

LOG OF TESTIMONY — [NAME REDACTED]

<p>[Name redacted.] January 6, 2013</p>	<p>Hi, I'm [redacted] and I just wanted to sit in front of the camera today because it's being preserved that at 12 and 13 I earned the right to say at 40 that I survived meeting a monster named Paul Aube up in the Diocese of Manchester, New Hampshire.</p>	
<p>Childhood memories....</p> <p>Not fitting in, feeling different....</p> <p>First conscious memories of being sexually abused.....</p> <p>Minimization and rationalization by adults....</p>	<p>This is a picture of me when I was 12 when it all started. Kind of ironic, it's at the San Diego zoo and there's a gorilla behind me and I wish I'd had a gorilla backing me every Sunday, but anyway. So I was always kind of an introverted little kid. I liked things like baseball and I liked comic books and probably anything else any other little boy (I was born in 1972) liked. So, you know I loved things like Carlton Fiske and my heart was broken when Fred Lynn went to the Angels and typical Boston little boy things.</p> <p>When I was 7 we moved up to Manchester, New Hampshire and we might as well have moved up to the North Pole or something. It's just, nothing was the same. And fitting in wasn't easy and we were the only Irish family in a predominantly Greek neighborhood and so everything was different.</p> <p>When I was 5, we were out for a short time in Colorado. My Dad was out there, took a job and with a 17 year old babysitter (there was a bunch of us) that, times were different, it was about 1976-77 and what I know now it was at the most you could call it inappropriate touching, fondling, he and his girlfriend and when it was discovered, everything came out. It lasted maybe about 3 months. I wasn't the only one.</p> <p>There were about 20 of us little boys and I think some girls mixed in. The school of thought at the time was to, what they told my mother, if it seems to be a problem then deal with it, but if not then it is probably something he'll just get over. But I think anything that we go through and make it through, it's not something we get over or under. It shapes the pathways in our brain, especially at a young age, our world view.</p>	<p>1:00</p> <p>2:00</p> <p>3:00</p> <p>4:00</p>

<p>Family addiction.... deeply religious.....</p>	<p>And I think it instilled a certain kind of fear. He also was the one who taught swimming at the pool and I loved to swim. But I can tell you I still get deathly afraid of water that's over my head.</p>	
<p>Absent parent..... vulnerable child</p>	<p>The only reason I reference this is that I went through Catholic school, or as we called it parochial school, all the way, and Catholicism is deeply ingrained in the Irish culture and many other cultures, but I don't come from any other culture, I come from an Irish background. My father was an alcoholic when I was growing up and I didn't know it. But he was out of the picture frequently and one of those times was when I was 12 which is one of the times boys typically need a strong male role model to emulate or set them on the right course because you're entering manhood. I don't know someone like Margaret Meade called it something like a storm in every culture, this rite of passage, becoming a man. I was pretty lost and pretty angry and there was a void.</p>	<p>5:00</p>
<p>Opportunity for molester to begin grooming.....</p>	<p>And the man who replaced that void was Paul Aube. He was a priest who was shuffled around and I met him at one of his last stops.</p>	<p>6:00</p>
<p>Perpetrator gains access to children through place of employment.....</p>	<p>My father had the car in I think it was either in Philadelphia orNew Jersey or some place and so we didn't have a vehicle. We lived roughly 3 or 4 blocks away (up in Manchester NH) from the [redacted] Hospital. And the [redacted] hospital probably like most hospitals, had a chapel and Paul Aube was assigned there because, on bishopaccountability and other places of note that have records of many of the predatory priests, he was found to be not safe to be around children so he was assigned to be the chaplain of the hospital. It seems like an insane idea. It's not a VA hospital. It was a community hospital.</p>	<p>7:00</p>
<p>Sorting memories.....</p>	<p>So we'd go on Sundays and that's where we'd go to mass. And I don't know if he's the one who suggested the idea or if my mother did, but you know I needed a male role model. But I didn't need him. He needed me though. Well he needed somebody who...anyway...it was bad. I can't tell you exactly how everything went down or how everything started. It was a long time ago.</p>	<p>8:00</p>

