

LOG OF TESTIMONY — JEANNE MARIE CRATTY

<p>Jeanne Marie Cratty June 27, 2008</p>	<p>I'm a survivor of clergy abuse at the hands of Tom Donnelly. I'm exercising my first amendment rights to say his name out loud even though he has not been convicted. But we all know the truth in this room. I've never done anything like this before. It's very different from writing it down.</p>	
<p>Abuser ingratiates himself using power of the priesthood and learned religious beliefs.</p>	<p>When I was five I got ringworm and I was losing my curly hair. It was coming out in clumps. It coincided with the visitation of the Statue of Mary, Our Lady of Fatima. The statue was touring from Italy. Donnelly (I'm going to say his name as often as I fucking like) I don't think he had quite befriended my parents yet. He was still sort of new to the parish, which was St. Francis Xavier of South Weymouth. So this would have been 1973. He somehow found out I was losing my hair and got me and my parents a private viewing of the statue and I was blessed by him with the statue. The next day my wounds were gone and my hair came back. I wasn't supposed to have any hair. I was supposed to be bald for the rest of my life. That's messed up. (smiling)</p> <p>That was probably the first instance I had but I don't think he had quite latched on to me yet, because then when I turned 6 and I was leaving mass with my family he passed by on the way down the stairs after the service and he remarked about how big I was. And I was kind of a smart ass and I said, "Of course I am, I'm 6!"</p> <p>So that was kind of it. The beginning of the end.</p> <p>It was a really big parish, I don't think I remember ever liking it there or being aware of why I didn't. I just know it was really big and I didn't find people to be friendly. That became more and more obvious as I grew older up until when I decided to leave. We always sat on the right hand side, midway back always right behind the same family. There was a huge CYO. Donnelly was the spiritual director of the drum and bugle corps and then there was an older group called the Santians that traveled and did marching band and competitions. My brother Billy at one point tried the drum and bugle corps but he was hazed on the bus.</p>	<p>1:00</p> <p>2:00</p> <p>3:00</p> <p>4:00</p>

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<p>First inappropriate contact:</p> <p>Inappropriate touching...</p>	<p>Donnelly was present and did nothing so Billy quit the drum and bugle corps.</p> <p>I think I'm going to be really abstract. (distracted?) I'm ping ponging everywhere. So I guess my point is it was just a big active parish, active CYO, a lot of teenagers, a lot of youth stuff and people generally seemed to be happy to be there.</p> <p>We also had a really big holiday bazaar every November. And I think that first year when I was 6, we first really made contact, it was probably at the holiday bazaar. At that point he, I'm sure, had befriended my mom and had started to build trust, so I remember being taken out of the big room where all the stuff was, like all of the tables, and being led into a dark hallway in a corner behind a door (very stressed). I didn't know why I was alone and I didn't know why it had to be dark. And he only, he touched me over my clothes, like he rubbed my chest and over my privates over my clothes. At some point I was back in the bazaar with my mom.</p>	<p>5:00</p>
<p>Invited to new home.....</p>	<p>It got worse when I started taking CCD classes the next year. I know I had CCD in the first year but I don't know if it was at the church. I think it was in the church hall but I think there were a lot of different classes meeting at the same time. 'Cause when you're little, your CCD class is kind of different, a little bit more informal. The year I was going to turn 7, like the following fall we moved from one house on the South Weymouth side of town to the Landing, which is where my parents still live today. Shortly after we moved in my parents invited Donnelly over for dinner. I think it was a Sunday. I'm not sure how many times he'd accosted me by then. But I know there were several times. And all of those memories are basically the same: being led into the dark hallway, in a corner in the dark, mostly touching over my clothes.</p>	<p>6:00</p>
<p>Abuse increases and advances....</p>	<p>It wasn't until he got to my house that he became a little bit more brazen. He asked me to show him around the house. I think my mom and dad were probably in the kitchen. My dad might have been in</p>	<p>7:00</p>

