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Kipp, Jane

From: Woy, Rev. Msgr. Richard  
Sent: Sunday, November 17, 2002 4:10 PM  
To: Kipp, Jane  
Subject: FW: I Can Finally Write this Letter

*Planned Call  
Nov 18 @ 7:30  
Left Message*

Please email or fax this to Msgr. Cini in Wilmington

-----Original Message-----

From: [redacted]  
Sent: Sunday, November 10, 2002 7:54 PM  
To: SKelly@archbalt.org  
Cc: [redacted]  
Subject: I Can Finally Write this Letter

*Sheila Kelly was in touch  
with under*

I have finally found the strength to write this letter. This is a true story. In September of 1966, my father died suddenly of a massive heart attack. My little brother was 8. I was three days away from leaving for freshman year at [redacted] (on scholarship)...I could not stay home or I would lose my scholarship.

My mother was deeply religious all of her life. I even had a great aunt who was a [redacted] years until her death.

Before dad's death, my mom found great solace in the church. She did clerical work for the pastor, played the church organ on Sundays, and every Friday evening she and dad would have the 2 priests over for dinner, a couple good martinis and an evening of good music as each one took turns at the organ. Mom continued this ritual after dad's death. One night about 2 months after dad's death my little brother called me at college and told me a very strange unsettling story. He said that Fr. Clarahan (Asst. Pastor) always wanted to wrestle, and wheel and his friends wrestled with Fr., C. the man would always find a way to stick his hand down their pants and grab their privates. The priest even tried to place his fingers in their rectums. My little brother was afraid to tell mom, because he did not think she would believe him. His friends stopped coming over to play on Friday evenings. This went on for 3 or 4 instances. I believed him. I talked him into telling mom. She was angry and demanded that Fr. Cornelly (pastor) take action and have Fr. Clarahan removed from all dealings with children. Fr. Cornelly had Fr. Clarahan sent to another parish in Delaware with older clientele. My little brother had many emotional problems after that. I did not find out until many years after my mother's death in 1986 that my brother had also suffered sexual abuse from the pastor, Fr. Cornelly, the one that mom adored. My brother did not tell on Fr. Cornelly as it would have broken my mother's heart and faith. He just tuned out whenever it happened. (fondling, not penetration thank God!)

My brother eventually married in 1983 and had a son in 1985. When his son was 8, committed suicide. He was never able to resolve all the emotional conflict that befell him. He sought psychological counsel for years. Now, as an aunt, I watch my nephew now 16. I am still angry at the church. The only reason that I can write this letter is that so much shame has already oozed out of the heart of the church, that I am not embarrassed by this missive. I have worked in the medical field for 33 years..all in Catholic hospitals. I am proud of my work and proud of the special aura that a Catholic hospital offers. If I could have retribution, it would be to face both priests and demand reimbursement for all the counseling that my brother paid, and now, a generation later, my nephew's family has paid...and as far as I am concerned, the church has the blood of my brother and others forever tainting its hands. Alas, both priests are deceased, and finally, the nasty secrets are no longer hidden.

Oddly enough, my personal outpouring is a result of the spiritual workshop that I attended last week. The workshop dealt with feelings, old ones and new ones. It dealt with our profound effect on those who come to us for healing; how we share empathy based on our own catalog of past experiences. I found myself crying without control. After the 4 hour session, the facilitator asked me if I had some time and did I feel like sharing my moment with her. I told her this story. I felt relieved after we talked. She was the one who told me that I had to write this letter...and lucky you, I picked your e-mail from the website.

Thank you for listening. I do not expect to hear back. I just want someone to know that there is an entire iceberg of pain under the visual tip that the church has finally been forced to recognize. Improve the system: let these men marry and you might attract some 'normalcy' to the field. I do not see large crowds of men or women rushing to join up for a life of sacrifice and denial. Times change, the church must change to survive. I thought this current Pope was the one...he seemed such a clear thinker...but, a disappointment for sure.

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Maybe next time...and it will be soon.

Again, thank you for reading this letter. The circle is now complete. I do feel better. Give this letter to the highest ranking priest that you know.



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