

March 5, 1995

Dear Cardinal Angelo Sodano,

I am writing this letter to you because I am furious at a Catholic priest named Lawrence Murphy and want to know if Pope John Paul II will excommunicate him from the Catholic church.

I am sure that Pope John Paul II knows of the many priests who have molested hearing children in America, but I want you to tell my story to him; that priests have molested DEAF children, too. These children lived in dormitories with no chance for escape. I am one of them.

Enclosed are copies of letters I have written and mailed: one for Lawrence Murphy and the other for Archbishop Weakland of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Please read them to Pope John Paul.

I learned Catholic Doctrine very well. I want to know, will Pope John Paul II excommunicate Lawrence Murphy, who admittedly molested 34 deaf children? Why is he allowed to receive the Sacraments if he has never professed any remorse over his admitted actions? You have denied Communion to thousands of Catholics for sins far less heinous. I must say I will never understand. Can you please explain it to me?

Thank you for reading my letter.

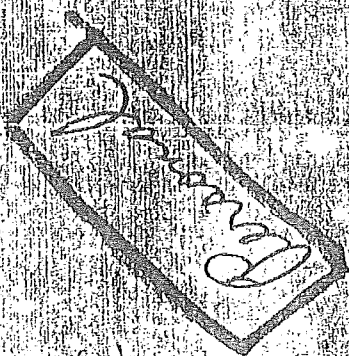
Sincerely,

Cardinal Angelo Sodano

Secretariat of State

Apostolic Palace, 00120 Vatican City St.

Europe



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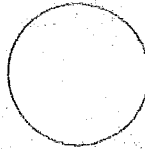
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PS Form 2865, October 1992

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PS Form 2865, October 1992 (Reverse)

February 12, 1995

To Mr. Lawrence Murphy:

I am writing this letter because I am very, very, very furious at you for molesting me when I was a student at St. John's School for the Deaf, ruining my life and almost ruining my marriage.

I cannot keep our secret about your life as a terrible molestor at our school for many years. I must tell the truth to Archbishop Weakland about you and how you ruined mine and many other children's faith in God and Jesus. You made us hate the Catholic church because we couldn't understand how you could be such a hypocrite of a priest who taught us about God while you were the secret molestor.

Everytime I see other priests I wonder, "Are they molestors, too?" They always remind me of you; a clever wolf, a mortal sinner, a heavy luster who walked among us every night in the Catholic dorm. We couldn't even hear you coming. I would lay awake every night shaking in fear that this would be a night you would touch me. Can you imagine that? Can you? Jesus on the cross on the wall saw you coming every night to molest us. He must have been shocked and grieved every time. I hope he cried like we did, because we were innocent children, pure Christians, good altar boys, and cute lambs. I hope Jesus is very furious at you and will send you to hell very soon.

I remember almost everything now. It is all so ugly it makes me want to throw up every time I have to face another memory of you. One time you told me that a deaf boy molested you at St. John's School and that is why you became a molestor. I do not believe you anymore!! Do you hear me? I don't believe you !!! You always blamed deaf children! I cannot

stand to hear you famous say, "I am very kind to deaf children and they stab my back, why?" You must be a very sick person. We did not stab your back. We finally started protecting each other from you because you are the skillful, sly, molestor. Some people still believe you are a holy priest. I cannot stand it!

It finally became clear to me why you required some deaf boys who couldn't pay tuition to work for you while others did not have to work for pay. The boys who had to work all had foreskins and the ones who stayed for free were all circumcised. Remember, you didn't like boys with foreskins. We circumcised students paid in another way; a sick way that haunts me every hour of my waking life. Do you understand me? The answer must be that you are mentally ill. How else could you molest me at night and then raise the host to God in the morning?

Do you remember another time I cannot stand to think about? A time that a poor deaf helpless boy went to St. Francis Police Station and told them that you molested him. You told the policeman that "The kid is mentally retarded." The policeman believed you and left. I want to know how you live with yourself. How do you look in the mirror knowing the number of lives you've destroyed? You are such an expert liar I guess you have convinced yourself that you have done nothing wrong. I am here to tell you that you have done major harm to us. Many of our lives are over because of you. Tell yourself THAT the next time you shave. Shame on you!

