left, I waited a minute or two, thinking they had driven off. But when I tried to leave, Officer [REDACTED] was waiting right outside the door. He dragged me back inside. I tried to push past him, because he wouldn't let me leave, but he knocked me to the ground and stomped on my stomach and dragged me further into the hospital.

The last thing I remember was the same doctor, the one who had violated me, was sticking a needle into my body while police officers and nurses held me down.

Everything went blank.

When I woke up, I was handcuffed to the bed.

With all of that said, I reflect on it a lot now that I am older and realize those traumatic experiences left me even more vulnerable and led me to be more defiant. For a time, my world was dark, cold, and felt so lonely. I felt like a walking zombie and turned to alcohol as many do who find themselves in deep grief. I didn't know any better and was defiant leading to number of episodes that lead me into trouble. Every time I put my convictions down when applying for a job, I sit and wonder why the people who hurt me in the same hospital where I was born, in the same town I was raised in, never faced consequences. I was violated while vulnerable, young, uneducated, and possibly targeted because of my race, even though I am from Alaska.

I would be naïve to ask if anyone would ever truly want to know what it's like to have that dark, evil spirit follow you around, knowing there was absolutely nothing you could do. I was in a facility meant to help individuals like me but was given the complete opposite. I was expected to stay silent. If I had wanted to press charges, it would have been nonexistent. I was broken, so lost, and I have no words to describe the pain that followed me for years.

I was in a facility where a rape kit could have been done. I went to the police department where I should have received help. But in that moment, because of ignorance or pure disregard, I was physically, emotionally, mentally, and sexually violated by the very people who swore an oath to protect vulnerable people like me.

I beg you, I plead, to please consider passing a law that creates real consequences for those who stay silent when they witness violence or abuse. There must be accountability, not just for the ones who commit harm, but also for those who allow it to continue by doing nothing.

After receiving my first DUI in 2010, I was sent to treatment in Ozark, Missouri. I am very grateful for that experience, it changed my life for the better. Still, I missed Alaska. I missed being home. So I decided it was time to come back. I got a job at [REDACTED] and did my best to perform the duties assigned to me.

One night, a woman who also worked at the hospital kept inviting me to go out. At first, I kept saying no. I told her I was in the middle of cleaning my landlord's encyclopedias and had to work early the next morning. I explained that to her several times, but she kept calling. Eventually, I gave in, but I told her I would only be drinking soda.

When I met her that night, she introduced me to a man I didn't know. I had no idea that later I would become a victim of severe rape and physical abuse at his hands.

I tried to take a cab home that night because I didn't feel safe around him. But the cab was full and didn't have room for me. I felt so left out. I remember feeling ashamed, nervous, and embarrassed for being scared, but I ignored those feelings. He kept asking if he could come over, but I told him I had work. I was left alone with him. I agreed to walk him to his apartment across the street, h I'd just say goodbye and go home.

But that's when everything changed. I remember screaming as loud as I could. Someone had to have heard me. I was dragged up the stairs and punched so hard I couldn't breathe. I was held there for three days, violently raped and beaten over and over again. When he left, I was tied to the bed. When he returned, it would all happen again.

I begged him to let me go. I thought I was going to die. I remember him grabbing a gun. I told him I didn't want to have sex and begged him not to hurt me. He said he loved me and told me what to say. When I refused, he pressed the gun to my head and threatened to shoot me if I didn't listen. When I finally said what he wanted to hear, he pulled the trigger, and the gun clicked. He continued to abuse and violate me again and again.

Afterward, I tried to turn to the hospital for help, but because of what happened there and how I felt, it seemed pointless. I was lost, hurt, and alone. I was brainwashed into thinking what happened to me was somehow normal or acceptable. My view had become so twisted. I believed that if I had asked for help, I would be hurt even worse. The last time I had reached out, it only led to more trauma, so I stayed quiet.

When he finally let me go and I got to the hospital, the nurse begged me to press charges. But I was young and terrified. When the police arrived, I pleaded with them not to do anything. I didn't know what to do.

