

I was born in April of 1947 in Georgetown, British Guiana (now called Guyana), on the north east coast of South America. My father was an American of Dutch descent whose home was in Wisconsin. He was an officer in the army air corps, later the Air Force. He was the eldest of a large family, and had sad memories of his childhood in the depression. He could be charming and smooth, and I think may have been a bit of a womanizer.

My mother was born in British Guiana. Her family was colonial British. I think one of my great uncles had been governor of the colony. Her family was also large but she was not the eldest. She seems to have had a very happy childhood, as she often would entertain my two sisters and me with tales of long holidays in Tobago and Trinidad, as well as stories of formal parties at their home in Georgetown. She grew up near the sea in a nearly perfect climate. Servants did the cleaning and cooking, nurses took care of the children. My mother did not know her way around a kitchen until she was forced to produce meals after becoming married. My father used to say he taught mom to cook.

My parents met under bizarre conditions, my father having been pulled off a military transport bound for the war in North Africa. At a dance they met and my dad, splendid in military uniform, announced that first night that he would marry my mother. She found him to be a very forward American. In fact they were married in Wisconsin in 1943 and my mother became pregnant almost immediately. My sister Sandra was born in April 1944, and Christine a year and a day later. I have been told that my mother adapted very poorly to life in Wisconsin with its fierce winters. They did not have much money and my mother would have periods of depression. When she was pregnant with me her doctor told my dad, "If you want your wife to live long enough to raise the children, take her back to her home." So I was the third child born in April. I had a normal birth and was taken care of by the family nurse. Before I was two years old we moved back to Wisconsin.

My earliest memory, and I am not sure this ever really happened, is of a doctor and my father examining my penis to see if I should be circumcised, as this was not "automatic" in British hospitals. My sisters were near the door and later told me that people walking by could see me. Did this ever happen? I don't know. Anyway the decision was not to circumcise which made me feel and look different from American boys. As I grew up I would avoid situations where I would have to change in front of others. Early in life my genitals were a source of shame to me.

We lived in many different places when I was small, and consequently my closest friends were my sisters. Before I was seven we lived in British Guiana, Wisconsin, Buffalo New

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York, Atlanta Georgia, and Van Nuys, California. Part of this time my father was away in Germany, and I think, Japan. I have very few memories of these years. I don't know what effect my father's absence had on me, but I was much closer to my mother and sisters.

I have two important memories from when I was six or seven years old. One was quite traumatic. We were living in the San Fernando Valley, and my dad was working at Edward's Air Force Base in the desert. He would come home to the apartment on weekends. On one of these occasions my mother and he must have had a fight. Our family was one in which there was a minimum of demonstrable emotion. We did not hug, or say endearing things to each other. Never were voices raised. We children were expected to be well behaved and quiet. No one ever yelled. At times we were spanked, but there was never a big scene. I think my mother has always been rather passive toward my dad, and she was conscious in those early years of her complete dependence on him. At any rate, there must have been some scene, and my dad came to me and announced that he no longer loved my mother, and instead was going to live in Germany with a woman he loved there. (I think he had an affair while he was overseas.) I came completely unglued. I became frantic and begged him not to leave us. I think all my fears of abandonment focussed on this moment. Years later my mother said she never understood why he had said that to me, such a small boy. She knew I would never forget it. As it turned out my dad stayed, but I am sure in the back of my mind I always feared abandonment.

The other memories I have are childhood sexuality memories of playing doctor with a girl named Marsha, of teasing my sisters about their boyfriends, and such. I have a vivid memory of getting in trouble for pulling down the pants of a smaller boy who lived in our apartment complex. I was with two other boys when we did this, and it may have been my idea. We did get caught by the small boy's mother and I remember being terrified that I was going to be punished. As it turned out my mother just told me not to do it again.

After living two more places in the Los Angeles area, and going to two more schools, we moved to a nice house in Orange County near Knott's Berry Farm and Disneyland. There used to be oranges there in those days. I was ten years old. My brother Peter had been born the previous year, and another brother, David, was born when I was eleven. So we almost had two families: the one in which I grew up with my two sisters, and a decade later one with two small boys. We all went to Catholic schools...my father is a great believer in quality education and he felt the nuns were the best available. We were told that if we got in trouble at school we could expect double that when we got home. I had a few friends, and I became an altar boy. I remember one frantic night when I was in training and the priest in charge told me

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that I could not be an altar boy because my Latin pronunciation was so bad. I went home sobbing and quite sure my father would be angry and disappointed. I have a memory of him sitting at my bedside and comforting me. He said he would get me a tutor. I remember being surprised that I was not in trouble, and I feel that my father empathized with his frightened son. I don't have many memories like that.

We were a proud Catholic family, and my father would put us on parade whenever possible. We would march down the front aisle on Sundays and sit conspicuously in a front pew. My dad became president of the Holy Name Society. We prayed the rosary as a family. We never watched television during the week, and on weekends we could only watch what my dad marked in the TV Guide. All homework had to be checked by him before being handed in to the nuns. During the summer we were required to bring home schoolbooks and dad would assign work daily. There was no doubt who ruled our lives. None of us could envision rebellion. My dad drank at the time, and eventually developed into an alcoholic, but I don't remember abuse of liquor. I do remember my dad's unpredictable and awful temper. Once my sister Christine went to a skating rink with a friend. Christine wore a skating skirt which my father had forbidden as being prurient. The other girl's parent was to have picked them up, but my father did instead. He said nothing to Christine on the way home, but once in the house he exploded as he had never before. He ripped the skirt from my sister and tore it to shreds. He was in a rage. My mother tried to stop him and then he turned on her. She locked herself in the bathroom but my dad kicked a hole in the door. All of us children were terrified and crying. It was one of the worst nights of my life. I don't remember how it ended, but the next day it was as if nothing had happened. A full-length mirror was bought and placed over the wrecked door. Everyone tip-toed around, but I don't think the incident was ever mentioned. We still lived in terror of another explosion. I described it as always having to walk on eggs so as not to upset my father. My mother claims it was like living next to a live volcano.

