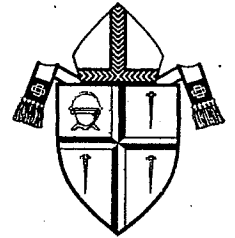


REDACTED*McGinn*

Office of the Chancellor

November 12, 1993

Rev. Msgr. Don Webber
 1450 North D Street
 San Bernardino, CA 92405

Dear Monsignor Webber:

I am enclosing a copy of the letter of [redacted] who has made allegations of sexual misconduct against Monsignor Malachy McGinn. As I mentioned in our telephone conversation, I have located Jerri at the following address: [redacted] She has been in therapy for some time and was recommended to bring this allegation forward as part of treatment. She is aware, I believe, that there are no grounds for legal action. Her intention is to make authorities and Monsignor McGinn aware so that such behavior will not occur in the future.

[redacted] does not wish to be contacted by Fr. McGinn though she did seem willing to speak with diocesan officials, if necessary. After speaking with [redacted], I did offer assistance by way of counseling at Catholic Charities which she did not feel was necessary since she was already in therapy, at least at this time. While she did send a letter to Father McGinn she does not know if it reached him.

As is our policy, I will inform [redacted] that the Diocese of San Bernardino has been informed of this matter and that the allegations will be presented to Monsignor McGinn. If I can be of further help in this matter, please feel free to contact me.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

Rev. Msgr. Daniel J. Dillabough, STD, JCL
 Chancellor

DJD/rs

000025

PASTORAL CENTER

17 october 1993

Father McGinn, you may not remember me after these many years; I'll try and bring myself into focus for you. It was 1968 and I came to the rectory after church one Sunday afternoon. I needed to get in touch with a boy (a young man then) with whom I had gone to St. Rita's School. I remember the day so well; it was sunny and the rectory was quiet. You showed me into your office and I explained my request. You looked up some records and found that he was still a member of the parish. You were seated at your desk and I was looking down over your shoulder at some paper and the next thing that I knew, your left hand was on my buttocks. Not brushing against it, not accidentally bumping into it, but fully, deliberately resting there. And do you know what my first thought was? I thought that I must be misinterpreting your action, that I surely must be mistaken. After all you are a priest and priests don't do those things, so of course, it must be my faulty perception. (Now I think how in the world do you misinterpret someone's hand on your fanny?) I didn't say anything. I thanked you for your help and was ready to leave when you came up to me and kissed me on the mouth. After you kissed me you asked me if I was surprised. Inside my head, I was resonating with shock but I was 21 and struggling to be very grown up, and the most important thing then was to be cool and unshockable.

Well we went on from there. I'm sure now that I wasn't the first woman nor the last for you. And yes, I was a chronological adult but I was also a product of 12 years of Catholic schooling, taught to acknowledge the authority and to respect the spiritual wisdom (to kids it becomes general wisdom) of the priesthood. It was through you that the sacraments were administered; your hands held the Eucharist, a little while later they touched me. Usually we met in dark places, parking lots, or out of the way bars where we were unlikely to encounter any of your flock. You were probably at least 20 years older than I was but during those times you were like some kind of sexually stunted adult, calling body parts by childish names, the kind of names that are meant to defuse the sexuality from our genitals, the kind that are used by some adults with their children. You were turned on by this contact between us, but you also seemed to want me to lead the way, for me to be responsible for what you did or what you wanted. I can't remember ever feeling aroused by what we did. I only remember feeling anger and having the vague sense that something about this was aberrant.

000026

But should follow process.
He thinks McInn will
give him the call.

McInn said he did not
know of the booklet on
the process for Sexual abuse,
perhaps we might send him
a copy - or give him a
call to see how he is doing
and does he want a copy.

Msgr. Don:

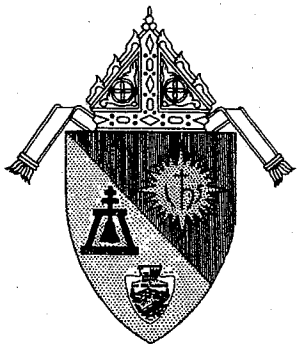
12/23/95

we have completed part one
of process - by meeting of (12/22):
McInn - does not know or
recall any such events - denies
any wrong doing -

It is up to us after the
first of the year - to see that
part 2 is carried through -
that McInn have a meeting
with Dr. Joseph. we should
put a note on our calendar
as to when we contact him
in case we do not receive
the report.

