

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 [REDACTED] molested us? The

REDACTED

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 [REDACTED] 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 [REDACTED] Catholic high school dorm where he then took his turn molesting them.

Do you remember [REDACTED] I recall he quit [REDACTED] 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 [REDACTED] 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 [REDACTED] are responsible for his suicide. God must punish you and send you to hell to stay forever.

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

REDACTED

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 [REDACTED] face. The very least you could do is be sorry, but you aren't. Well, I am. I am sorry for [REDACTED] and myself and all of the other's whose futures you wiped out from under them.

Do you remember when [REDACTED] 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 [REDACTED] 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 [REDACTED] 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 my oldest brother was electrocuted. She told you my father told me of his suicide plan, went through with it and let me find him staring dead at the basement ceiling with a rope laying beside him. 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 and only loved my brother who had died. 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 teaching job in Illinois because I failed the required state test nine times. The 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 [REDACTED] 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.

REDACTED

[REDACTED]
cc: Archbishop Weakland
Pope John Paul II