

My name is Laura Scudder (née Szczepanski), and I am speaking up today as a survivor of abuse by Larry Nassar. Gymnastics was a part of my life since the age of two. I met Larry when I was around eleven years-old at Great Lakes Gymnastics club in 1988, where I trained six days a week. He healed my injuries and became a trusted friend. At that time, Larry was in medical school and would often go above and beyond to fix me and my teammates. His expertise and love for the sport was seen by everyone. He would often stop by my house, helping my sister and me with different injuries. He taught me 9th grade health so I could workout at the gym in the mornings instead of going to school. He did manual manipulations on my body when I was sick, to “jump start” my systems to be healthy again. My family became friends with Larry over the years, and we attended his wedding together and eventually stayed in touch over the years through social media. It was under his influence and mentoring that I joined the medical profession. My long, trusting relationship with Larry made my abuse by him difficult to process and accept. It took the 37,000 images on his computer for me to really start to process and understand all that had happened. As this nightmare unfolded over the past 18 months, I learned he was very good at fooling not just me, but many people.

After years of gymnastics, my body hit a breaking point in college and I developed stress fractures in my lower back. Even though I had moved away from Michigan during that time, I still was able to seek treatment from Larry during breaks from school. After hours in the clinic at MSU, he “treated” my back. Even at 19 years-old and with no medical training, I questioned in my head why he did not use gloves. I remember being extremely uncomfortable and embarrassed. Laying there--just wishing I could be anywhere else but there; wanting it to be over. The scariest part of this whole experience for me was Larry made no attempt to hide what he was doing to me. He called my local doctors to tell them the procedure he used on my back and how they should continue to treat me this way. My doctors did not feel comfortable doing this and therefore did not perform these “treatments.” Even then, I didn’t question the “treatment” and never told anyone what had happened, thinking it was my problem and I did something wrong. Larry was a trusted friend and therefore in my teenage eye, this was something that he did to help, and if I was uncomfortable with it, then it was my problem. That is how good he was at fooling people.

I struggled to come forward with this statement. I have been afraid to speak up. Very few people know my story. Except, today, I will not be afraid. Today, everyone will know. My story, or one very similar, has been told multiple times. Does it really matter that I speak up? Your Honor, I have three beautiful daughters and one son. My daughters love the sport of gymnastics like I once did. I am speaking up today for them. So they will never have to say, “Me, too.” I speak today for my own healing. I have struggled the past few months, thinking that had I spoken up earlier when this was going on with me in the late 1990s, I could have prevented the countless other girls from going through this abuse. I vow that I will not stay silent any longer. But this is not my fault. I will not blame myself or feel guilty any longer. I am speaking up today for the countless survivors who have not found their voice and are still processing and healing. I am speaking today to let Larry know I know the truth and I understand what he did was wrong. I am no longer fooled by him. Even though it has been a difficult road to get here, I am

here and ready for change. We must watch for signs of sexual abuse. We must listen to and take seriously any accusation.

Your Honor, I request Larry to have the maximum sentence for his crimes. This nightmare can never happen again, and we must show we are a society that will not tolerate sexual abuse of any kind. Thank you.