Talked to Dr. Joseph on 12/23
and he sees no serious problems,

000027



Diocesan Pastoral Center

Diocese of San Bernardino

March 7, 1994

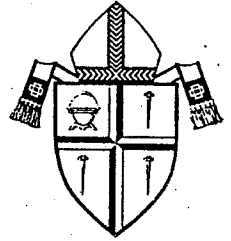
MEMO TO FILE: Reverend Monsignor Malachy McGinn *MBV*

Monsignor McGinn has reported to Bishop Straling and has given him a report from his therapist in Orange. The report was discussed and retained by Monsignor McGinn. It appears that there is no problem that surfaced in the evaluation. McGinn has asked that the statement of the alleged victim, the summary of his conversation with Bishop Straling be retained not his file here, in our office, but at Bishop Straling's personal file at his residence. At a later date that may be destroyed. I would have one concern that the summary of this process be sent to San Diego, who is supervising this allegation. A copy of that memo be forwarded to Bishop.

DSW/yl

CONFIDENTIAL

000028

REDACTED**CONFIDENTIAL**

Office of the Chancellor

November 12, 1993

Rev. Msgr. Don Webber
 1450 North D Street
 San Bernardino, CA 92405

Dear Monsignor Webber:

I am enclosing a copy of the letter of _____ ho has made allegations of sexual misconduct against Monsignor Malachy McGinn. As I mentioned in our telephone conversation, I have located _____ at the following address:— _____ —She has been in therapy for some time and was recommended to bring this allegation forward as part of treatment. She is aware, I believe, that there are no grounds for legal action. Her intention is to make authorities and Monsignor McGinn aware so that such behavior will not occur in the future.

_____ does not wish to be contacted by Fr. McGinn though she did seem willing to speak with diocesan officials, if necessary. After speaking with _____, I did offer assistance by way of counseling at Catholic Charities which she did not feel was necessary since she was already in therapy, at least at this time. While she did send a letter to Father McGinn she does not know if it reached him.

As is our policy, I will inform Miss Cota that the Diocese of San Bernardino has been informed of this matter and that the allegations will be presented to Monsignor McGinn. If I can be of further help in this matter, please feel free to contact me.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

Rev. Msgr. Daniel J. Dillabough, STD, JCL
 Chancellor

DJD/rs

000029

17 october 1993

Father McGinn, you may not remember me after these many years; I'll try and bring myself into focus for you. It was 1968 and I came to the rectory after church one Sunday afternoon. I needed to get in touch with a boy (a young man then) with whom I had gone to St. Rita's School. I remember the day so well; it was sunny and the rectory was quiet. You showed me into your office and I explained my request. You looked up some records and found that he was still a member of the parish. You were seated at your desk and I was looking down over your shoulder at some paper and the next thing that I knew, your left hand was on my buttocks. Not brushing against it, not accidentally bumping into it, but fully, deliberately resting there. And do you know what my first thought was? I thought that I must be misinterpreting your action, that I surely must be mistaken. After all you are a priest and priests don't do those things, so of course, it must be my faulty perception. (Now I think how in the world do you misinterpret someone's hand on your fanny?) I didn't say anything. I thanked you for your help and was ready to leave when you came up to me and kissed me on the mouth. After you kissed me you asked me if I was surprised. Inside my head, I was resonating with shock but I was 21 and struggling to be very grown up, and the most important thing then was to be cool and unshockable.

Well we went on from there. I'm sure now that I wasn't the first woman nor the last for you. And yes, I was a chronological adult but I was also a product of 12 years of Catholic schooling, taught to acknowledge the authority and to respect the spiritual wisdom (to kids it becomes general wisdom) of the priesthood. It was through you that the sacraments were administered; your hands held the Eucharist, a little while later they touched me. Usually we met in dark places, parking lots, or out of the way bars where we were unlikely to encounter any of your flock. You were probably at least 20 years older than I was but during those times you were like some kind of sexually stunted adult, calling body parts by childish names, the kind of names that are meant to defuse the sexuality from our genitals, the kind that are used by some adults with their children. You were turned on by this contact between us, but you also seemed to want me to lead the way, for me to be responsible for what you did or what you wanted. I can't remember ever feeling aroused by what we did. I only remember feeling anger and having the vague sense that something about this was aberrant.

000030

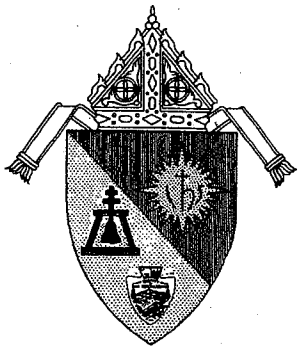
I do remember well the last time that we saw each other. It was in the parking lot of the King's Inn in Mission Valley. I am sitting in my car, you are standing by the driver's side window leaning toward me. And you have such a look of naked hunger on your face that I can barely maintain eye contact with you. It gives me a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach and I know that I cannot see you again.

