

Fr. Peter Brennan

Father, forgive me, for I have sinned. Because of my sins a home is broken and those who dwelt therein, husband, wife, children, foster-children and all those who were nurtured therein are scattered to the four winds. Yes, Father I have sinned. In His Holy Scripture our Lord says clearly that "before a thief can enter the house of a strong man to take a spoil he must first render helpless the guardian of the home, and he must catch him unawares in order to disarm him".

Oh, Padre, how beautiful she was when first she found our Lord. In her fine calligraphy she wrote and put up in her kitchen and above our family shrine "as the deer pants for the running brook so my soul thirsts for thee, Oh my God". She was so open, honest and trusting. She captured the hearts of everyone with her beauty, on that Holy Saturday when she was baptized and confirmed by you; we respoke our vows with your blessing and she received her first Holy Communion.

Padre, it seemed like only the shortest time until unease entered into our home. She told us in her honest way that you had "confessed" to her of the lust you felt as you saw her kneeling there every morning in the Mass, and the problem that you were having with your carnal desires.

I became truly alarmed, Father, when the phone calls came to our home from you inviting her to go "skinny dipping" in your pool. She said that I shouldn't worry, it was just that "you drank a bit".

The from which you and she returned at one or two A.M. Even though you professed to be our friend, I felt a terrible fear and expressed it to you in person. You kindly assured me that all was well and "not to worry", that you would never allow any woman to take advantage of your kindly heart.

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When she came to tell me that she was pregnant by you, I said to her that if it was the Lord's will then so be it and we will accept the child. However, I wrote to you to say that any further intrusion by you into our home and into our marriage bed would be met by equal force by me and I intended to protect my home at whatever cost.

and I were able to rebuild our relationship, our home and our hearts with the joys of foster infants, until that fateful day when I learned that you had followed her to our home -- the marriage that had withstood repeated intrusions by the priest that we loved and trusted was finally destabilized and it broke apart, Father. She left as you know to rent a house near you and to try and support herself through long and arduous hours of work.

Father, she told me that, when in a state of prayerful ecstasy in your home, she first felt the hot wetness of your semen within her. She cried out because she knew in her woman's heart that the lives of so many would never be the same again, and the world that we had known would be shattered. Now, she works from 5:00 in the morning until late at night. I live alone with my memories and the echoes of children's voices in an empty home. And you, Padre, what of you and your vows?

POVERTY? In a luxurious home with a pool for nude bathing parties, wines and liquors that few can afford and the most expensive sports car in your garage.

CHASTITY?

OBEDIENCE? You called yourself "the Bishop of La Quinta and said that in your parish you would do as you damn well please".

Father, when you fall into your bed surfeited with the richest of foods and wines to sleep with the women of your parish -- when you rise

from your sleep to step behind the alter and elevate the host with hands still moist from their bodies and to give communion to those who trust you, are you a priest of God or a priest of Ba'al? And is the beautiful new church a true home of our Lord Jesus Christ or a temple of Ba'al?

We have all become pawns in your game. The terrible game of Lust, Lechery and Lies.

In my sorrow, my pain and my incredible loneliness I have begun to sense a dedication. I wish that beautiful edifice into which so many have put so much of their time, their love and their funds, the Church of Saint Frances of Assisi, to become a true church of God. I am dedicated to the ideal that the young women of the congregation will never again be recruited as temple prostitutes to satisfy the lusts of the priest whom they trusted.

This is my pledge and my promise. Perhaps you will someday come to re-dedicate your life and to re-speak your vows. Our Lord needs his Holy Priests. Ba'al was an ancient God who should have died long ago.

Very truly yours,

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