<p>Repression.....</p>	<p>And memories erode.</p> <p>But I didn't know I was a clergy abuse survivor until March of 2010. Whatever happened in that chapel was so traumatic and so much of a psychic trauma probably at every level, that I locked it away in part of my mind.</p>	<p>9:00</p>
<p>Coming to consciousness as memories begin to surface.....</p>	<p>And it came out when I was ..I was married and living just over the border in Haverhill, NH and I went to the [redacted] and I became an EMT [redacted]. I know what pre hospital care is. I know what's right and what's wrong and contra indicated. And for some reason, I either had a canker sore or something. I went to CVS and I got a bottle of hydrogen peroxide. And I know that that's out dated, you don't do that anymore and if you're going to use something like that you at least dilute it.</p>	<p>10:00</p>
<p>Triggers.....</p>	<p>But no, I brought it home in our master bedroom I took a good pull out of the bottle and that's when my world changed. I'm a straight man and up until that time ...so I can't tell you what semen tastes like but I know that for me that hydrogen peroxide foaming in my mouth brought that back. And I knew right away who I really was; somebody that made it through, what I've been told is the worst that a child can go through.</p>	<p>11:00</p>
<p>Self denial.....</p>	<p>And that day I just...I remember that moment and you know, time stopped. I remember seeing grainy footage of like when the Hiroshima and Naga Saki bombs and the clocks just stopped and for me that's when the clock stopped. And that day, I just needed to make it through that day because I knew that if I could make it through that day, then maybe it would all would have been just a horrific nightmare. And maybe I had a high fever. Maybe it's....because I could deal with a lot. I'm a pretty resilient person, but it, this couldn't be my reality.</p>	<p>12:00</p>
<p>More consciousness, clearer memories and acceptance.....</p>	<p>But it is. That's my reality. I don't have like even 8 millimeter, like crappy footage of what happened or a beautiful HD film of what happened. I have some snapshots in my head and some really vivid smells of freshly laundered vestments or new carpet that was put down in the chapel.</p>	<p>13:00</p>

<p>Manifestation of some of the physical and emotional effects....</p>	<p>I always, I never slept well and I can tell you I've never been so horrified and so relieved after a couple of weeks, days whatever it might have been, I don't remember who I had been all this time, to remember something cause it finally validated that I'm not crazy.</p> <p>I've been in and out of psychiatric facilities, counseling, since then pretty much and horrified of course because I can't erase that out of my head. It's never been erased out of my body. You know everything's kept at the cellular level no matter what it is. It's just, I had to protect myself from that at a conscious level. But it's such a relief that I'm not a mental defective. I don't know how else to describe how I've always felt. But I've felt like an imposter. I mean this indescribably filthy, I don't know how to describe it.</p> <p>I never slept well at night. I've always had graphic nightmares. Anything priestly related, just horrific. Many times woken up suffocating. But after I remembered I couldn't drink water. I couldn't eat unless there was somebody else around. I would frequently choke even on a glass of water. It's almost like my mind was finally free to...all that pent up stuff.</p>	<p>14:00</p> <p>15:00</p>
<p>Threats by perpetrator.....</p>	<p>You know the reason it went on as long as it did, just over a year, was because I wasn't comfortable with it at all. I mean it's kind of foolish to say anybody would be comfortable with it. But I was threatened with going to Hell if it didn't continue. I've always been a pretty smart kid. And sooner or later I realized that that wasn't...and I think he realized that that wasn't a deterrent anymore. That hell was preferable. And that's when the threats became...you know my mother would be there and my little sisters who were 5 and 1 at the time I would be there with him after mass and during the good weather they would go for walks around the campus of the [redacted] (hospital) outside. And during inclement weather, cold, whatever, they would go to like the coffee shop, the gift shop and he knew that we were all that each other had. And the threat became that if I didn't come back, it was going to happen to them. And(very hard to continue)but even that only lasted for so long. You know somebody can only take so much.</p>	<p>16:00</p> <p>17:00</p>

