

# Opinion: Life after sexual assault

By Diana Nyad, New York Times

Here I was, a strong-willed young athlete. There he was, a charismatic pillar of the community. But I'm the one who, all these many years later, at the age of 68, no matter how happy and together I may be, continues to deal with the rage and the shame that comes with being silenced.

My particular case mirrors countless others. I was 14. A naïve 14, in 1964. I don't think I could have given you a definition of intercourse.

My swimming coach was in many ways the father I had always yearned for. I met him when I was 10, and those first four years were marked by a strong mentor-student bond. He repeatedly told me I had all the talents to one day rock the world. I worshiped my coach. His word was The Word. I built a pedestal for him and gazed up at the center of my universe.

I was dead asleep in the master bedroom when it happened. Out of nowhere, he was on top of me.

**Read the whole story**