

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,