When I was thirteen I was emptying the garbage when I discovered a used Kotex. I hadn't a clue what it was so I carried it back into the house and showed it to one of my sisters. I said, "Look, some one's been bleeding!" My sister about died of embarrassment and I was rushed out of the room without explanation. What great secret had I uncovered? A few days later my father sat me down and together we began to read through a sex education book which had been recommended by the priests. They could not have chosen a worse source, because it was very anti-sex, and I believed every word. The pope would not have laid out a more conservative approach had he personally given the instruction. I remember verbatim one section when the book dealt with wet dreams. These were events that were

unavoidable but nevertheless to be resisted. Consider the pleasure one might realize to be poison to the soul. Wet dreams were like poison candy, it tasted sweet, but would kill the immortal soul. Any slip in a stalwart resolve to fight against the pleasure should be confessed immediately. Masturbation was unspeakably evil. I swallowed the instruction hook, line, and sinker. I would resist sexual pleasure forever. Every night I prayed that I would be spared a wet dream for fear I would fail to resist. I wanted to remain pre-pubescent. I didn't want to grow up into the confusing world of adolescence. When I began to grow pubic hair I secretly used an electric shaver to remove it. I was terribly ashamed. I prayed that my penis would remain small like a boy's. I thought men's genitals were ugly. I did whatever I could to resist the inevitable arrival of puberty.

Fitting well into this fear of sex, women, men, and my father, was the idea of going off to the seminary to be a priest. I had started to think about this years before, and I don't remember if the idea was mine or my father's. He certainly encouraged it, and probably would not have accepted any other profession from me. I was glad to be going away from home, and some of my friends from eighth grade were going to St. Anthony's in Santa Barbara also. I remember being disappointed when my father would not let me go to my graduation dance with my school friends. He said he didn't think the fathers at the seminary would approve of dancing with girls and such. I never protested, but did as I was told. At the age of fourteen I was off to boarding school.

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St. Anthony's was a small school of 230 students housed in large stone buildings behind Mission Santa Barbara. Most of the students were from middle class families and all arrived with hope of becoming priests and Franciscans. The dormitories were really barracks. There was very little privacy, which was difficult for me at first. This minor seminary functioned as both a pre-training program for priests and as a filter mechanism for straining out those who were not suitable. . . or at least that's how it worked on paper. As a result the senior class had about thirty members, while there were one hundred ninth graders.

I was not terribly homesick, and I adapted quickly to life at the seminary. The routine drove some out. I thrived. I loved the camaraderie, the instant allegiance to a group, the encouraged competition between classes. I was bullied by some of the older boys, but not to any serious degree. I was 5' 1" tall and weighed 102 pounds. I had never won a fight. The school prided itself on its monastic order and discipline. The chapel was beautiful with high vaulted ceiling, deeply shaded stained glass, and magnificent pipe organ. I came to love the services and mourned over the fact that I was not chosen for the choir. For three years I tried to join, and was only accepted as a senior. This experience affected the way I constructed choirs many years later. We played sports daily, and the school was divided into teams with varying divisions so that one was playing those of equal ability, or shall I say, inability. I learned to play football and baseball well, and I played handball at any available moment. Basketball was more difficult for me. St. Anthony's was very demanding academically. Languages were emphasized. Latin, Spanish, and Greek were required. Italian and German were electives, but one had to take an elective. Social studies, the arts, English, natural science, religion, were considered important. Mathematics were not well taught. Discipline was enforced through the ranks, and many older students abused their privilege, but basically the school ran smoothly. It was a microcosm, and the outside world had little to do with our lives. I thrived. *was never happier.*

Sex had very little to do with anything else in my life at that time. I knew of no liaisons among the students, or between the all male faculty and students. I never masturbated, and I often wondered what other boys confessed so often -- there was always a line at the confessional box before the 6:15 am Mass. I had reached puberty by the time I was a sophomore, and I suppose I had some wet dreams, but I was still afraid of any sexual thought or act. I remember lying in my bed and tickling myself -- not touching my genitals -- because the stimulation felt good. Actually I remember my first wet dream, during the summer after my freshman year. I recall fighting against any enjoyment and compulsively trying to utter some holy words so I would not do so. It was a real ordeal.

I wished I could fantasize about girls but I was afraid to do so. I lived a very pure life. When I was a junior we had a sex education course, which included basic facts and much morality. I was afraid to ask questions and admired those who were courageous enough to raise their hands. Once someone asked what exactly did "fuck" mean? There was dead silence in the room. That word was never heard at the school. The priest explained that it was a crude way of denoting sexual intercourse. I was grateful for the knowledge, as I hadn't a clue what it meant.

Gradually many of my friends left the school. They either failed the academic course, did not seem to have the correct attitudes, were disobedient in various small ways, or were simply judged "not to have a vocation". Some left on their own. At Christmas of my sophomore year, five boys were summarily expelled after the school's annual Christmas concert. Their crime: talking with some girls after the concert. No contact with the opposite sex was allowed.

In 1965 I graduated from the high school and went directly into the major seminary college in San Luis Rey, forty miles above San Diego. Again the school was a closed system, capable of functioning quite independently of the rest of the world. Academics were stressed, sports were not as important as in high school. Some men joined our class who had not been with us at the minor seminary. These were considered "delayed vocations" and were somewhat suspect from the start. For those of us who had been together before these new students arrived with a refreshing attitude that things could be done differently. This was the day of Peter, Paul and Mary, The Mamas and the Papas, and Bob Dylan. We would sit out near the orchard after supper and sing protest songs. It was at one of these sessions that some guys started talking about masturbation. I don't remember why the topic arose or what was said. What I did realize was that none of my classmates considered it wrong, and that I was the only one in the group who did not do it. We had been educated in a fairly liberal spirit, and not only did my classmates reject the categorization of sin into venial and mortal, but many of them questioned the church's entire approach to sin, guilt, sexual ethics, and many other questions. Further, the faculty had recently been on "retreat" with Carl Rogers who had introduced them to a whole new way of relating. There were encounter groups started and talk of "getting out our feelings". Sometimes days of recollection would end with the groups holding hands and swaying to Indian chants by candle-light. I was frightened of much of this, and tried to avoid "touchy-feely" sessions. But the atmosphere was away from judgment and toward embracing, accepting, and sharing. I accepted most of the new theology in the church, and was considered a radical by my family, but I was never comfortable with some of the physical byproducts of this new renaissance.

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Autobiography: an insert

There is one event which I forgot to include from my high school years. I have never been able to assess its significance but I have downplayed its importance in my development. I don't remember thinking it too important at the time, and I am reluctant to give it too much power now. In fact, I don't feel particularly comfortable bringing it up at all.

One night when I was in boarding school I was sleeping alone in the school infirmary because I was running a fever. I must have been a sophomore or a junior. I woke up in the night to find a priest sitting on my bed and ready to take my temperature, which he did. Then he took off the covers, lifted my pajama tops and lowered the bottoms. I tried to stop this, but he gently moved my hand out of the way. Then he placed a folded towel on my chest and began to rub my stomach and chest. I became erect from the stimulation and his hand did rub against my penis several times. I remember feeling some distress at this because I did not know how much of this it might take to cause ejaculation. Before this did happen he stopped, covered me up, and left. The whole thing lasted, I suppose, about ten minutes. The next morning he asked me if I had been awake when he came in. When I said "yes" he said that he was trying to lower my temperature by making me perspire. I thought all this was a bit odd, but I never told anyone about it and pretty soon it faded from my memory. While I don't think it is of crucial importance in my life, it is curious that this is nearly the exact activity I would perform ten to fifteen years later.