You seduced me during a time in my life when I was confused, and uncertain of my relationship with the Church. What you did was wrong and damaging to me. I was younger then than I knew. I did not realize the repercussions that it would have in my life. I am only now beginning to deal with the pain and sorrow of it.

cc: The Diocese of San Diego

REDACTED

000031



Diocesan Pastoral Center

Diocese of San Bernardino

REDACTED

December 3, 1993

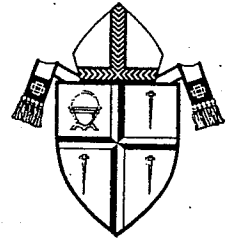
MEMO TO FILE: Reverend Monsignor Malachy McGinn

As of this date, November 30, I spoke to Monsignor McGinn, on the telephone, concerning an appointment with Dr. Joseph and Bishop Straling to review the contents of the letter presented by . Monsignor McGinn says that he has not received the letter which she said that she sent to him. I have reviewed with him our procedure, 1) to meet with Bishop Straling and Dr. Joseph, and review the contents of this letter, 2) to do an evaluation with Dr. Joseph for the formal closing of the procedure, 3) there is no criminal or civil action pending at this time, but it would be important to show that we have acted appropriately with this information.

DSW.

Reverend Monsignor Donald S. Webber
Chancellor/Moderator of Curia

000032



Office of the Chancellor

REDACTED

November 12, 1993

Rev. Msgr. Don Webber
 1450 North D Street
 San Bernardino, CA 92405

Dear Monsignor Webber:

I am enclosing a copy of the letter of [redacted] who has made allegations of sexual misconduct against Monsignor Malachy McGinn. As I mentioned in our telephone conversation, I have located [redacted] at the following address: [redacted]. She has been in therapy for some time and was recommended to bring this allegation forward as part of treatment. She is aware, I believe, that there are no grounds for legal action. Her intention is to make authorities and Monsignor McGinn aware so that such behavior will not occur in the future.

[redacted] does not wish to be contacted by Fr. McGinn though she did seem willing to speak with diocesan officials, if necessary. After speaking with [redacted], I did offer assistance by way of counseling at Catholic Charities which she did not feel was necessary since she was already in therapy, at least at this time. While she did send a letter to Father McGinn she does not know if it reached him.

As is our policy, I will inform [redacted] that the Diocese of San Bernardino has been informed of this matter and that the allegations will be presented to Monsignor McGinn. If I can be of further help in this matter, please feel free to contact me.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

Rev. Msgr. Daniel J. Dillabough, STD, JCL
 Chancellor

DJD/rs

000033

PASTORAL CENTER

17 october 1993

Father McGinn, you may not remember me after these many years; I'll try and bring myself into focus for you. It was 1968 and I came to the rectory after church one Sunday afternoon. I needed to get in touch with a boy (a young man then) with whom I had gone to St. Rita's School. I remember the day so well; it was sunny and the rectory was quiet. You showed me into your office and I explained my request. You looked up some records and found that he was still a member of the parish. You were seated at your desk and I was looking down over your shoulder at some paper and the next thing that I knew, your left hand was on my buttocks. Not brushing against it, not accidentally bumping into it, but fully, deliberately resting there. And do you know what my first thought was? I thought that I must be misinterpreting your action, that I surely must be mistaken. After all you are a priest and priests don't do those things, so of course, it must be my faulty perception. (Now I think how in the world do you misinterpret someone's hand on your fanny?) I didn't say anything. I thanked you for your help and was ready to leave when you came up to me and kissed me on the mouth. After you kissed me you asked me if I was surprised. Inside my head, I was resonating with shock but I was 21 and struggling to be very grown up, and the most important thing then was to be cool and unshockable.

Well we went on from there. I'm sure now that I wasn't the first woman nor the last for you. And yes, I was a chronological adult but I was also a product of 12 years of Catholic schooling, taught to acknowledge the authority and to respect the spiritual wisdom (to kids it becomes general wisdom) of the priesthood. It was through you that the sacraments were administered; your hands held the Eucharist, a little while later they touched me. Usually we met in dark places, parking lots, or out of the way bars where we were unlikely to encounter any of your flock. You were probably at least 20 years older than I was but during those times you were like some kind of sexually stunted adult, calling body parts by childish names, the kind of names that are meant to defuse the sexuality from our genitals, the kind that are used by some adults with their children. You were turned on by this contact between us, but you also seemed to want me to lead the way, for me to be responsible for what you did or what you wanted. I can't remember ever feeling aroused by what we did. I only remember feeling anger and having the vague sense that something about this was aberrant.

