

March 10, 1993

Dear Archbishop Kelly:

I am writing this in a moment of quiet desperation. I feel confident that you remember our case with Father Louis Miller approximately 3 years ago. Since the time of the final disposition of this case, I have felt at times that I could not continue on with life as it had turned out.

From the very onset of the discovery of this tragic incident, I know that you are aware that I felt that the Church abandoned us when we needed help so desperately. After our initial meeting, I left the Chancery hoping that you would personally attempt to assist Father Miller, MS-, myself and my in-laws. I hoped that you would follow up on Father Miller's past and make sure that this had not happened before and that it would not happen again. We all prayed that someone from your office would call and say, "Thank you for bringing this to our attention", or "What can we do to help you through this?" or "We share your concern and take them seriously". We waited over a month with no word at all. It was like we had never existed. I believe the silence was more emotionally damaging than the actual incident, but there was no communication at all.

My determination remained strong from April of 1990 through the final legal resolution in April of 1991. I believe I ran only on adrenaline for a whole year. My faith in God and the Catholic Church was always what had seen me through any difficult periods. I had always been active in the Church and had experienced some very close relationships with the priests and nuns in my life, especially Fr. Miller. Suddenly, I felt that I had been placed in an adversarial position against the one thing that had been the thread that kept my life together. Mr. Ford had shared with an attorney friend of my in-laws that on a scale of 1 to 10 that this incident between MS- and Fr. Miller was definitely not a 10. A pretty callous thing to say when you have no idea how it feels to have someone rob you of your innocence and faith. When I learned what Mr. Ford had said, I was even more determined to make someone face up to the seriousness of this situation. This incident left my husband completely insecure about his own sexuality and left him distrustful of anyone in authority which caused problems in his career. And the betrayal that my inlaws felt nearly destroyed them.

So, I investigated Fr. Miller's past as much as an amateur can do and discovered numerous other incidents. A classmate of MS-6's had been "approached" by Father Miller frequently during his adolescence but was too frightened to tell anyone. When MS-6's parents finally told their other children, MS-6's sister admitted to a similiar touching incident that had happened to her when Miller had taken a group of teenagers on a summer outing on the river. She was so scared and so embarassed that she never told anyone either. A prominent attorney here in town who was a grade school student during Fr. Miller's years at Holy Spirit stated that he was aware of many of his classmates who as altar boys, were fearful of being alone with Fr. in the sacristy. The most damaging of the information that I discovered was from a retired nun who had been the principal of St. Aloysius of PeeWee Valley while Fr. Miller was there, who stated that she had warned Fr. 30 years ago that he had better pull himself together because of a well known incident with a child there. She would not come forward because she said that too many years had past for memories to still be distinct. None of this information was either concrete enough, nor would anyone else come forward, but the bottom line could not be avoided. Father Miller had had a problem for a long time, and the liklihood of the Chancery being aware of this problem prior to Fr.'s appointment at St. Elizabeth's was very high. Since it appeared that you had turned everything over to Mr. Ford, I went to him with my attorney and this information and was cut off before I could ever begin. I thought up until that point that we were all on the same side. That we all wanted the truth and to help anyone who had been hurt in the past, including getting Fr. Miller the help that he needed. But Mr. Ford humiliated me,

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twisted my own words against me, embarrassed me, made me feel paranoid, degraded, robbed, and ALONE. MS-6 and Mr. and Mrs. MS-6's Parents are some of the most Christian people you could ever hope to be involved with, but they were passive and afraid of confronting the problem head on.

Because of the "gag rule" that you had requested of us and that we felt ethically bound to uphold, all of my investigations had been done anonymously and as a family, we isolated ourselves from the people who were closest to us for fear that our emotions would get the best of us and we would blurt out all the pent up emotions that we were trying to hard to hold inside. To this day, no one speaks of this incident to each other or to anyone else. Members of my immediate family still have no true knowledge of the reason for my deep depression or of my divorce from MS-6. After 3 years, I still feel at times that I will never completely recover. I had a regular life before all this occurred. It may not have affected me so profoundly had not the nuns and priests in my life done such a good job of delineating right and wrong for me as I grew up. And it certainly would not have affected me so much if Fr. Miller had not been such a central figure in my own life.