<p>Standing up to perpetrator.....</p>	<p>He always had such a rage that nobody else saw. So when people wonder if there's anything like a ...I don't know if years from now somebody might view this or just a reference, three weeks ago, a month ago, there was a shooting in Connecticut, teachers and children totaling about 26 and the majority of those were little people about six years old, little angels that were shot. And people say, is the shooter, is that like the face of pure evil or is that mental illness? Where did everything go wrong and I would say I'm not here to debate that but I've seen pure evil.</p> <p>Yeah, I've seen it. And I don't know where the strength came from but one Sunday came and I had to stand up to it. It's just odd how predators but especially those who for centuries and millennia have been seen as intermediaries to the source of solace and strength for oppressed people all over the globe in the Catholic faith that power if left unchecked it's... I have friends that just, who I've seen through other survivor organizations, [redacted], those that are Jewish, that just don't understand. And I can say, I wish I didn't either. But I do.</p>	<p>18:00</p> <p>19:00</p> <p>20:00</p>
<p>Claiming power....</p>	<p>But to look a man who I believed had the power to send me to Hell and actually look him in the eye without any fear...toward the end of our, I don't know what you'd call it, our "Sundays together". I don't know; my vocabulary kind of sinks down to that 12, 13 year old level...I just, I wasn't afraid anymore.</p> <p>And I paid a price for that. He used to wear this around his neck, it was a crucifix and ..before it was things like, you know, I mean there's pretty words, you know, I went through the criminal process. You know there are clinical words, things like fallacio and other things. I mean they sound like Italian or Latin descriptions of things that you'd learn in freshman Latin. But they're just clinical words for the prices that kids have to pay. I can use pretty words but this is, this is me. 12 year old little boys, like the picture I held up.</p> <p>I just needed help. I didn't need to have a penis in my mouth.</p>	<p>21:00</p> <p>22:00</p> <p>23:00</p>

<p>Price for standing up....</p>	<p>And after standing up...the price I paid to gain my freedom was he took that crucifix from around his neck and put it in my backside ([[Redacted 1] really struggling). It's just that, I mean I don't know how to really describe the...</p> <p>There was nothing else in the world when that happened. It was just the darkness. There was no sound. There was nothing. It was just a.. there wasn't even the beast, Aube. There wasn't me. It was just my backside and the crucifix. But the thing is unlike... ah I don't know if millions, but all over the globe I'm still here. And by all rights, I shouldn't be.</p>	<p>24:00</p>
<p>Alcoholism and other effects of the abuse.....</p>	<p>Before this came to my conscious mind I went through 20 day program for alcohol and in March of 1993 up in Dover at [Redacted] Hospital, University of Maine. And I could have passed a polygraph test, up until I remembered what happened when I was 12 and 13. I I didn't start drinking until 15.</p>	<p>25:00</p>
	<p>But I started drinking at 12. Down in our basement, we had a finished basement there was something called a Mormon Cabinet. It's just basically a lot of provisions. It's not like these ..it was just where you kept stuff. It's the mind, just programmed for survival I didn't want to get caught, there was cooking sherry. There was other things. Because I could not be in the reality of someone who had fallen so far from grace with God that the only 2 places I could be violated with, I was.</p>	<p>26:00</p>
	<p>But I you know, when I remembered, things got bad, real bad. All that stuff that was pent up and held own by whatever fail-safes in my mind to keep it from my conscious mind. I don't know if they all just broke, but that night that followed the day that I remembered I took either Ambien or whatever from my wife and that's when the sleep really became horrific.</p>	<p>27:00</p>

<p>Effects on relationships PTSD.....</p>	<p>I would attack her in my sleep. I would wake up and I can say there hasn't been one night since then that I haven't woken up suffocating. The lamps would get knocked over. I woke up one night with my hand around her neck. I would hit her. And when she woke up with my hand around her neck, it wasn't, it was more just flailing around. It could have been her arm. It could have been anything. It just happened to be her neck. I kicked her so hard that she had a bruise. I had to fight every night. So when people talk about justice for survivors, I don't think you can get justice. If I steal ten dollars from you, I can give you that ten back but you can't...that's the awful thing.</p>	<p>28:00</p>
<p>Support.....</p>	<p>I had to fight my way back through a fire to get to when I was 12 and then I have to come all the way back. But the thing is, I was alone all those Sundays but it's so beautiful not to be alone now. ([Redacted] struggling) I don't know if some survivor down the road may see this and I can tell you I lost my faith...I always felt that I fell from grace with God. How could you not when you were raped with a crucifix and other things? I never knew why.</p>	<p>29:00</p>
<p>Impact on belief system.....</p>	<p>It's just...you know I can tell you, umm.. I wasn't alone in that room with Aube. There was something else in there. There was some kind of power. I don't know if it was the Great Spirit. I don't think that any child could go through that without some kind of help from...even if it's just the Universal Energy that animates all of us. I don't know if there's any one Universal Being or if there's some kind of collection or whatever it is but I just know inside that there was something else in the room with me.</p>	<p>30:00</p>
<p>Dissociation.....</p>	<p>And this may make sense to some people and it may not to others but I used to feel such a sense of guilt that in order to survive what I went through a lot of Sundays I used to leave the body behind. To take the horror and I'd walk out. It's just umm...but I've, a friend of mine Robert, I started just seeking out my AA sponsor, my wife other people. After I confided in them after I remembered, my therapist, other people, said there are organization for clergy abuse survivors for whatever. I</p>	<p>31:00 32:00</p>