000034

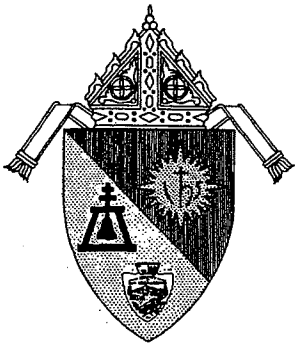
I do remember well the last time that we saw each other. It was in the parking lot of the King's Inn in Mission Valley. I am sitting in my car, you are standing by the driver's side window leaning toward me. And you have such a look of naked hunger on your face that I can barely maintain eye contact with you. It gives me a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach and I know that I cannot see you again.

You seduced me during a time in my life when I was confused, and uncertain of my relationship with the Church. What you did was wrong and damaging to me. I was younger then than I knew. I did not realize the repercussions that it would have in my life. I am only now beginning to deal with the pain and sorrow of it.

cc: The Diocese of San Diego

REDACTED

000035



Diocesan Pastoral Center

Diocese of San Bernardino

FAX TRANSMITTAL

TO: Bishop Shalom

TO FAX NUMBER: 384-8221

FROM: Msep Dan

FROM FAX NUMBER: (909) 884-4890

SUBJECT: Attached Correspondence

COMMENTS: _____

NUMBERS OF PAGES (INCLUDING THIS ONE): 5

000036

17 october 1993

Father McGinn, you may not remember me after these many years; I'll try and bring myself into focus for you. It was 1968 and I came to the rectory after church one Sunday afternoon. I needed to get in touch with a boy (a young man then) with whom I had gone to St. Rita's School. I remember the day so well; it was sunny and the rectory was quiet. You showed me into your office and I explained my request. You looked up some records and found that he was still a member of the parish. You were seated at your desk and I was looking down over your shoulder at some paper and the next thing that I knew, your left hand was on my buttocks. Not brushing against it, not accidentally bumping into it, but fully, deliberately resting there. And do you know what my first thought was? I thought that I must be misinterpreting your action, that I surely must be mistaken. After all you are a priest and priests don't do those things, so of course, it must be my faulty perception. (Now I think how in the world do you misinterpret someone's hand on your fanny?) I didn't say anything. I thanked you for your help and was ready to leave when you came up to me and kissed me on the mouth. After you kissed me you asked me if I was surprised. Inside my head, I was resonating with shock but I was 21 and struggling to be very grown up, and the most important thing then was to be cool and unshockable.

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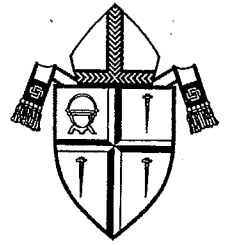
000037

I do remember well the last time that we saw each other. It was in the parking lot of the King's Inn in Mission Valley. I am sitting in my car, you are standing by the driver's side window leaning toward me. And you have such a look of naked hunger on your face that I can barely maintain eye contact with you. It gives me a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach and I know that I cannot see you again.

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cc: The Diocese of San Diego

REDACTED



Office of the Chancellor

REDACTED

November 12, 1993

Rev. Msgr. Don Webber
1450 North D Street
San Bernardino, CA 92405

Dear Monsignor Webber:

I am enclosing a copy of the letter of [REDACTED] who has made allegations of sexual misconduct against Monsignor Malachy McGinn. As I mentioned in our telephone conversation, I have located [REDACTED] at the following address: [REDACTED]. She has been in therapy for some time and was recommended to bring this allegation forward as part of treatment. She is aware, I believe, that there are no grounds for legal action. Her intention is to make authorities and Monsignor McGinn aware so that such behavior will not occur in the future.

[REDACTED] does not wish to be contacted by Fr. McGinn though she did seem willing to speak with diocesan officials, if necessary. After speaking with [REDACTED], I did offer assistance by way of counseling at Catholic Charities which she did not feel was necessary since she was already in therapy, at least at this time. While she did send a letter to Father McGinn she does not know if it reached him.

As is our policy, I will inform [REDACTED] that the Diocese of San Bernardino has been informed of this matter and that the allegations will be presented to Monsignor McGinn. If I can be of further help in this matter, please feel free to contact me.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

Rev. Msgr. Daniel J. Dillabough, STD, JCL
Chancellor

DJD/rs

000039

PASTORAL CENTER