Do you remember when you caught a deaf boy sleeping with another deaf boy? Do you? I do. You spanked him with your belt but all the while you molested him. The depth of your destruction is like a deep dark, bottomless pit that has no end.

Do you remember when I told you that Mr. Barrett molested us? The

next thing I knew he left our school. You must have missed him alot since you went and visited him so many times. You make me sick.

Do you remember how you punished us and told us we couldn't eat our breakfast because we did not receive holy communion? No one dared to say you had no right to enforce the laws of the church because you were nothing but a molestor. Why didn't we say anything? Because we were frightened lambs and you were the deadly wolf. Now I know you are less than nothing. Not powerful. Nothing but a sick manipulator.

Do you remember how you told my high school girlfriend that her parents complained that I dated her too much? She asked her parents and they were puzzled. Why were they puzzled? Because they never said that! You were jealous of my interest in her. You wanted me to be YOUR lover. I cannot stand to think of it. I can't describe how revolted I was when I was told you admitted to the therapist that you were "in love with me!"

One of my sickest memories is how you shared your secret molesting of boys with Klenke at St. Rita's School for the Deaf. You two had nothing less than a Catholic pornography ring! You molested the children in your Catholic elementary dorm and sent them on to Klenke's Catholic high school dorm where he then took his turn molesting them.

Do you remember ? I recall he quit Klenke's Catholic pornography school. He came over to your school with his parents. You told his parents you wanted to talk to him alone. He told me you told him that you were gay and Klenke wanted him back. He was shocked and his parents asked him what was wrong. Like the rest of us, he said nothing. Do you know that he later committed suicide? You and Klenke are responsible for his suicide. God must punish you and send you to hell to stay forever.

never had a chance at life. You stole that from him. Unlike you,

he will never enjoy a Florida beach or a Wisconsin cabin. He will never laugh with friends and family. I hope every time you do any of these things you will now see            face. The very least you could do is be sorry, but you aren't. Well, I am. I am sorry for            and myself and all of the other's whose futures you wiped out from under them.

Do you remember when Barrett caught you molesting me? I wished and prayed he would help me and I also wished he could report you to Archbishop Cousin. But guess what? He figured since you were molesting us then he was free to do it, too. And he did!

You and Barrett are responsible for one boy who has been in a mental hospital since his twenties. He, too, was a good friend of mine. He too has never enjoyed the life the Catholic church has provided for you. I curse you and Barrett both!

Hey, does the church know about your male lover in Monroe, Wisconsin? Again, I am confused as I was taught at your hand a priest vowed chastity. But what is that compared to the number of souls you have single handedly destroyed? Anyway, I am sure Satan knows and is very proud of you, his servant.

But just tell me one thing. How could you hurt me the way you did? I was just a little kid. My mother had just told you the trauma I suffered over the past three years.

She told you all of that and BEGGED you to take care of me. I was numb with grief and fear and looked to you for some kind of comfort and security. You were all I had. No one at home signed. I could not communicate with them. I turned to you and what did you do? You molested me, that's what. You took advantage of a lost little



boy who had no one else. Because if you remember, as I do, you told me that my mother no longer loved me :  
You isolated me from the one person who possibly could have rescued me.  
I hate you for that.

I never understood why you were so popular with the deaf children. They seemed to love you very much. I know now how children often run to the very people who hurt them.

Remember the big statue of Jesus hugging the children beside our old school? The statue showed him being very kind to them. You fooled us by copying that pose, got us close and molested us. You should have never been a priest in the first place.

I remember when my friend wanted to become Catholic so he asked me to be his Godfather. You baptized him . . . then molested him after confession. That is so disgusting!!!!!!!!!!!!

Last year I learned that Archbishop Weakland fired you. It was one of the happiest moments of my life. But then I heard you still serve Mass in your home. How dare you! You cannot serve Mass because you are not a priest anymore. God does not accept you as a priest because you molested and ruined us. You must stop serving Mass. **YOU ARE NO LONGER A PRIEST!!!**

Do you know that you really ruined my life? I could never trust men because I thought maybe they would molest me as you did. Do you remember that first time? I came to confession and you asked if I had been masturbating. Then you told me to pull down my pants. I will always feel the horror of that moment. The conflict inside. Telling me to go to the bed and lie down. Touching me. Letting me believe that it is not a sin if you are the one masturbating me. I would not go to hell because you are a priest. And then continuing to allow me to believe that garbage for so many years! And then wanting me to touch you, bringing my hand to touch

you. I become sick thinking of it.