<p>Community.....</p>	<p>I'm going to sound like someone who came out of a coma, or under a rock but for saying this...but I've already said that I was horrified and relieved to know that I could anchor all of my feelings of being crazy and everything else. Finally everything made sense but I was relieved and horrified by it again to know that I wasn't alone. You know, It's pretty to say clergy abuse. But abuse is like if a priest hits you in the face, I guess, but, people that have been raped, sodomized. People in society don't want to hear words like that.</p>	<p>33:00</p>
	<p>We weren't abused by priests. We were raped. We were sodomized. We were tortured. I was so relieved to know that here were others but I was so horrified to know that there were others. And I lived through the papers. My abuser was defrocked. And it made the news. My mother actually asked me. She said, "My God. You saw him for well over a year. Nothing ever happened?" You know it's just.. but in order to keep it all buried, 2001 when Boston exploded with the Phoenix and The Globe. That wasn't part of my reality because it couldn't have been. I wasn't a clergy abuse survivor back then. I still had to maintain whatever it was; that fail-safe to keep me sane.</p>	<p>34:00</p>
<p>Repression....</p>	<p>But I do remember the Boston people that came out and would get like money settlements. I'm so accepting. I'm the furthest from being prejudicial against anyone. But I hated them. I hated them. Because they just wouldn't shut up. They whined. They got money. And they talked about things that they shouldn't have. The one thing that really killed me was; that I just couldn't understand because I was so programmed. I was like, the audacity of these people to speak out against the church.</p>	<p>35:00</p>
<p>Speaking out.....</p>	<p>I was so afraid the first time I went to a lawyer, the first time I went to the police. I knew that I was going to Hell for saying it. But I've never been so motivated. I've never had such a fire inside me as when I realized I was still under the criminal Statute of Limitations.</p>	<p>36:00</p>

<p>Fear, commitment and determination.....</p>	<p>And it's going to sound selfish but I still believed at 38 years old that if I told that my mother and my little sisters who at the time, [Redacted] was in her late 20's, [Redacted] was in her early 30's, my mother was in her early 60's. You know what? I didn't care if they died from me going to tell. I didn't care about any of that. I was going to tell. And I must have said hundreds of times to the lawyers to the prosecutors everything, if they come and take me in my sleep, will you still go through with this? Because I thought they were going to come take me in my sleep. I thought that things would happen like, at the time Cardinal somebody or other was due to testify or be deposed or something. And he died the night before. And that was my rallying cry. I was like, if they'll do it to one of their own they're going to shut me up. I thought that maybe I just wouldn't wake up one morning.</p>	<p>37:00</p>
<p>Death terror.....</p>	<p>When I talk about that, I wasn't alone in that room, when I was going through the horror that just little flicker that stayed with me all those years, it just exploded. And when I told the police, the most important thing on this police report, I just took some of it. It's hundreds of pages. New Hampshire doesn't value repressed memories or else I would have been able to go through with this but it doesn't call me, nothing angers me more now that to see "alleged rape victim".</p>	<p>38:00</p>
<p>Struggle.....</p>	<p>Whoever it is, they were raped. You may be alleged rapist, or whatever, but even if I die walking out of here, get hit by a plane or something, it says right here [redacted]: rape victim. I couldn't care less if that's the only thing they put on my tombstone. Not victim but that this thing didn't kill me.</p>	
<p>Survivor..... Dissociation and numbness.....</p>	<p>I didn't know what I was going to say when I came here but it's ironic that what I'm talking about and kind of tragic, the county attorneys, the state prosecutors, the police, they all wanted something from me that I wasn't able to give. And I tried my hardest. They even brought up people who specialize, an ex FBI agent, they needed....I was too robotic. I was too cold but sitting in front of the camera today, it's nice, I was able to give myself and you folks, I wasn't able to be there, but I went back there today.</p>	<p>39:00</p>