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	<p>the den, I'm not sure, or he could have been in the kitchen.</p>	
	<p>But Donnelly wanted to see the rest of the house. (J very stressed and struggling to go on.) I took him upstairs. I pointed out mom and dad's room. And he said he wanted to see mine. We went into my room and he closed the door, but he left it open maybe that much.</p>	8:00
	<p>And he asked me to get on the bed. He asked me to get on the bed. I was lying on my back and he sat on the edge of the bed but sort of in the middle of me and I was wearing a dress. He pulled my panties down to my ankles and he took my hand and he taught me how to masturbate. He made me work myself until I guess, whatever kind of orgasm a 7-year-old could have (J very stressed) ' cause I remember it plain as day. The gradualness of it and then you get to a certain height and then the release and then you come down and it's over. I remember all that and I don't know how that was physically possible for a 7-year-old. (crying) I remember being really concerned that the door was open.</p>	9:00
Special treatment.....	<p>He gave me rules that I had to do it more than once a day. I had to do it when I woke up and at bedtime and I had to do it the way he showed me and not stop until I got the result that I had that day. And I did what I was told.</p>	10:00
Gifts to J	<p>I was aware of noise downstairs. I don't know where my brothers were. I don't know why he didn't care about my brothers. I eventually got my panties back up and we pretended like nothing had happened and we went downstairs and had dinner.</p> <p>And after dinner I got presents. He had gone to Italy. He went to I think Florence and Venice and he presented me with 2 crystal horses. He actually had 2 sets and one set was like a really pretty blue glass and then the other pair were clear except one horse had a</p>	

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	<p>black stripe going through the center that looked kind of magical how it ended up there and the other one had a red stripe. He told a really big long story about how he watched the glass artists blow them and form them.</p>	
<p>Gifts to her mom</p>	<p>He put a lot of emphasis on the horses that had stripes. He made them more important, so I chose that pair. I took really good care of them until one day I inexplicably smashed them to the ground and I couldn't understand why I was angry at them. That was many years later anyway.</p>	<p>11:00</p>
<p>More abuse...</p>	<p>Gave my mother a (.....)statue of the Blessed Mother. She still has it in the house and I don't mind. I did for a while but I don't any more. It's on the mantle. I try to separate out the fact that he gave it to her and just focus on the fact that it's the Blessed Mother. And she's okay. She's my home girl.</p>	
<p>More gifts.....</p>	<p>So that was just like the first trip to my house. And there were other dinners after that which pretty much progressed the same way. There'd be time alone in my room where either he would want me to manipulate myself or he would do it.</p>	<p>12:00</p>
<p>Threats and intimidation</p>	<p>I would always get a gift after dinner. He got a hippo. He said he went to Kenya. I find that hard to believe but he presented himself as quite the globetrotter. He does own a travel agency now so I guess he could have gone to Africa. He said he saw it being carved. He presented it in a very sentimental way.</p>	
<p>Frequency of abuse increases.....</p>	<p>Whenever he was finished with me, before we would reunite with my family he would whisper in my ear and remind me that my family wouldn't love me anymore if they knew what we were doing or what I was doing. So, I had gifts. I guess I kept my mouth shut.</p> <p>Next couple of years when CCD was taking place in the schools buildings, there was a parochial school</p>	<p>13:00</p>