Because of you I have had trouble relating to people because I was always afraid they would ask me about you. The shame was isolating and all consuming. I did not want to become close friends with anyone in college because again I was afraid they would discover my dirty secret. Now I look at different priests and wonder, "Are they molesters?" I lost my Catholic faith because you confused me about Jesus and God. They should stop your heart and send you to hell before you rape more children.

The pain was unbearable at times. When I met my future wife I finally told someone about my hideous past. I told her. Instead of relieving me I suddenly was overcome with excruciating panic attacks. The worse part is, I almost lost her because I blamed her for them. I couldn't plan a wedding because I could never predict when I would be sent spiraling into the fear that was so overwhelming. So, thanks to you, we were married alone in a church of no particular faith. I had terrible anxiety attacks on our honeymoon because of you. I lost my job in panic and anxiety attacks were so debilitating I couldn't concentrate. But with the love and support of my wonderful wife who stood by me through it all, I finally passed it. You almost ruined my marriage, but you couldn't.

I wanted to start a family four years ago, but I couldn't because of my instability. Now my wife may have uterine cancer and we may never have children. I curse, curse, curse you!

You built a new school in order to molest more children and ruined them. The school closed. You ruined the Catholic deaf children's future.

I remember being very angry with you while I was in high school. You had taken me to your cottage in Boulder Jct. I told you I planned to tell Archbishop Cousin about you. You told me that you were insane and

told me to go ahead to tell the bishop. I finally told Archbishop Weakland that you admitted that you are insane.

I have one more thing to tell. You taught me about heaven and hell in our school. Now I know for sure that you will see your powerful Satan in hell very soon. God lets no one into heaven who is not deeply, truly, and shamefully sorry for his sins, in your case, atrocities. I am sure that Satan will be proud to give you a big award, "The Best Molestor on the Earth." You should be very excited about seeing Klenke again who should also share your torment.

I have been working very hard to get my soul back with God and Jesus. With the love and support of my family and friends I hope to heal. My shame and my dirty secret are back where they belong, with you, their creator.

cc: Archbishop Weakland  
Pope John Paul II

November 7, 1994

Archbishop Rembert Weakland  
Archdiocese of Milwaukee  
3501 South Lake Drive  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53207-0912

Dear Archbishop Rembert Weakland,

My name is \_\_\_\_\_ and I am deaf. I was raised  
for a time at \_\_\_\_\_

I was a good, devout Catholic who was taught and  
deeply believed in the Ten Commandments, Heaven and Hell. I  
received first communion from Father \_\_\_\_\_

At that time St. John's School for the Deaf in  
Milwaukee opened a room for me. I

I went back to St. John's School for the Deaf and was  
numb. \_\_\_\_\_ and I was completely lost  
and alone. I was looking for a second father because I  
needed someone to relate to. I saw Father Murphy who was  
very popular with the children. They seemed to like him. I  
wanted him to pay attention to me. He did.

At about twelve years old I masturbated and felt very,  
very afraid because I had been convinced it was a mortal sin  
and I would burn in hell forever. I was so afraid to die  
with a mortal sin. Priests and nuns told us about mortal sin  
and hell and fire and devils and the pictures were vivid in  
my mind.

I did not want to go to hell so I confessed to Father  
Murphy in confession. I believed him as God and acting for  
Jesus. Father Murphy wanted me to meet him at his office.

He asked me to pull my pants down and I was shocked but  
he was a priest so I pulled my pants and my underwear down.  
He looked around my penis and touched it. He brought me to  
his bedroom and put me on the his bed and molested my penis.  
I ejaculated and cleaned myself and left his bedroom. I was

puzzled and relieved that I was not sinner because he was a priest. He molested me for many years. I believed it was not aa sin because a priest was doing it and priests never sin.