I decided I would masturbate (I think we said "jack off"), but I wasn't sure what to do. I knew I was supposed to rub my penis, but how and for how long? I went to my room, locked the door, spread a towel on the bed, and lay on my stomach rocking back and forth. I suppose I fantasized about a naked woman, and after what I thought was a very long time, suddenly it worked! I was very impressed and decided I had a lot of time to make up. I did not feel guilty at all. I don't remember how often I masturbated after that, but probably several times a week. I don't think I ever confessed it as a sin, or ever told anyone about it. It was the beginning of a secret life.

San Luis Rey was adjacent to Camp Pendleton Marine Base, and the local town had a number of sex shops. I remember the first time I looked into the door of one, and saw row after row of magazines of naked women. I couldn't believe it. I walked out dazzled. Later I actually bought one and kept it between the mattresses in my room. That helped masturbation fantasies. I also read some "dirty novels". Probably it was here that I read my first story involving women and small boys. That image was very erotic for me, and eventually I read a lot of these books about women having sex with minors. I also bought some porno magazines of naked children. I asked my best friend once if he saw anything "special" in pictures of children. He said, "No, not at all." I began to realize that I was different. Sometimes I worried about this, but I thought that as long as it was just fantasy, there was no reason to panic. I knew that most people could dream about things they would never actually do.

A few times during the summers of my college years I associated with some young women who were family friends. Once I took a girl to dinner and a movie. We were definitely not lovers or anything like that, but had been friends for years. When I graduated from college and petitioned to continue in the Franciscan program, one of the examiners asked if I had ever dated. They didn't want me to go on if I had no experience of any alternatives. I told them I had dated a few times, and that I was fully aware of what I was doing. I was passed on to the next step.

That summer I worked at Children's Farm Home in Corvallis, Oregon. I had some experience teaching children religion in classes at Camp Pendleton, and I found I was very successful and happy doing this. In the back of my mind I wanted to be a child psychologist, or social worker, or teacher. In Oregon I was on a team taking care of older adolescents. This was difficult both because I didn't really like these boys, and because I was only a few years older than they. I petitioned to work with the 12 and 13 year olds, but it was denied. I did enjoy something of a friendship with a college girl named Lora Saleen from Sweet Home, Oregon. We would go

for rides on my little Honda motorbike and have picnics. I really liked her and we got along well. She knew that I was in line to be a priest, and that probably stultified the relationship somewhat. On the other hand she felt safe. I distinctly remember one night when a number of us counselors were having a "get together" at the house where I lived. When the dancing started I panicked because I didn't know what to do. I didn't know how to dance. So, I excused myself, went into my room, locked the door and masturbated to visions of a naked Lora. I also remember being very angry that I was so inadequate. Later that summer the group showed me how to dance. I loved both slow, close dancing, and the faster, freer style. Once started, I didn't want to stop. At summer's end I returned south to California and entered the Franciscan novitiate in Sacramento. Lora and I wrote each other a few times, then the friendship faded. I had never even kissed her goodbye. A few months ago I threw out the old letters from her that I had saved all these years.

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In novitiate I received the Franciscan robes and began a program which would run several years, and conclude in a "final" commitment to life as a Franciscan and then ordination. I never had a "vocation crisis" or a vision or a rebirth. I just followed the schedule, basically did as I was told, and kept my mouth shut. I had always been skilled at pleasing authority figures. Novitiate proved rather boring, so I looked for something else to do. My confreres took various jobs around the plant, such as cleaning the church, cooking for the group, or teaching religion at the adjacent school. I wanted something outside of the place so that I could be more independent. I applied for a job at a local Catholic children's home which had once been an orphanage and now was a boarding and day school for "dependent children", many of whom had been assigned there for various reasons by the courts. I started working a couple of hours a day supervising the play period of 10 to thirteen year old boys. Sometimes on Saturdays I worked all day, or now and then I would be called in on an emergency when someone got lost or ran away. I was good at my job, understood the children well, and was able to set my own schedule in novitiate. This was unheard of since novitiate was supposed to be a carefully regulated life. This was a pattern I later became known for: being able to set my own agenda on the edge of a group so that no one ever knew exactly what was going on with me.

There was one boy at St. Patrick's Children's Home in whom I took special interest. Perhaps he seemed more vulnerable than the rest. Maybe there was something about him that was physically attractive to me. I used to spend extra time talking with him and helping him with his homework. I never abused the boy or touched him inappropriately, but I clearly was attracted to him. The nun in charge always supervised the boys' showers and bed-times, in fact:

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After one year of this I took leave of Sacramento and moved to Berkeley. There I was enrolled in the Franciscan School of Theology and became a member of the Graduate Theological Union. While the Union had existed for some years, it was only recently that Catholic students and faculty had begun to participate. This was truly an ecumenical educational experience. For the first time I really became interested in academics. I began working for an M.A. degree in English church history. There was a lot of freedom given us students and I thoroughly enjoyed designing my own program, both in studies and in life. For the first time I was not carefully monitored. I flourished. A colleague of mine, another Franciscan, was in charge of music at the Catholic college Newman Center. This also functioned as an area parish. Knowing that I was interested in boys choirs and music, he asked me to think about starting a boys

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choir at Newman. I did so, I recruited and trained the choir while making many friends with the boys' parents and siblings. I worked very hard and the choir met with a measure of success. I was quite happy. I was invited out often by people connected to the choir. As always, people seemed to trust me implicitly.

What was going on sexually at this time? I was still masturbating, and from time to time I would purchase some pornographic novel or magazine. This was a very free time in Berkeley -- the early 70's. It would not be uncommon to see children take off their clothes and paddle around one of the campus fountains. This was of great interest to me, and sometimes I would photograph them with my telephoto lens. I also found in one of the full service book stores on Telegraph, some photography essays which centered on boys. Some of these were very acceptable, some less so, but from these books that I purchased the idea grew of taking my own photos of boys. In fact I did so on two occasions. once with [redacted] and once with [redacted]. My relationship with [redacted] is the more significant of the two.