<p>Sleeplessness and</p>	<p>If I could just read a quick couple of paragraphs. Thanksgiving 2010 about a month or so after I remembered. I hadn't slept for a few days and I was losing my mind. And I mean really losing my mind. Even the healthiest person, if you don't sleep for a couple of days, you're going to lose your mind. But I couldn't get, anyway, my sponsor sent me a link for these people called SNAP. It's a group that supports clergy abuse survivors. I went through the list and I called every name they had for contacts. It was Thanksgiving and I was upstairs in our bedroom. And I wanted somebody to answer, but I didn't want anybody to answer. And so for an hour I talked to somebody named Becky Ianni. She was the 17th number I called and I was once again relieved and horrified that she answered because I knew that everything was real if I talked about it. Well we spoke for an hour and I may have said a few words. Becky spoke for the majority of it. I just cried.</p>	<p>40:00</p>
<p>Community and connection.....</p>	<p>Thanksgiving and I was upstairs in our bedroom. And I wanted somebody to answer, but I didn't want anybody to answer. And so for an hour I talked to somebody named Becky Ianni. She was the 17th number I called and I was once again relieved and horrified that she answered because I knew that everything was real if I talked about it. Well we spoke for an hour and I may have said a few words. Becky spoke for the majority of it. I just cried.</p>	<p>41:00</p>
<p>Gratitude.....</p>	<p>And I wrote her an email to thank her. Excuse me, I've been saying Thanksgiving, but it was Christmas. I'll just read it:</p> <p>Good evening, to make you aware I will not be proofreading this email, Becky, because I'm sure I'd delete it. I'm simply sending what comes out.</p>	<p>42:00</p>
	<p>Thanks for being there when I needed you. If I am able someday I will freely give to another what you so freely gave to me. This is [Redacted]. You were kind enough to speak to me this evening and share your story. You had a quiet confidence about this and it was very calming. I still think I'm lying about this and making it up. Maybe I am and this will lead me to be locked up, warehoused and stay behind locked doors in a psychiatric ward until death. I oscillate between knowing that I finally know and can match up that the lifelong feelings I exhibited and hid had a concrete and definitive beginning and knowing I am lying to everyone including me.</p>	<p>43:00</p>

<p>More effects.....</p>	<p>Deep down inside I know I was taken advantage of by Father Paul Aube at the [Redacted] Hospital when I was 12 years old. I was made to do things I shouldn't have had to even witness never mind partake in and keep quiet about. I sometimes wanted and did scrub myself in the shower wishing my male part would go away as it was useless now. And hopefully the penis fairy would give me a brand new one that was clean, mine, and most importantly touched by only me.</p> <p>My mouth never felt as if it belonged to me either. I used to drink over thoughts of putting dynamite in my mouth and blow it up. Once that occurred I could start all over like Mr. Bill, I suppose either with a new mouth or simply go through life without one but either way was preferable to living with the mouth and tongue that I had that were filthy and unholy now. I also didn't know if rape means what happened to me in my mouth but if so then someone when I was little and 12 did that to me. That's the first time I ever told somebody that. I can't use that word in reference to me or my abuse yet. Maybe when I'm 99 years old. But it was something that I didn't want to happen and it went way beyond too far.</p> <p>Most importantly just hearing you say how exhausting it is to acknowledge what happened has helped me immensely. I feel as if I could sleep 24 hours a day. Just know that you told me how it was very exhausting for you, validates my feelings. I didn't mean to say what I did in this email if you were deeply disturbed by it. I just needed to get out to another survivor of that kind of abuse. I didn't want to say what both of our abusers did for a living right now as it is too close to home. That it did happen to me. Whether or not anyone believes me, including me, at least I typed what I know in my heart is true. Thanks for helping keep me sane. [Redacted]</p>	<p>44:00</p> <p>45:00</p>
--------------------------	---	---------------------------