I have been so depressed over the last 3 years and it has only been in the last month or so that the realization has hit how non-functioning I have been all this time. I am so frightened that I am on the verge of losing everything because I have not been able to keep the same kind of control of my daily responsibilities as I had been used to doing in the past. I had ignored my health completely during those years, and last year it almost cost me my life by ending up in the hospital with complete physical exhaustion and bilateral pneumonia that would not respond to conventional therapies. I have developed some chronic physical problems due to the extreme stress that I placed myself under during those years. I am finally recovering, but I have lost my husband, my house, have overwhelming medical bills, numerous loans from friends and family to pay back from time I lost from work, and am delinquent in my tuition to [REDACTED] and to [REDACTED] grade school which may prevent my son at [REDACTED] from taking his finals and my son at [REDACTED] from graduating with the rest of his class from the 8th grade if I can't get caught up by May.

You truly are the only person I know who can help me because you are the only person who knows why I have reached such a low point. I have prayed for months before actually sending this to you and this was the only answer I kept receiving. I do not want you or the Church to hand me anything. I have worked hard all of my life and I firmly believe that only people who are committed to helping themselves should be helped. One of the reasons that I am able to finally verbalize these things now, is that I have reached a stage of acceptance. Father Miller is a man who has made some dramatic mistakes that have left wounds that will never entirely heal. But he needs support and assistance just like I do if he is going to be able to make peace with himself and God. I do not want any of us to suffer any more because of this. We have all suffered enough. It is time to go on. It is just that I have dug myself in so deep that it is almost impossible to climb back up without some help.

I have no collateral to obtain a loan from a bank or any lending institution. I am very lucky to have a job where I can make enough to support myself and my children if I were not going further in the hole each month by trying to catch up on things that have been neglected for 3 years. I would never expect anything to just be handed to me, but if I could secure a loan large enough to pay off my debts, pay for my children's high school education and put me back into a modest house again where I am not losing money on rent each month, I could afford to make as much as a \$1000.00 payment a month and be OK. I do not want to borrow the money from the Church; I am just asking you to make it possible for me to pay back a loan to a bank and allow my own hard work to pick myself up again. Mr. Ford did a wonderful job of making me realize just what influence and power that the Catholic Church holds. He did such a good job that I would be fearful of having Mr. Ford as an enemy. So I feel certain that with just a word or a signature that you could make it possible for me to start over.

If there was anything else that I could say that could make you understand how desperate my situation is, I would but I am not that eloquent. I am so fearful that I will lose my job if my financial situation would take a legal turn against me. I have

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never been in such a vulnerable situation before and it is terrifying. Mr. Ford would counsel you to ignore that you received this letter. His concerns would be:

- 1). We are not responsible for this woman or her children.
- 2). What is she defaults?
- 3). What if she wants something else later on?
- 4). It is not possible for this incident to have affected her life so dramatically.

You know nothing about me as person, so all those concerns must be weighed. And more!

- 5). What if she tell someone what we have done for her?

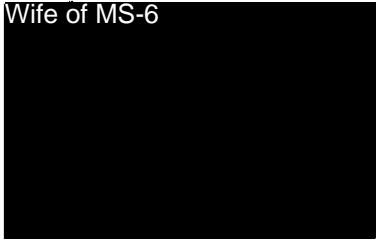
The list could go on and on.

All I can say is that you would have to trust me as much as I have to believe that I can trust you to protect the children of the Archdiocese of these kinds of atrocities in the future. This is a plea for help, not for a hand out. And with no hidden agendas.

I am praying that there will be a way that you can come to some decision and that the outcome will be because you truly feel that you are righting a wrong and that I am just as worthy as Father Miller in being assisted to live a normal life again.

Sincerely,

Wife of MS-6



P.S. Enclosed is a letter I wrote back in 1990 to you via Mr. Ford that you probably never received. This copy I believe shows the depth of my feelings at that time and I would hope that it would put to rest any doubts you have regarding my true intentions? Re-reading that letter after 3 years was very traumatic. But it was helpful to see where I was 3 years ago and where I am now in terms of emotionally dealing with this. I pray that you take the time to read these letters in their entirety.

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