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When [redacted] first joined boys choir he was young, seven or eight years old, and very vulnerable because his parents were going through a divorce. He had light brown or blonde hair and blue eyes. He also sang quite well. Before long he was singing solos and coming for extra practices. I knew his mother well, also his sisters and grandmother. The family was comfortable with me and with the care and interest I took in [redacted]. Once I was with [redacted] alone at a borrowed beach cabin. I had decided we were going to do a one day look at a boys life in pictures. I had a photo journal from which I got the idea. So we did a sequence from rising to going to bed complete with bath and a trip to the beach. I don't remember how [redacted] reacted to all of this, but he was cooperative. He trusted me. I'm sure for me the exercise was sexually stimulating. I eventually had the film developed in Germany and small prints made, which I would look at from time to time. Finally I destroyed negatives and prints. But there is more to the story of [redacted] and me. We used to wrestle, and I would tickle him, while paying special attention to touching his genitals. One summer he came and spent a month with me in Oregon, where the same type of activity was repeated many times. Always this was done under the cover of some "legitimate" touching. [redacted] never seemed to mind, and I wasn't about to stop on my own. He sang some solos at a Mass following my ordination, and I have been in touch with his mother for years. When my provincial requested names of those I had abused, I gave him [redacted] along with a recent address. Today [redacted] is in therapy trying to recover from my molesting him.

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About this same time, or possibly before, I molested my little [redacted] in Oregon. I was staying at my [redacted]'s home, and while she

was at work I would babysit [REDACTED] I also took some nude photographs of him when he was very small, as he wandered about half naked. I also posed some photos of him pretending to be changed by his sister. But this was not the worst. One night after Christmas I was visiting my [REDACTED]. I think it might have been New Year's Eve. Certainly we had been drinking, although I was not drunk. The children were still awake and we were watching television when I realized my [REDACTED] had gone to bed in her room which was at a distance from the children's rooms. At any rate, I told [REDACTED] to go to bed and I took [REDACTED] to his room, helped him with pajamas, and put him in bed. I was rubbing his back and then his chest, while touching his penis. It became erect, but I was sure he was asleep. Wondering what it would feel like, I put his penis in my mouth for perhaps five seconds. I remember thinking it was similar to sucking my thumb. A little shaken by this impulsive act I went to bed. The next morning [REDACTED] and I were watching cartoons. He asked me what I was doing to him last night. A wave of panic came over me as I realized he had not been asleep and knew exactly what had happened. I told him I was just playing a game, and not to worry about it, it was nothing. For the next several years I was worried he would bring it up some night at the dinner table. I don't know if he ever told my [REDACTED] about that night. No one has ever spoken to me about it.

During these years, the early 70's, I made one attempt to deal with my disturbing thoughts and actions. I tried to tell a Franciscan counsellor about it on two occasions. I always used such a round-about presentation that at neither time did he discover what I was talking about. I would hint, he would stab, and we missed each other entirely. Once I said that I was worried about the attraction boys were to me. He said he knew what I meant, that he would like to spend more of his time visiting the elderly, but he still had to leave enough time for his academic work. How was my master's thesis coming, etc.?

In 1972 I completed a master's degree in theology, and the next year I was ordained a deacon. Soon after I received permission to spend a year in England and Germany working as a research assistant to a law professor from Cal Berkeley. I was very good friends with his family, and I would also help take care of the four boys and a girl so that the parents could escape on occasion and travel without the family. I never abused any of the children, and I don't remember being tempted to do so, although there would have been ample opportunity. I loved the time in Europe, and specialized in learning the intricacies of the English school system. For a time I lived in Oxford, and then in Cambridge where I soaked up the culture of the English cathedral and collegiate choir. I resolved to return whenever I got the chance. I do remember spending some time in a porno shop in Amsterdam, which had examples of every kind of sex you can imagine, but I bought nothing there. I did buy the German edition of a large sex education book which later appeared in this country under the name Show Me! It sold here in Dalton Book Stores and featured naked children. I also bought a French sex education book with several photos of a family au naturel. I kept these hidden from the family with which I was staying. I also investigated the possibility of studying English history at one of the universities, but that never worked out.

When I returned to California I served as a deacon in our church in Phoenix, and then in May of 1975 I was ordained a priest in the new St. Mary's Cathedral in San Francisco. Here was the focal point of fourteen years of study and training. My family proudly posed with me for photographs. My parents were beaming. My mother's parish priest use to say to her, "You are very blessed -- the mother of a priest." My sisters had always doubted that I was doing the right thing with my life, but on that day and the following when I said Mass for the first time at the parish church everyone joined in the celebration. As usual I was having trouble "staying in the moment," as I was planning the next step. I had been accepted in the elementary teacher education program at Cal Berkeley, and I was hoping to teach children. The provincial met with me and I explained what my plans were. His were different. St. Anthony's Seminary in Santa Barbara was desperate for a teacher, and he wanted me to go there. The school had changed radically after I had graduated ten years before, and I did not like its new policies. I told the provincial I didn't want to go there, and after an exploratory visit, I was convinced that I was right. I argued with the provincial, who reminded me of my vow of obedience. A few weeks later, during the summer vacation, I moved down to Santa Barbara, angry, resentful and hurt.

I used to help out on Sundays by saying Mass at the Old Mission. The ushers and lectors referred to me as "the rookie". At times I was the only one resident at the school, a large four-story stone

building connected with dormitories, classrooms, cavernous halls, and dark passages. The grounds cover sixteen acres. One night a crazy man climbed in my third-story bedroom window and said he was the son of god. I was lonely, confused, inexperienced, and angry

The real nightmare began when the faculty and students arrived in late August. Gone was the clean-cut, middle class student body of my schoolboy years. True to the Franciscan ideal, the school had begun to cater to the poor, the disadvantaged, those who badly needed a good education to survive. It was a noble cause, and among these students were some very fine young men, some of whom became Franciscans, but the experience was very different from the early sixties. Girlfriends were tolerated, and after some time were even encouraged. In many ways the curriculum was now up to date and more practical, but the classics had been dropped. Latin and Greek were no longer offered, and so on. I was supposed to replace two people who had left, and no experienced faculty member wanted to increase his teaching load, so as new man on the team I was given the courses that had been taught by two men. I had never been in a classroom before as a teacher, but I was given a heavy work load. That first year I taught Frosh social studies, Sophomore history (1 sem.), and religion, upper division art/music appreciation, and Senior psychology (1 sem.). Then the choir director quit just before the school's annual concert, so I took over that also. I was dean and chaplain for the sophomore class, and also took my turn at supervising students in the dining room, study hall, dormitory, and weekend free times. Soon I came to hate most teenagers. They were loud, ill-mannered, and always in trouble. In the first few months of fall I decided to do something I would enjoy and that I could control. I founded the Santa Barbara Boys Choir, and recruited boys from area churches and schools. More and more I spent my free time (such as it was) working on the choir and separating myself from my fellow Franciscans. The school administration was suspicious and jealous of the boys choir from the start. I became more secretive and isolated. I had lost my place at Cal, but I was teaching small boys anyway, and I had complete control of the organization. Early in the choir's history I began involving parents in planning, fund-raising, etc., but it was clearly my choir, and the fulfillment of one of my fondest dreams. Now I understand that it was also a constant supply of attractive little boys.