When I returned home from the hospital, I was suffering from a severe bacterial infection. I won't go into every detail of what happened to me because of how graphic and painful it was. But when I saw him waiting outside my apartment, I was terrified. I was so scared that I thought if I ran, I'd be hurt even worse. In that moment, I honestly wished he had just killed me. Looking back, I feel such shame, not because of what I did, but because someone was capable of inflicting that level of pain onto another human being.

He raped me again, over and over, fully aware that I was on antibiotics because of what he had already done to me. He told me that if I learned to listen to him, he would be nice. That's what it became: if I didn't listen, I'd be beaten. It didn't matter where we were. I remember sitting next

to him at a bar while he flirted with other women, [REDACTED] was the bartender and I had to stay completely silent. I wasn't allowed to speak or object.

Eventually, I escaped by telling him I wanted ice cream from the gas station and that I'd be right back. From that point on, every time I saw him, I ran. I hid underneath houses, waiting and watching until he passed. I remember seeing him speeding through the streets, running stop signs, trying to find me.

I have never been so scared in my entire life. And all of this happened here in Nome.

Still, I'm grateful for the few positive experiences I had. When I was 18, I spent a summer in Anchorage babysitting a little girl whose parents were in the military. Her father was a pilot, and her mother was a lawyer. The structure they had in their lives, and how they poured that structure into their daughter's life, made a deep impact on me. I didn't grow up with that kind of environment. Being around them brought peace to my life that not many people have given me.

Knowing that sadistic individuals with no good intentions were allowed to violate me like that while others stood by and did nothing... that should never have happened. But it did. It was completely out of my control.

That is why I support HB 170, and I urge you to consider even stronger consequences for violent crimes like this, especially in a state with such a high rate of domestic violence and a small, close-knit population. We must do better.

It would be comforting to know we live in a state where people are safe from sadistic individuals with harmful intentions—but unfortunately, that is not the Alaska I see today. These violent crimes will continue, leaving already vulnerable people even more at risk. And I fear there isn't a single facility in the state that is capable of properly treating, advocating for, or protecting them. That's why I'm ending this letter by urging you to treat this issue with the seriousness it deserves. Holding people accountable—not only those who commit violent acts, but also those in positions of authority who are capable of reporting but choose to say nothing—is essential. I understand the fear of retaliation; it is a very real tactic often used to intimidate victims. But that fear should not become an excuse for remaining silent, especially when someone's life is at stake. I go out daily not knowing if I'll have to risk my life just to go to the store. My abuser is capable of denying everything he did to me, making me out to be a liar, and has a history of contacting me illegally. I remember him telling me that my family is marked. I have no idea what else he may be capable of. When someone says something aggressive or deliberately gives me a hard time, I have to wonder if he has some kind of association with that person. I've come across interactions that didn't feel natural, and I'm expected to be unfazed, especially when their intentions are not as good compared to others. Especially if he has had involvement with someone deliberately giving me a hard time, only for him to deny it later, as he has denied one too many things in the past. It makes me sit here and wonder if my family is being exposed to illegal activities. This abuser I've unfortunately had to deal with has already encouraged girls who have never even met him to give me a hard time simply walking to the post office, I don't know if it was a coincidence or not but the fact she took any opportunity she saw to try and belittle me through her awkward gestures, is not surprising. My social media accounts have been

hacked. I've lost email addresses because of toxic relationships I never should have been involved in, and now I'm dealing with the consequences of thinking it was okay to associate with certain individuals. HB 170 is an important step, but I believe even stronger measures should be considered. There are individuals who manipulate the system, standing on the edge of legality, knowing they won't face consequences. While no law can fix everything, knowing the State of Alaska is doing its part to prevent violent crimes and hold people accountable would bring me a sense of hope and comfort.

I respectfully ask that you both consider sharing this letter with any colleagues in the Legislature who are involved in reviewing or advancing HB 170. Thank you for your time, your service, and for taking this issue seriously.

Lisa Larsen

