

Nov. 17, 1987

George  
Two days ago, I returned from an overnight trip to my brother and sister-in-law's to tell them that I was molested by you nearly 20 years ago. It was my third attempt to tell them and I left having been again unable to do it.

Last February, out of the blue, I broke down sobbing while reading a letter in a newspaper from a sexual assault victim. Since then, I've told about 20 people about your abuse of me. Some were harder than others. I expected support and anticipated accusation with each one. All of them helped me.

After 20 years of denying to myself that what you did had any lasting effect on me, I now understand that the effects have permeated and tainted every aspect, every decision, every action, every day of my life. My ability to trust, my ability to have a normal relationship, my ability to interact with anyone without blaming myself for any breakdown, have all been hamstrung. I've been severely handicapped by your deceit and by your manipulative, hateful, betrayal of my trust.

I've realized that I've been protecting you, feeling responsible myself, assuming your guilt because it felt safer to me than admitting how badly you misused me, a 16-year-old child. I've unknowingly developed a whole personality based largely on an effort to assure that I'm never hurt so badly again.

In the past several months, I've cried about the losses I suffered, the life decisions I made, the people I pushed away over the years in my confusion. And I've gotten angry about what you did.

But you god-damned pig. When I stood two days ago, hugging my 6-year-old nephew good-bye, and realized I hadn't been able to tell my brother and sister-in-law because I was afraid they would associate me with child abuse — that they might hesitate to let me be with their children, I wanted to kill you.

There and then, in the present, I felt the full effect of your abuse. Not only did I again deprive myself of the comfort of two of my closest friends, but I withheld a caress — a normal, healthy loving caress of a child who is very special to me.

I want you to hurt for that.

If I could cut off your hand or foot or wound you in some way, it would please me. But even that would not permeate your life, affect your every movement, your every gesture and thought the way your abuse has affected me.

I want your life to change.

I want you to be put in a position where you can never cause this pain again; where you'll never be with a child alone again. I want your other victims to be told they should stop ignoring the consequences of your assault. I want some of the incredible damage you've done to start being repaired.

The results of your actions will stay with me for the rest of my life. Even coming to grips with it, learning to control it, learning to see you for the worthless slime you are, learning not to accept any excuses for your actions, will not wash it away.

ROSENCRANTZ - 0449

You cannot take it back.

You cannot give me back the last 20 years to live again without this silent demon directing my behavior.

All this time, I've been testing, probing, experimenting, unknowingly trying to come to terms with the dual betrayal you perpetrated. Not only did you sexually assault me, but you did it in the guise of a teacher.

I can still hear your words discounting my discomfort at exposing myself to you or at lying on top of you in a darkened library in the rectory basement and allowing you to kiss and caress me.

"I'm showing you this so you won't have to learn about it in the streets," you said. "It can be damaging if your first experience is bad. It can ruin your ability to have a good relationship with a girl later on."

You said those things, you fucking slimebag.

Did you believe them then? Did you hate me so badly that you wanted to destroy whatever chance I had at being happy? Were you hurt so badly yourself that you couldn't stand not to ruin my life as well? I believed in you. I looked up to you. I thought you respected and cared about me. I was flattered by your attention, your ability to make me feel special and listened to. But I did not want to sleep in your bed or masturbate with you. You tried to trick me into doing that, you asshole.

And then, as if you hadn't hurt me enough already, you did psychological tests on me and told me my goals were too high, that my abilities were limited and that I could only go so far.

Did you know what you were doing all that time? Did you know how devastating all that would be? Did I do something to you that made you think you had the right to so savagely attack me in the guise of caring?

How do you explain your actions, as a priest, as a counselor, as a god-damned human being?

You deserve to be defrocked, delicensed and beaten to a pulp.

I can't believe you've gotten away with this.

I believe from how you behaved that you were already practiced at what you were doing. And I believe I am not your last victim.

My silence has allowed you to continue on your way, finding new victims, finding vulnerable, trusting people who turn to you for friendship, comfort or guidance.

I'm going to stop you. There is going to be a consequence for what you've done. And it's going to be dear.

POSSIBLE  
ATTACHED  
LETTER TO  
BFL 12/12