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August 18, 1993

John B. Shorton
264 California Street
Newton, MASS 02158

Dear John

I am requesting that you pursue the issue/case of sexual molestation and sexual abuse against three parties:

1. Father Richard Ahearn
2. Father Landry (transferred to Canada in 1965 from Wellesley Parish)
3. The Stigmatines in Waltham, MASS.

In the following pages I will describe the events and situations that led up to my sexual abuse, the sexual abuse and what I know to be the adult characteristics that have continued to undermine my ability to get a handle on my life and my relationships and my addictions.

Thank you John, for being there time and time again.

Always,



Enclosure

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In 1963, I was a very naive thirteen year old boy, with no knowledge of sexual matters. My dad passed away that year (63) in August, before giving me the "sex-talk" he had given my brother the year before. My dad was only 42 at the time and left a very hurting and vulnerable wife, and five children.

In 1964, I had begun accompanying my uncle [REDACTED] of Newton, to various private Stigmatine - owned summer camps for boys. Our purpose was to instruct these boys, in water-safety and water-rescue techniques. I provided the drowning torso, my uncle was the rescuer.

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During a visit to Camp Elm Bank, in Wellesley, which was owned and run by the Stigmatines, I met the camp director, Father Richard Ahearn. Fr. Ahearn appeared to take a "fatherly" interest in me and I was really missing my dad. So, I did not hesitate when Fr. Ahearn invited me to go away for the weekend, with two other boys, one 15, the other 16 years old (named [REDACTED] seemed to be tough and worldly. My mother met Fr. Ahearn and encouraged the trip. The destination was somewhere in central Massachusetts, a cabin owned by friends of Fr. Ahearn. I don't remember whether it was a Friday or Saturday, after swimming, we went back to the cabin.

As I was getting out of my wet swimsuit, I realized Fr. Ahearn and the other two boys still had their swimwsuits on and was "eyeing" me. Not realizing what was going on, I continued to get out of my bathing suit. At that time, Fr. Ahearn told the boys to "get" me. I was puzzled and afraid. I attempted to fight them off, particularly the older and bigger 16 years old and Fr. Ahearn. I managed to get under the bed with my back against the wall, so I could somehow protect myself, still not knowing what was going on.

They (all three) overpowered me, dragged me out from under the bed, and threw me on the bed. The two boys held me down, while Fr. Ahearn began to touch my penis and testicles.

I was in shock, hurt, ashamed and afraid, because here was a Catholic priest being sexual with anyone, much less a young, sexually naive boy.

It was obvious to me that Fr. Ahearn had already had similar encounters with these two boys, and they made mention of this, to get me to stop fighting them. Fr. Ahearn continued to masturbate me.

My body felt very strange. I knew what he was doing was wrong. I couldn't stop him; I was being held down. When I climaxed, I felt so ashamed, as if I were to blame. I was raised in a Catholic home and went to Catholic schools. It was programmed into us that there were certain parts one one's body that should not be touched for fear of sin.

I felt bad about what had happened. I wanted to tell my mother, but she was still grieving over my fathers death. I also felt she

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would not believe me, because after all, this was a priest, a man of God. So, I kept silent with my pain and shame. I felt so violated.

When Fr. Ahearn would call my home, for yet another trip, my mother couldn't understand my resistance, and I felt too ashamed to tell her so I went. A couple of days, with Fr. Ahearn at his room,, on the grounds of the Stigatine Day Camp, another time in New York City, and a trip to Biddeford Maine, where there were friends of Fr. Ahearn. He would masturbate me, and i didn't feel I could say no to a priest.

During one of the times at Camp Elm Banks during a weekend, a Fr. Landry, a friend of Fr. Ahearn, also sexually abused me, masturbating me four or five times in a deserted building on the grounds of Camp Elm Bank in Wellesley.

As I busied my self, later on in 1965, with other age-appropriate activities, I found more strength to refuse the "invitations", but the damage was done. I remember never feeling very good about myself after that.

In 1966, I began using some alcohol, and getting relief, from the memories that kept coming back (about the rape/assault). in 1967, I started taking amphetamines and smoking marijuana fairly regularly, returning to alcohol (primarily) by late 1967. By the time I graduated from high school, I was addicted to alcohol and did not know it.

Other people saw that I had a problem, but I couldn't at the time. What could be wrong about something that makes you forget about sexual shame, and feelings that you're no good?

I finished 18 months in the Army without getting caught in my addictions. A year after I came out, I married my high school sweetheart. I know the abuse made me feel bad, and I needed to drown those feelings. Seven, maybe eight weeks of marriage, and in a rage, I drove my new wife away. I stayed pretty drunk for another three years. I then went in for help for alcoholism in Bournewood Hospital, Brooklyn on January 5, 1975, only to come out totally dependent on Dalmane and Valium, which cost me my second marriage. The end of this relationship in 1978 resulted in homelessness.

In 1977, I was addicted to cocaine, and then returned to alcohol, until my last treatment center admit in 1980.

Words cannot describe the sense of loss I have had in my life, the overwhelming pain, the broken relationships and broken heart, that I believe have been a direct result of the sexual abuse by Fr. Ahearn and Fr. Landry. Throughout my life, since 1964, I have experienced major depression, anxieties, paranoid, inability to have a successful relationship, trouble making decisions, poor fiscal management, short-term memory loss, impotence, never feeling

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normal, inability to trust people, attempted suicide in 1973 and isolation.

I have experienced great difficulty maintaining any male relationships or female(non-sexual). Since 1964, I have been a chronic nail-biter and have had years of disturbed sleep patterns and flashbacks.

The more I read about adult symptoms of sexual abuse in childhood, the more I can see how the early abuses from Fr. Ahearn and Fr. Landry, set me up for a self-destructive lifestyle pattern.

Over the past thirteen years, I have fought the good fight as it relates to my addiction and abuse, and still my life continues to be undermined through unresolved abuse issues at the hands of two Stigmatine priests. These people were supposed to nurture, guide and love. Instead, they raped and assaulted me, they stole my youth and innocence and the results of their abuse have denied me my ability to get on with my life. Without the help of God and A.A., I would be dead. With all the anger, hurt and deep despair, I am asking my lawyer, John Shorton, to take any legal action necessary to bring these molesters of innocent children to the public's attention. Fr. Ahearn's encounter with me and his encounter with the other two boys who helped him rape me, were just three in probably a long line of abuse victims. He abused his authority as an "adult", as a Camp Director, as a priest and as a man of God. He destroyed my faith, because I believed that God was on his side, not mine. This has continued to undermine my faith and my spiritual development.

I can only mourn for the pain, humiliation, the shame and the destruction in the lives entrusted to Fr. Ahearn. I ask the Judicial System to hold this man accountable for his actions and to break the silence that keeps sexual abuse victims trapped in their shame.

Three years ago, I married a wonderful woman. Once again, the early dysfunction showed again and again. We have had numerous, painful separations and intensive therapy (costly).

At 43, I now see the direct link between my chaotic life and the sexual abuse by Fr. Ahearn.

I have felt lost, alone, ashamed and inadequate all my life, because Fr. Ahearn destroyed my ability to trust anyone.

I am willing to go to any lengths necessary to bring this/these perpetrators to the attention of their supervisors and the public, they pretend to serve.

I feel justified in feeling that these men and the organization they represent, owe me something of substantial worth.

I await your reply.

AHEARN, R. - 4

Sincerely,

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