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	<p>attached to the church. Pretty much every week or maybe a couple times a month...he would send somebody from the office to get me out of class. They would bring me back to the office. And then when I went back to the office he'd be the only one in there and he'd close the door and he'd put me in the corner, like behind the shut door and do the usual.</p>	14:00
<p>Taken on out of state overnights.....</p>	<p>But as I got older and since things had progressed to skin level and deeper at my house, it didn't remain outside the clothes anymore. He'd always try to go in the pants and up my shirt. And I didn't really learn anything in CCD. I don't really have to say too much about CCD because that's pretty much how it progressed until maybe like the 4th or 5th grade when we started having classes in people's houses. 'Course you can't really do that anymore. But I was safe in CCD class once we weren't having class in the church anymore.</p>	15:00
<p>Details abuse.....</p>	<p>So that leads to I think the summer after 3rd grade, the first time he invited me to Hampton beach, his family cottage. I think it was a two-nighter. It was really bad. (J very upset). I remember really random things that are supposed to be really pleasant: like him teaching me how to make a milk and Pepsi like (???)..... and drink it and enjoy it. And the red checkered tablecloth on the kitchen table where we'd make breakfast...But then it's all intermingled with nighttime visits to my room. He was big into voyeurism, I think. Because he just stood in the doorway and he'd watch me sleep.</p>	16:00
<p>Use of religious practices..</p>	<p>But I wasn't really asleep because I'd be so aware of him there and I knew what was coming. So he'd watch me for a while and then he'd come in. And I'd be sleeping on my left side. He would climb in bed behind me and the sheets would be pulled down. And then the next thing my panties would go down to my ankles 'cause I'd be wearing a nightgown. His head would end up here (indicates her ear) where he'd recite the rosary and when he wasn't saying the rosary he'd sing a hymn that I'd hear at church. Like the ones that I really liked that I can't hear anymore (J weeping). I think that was his way of soothing me or kind of keeping me in some sort of a trance so that he</p>	17:00

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	<p>could just let his hand travel and do what he intended to do. I can't believe I'm saying all this out loud. (J very stressed, great effort to go on.)</p>	
<p>Vision of Blessed Mother</p>	<p>He would sodomize me with his fingers. He would position his hand in such a way that his thumb would be in my anus and the rest of his fingers would be in my vagina. I don't know how long he would keep it like that but it was really painful and I was screaming in my head but not out loud. I think I was still trying to pretend that I was asleep but who could possibly in their right mind, sleep through that?</p>	<p>18:00</p>
	<p>I have vivid memories of the Blessed Mother appearing over the bed and talking to me while he was doing what he was doing. I could see white light and really loud screaming in my head. But I felt like I'd be okay, 'cause at least she was there.</p>	<p>19:00</p>
<p>At the beach more abuse...</p>	<p>The first trip that is what he kept the focus on, sodomy and digital rape. My nightshirt would end up to my neck so I was completely exposed. I remember he was wearing white boxers. And I could feel his penis against my back and against my bum. He didn't try to put that in me but he clearly had it outside his boxers. I think that was the first night.</p> <p>I don't know how long he was in my bed. I just know eventually he would get up and leave so nobody would think anything and not see him wake up in his own room.</p> <p>I know during the day we would go to the beach and he would take me in the water and get behind me. So he'd have his left arm holding my belly, sort of pressing me into him in the water. And we were deep enough so that our middles down were concealed and I don't remember a lot of people being around. I mean</p>	<p>20:00</p>

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<p>Other kids there too....</p>	<p>there were definitely people in the water. And he proceeded to take his right hand and sodomize me and digitally rape me and stretch out my bathing suit. I remember feeling extremely humiliated coming out of the water because my bathing suit was hanging down here and I didn't know what to do about that.</p>	
<p>Effects of abuse before remembering abuse....</p>	<p>And I wasn't the only kid on that weekend so I don't know. He could have left my room and gone into somebody else's room. He could have taken another girl in the water after me. I just know that everybody could see that my bathing suit was all stretched out and it wasn't stretched out when I went in the water. It was only stretched out when I came out.</p>	<p>21:00</p>
<p>More treats and presents...</p>	<p>I used to have a couple of Polaroid snapshots from the beach. There was a picture of me in that bathing suit. And there was a picture of him. I had them in my room for a really long time and then inexplicably, sort of like smashing those crystal horses, I grabbed a ball point pen and I started drawing and scribbling but like really angrily so you could really see the digging lines and stuff like that, and I couldn't understand why I was suddenly having this reaction to a couple of photos from this weekend away with this priest who was good friends with my mom and who, you know, really loved me and gave me great gifts.</p>	<p>22:00</p>
<p>Time confusion</p>	<p>I know we walked along the boardwalk and had ice cream and tee shirts and that kind of fun stuff intermingled. But the night time turned dark again and he reentered my room</p> <p>This is where my memories get confused because I don't know if he decided to do more the second night or if he decided to do more on the second trip because I took more than one trip away to that house. But I mean regardless, the memory is what it is. It started the same way. He'd watch me. I could feel him at the back of my head. I'd be sleeping on my left hand side. He would enter the bed. Panties end up down at the</p>	<p>23:00</p>

