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Milford, CT 06460

April 17, 1997

Dear Attorney Tremont,

It has been some time since I last spoke with you. You asked me to consider the timeline of events and you would contact me in the future. Here are the events as best as I can recall. I endeavored to limit in this letter the emotional impact of the situation within reason so as not to color the events. I hope you will consider them and contact me soon afterward. I need to know if you believe my case is worth pursuing. I am going to take alternate action if you consider the case flawed.

I went on a ski trip with Father Grimes in early 1969. I was 18 at the time. I do not remember the name of the resort we went to. I thought it would be a day trip but Father Grimes wanted to go out to dinner and stay overnight. I agreed.

He showered after we went to the room and exited the bathroom nude. He remained nude as he got in his bed and did not pull the covers up. He began a conversation and made no indication that he was going to cover up. I told him this made me uncomfortable. He indicated that my embarrassment was something I should get over. We continued to discuss "hang ups" and repression. He used me as an example of someone who had problems in this area. He suggested that he come to my bed and lay down next to me. This, he said, would help me feel more comfortable with nudity. I did not want this. He continued to talk about it and eventually came over to my bed and asked that I move over to make room for him. I hesitated and eventually acquiesced to his request.

He moved the covers off me and got on the bed with me. He wanted me to take my underware off and eventually I did. We layed next to each other and continued to talk. He would touch me almost incidentally every few minutes. I protested against his actions and he would move to allow some space between us only to move to make contact with me again. He kept the conversation focused on nudity, sexuality, inhibitions and sexual repression. He suggested we let our arms touch each other. I asked if that was all he wanted to do and he said yes. We did that and then he moved so our legs touched. I protested and he moved some but not completely away. This pattern continued for over

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an hour; he would ask for more contact, I would protest, he would go into a monologue giving me his reasons why this wasn't a bad thing we were doing, how I would be better off psychologically, why I should enjoy the act of being naked and and enjoy the contact of our skin. He leaned on his side, put his right hand on my left shoulder as I lay on my back. He stared into my face and his face was just a few inches away. I strongly protested this activity. He did not back off for several minutes. He rolled on his back and suggested we go to sleep in the same bed without the covers on. I agreed and he went to sleep. I went to the other bed and tried to sleep.

I went to the bathroom and showered and put my clothes on as he was waking up. I believe he wanted to sleep more; I don't remember if he did. We talked about the events of the night before. He seemed concerned about my manner. I told him everything was OK a number of times. We drove home without any further comment on the subject.

We maintained casual contact but did not discuss the events of that night. I came to feel close to him again as time passed and my trust in him increased as the months passed by. He asked me to go out on Long Island Sound on a boat he shared with a friend or friends. It was the summer of 1969. He mentioned another priest as having access to the boat but I did not remember or recognize the name. We travelled out into the Sound. He stopped the boat, took off his trunks and dove into the water. He encouraged me to do the same. I told him I didn't want to. I may have gone over the side holding onto the boat, but I do not specifically remember doing so. After some time he got back in the boat and we went pleasure cruising again. He stopped the boat and jumped in the water again, again encouraging me to do so. It was getting dark and I felt we should head for home. We were floating offshore of Seaside Park and the boat was moored in Stratford.

He got in the boat and said he wanted to rest for awhile and laid down on the deck. He started to talk about the events of the previous winter. He wanted me take off my clothes using much the same reasons as he had before. He also duplicated his physical approach, making physical contact in such a manner as not to suggest sexual contact to me at that time. He asked to hold me standing up. He then asked to hold me laying down. I agreed after some protests. I was on my back and he was on his side with his arms wrapped around me. He suddenly rolled on top of me. He was staring into my eyes as he had during the winter episode and had a slight smile as he stared. I told him I didn't want to be doing this, but he was obviously very excited and did not want to stop. He began rubbing his body against mine and began giving me open-mouthed kisses. He positioned himself in such a manner that my legs were opened and pointing up and his genitals were rubbing between my scrotum and my rectum. He attempted to insert his penis into my rectum, but he couldn't as he didn't have a full erection. He continued this motion for several minutes asking me occasionally if I was alright and did I enjoy it. He complemented me on my looks and sexiness and professed strong feelings for me. I

wanted this act to be over with and stopped protesting as it wasn't producing the results I wanted. I finally pushed him away from my anus and positioned myself in a corkscrew fashion to frustrate his sexual activity. He continued to rub against me and slowly seemed to regain some semblance of composure. He told me everything was OK because he hadn't ejaculated. He then tried to suggest I was a willing, perhaps even eager participant. I told him to take the boat back to the dock. I believe I left in my parents' car after docking, but he may have had to give me a ride. I don't remember how I got home.