Later I graduated from \_\_\_\_\_ College. I visited Father Murphy in Boulder Junction. That is where he took care of me and molested me there in the past. He wanted to molest me again and I said, "No". He was very angry.

I felt sick and guilty because I never told the truth about Father Murphy. At one point my good friend told me Murphy had molested him, but I was too ashamed to admit it happened to me, too. My friend committed suicide. For twenty some years I lived thinking his death was my fault, that I could have stopped it if I told him. Now I had a death on my conscience.

Not long before that my other friend told me about Father Murphy molesting him, too. He ended up in a mental hospital for many years after that. I thought it was my fault, too. Both could have been saved if I told them my ugly secret.

I was sure to go to hell like Catholic church taught me. My soul now was not with God. Father Murphy did that to me.

Did you know that Father Murphy had a secret with Father Klenke at St. Rita's School for the Deaf about molesting the children? They were very excited together. Father Murphy molested elementary school children and sent them to St. Rita's high school for the deaf and Father Klenke enjoyed molesting them. Who would have believed it even if I had told at the time, huh?

I suffered for many years because I could not tell people because I was very ashamed and guilty. For years I felt isolated and alone and always afraid someone would know my secret. I stayed alone, and had a very difficult time trusting anyone.

I had trusted Father Murphy to take care of me. He had told me early that my mother told him she did not love me but he did and would take care of me. Being deaf I had no one else. No one in my family knew sign language.

\_\_\_\_\_, my mother (so Murphy said, didn't care about me. He was all I had, my father.

When I finally did become close to a woman I was nearly forty years old. Imagine that. And she was the one I finally told my terrible secret. Two months later I was suffering horrible panic attacks. I couldn't eat or sleep and wanted hide or kill myself. She took me to a psychologist. I told him what happened and he did not help me. My panic attacks continued everyday for nearly three years until a psychologist gave me some medicine to help me. And I learned to talk about what happened to me.

I tried to get help from Father Tom Coughlin but he told me it was "no big deal". Father Joe in Chicago simply said it was horrible but couldn't help me. My suffering continued and my marriage almost failed because of my terrible pain of being close to someone.

When I received the newsletter last year that Father Murphy finally was defrocked I finally felt some relief that lasted without medicine. I called the number right away and was told that he admitted molesting me and thirty-four other boys. I treasure that on my TTY tape.

He told the psychologist he was "in love with me" and that I was special to him. I was sick again when I read that part from Liz.

I want to tell you all of this because I have hired a lawyer to represent me in a lawsuit against Father Murphy, St. John School for the Deaf, and the Archdiocese of Milwaukee. However, part of me is still Catholic enough to want to give you a chance to make restitution to me. I believe I would feel better if you did this without a lawyer. I am asking for 1.5 million dollars. From my research I am sure a court would award me more than twice that and I am not afraid to go public with what happened to me. I am no longer a frightened deaf altar boy.

In my heart I want peace and want to finally go on with my life. I have already lost my soul and my childhood and have little to look forward to in the afterlife, as your church has taught me. For that, and out of your own sense of morality, I am sure you will consider my offer.

Many have told me it would make a great book or movie and that I am morally obligated to have a big ugly public trial, but I would like to avoid all of that as the Catholic Church has had enough bad press. They don't need the story of a poor fatherless deaf boy left in the care of the Catholic priest only to be molested.

Please carefully consider my offer. I must do something to give myself the feeling that you have accepted responsibility for what happened to me. That is all I want and need.

Thank you for your time and I will await your reply.

Sincerely,

May 10, 1995

Cardinal Angelo Sodano  
Secretariat of State  
Apostolic Palace, 00120 Vatican City State  
Europe

Dear Cardinal Angelo Sodano,

I wrote you a letter and enclosed copies of the letters for Archbishop Rembert Weakland and Lawrence Murphy on March 5, 1995. I have not heard from you for two months.

I have some questions to ask you:

1. Is Lawrence Murphy excommunicated from the Catholic church?
2. The Catholic church cannot excommunicate Lawrence Murphy as a priest because it follows Canon Law. Is that correct?
3. Did you talk or write to Archbishop Rembert Weakland of Milwaukee, Wisconsin in the United States about my problems?

I would truly appreciate hearing from you. My address is above.

Thank you,