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<p>Orally raped....</p>	<p>ankles. Nightshirt up at the neck and he'd start with the sodomy and the rape again.</p> <p>Then it got more violent. I feel it was more violent. He finished up from working me from behind and came to the other side of the bed and sat in front of me. (silence, big out breath, restraining crying) I know I kept my eyes closed. I don't know what he would have been thinking. If he would have expected me to wake up for this part or not but I didn't look at him.</p>	<p>24:00</p>
<p>Defenses used.....</p>	<p>But he forced my mouth open. He would like, if I was lying down and he was sitting right here, he'd grab me up. I kind of felt like a ragdoll. Like Raggedy Ann (J crying) I really hate her. Because that's how it felt. He forced my mouth open and then forced my head over his penis. (silence, sobbing) And I didn't know what to do . I was trying to not make noise and pretend I was a sleep. So he probably wasn't getting any real action from me at all so he pulled my hair to get the response he needed to gratify himself. He just held onto my hair and would just take my head up and put it back down. But, like, maintaining his penis in my mouth.</p>	<p>25:00</p>
<p>Defenses strengthen...</p>	<p>I remember feeling really choked. Like feeling it all the way down here. Whether it really reached that far I doubt but I was choked. It was disgusting. I hated him. I felt humiliated. But instead of hearing screaming, I just heard ringing, like really loud ringing and buzzing in my head. And I didn't know when it was going to stop. It really hurt my head, hurt my hair. Eventually when he was done with me, he just kind of threw down like a ragdoll back into my sleeping position and got up and left the room.</p>	<p>26:00</p>
	<p>So that's pretty much how the trips to NH went.</p> <p>He invited me on a lot more that I didn't take. That was the summer after my 3rd grade year. I went on one more after my 4th grade year. Same progression. The last time I think he tried to force his penis inside me but I don't think he got anywhere. I think he was very</p>	<p>27:00</p>

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<p>Orally raped again.....</p>	<p>frustrated. So he kind of had to stick with what else was working.</p> <p>And pretty much after the second time I agreed to go I know I said no any time I was invited after that. My parents describe me as coming home very quiet. Not saying anything and just running right up to my room.</p>	<p>28:00</p>
<p>Very detailed memories; "How cold the window was"...</p>	<p>On the way home from the second trip away he dropped everybody else off first and we parked alongside some road. It was just like trees and not a lot of cars. He stopped the car. I was in the back seat. He got into the back seat with me. He forced my mouth over his penis again. And then when he was done he drove me the rest of the way home. I was probably, like 10.</p> <p>So last time I saw him. He left St Francis. I don't know if his time was up or how that all works. But he ended up at St. Eulalia's in Winchester. Keep in mind he was really good friends with my mom. And at the time when he came into her life, I had lost my grandfather, my papa died when I was 6. That was my mother's father. So they clearly had a good friendship going. So when he left St Francis, they stayed in touch. And they figured I would miss him terrible so they surprised me one Sunday morning by instead of going to St. Francis we drove to Winchester to see him celebrate mass at his new home.</p>	<p>29:00</p>
<p>More abuse...</p>	<p>I remember feeling really sick in the car on the way there. I know I had the window seat in the family station wagon. I was sitting on the driver's side. I remember how cold the window was, 'cause I had my forehead right up against it. I was miserable. It was a miserable day. It was right before Halloween. I had just turned 11.</p> <p>It was like a couple weeks after my birthday.</p>	<p>30:00</p>