I didn't speak with him for many months. I had told a few people about one or both of these incidents. One of them told Father Grimes I was talking. He called me very upset and angry. He asked me not to tell anyone as it would jeopardize his career. I said I wouldn't discuss it anymore. I met with him a few times over the course of a couple of years. Curiously, I didn't hear from him again. I made inquiries as to his whereabouts but could not track him down. I went to St. Patrick's and talked to Father Doyle. I asked for a telephone number for Father Grimes. He asked me why I wanted to talk to him and I told him it was personal, that we had been friends and I wished to contact my friend. He told me I shouldn't be bothering Father Grimes as he was a very busy man. I said I simply wanted to talk to him and Father Doyle again asked why. We went around in circles and I told him it was very important that I get in touch with Father Grimes. He refused. I received a call from Father Grimes a few days later. He asked that I not inquire as to his whereabouts and reiterated his plea that I not tell anyone about what we did, that his career would be ruined. I never talked to him again.

I contacted a counselor at the Diocese of Bridgeport in 1984. He was a short man. I do not remember his name or any other features about him. I only know that he said he believed me. He asked that I come down and meet with him. I told him my story and he set up a meeting with a priest who was supposedly second only to the bishop. I told this priest I had had sexual encounters with Father Grimes and he said he would get back to me after contacting Father Grimes. I also told him I had no wish to meet with Father Grimes as I was having great difficulty controlling my emotions. This priest was a tall man perhaps of Mediterranean ancestry, with dark hair and possessed a rather subdued nature. This priest called me and I went to see him a couple of weeks after my initial meeting with him. He told me Father Grimes denied any such incidents occurred. I told him that what I said was true and that others may have gone through a similar experience. I left the matter in his hands to act on as he saw fit. I assumed he would keep a watchful eye on Father Grimes. I felt that I had planted a seed of doubt in that priest's mind and that Father Grimes' would be further questioned and his activities would be closely monitored. I believe he invited me to call on him if I wished to discuss this or any other matter. I never did.

A number of things are apparent to me. Father Grimes was probably transferred from St. Patrick's because of his behavior with me and perhaps others. He may have been sent

away for treatment during the time I was trying to contact him. I believe Father Doyle knew what I was talking about when I said I had a personal matter to discuss with Father Grimes. I believe the bishop and other clergy of the Diocese of Bridgeport cannot be trusted to police their own. I believe they have made feable attempts at best to give solice or an apology for those criminally acted upon by priests in their charge. I believe the majority of my psychotherapy is due to Father Grimes criminal behavior, that my personal relationships have suffered, that my self image was harmed by these betrayals and caused my to be in a depressed state nearly every year of the past 30, and that I have lost my religion. I intend to be reimbursed for my pain and suffering. I believe money is the only way to reform the bad judgement and behavior of the Diocese of Bridgeport.

Mr. Tremont. I need you to give me a fair assessment of my chances for monetary settlement, in our out of court. If you are to take my case, I would not wish to be listed as a John Doe in the media. I want everyone to know it is me that is making this accusation. I understand that there will likely be repercussions for this. I have every intention of pursuing the Diocese and Father Grimes for some type of resolution of this matter which continues to haunt me till this day. If you feel a case brought by you on my behalf would fail, I will call the Connecticut Post and tell them my story if they will take it. I will make it impossible for the Diocese to ignor me this time. The saying, "That which does not kill you makes you stronger" may be true for me now. I'm not the naive kid of 30 years ago, and I'm not the emotional wreck I was 13 years ago. If there is little hope for success in court, I will badger the Diocese and march across the street from Father Grimes church proclaiming his criminal past if I have to. If my case does go to court, I can't wait to get on the stand with Mr. Sweeney interrogating me.

I hope this letter helps you sort out the timeline to your satisfaction. I hope that I can see some good come from all this. I wish you all the success in the world with the other sexual abuse cases you have brought to court. I hope your clients can feel some relief from this burden, though I think it is something you can never resolve fully.

Just one more thought for now. It has been suggested to me that I would simply be destroying the ministry of one priest and that the problem would not be eradicated, that Jesus forgives him if he is truely penitent. It is not my responsibility if Father Grimes loses his pastoral privledges. That decision would be made by the bishop and he wouldn't have to worry about it now if Grimes and others had acted with better intentions. In fact, I have no problem with Father Grimes continuing in his priestly duties. He can celebrate the Mass and give the sacraments. I simply want him and the Diocese to own up to their responsibilities. There is a great need for priests in prisons or in monastaries.

Sincerely,

M-023