REDACTED

15

I don't remember who was the first boy with whom I acted inappropriately in Santa Barbara, but I do remember several different boys all of whom I associated with in the first or second year. The choir only rehearsed once a week in those early days, so if a special song was to be worked on, it had to be outside of the normal practice time. As a result there were any number of times when I would have arranged to be alone with a boy. Often I would plan not only to rehearse music with a particular boy, but also would want to play certain games with him, which were sexually charged experiences for me. I was in my late twenties, and these boys were eight to eleven years old. Parents always seemed supportive and generally delivered their sons, and collected them several hours later. Almost always I would start with a music practice for perhaps an hour. Eventually we would end up playing darts in my office. If the boys lost the game, he would have to submit to being tickled for a certain length of time. Usually I would suggest or insist that he wear a pair of athletic shorts without underwear "so that I could tickle him better." Because these shorts had large leg openings, I could not only see the boy's genitals, but also rub against them while tickling him on the stomach or legs. I used this same pattern with several boys, and this is what my intervention letter described. I would find this kind of play very stimulating and would have an erection. I don't know if any of the boys ever noticed this, as I was always fully clothed, but I was conscious of it. After this game, which might last twenty minutes or an hour, I would tell the boy to change back into his clothes and we might do something else, like hike along the creek behind the seminary. Then he would be picked up or I would take him home. Later I would masturbate while imagining rubbing a boy's penis. All of these fantasies would involve a contextual story, that is, I would imagine arranging a meeting, what clothes the boy would be wearing, what dialogue would take place, etc. Even if I used an image of a boy I did not know in a fantasy, I would have to make up a story which would place the boy in some sort of relationship with me. I don't know why it was so important for me to do this, but a large part of the excitement would be imagining this "grooming" behavior. The same is true with my fantasies of women, that is, I would have to create some type of relationship on which to base the sexual encounter. Perhaps this is why prostitution or anonymous sex always seems so repulsive to me, or at least I have trouble imagining sex with someone I don't know. I have been speaking of a general pattern of behavior, now I suppose I should tell of some specific happenings

use a very attractive little boy, perhaps nine years old when he first joined choir. He was very well tanned, and now that I think back on it, he was probably the most beautiful child that I molested. He also had rather effeminate mannerisms, although I did not find these particularly attractive. His mother was divorced,

REDACTED

REDACTED

and he had three older sisters, so his mom was very happy at the attention I was giving him. [redacted] used to come over some days after school, and often came over on weekends. He was only an average singer, so we did not do a lot of music together. I think we talked a lot, as he was fairly sophisticated. I used to play darts with him, which would end with the tickling I described above. I don't remember ever actually touching his penis, but the game was still sexually exciting. He seemed to enjoy himself also. Somehow I coerced him into posing for nude photographs. We would go into the music room, which locked from the inside in a way that no one could get in. Using a black stage curtain as a background I took various shots of him either dressed or undressed. The poses were formal and not in themselves erotic, but photographing a naked boy was stimulating for me. I developed the photos myself in the school lab, with varying degrees of success. I remember one picture in particular. In it [redacted] was naked and standing sideways to the camera with his hands clasped behind his back. He was partially erect and the contrast of him against the black background was soft with an elusive quality. It was a very good picture that I could show to no one. It was very hard for me to destroy this photo, and I tried to discover a way that I could keep the negative, but I was afraid of getting caught with it, so after some time I burned both. As [redacted] grew older he lost interest in the choir, and I saw him less and less. I am quite sure he is one of those who responded to the call to report me, because my provincial knew about these photos even though I never told him that I had photographed [redacted]. I don't know if he has accepted the offer of counseling which has been extended to all my victims. I hope he is recovering from the damage I did.

REDACTED

REDACTED

17

first came to choir when he was too young to join, but his two brothers were in choir, and his mother usually helped at practices with passing out music, or by bringing cookies. I abused both of his brothers with tickling games where I rubbed against their penises, and I did take a few nude pictures of but I was really out of control with I took nude photos of him when he was quite young, perhaps seven years old. Some of these I gave to his mother, as I thought they were quite artistic. Over perhaps a four year period I took dozens of photos of some nude, many clothed, but I never again gave nude pictures to his mother. was very fair boy, with blond hair. Sometimes he was not anxious to come to St. Anthony's to see me, but with some pushing, or promise of ice cream, he would usually agree. Once there, he never balked at the photo sessions. I would get him to undress gradually, by taking a picture of him first fully clothed, then without shirt, then without pants, and so on until he was nude. Sometimes we would take these pictures outside, in the foothills of Santa Barbara, but more often somewhere around the seminary. There were many private spots available. We would do other activities together. Like go sailing in S.B. harbor, or go for a hike, but my main interest was in seeing nude, or in tickling, touching, or rubbing him

One "game" I would play with him, which allowed me to touch him at will, was to see how long he could lie quietly acting as though he were asleep. Sometimes he would do this with a "walkman" radio over his ears. I would already have made sure he was dressed in loose-fitting shorts with no underwear. With him lying across my lap on a couch I would pretend I was playing the piano on him, all up and down his body, or I would just lightly tickle him all over, including on his genitals. This game could go on for twenty minutes or longer. Once I rubbed his penis so intensely that he actually reached a form of orgasm, as his penis jerked by itself. This excited me a great deal, and I remember being very sexually excited by this. was still pretending to be asleep. I never again tried to do bring him to orgasm, but the memory gave me many re-run experiences while masturbating by myself.

I also did some "kinky" things to. Once I rubbed his whole body with oil so that the photo lights made him look shiny. This was also, of course, and excuse to rub his penis. I took some photos of him as though he were an impoverished Appalachian boy in the depression: he wore only a ragged t-shirt. Once, or perhaps more than that, I took him up into our tower which was stark concrete with steel barred windows, and he posed as a prisoner with few clothes on. I took some photos of him tied up with a big rope. It was as though I felt I could do anything to him that I wanted. In marked contrast, I also photographed him in choir robes against stained glass window.

REDACTED

When [redacted] was about eleven, one day I was playing the dart game with him. I told him he had to wear the special shorts with no underwear. He said he did not want to; I insisted. He started to cry, and that snapped something in my head. For the first time I was seeing signs that he really did not like this. Just about then his father drove up on a motorcycle, and I told him he could get dressed and go home. That marked the end of my molestations of [redacted]. He remained in the choir, and afterwards followed his brothers to become a boarding student at St. Anthony's, but I did not approach him again.