<p>Memories repressed, Effects are not.....</p>	<p>I'm not sure what else to really say. It's...I've...you know as a result of this. The secret on the way out was killing me. When I met my wife I was a health nut. I would run six days a week, in the cold weather, in humid weather. I treated my body like a temple. I never put refined sugar anything that might have been genetically modified. It was just. And I was working about 66 hours a week. I was recertifying m fighters.</p> <p>And within a year of us getting married, one month I came out of the shower and she started crying because she realized I was losing weight rapidly. Within 2 months I lost 32 pounds. I wasn't trying to. I was healthy. There was nothing I'd done. I had my first colonoscopy at 38, endoscopy. I started bleeding out of both ends. And I don't mean bleeding like trace amounts. I was coughing up blood. This is all before the secret came out. I would fill the bowl with blood. And I herniated a disk. Things that it was like my body was breaking down from holding onto that for so long. I now have Barretts Esophagus which is a precancerous esophageal condition. I go every 6 months now and have a colonoscopy/endoscopy. There's other things that, I mean it took its toll, but once I remembered, it's not that my health got better but me being alive on January 6, 2013 ...my body my brain my spirit held it until it almost killed me.</p>	<p>46:00</p> <p>47:00</p>
<p>Systemic collusion with perpetrator.....</p>	<p>I didn't have to meet Aube. He shouldn't have been available to me. I shouldn't have been available to a predator. He was shuffled around many many times. He refused help. Other priests went to bat for him. And the guys who shuffled him around, nothing happened. Aube hasn't served one day in prison. And it's not atypical of any of the priests. Most times, like Bernard law, they're rewarded for being good soldiers, good lieutenants. But we as rape survivors, we actually have to pick up the pieces.</p>	<p>48:00</p> <p>49:00</p>

<p>Community, support and connection.....</p>	<p>I can tell you the first time I actually had hope that I knew that there was a slight chance that I'd actually make it through this or at least see another month, week, year whatever, was the first time I went on the sidewalk outside the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. I've only gone there twice. It's not exactly Disney Land which is probably why there are not many of us clergy abuser survivors that go. For me it hits too close to home.</p>	<p>50:00</p>
<p>Indications of healing....</p>	<p>But I can tell you that my health, I keep on it now. My marriage, I paid the price with my marriage. It didn't survive this and I know that's not uncommon. I still love my wife very much. I love my step children very much. I could wrap that rage and anger around me. Look at all I've lost. You know, the church took 26 years of my life. I've always lived in isolation, but not anymore. I've gone back and started reading all the books. Ever since I was a child I've always read books primarily on either prisoners of war, the holocaust, because I could identify with that pain. But I would always stop the story when the POW's were repatriated, when the camps were liberated things such as that. I've gone back and started reading the ends of all those stories. Like Victor Frankl's story, John McCain's story and other people.</p>	<p>51:00</p>
<p>Hope.....</p>	<p>Because I have hope now. You can't write a check for having hope.</p> <p>But the church didn't give me hope. I didn't get that from the church. I haven't gotten anything from the church. The hope came from the people on the sidewalk. People who just refuse to let it be swept under the rug. So I'm still here today. I have a couple of picture's here. I'm just glad that Aube didn't finish off the job. What I've described might be enough to kill off other people's spirits.</p> <p>But I just think all the time of this one kid...I would start looking back when I realized there were other people who had been abused and raped by the church, I think he got a payout of \$200,000 and he was dead soon after. I don't know why his story just...by all rights that should have been me, I think.</p>	<p>52:00</p> <p>53:00</p> <p>54:00</p>

	<p>For some reason when I'm doing well, on days like today when I'm able to cry and be present and in the moment, whatever it may be, I'd like to think there is a spirit world that made some connection with that kid. I don't know what he experienced with his horror. It's kind of like a toothache I can't compare your horror to mine.</p> <p>One thing I tell other clergy survivors I've spoken with that are either just beginning their recovery or even ones that are years on and never seem to be able to move on, it's that our stories are all exactly the same. The music is always the same. It's just the lyrics that may be different.</p> <p>And hopefully one day there will be no more clergy rape survivors. I'd like it if we could be a dying breed. I'd like that. But it's going to have to come from us because it's not going to come from the church. So I'd like to thank you folks for the opportunity. I don't think I have much more to add. So thanks.</p>	<p>55:00</p> <p>56:00</p>
--	--	---------------------------