

REDACTED

Testimony of [REDACTED] Class of 1972:

I started attending St. John's School for the Deaf when I was five years old, in 1956. The first weeks were a bit tough, having to stay at school and being homesick. After it had passed, it was a great joy for me to be at St. John's because I was among my own peers, people who were deaf like me. Some of my best memories were my best playmates, out playing in the field or telling each other stories. However, the best memories that I had of St. John's would always be fragmented by an experience which nearly marred my life, caused by a Father Murphy who was the director of St. John's.

I was about 11 years old when this experience happened. I was rudely awakened by to be summoned to Father Murphy's office one late night. I was not told why Father Murphy wanted me to be there. When I got there, Father Murphy told me that I could stay with him in his bedroom. At this point, I thought Father Murphy was like a father to me - I thought that was his way of caring, like a father would, by having me in his bedroom. His bedroom was behind the school office. Once I got into his bedroom, Father Murphy said we could share the bed. Seeing that it was late at night, we got in his bed. Soon, Father Murphy pulled my hand under the covers and put it on his naked penis - I was immediately aghast and disgusted at this movement, I tried to pull my hand away. He wouldn't let go of my hand and moved it up and down. The next morning he said God would forgive me [REDACTED] and blessed me. I did not know what to make of it, I was in deep shock from the experience. He again summoned me the next evening, and there was a repeat of the whole experience with an exception - he pulled my penis out and slapped it hard with his belt. He never again summoned me.

After these two episodes, I began to notice a few other strange happenings - perhaps I started to see Father Murphy in a different light. I had witnessed him with other boys, some of whom seemed not to care what was happening to them. For some reason, I repressed this horrifying memory until I was about 25 years old - it so freaked me out that I got into heavy drugs in order to forget, in order to be happy (or so I thought). I realized Father Murphy really got away with all of this, I wished that everyone would know about him and what a bad and sick person he is.

ARCH_MARSHALL 00411