18  
REDACTED

I think [redacted] is the boy whom I molested most seriously. I did so more often and to a greater intensity than with any other. When my Provincial asked me if there were anyone he should specifically contact regarding my behavior, I gave him [redacted]'s name. Later it came out that I had also been involved with his older brothers. The three boys (young men) have begun proceedings to sue the Franciscans.

There were several other boys with whom I played these sexual games, like darts with sexual tickling, or massage including either directly rubbing their penis or rubbing near it. This was the case with [redacted] and perhaps [redacted] brothers, and with [redacted] who wrote the intervention letter. Once at night I also gave a "rub down" which included some touching of his penis. He did not really want me to do this, but I kept asking (begging) until he consented.

REDACTED

Sometimes I would take some boys on a special outing, or on vacation with me. Usually I took four boys, but sometimes only two. These would include back rubs (read sexual touching) with some of the boys. I gave the same type of treatment, that is, "back rubs" which included some rubbing of the genitals to a few boys who were students at St. Anthony's. I clearly remember this with two boys, both of whom had been in the boys choir. At least one more young man has accused me of molesting him in this way, but I don't remember doing this, although I don't think he is lying, and clearly I am capable of doing it. I don't think I continued this activity in the dormitories for a very long time. The official report on this behavior calls it "assaults in the dormitory."

In 1963 we took the boys and men's choir to England for the second time. After the choir returned, another adult and I and two boys continued to tour. Each night I would give one or both of the boys a "back rub" which included touches in the area of their genitals.

Upon returning to California, I read in the L.A. Times that a boys choir director in southern Calif. was being charged with child

molesting for touching some of the boys' genitals. I was terrified and shocked. For the first time it was before me that what I had been doing could be classified as criminal behavior. I became paranoid. I imagined that every boys' parents read that article and decided to carefully question their sons about me. This brought on a crisis. I was sure I would be found out. Of course I could tell no one. I tried to think clearly but couldn't. I barely slept at night. I avoided boys and their families. I told myself my life was over, I had no options, the damage had been done and could not be repaired. The only good thing I could do was to commit suicide before the truth came out. I was bothered by the fact that I did not seem to be able to plan clearly. I also wished I knew more of what moralists were saying about suicide. Actually I was frozen into doing nothing. Finally someone suggested I see the school psychologist. With really no hope I went to see him and eventually was able to tell him of my fantasies. I never gave him enough information to report me. Exactly what I said I don't remember, but the sessions helped me enough that I started to get better. By now school had started and with it the choir was back on its practice schedule. Everyone seemed to treat me just as always. I resolved never again to touch a boy in a way that could get me into trouble. I was still constantly around boys, still occasionally had one stay the night (sleeping in a separate room), still supervised showers, still took some on trips. But I avoided rubbing their genitals, and never again did I take a photo of a boy nude. Now, with the tacit approval of my psychologist, I started paying attention to adult women. Why I had never before been sexually involved with a woman is somewhat difficult to answer. From an early age I had been taught that women were a dangerous temptation for priests. I knew and enjoyed many women, most of whom were connected to the choir, but I never was conscious of any sexual energy between us. If there had ever been invitations in the past, I had totally missed them. I also never thought a woman would be interested in me in a physical way. I felt that I was unattractive to women, or certainly at least I was unavailable. At any rate, never before had it been an opportunity or issue. Once I decided to be more open to the possibility of sexual involvement, within a couple years I had relationships with three very different women, all of whom I enjoyed.

█ and I had been fairly good friends for several years. Her son had been in choir since he was eight, and she and her husband had been helpful with projects a number of times. Their marriage broke up, but occasionally I would still visit for a glass of wine or for dinner. We began to take evening walks together once or twice a week. She was artistic and witty and she seemed to enjoy our walks as much as I did. Afterwards we would stop at her home and talk over a glass of wine. Once on a rather chilly evening we were taking a walk. I had my hands in my overcoat pockets. All at once

FEMALE  
#1

she put a hand in my pocket as well and so we continued holding hands. This was a new sensation for me that I liked. I felt warm and flushed and happy. When we returned to her house she asked if she could give me a good-night kiss. I said "sure" but I didn't know what to do. I did catch on fast and kissing became part of our "goodbye" ritual, which gradually became more intense. On one occasion she took my hand and placed it on her breast, giving me permission to explore. Before long I was feeling her breasts under her blouse and having battles with those damn bra clasps. All this was a bit dangerous because she did have three children in the house. But I found it wonderfully exciting and sexually stimulating. I did go through some periods when I worried about where all this was going, and sometimes I would avoid her street for fear of running into her, but gradually I overcame these doubts. I felt a whole new world was opening up for me, and for the most part I felt really good about the experience. I felt that I was normal, and reacting in a perfectly normal sexual way. Once or twice I tried to touch her below the waist, but she stopped me and said she did not want to be touched there. Never were we naked together, nor did we have intercourse or oral sex. Throughout the autumn, winter and spring we saw each other regularly. This was the same time I was trying to overcome my depression. During the summer of '83 I lived in Berkeley and went to school at USF. [redacted] came to San Francisco and we spent several days together touring around, holding hands, and kissing. I was my usual paranoid self and was frightened that we would be seen by someone I knew. This next part of the story is very embarrassing for me to tell. One evening she took me to her hotel room and asked me if she could give me a special gift. After I laid back on the bed she undid my belt and lowered my pants and underwear. She took a hold of my penis and was going to do "I don't know what," when all of a sudden I began to ejaculate. I was horribly embarrassed and dressed as quickly as possible and left. I don't think I saw her again for six months because I went on sabbatical in England. When I returned she told me that she had met someone and they were to be married. I was terribly disappointed, but of course I was not going to marry her. I just liked our games and sexual play. My first serious romance was over.

In the fall of 1984 I went to England on sabbatical to work as a chaplain at an all-girls school. (A mixed lower school was attached.) I was still trying to deal with depression, and some time away seemed like a good idea. I acted as chaplain and also taught an introduction to psychology course to the 5th and 6th form girls. The Sisters were more than kind to me, and I made life-long friends with the Headmistress, Sr. Monica. Significantly, I arranged for one of the choirboys from Santa Barbara to spend the month of December with me while attending school in England. No one ever said that they thought this an odd thing to do, but in hindsight Sr. Monica said she was surprised by my request. I knew I

REDACTED

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would enjoy my stay much more if I had one of the boys to share the experience with. \_\_\_\_\_ came over and we did have a great time. I liked to have a child to take care of, and \_\_\_\_\_ got along well with the English boys and with the Convent Sisters. He became the darling of the older girls who often invited him to their common room for hot cocoa in the evening. I did not molest \_\_\_\_\_ that is, I never touched his genitals, but I did give him "back rubs" (body rubs) and prepare his bath, etc. There is something about me that is happier when accompanied by a small boy I think it is probably a combination of sexual feelings, emotional attachment, and permission to play on a child's level. Perhaps besides the sexual element, the child in me wants a playmate.