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<p>Final gift and threats....</p>	<p>I don't remember mass. I just remember him separating me from my family after mass and taking me to his room. I don't know where they went. Like I don't know how he just charmed them. Maybe there was social hour or something and they got to go have a donut. I don't know.</p> <p>But I ended up in his room. My panties ended up around my ankles. But I was standing. He got on his bed and he made me stand in front of him. And he must have realized that time was limited so he couldn't get away with a whole hell of a lot.</p> <p>He just manipulated me with his fingers and his thumb in my anus and my vagina. But from the front. It was kind of awkward. He kept my shirt on. I was wearing pants.</p> <p>I started asking where my parents were. So he put my clothes back on. Or he pulled my pants back up and then he led me over to a table where gave me my final gift. He reminded me of how much my parents would hate me and disown me and not love me anymore.</p> <p>So he made it clear what I had to keep doing. And all these years, mind you, I still kept masturbating myself every day in the morning and at night because he would ask. He would check up on me, you know. Are you still...?</p> <p>He gave me what he called a love cross. It's on the table there. You can see it in a minute. He was sitting on a chair in front of me and he put it around my neck and he just kind of put his hand there and held it. He looked really satisfied, really pleased with himself, smug. And then I heard footsteps outside the door. So he opened the door and said, See here's your parents. So I got reunited. I said goodbye. And got led down the hallway and we left and that was the last time I saw him. (long silence)</p>	<p>31:00</p> <p>32:00</p> <p>33:00</p>
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<p>Memories repressed but not the effect....</p>	<p>Shortly after that, I know he stopped writing my mom. And I know her feelings were hurt because she thought they were good friends. And he stayed contact with other people from the parish. But he stopped talking to her.</p> <p>Within a year or so, we heard a rumor that he left the priesthood to get married. So she wrote him a very lovely letter in support and to make it clear that that didn't change her view of him. That she was still there if he ever wanted to talk. But he never wrote her back. She used to take a painting class every Monday night at this woman Florence's house and Florence and him were really good friends and Florence heard from him all the time. So that was hard. And my mom, she didn't understand.</p>	<p>34:00</p> <p>35:00</p>
<p>Unexpected encounter with abuser years later, triggers unaccustomed violent response...</p>	<p>And then time passed and junior high sucked and high school was worse.</p> <p>The next time I saw him, and then I think I'll stop, I think probably '90 or '91, I had injured my back when I was 17. I fractured my 5 lumbar vertebrae when I was working at the hospital. So I was under chiropractic care. And I wasn't aware how friendly he was with my chiropractor. When I was 22, I walked in the office and he was in there.</p> <p>I had been having nightmares for years and I knew I was a sad person and deep. I felt more highly evolved than pretty much any of my peers. I was just a very thoughtful, pensive, introverted kid entering my early 20's. And when I saw him, it took me back and nothing flooded in, but I had this overwhelming urge to punch him and yank on his dick and try and take it off his body. I wasn't accustomed to having violent images of people and things. So I mustered a hello. And he didn't know what to do. He grabbed his coat and hightailed it out of there without so much as a grunt.</p> <p>I had my appointment. Went home. My mom was cooking dinner. I was, like, Mom, you're not going to believe who was in Dr. Perry's office. She's, like,</p>	<p>36:00</p> <p>37:00</p>

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	<p>Who? I said, Father Donnelly. That's the first time I've said Father in reference to him in probably 8 years. And that's only because I still referred to him as that at that time. I admitted I wanted to hurt him and I couldn't understand why. I said, Maybe I'm mad at him because he stopped being friends with you. So we had a short conversation and then that was kind of it.</p> <p>And then the floodgates started to open shortly after that. The nightmares got much more vivid. Black figures, stuff like that. I didn't realize he was the figure in my nightmares until April 23, 1999.</p> <p>That's when life started to get (J very upset) I need to stop.[We see photos of Jeannie at the age her abuse started. And the gifts, the cross.]</p>	
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