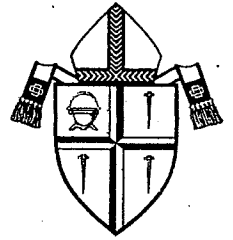


**REDACTED***McGinn*

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:

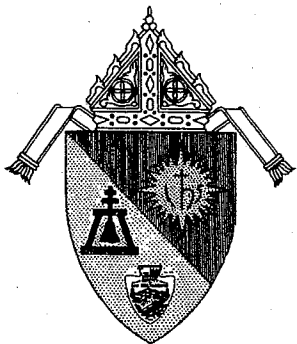
12/23/95

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

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*Diocese of San Bernardino*

March 7, 1994

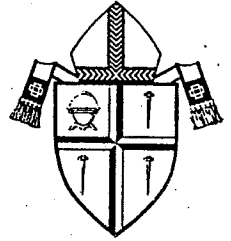
MEMO TO FILE: Reverend Monsignor Malachy McGinn *RMV*.

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

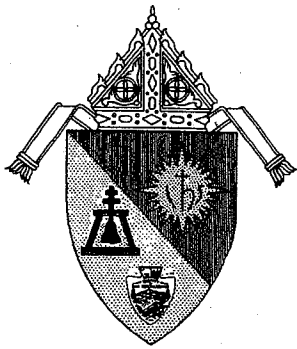
I do remember well the last time that we saw each other. It was in the parking lot of the King's Inn in Mission Valley. I am sitting in my car, you are standing by the driver's side window leaning toward me. And you have such a look of naked hunger on your face that I can barely maintain eye contact 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

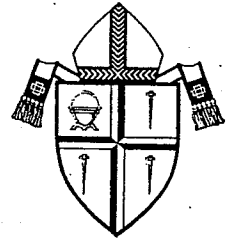
As of this date, November 30, I spoke to Monsignor McGinn, on the telephone, concerning an appointment with Dr. Joseph and Bishop Straling to review the contents of the letter presented by . Monsignor McGinn says that he has not received the letter which she said that she sent to him. I have reviewed 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.

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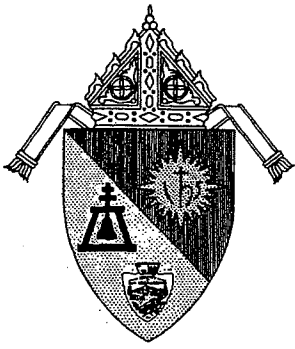
I do remember well the last time that we saw each other. It was in the parking lot of the King's Inn in Mission Valley. I am sitting in my car, you are standing by the driver's side window leaning toward me. And you have such a look of naked hunger on your face that I can barely maintain eye contact 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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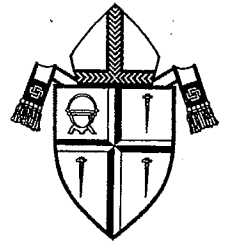
000037

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