REDACTED

Also during these years I practically raised a boy named \_\_\_\_\_ He was without a father, and his mother worked two jobs. He was a bright boy with a sweet singing voice who needed help. I put together a fund to pay for a better school for him, and often helped him with his homework, took him to his therapist, etc. He had his own room in my apartment and often stayed the night. Many times I gave him back rubs and body rubs but I avoided his genital area. I was determined not to molest him. Now I realize that I put myself in some very dangerous circumstances but I never touched his genitals. After I went on sabbatical he spent less time with me, but we remained friends (almost a father-son relationship actually) until he grew out of choir.

About this same time, the mid-1980's, I had a short affair with a single woman who was on our faculty. It started one evening when she told me she was afraid she was falling in love with me. I was astounded because, although I found her attractive and considered her a friend, I had no idea how one just "fell in love". She was leaving the school at the end of term, so we both knew this would not be a long-term relationship. We did kiss, and touch each other intimately, and have oral sex, but never intercourse. At the end of the year she moved away, but we did see each other on occasion and for a while we were sexual at these times. Eventually we saw each other very little, she found other friends and later married.

LUDMAN # 2  
(ON FACULTY)

I became Rector of St. Anthony's in the fall of 1984, and struggled to keep the school open, but the decision was made to close it in the spring of 1987. This was a very difficult time of transition, and I worked ~~very~~ hard to keep student body and faculty in reasonably good spirits until graduation. Then I industriously set out to lease the buildings, put the library in storage, etc. I was highly praised by our Board of Directors for the work I did at this difficult time. The next year I started work on a history MA at \_\_\_\_\_ Then my next crisis hit.

RECORDED

22

A Franciscan priest and former faculty member was accused of molesting two young boys while they were students at St. Anthony's. Not only was I the best of friends with this family, but unknown to them at the time, I had molested the same two boys when they were in choir. By tickling them and touching their genitals I was expected to console the family, deal with the anger of the parents, handle community relations because the offender had been on the faculty, and deal with my own feelings of horror at what I had done myself. I came close to an emotional breakdown. Again I felt that I could not go on living, I could not tell anyone why, and soon I would be found out anyway. I canceled some of my classes at the university, locked myself in the office, and once again felt like committing suicide. As a last resort I made another appointment with my therapist and explained in general terms the state of my life. He once again helped me to pull out of my depression, but I don't think I ever really completely recovered.

Around this same time I began to be sexual with a woman, slightly older than myself, whom I had known as a friend for years. She had been involved in cheer before, and three of her boys had earlier been in it. She was separated from her husband and working toward a divorce. We began by jogging together, then went on some picnics. I don't remember how the relationship turned sexual, but it did. I was feeling very alone, she was starved for affection, and the opportunity to be together was there. For a number of years we carried on this "affair." I loved the mutual touching, the kissing less, and I never was comfortable performing oral sex on her. But we did masturbate each other, and in this way I believe she reached orgasm. Sometimes I would not ejaculate the entire time although I would have a strong erection. Perhaps I could not relax enough, or I was afraid to be out of control, or I was just unable to reach sexual release. Twice I think we had intercourse. After each time I was a nervous wreck, because even though one of the times I was wearing a condom, I was still afraid she might become pregnant. She used to ask me if I loved her, and although I could express care and close friendship, I was afraid to say I was in love. Not only do I not know exactly what that means, but I was afraid of the commitment which saying it might involve. Even when I moved to Berkeley in 1991, she used to come to the Monterey Bay area and we would secretly meet to spend time together and to be sexual. I never did spend an entire night with her.

WOMAN # 3

Backing up a bit, in June of 1991 I finished my degree at the university, and I was asked to move to Berkeley to work in the Provincial office. I had been listless and unhappy, could not describe any job that would interest me, and was generally depressed. The boys choir hired a new director, I was replaced by another administrator in Santa Barbara, and with somewhat heavy heart moved to Berkeley.

While living in Berkeley I worked in Oakland at our provincial office, mainly doing secretarial work. As I had nothing else I wanted to do I was not dissatisfied, but clearly this would be a transition job. I got along well with the office staff and I was reasonably happy, but had no ambition. Sexually I was continuing to masturbate to images both of women and boys, and as I said before, occasionally I would see [redacted] in secret of course.

The year sort of bumped along taking me with it. In December I visited the choir in Santa Barbara, but already there were boys in it whom I had never met. I felt welcomed but estranged. There was a dispute going on about the new director, and I was drawn into the controversy. That was not pleasant. In April I joined some of my family for a 10K race in the Redwoods. Then in May the letter of intervention arrived. This was addressed to me with copies sent to several church officials, including my Provincial, confronting me with a rebuke of perhaps ten years earlier. The people who had sent it had been my best friends. The tone of the letter was stern, but the writers tried to point out that by forcing me to get help they were not only protecting other boys, but helping me as well. (Since this time they have become very hostile.) I sat down with my provincial and a couple of good friends that same night and told them the accusations were true, and that there were many other instances of similar behavior. I was somewhat in shock, but I was not overly surprised that the secret was finally out. My confreres promised support and action, and a few days later I left for St. Luke's Institute in Suitland, Maryland, near Washington DC, for a week of evaluation. There I was interviewed and tested in every way possible, including medical examinations and a brain scan. It was a fairly disturbing procedure, but the 32 clergy patients at the hospital (St. Luke's is a psychiatric hospital) kept assuring me that I would make it. At the end of the week my provincial flew out and together we listened to the psychological and medical evaluation. At this point I felt devastated. The psychiatrist emphasized the seriousness of the problem, which he diagnosed as pedophilia, same sex, non-exclusive, and recommended that I begin treatment as soon as possible. I remember one of the interviewing therapists reading a summary of my life history. I was asked if I wanted to say anything. In an emotional outburst I said, "I don't know how you can say those things about my father, he's a very good man!" Trying to calm me, she stated that she was only repeating information that I had given her. It was decided that in ten days I would return as a patient. I felt convicted and sentenced. My depression became more acute. I just wanted to die. On the six day flight back to San Francisco I stared out the window and was silent.

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I visited my parents in Portland, Oregon, and told them I was being sent away to treat depression. It was some months later I told them about the sex addiction by telephone. More on that later.

St. Luke Institute was originally founded by a priest-psychiatrist to treat alcoholic clergy. When it became clear that there was a need for treating sex addiction, the SLI adapted its program. It uses the medical model combined with Twelve-step therapy. It is well staffed and expensive. Normally the program lasts seven months, but I was there for thirteen months. I had individual therapy twice a week, small group therapy (3 men and 2 therapists) three times a week, large groups twice a week, and then psychodrama, and other things thrown in at various times. There were also educational lectures and workshops on eating disorders, rational thinking, family dynamics, etc. Every night we went to a 12-step meeting. On weekends one could get permission to go into Washington for the day. I became an expert tourguide of the Smithsonian museums.

I started the program feeling very miserable and quite sure that if anyone should find out what I had done I would be ostracized. So I tried to say as little as possible. I spent a lot of time reading novels. My sister Christine was a great support and phoned every night. She also visited several times. I wrote a sexual history and gave it to my therapist to read. I minimized everything. I often thought how much better it would be for everyone if I were dead. I couldn't watch the news or read the Washington Post for fear my story would be there. The fact that nearly every other person at the Institute had similar problems did not seem to matter to me. Every night I had to write one page for my therapist about what was significant that day. Thus he kept a watch on my moods and on how I was understanding myself. I sat in the back of the chapel during Mass and at prayers, half hidden behind a pillar. After seven weeks I had to present an hour-long "behavior Log" to a group of patients, basically describing why I was at St. Luke's. I did this with great trepidation and, to my surprise, many tears. I felt desperate. Afterwards the other patients greeted me with hugs and assurances that I wasn't the most horrible person they had ever met. Two days later they read their written comments to me -- in what areas they saw denial, things they felt I minimized or left out, etc. It was a good lesson in tough love. Then my therapist had each person there (16 in all) say how they would feel if I committed suicide. That caught me completely by surprise. It was one of the most difficult sessions I have ever endured. It brought all of the shit into the open and exposed it to daylight. I just sobbed. I was upset and angry at my therapist for doing this. But in many ways the technique worked, and much less often did I slip into this extreme self-pity.

After these experiences I started to improve and became more active in the program. I started enjoying myself more. I felt a little bit safe because of the support of the others in the Institute. I became very attached to my therapist who seemed so often to know how to help me. I started taking depo-provera injections, and after a short time on Prozac (which seemed to make me worse), I switched to the anti-depressant I take now. I had many crises as my conduct in Santa Barbara became more public, but from each I recovered. The major crisis was when I was told that I had been in the front page of the Santa Barbara paper, and that one of my victims had been on television saying what I had done to him. I fell apart. Actually I went into a kind of trance. I just stared at a blank wall and didn't hear anything in the room. My friend became alarmed and called the duty nurse. She phoned my therapist who called me, but I couldn't tell him what had happened, so he called the psychiatrist who told the nurse to give me something. I suppose it was like a Chinese fire drill. Later my therapist asked me to please try not to have a crisis at 10:30pm on a Saturday night. Connected with my public notoriety was what the church calls "public scandal". As a result my Provincial told me that I could not again function as a Catholic priest nor hold any position of authority in the church. Although I knew this was coming, I was, and still am, devastated. He said I need to look at the "vocation issue," but so far I have not been able to do so.

When I realized that my case was becoming public, I decided that I needed to tell my parents about my sexual acting out: about the molestations and also about the women. My sister Christine flew to Portland to be with them when I phoned. I had each parent get on an extension line and a clearly as I could I told them what had been going on in my life. My Dad responded immediately that he was sure God would take care of everything and I was not to worry -- they would keep me in their prayers. My mother was in stunned silence. What happened next says a lot about my family. Christine sat with my mother who kept muttering that she couldn't understand how I could do such things. Weren't priests given special graces so that they had no sexual feelings? What had gone wrong? My dad marched into the room and said, "I'm going to the store. Does anyone need anything from Safeway?" My sister asked if he had understood what I had said on the phone. Dad said, "Can't do anything about that, it's all in God's hands." Out to Safeway he went. Telling my therapist this story, I said that I had no idea what my Dad's feelings were. "No," my therapist said, "And the apples don't fall far from the tree."

After seven months I graduated from the main program, but all concerned agreed that in many ways I had only just scratched the surface of my search for self-understanding. Things in Sta Barbara were still hot, and I was in no rush to jump into the caldron.

I have already spoken about my friend [redacted] s visit to St. Luke's so that we might come to some resolution of the relationship. This was done with the help of my therapist. She agreed that she would not want for me any longer because I was not available. We also agreed to a writing schedule, but that has since fallen apart. Once she told my therapist that she sometimes saw me as almost one of her children, perhaps a seven year old. I was very surprised at this, but also curious and hurt. It has given me something to ruminate over

In early January I graduated from the in-patient program and moved into a "three-quarter way house". This involved far less supervision on the part of the institute, more freedom for me, a change in therapists, and generally gave me much more time for myself. I had therapy twice a week, and small group twice. I tried to find a job, and when I couldn't, I volunteered to help at a soup kitchen and also at two convalescent homes. I still went to 12-step meetings every night. So my days were filled.

My therapist's speciality was expressive art therapy, so I began to draw a picture with crayons at every session. While my drawing skill remained that of a child, my ability to communicate with the picture grew. I delved into some family issues which I had avoided previously. I made pictures of monsters who threatened me and we spoke about what these ghouls meant and why they were fearful. At times I even drew bright sunny scenes which reflected a less depressive state. Overall I was relatively happy. Yet on the horizon was the release of a report out of Santa Barbara on the sexual molestations which had occurred at St. Anthony's Seminary over a thirty year period. Letters were sent to every child I ever had in boys' choir, to every high school student I had taught, as well as to men who had seen my classmates in high school. Clearly the net was set to catch others besides myself, but virtually everyone I had known in the time period received a letter which included my name as an already known entity, and asked for any additional information. The investigation dragged on much longer than had been planned at first. This loomed as a dark cloud as we entered spring and summer of 1993. I was slated to return to California in July.

Before leaving St. Luke's I updated my aftercare contract and arranged to meet with a therapist in San Jose. I left St. Luke's frightened of what lay before me but pleased with the work I had done there.

Upon arriving at my old room in Berkeley, I was told that I should move with all haste to my new assignment at San Juan Bautista. Further, Tom West, a franciscan psychologist who would be on my support team told me that the Provincial had cancelled my appointment with the therapist and I was to begin a group therapy

program for child molesters instead. I stared in disbelief. Then I flipped out. I told Tom that without a therapist I would self destruct. I wouldn't make it. In my distress I felt I was being set up to fail -- a feeling that has arisen in various situations since. As I found out more about PTA, I developed reasons why I should not be involved. A compromise was made that I could have an individual therapist as long as she was also in my small group. I agreed to try PTA for three months after which we would re-evaluate the experience. Six months have gone by and at this point I would be shocked and angry if I were not allowed to continue.