

8/9/65 Rev. John A Kind

Confidential

To be opened only by
Most Rev. Ordinary
or
Vicar General

1958

I first met Jack Lind in the summer of 1958, at my summer job at Delaware Racetrack. I was about to enter 2nd college at St. Charles and he 3rd theology at St Vincent's in Latrobe, Pa. Soon after becoming friends, he asked me to accompany him and his family on their two week vacation trip to Arizona. He hinted rather definitely that he and I would have sex play with each other on this trip. Having the same homosexual weakness as he, I was quite able to interpret what he was getting at. Our type have a kind of 6th sense about identifying each other. Shortly after this veiled invitation, I myself initiated a homosexual act with him. He responded with enthusiasm. He then came out and said he clearly had "two weeks of pleasure" of such kind in mind for the Arizona trip. Fortunately, right before the trip, my conscience got the best of me, and to his bitter disappointment, I never went. However, that summer, Jack and I were involved sexually with each other three or four times. He mentioned to me that summer that he was involved sexually in the seminary itself, and that he had made it a practice to visit a seminarian friend's room daily for this purpose.

From the very first, I felt a close friendship and sense of mutual understanding and trust with Jack. Consequently, all my subsequent scruples about denouncing him have been extremely painful, as he is my friend, for better or worse. I have never had any reason for a personal grudge against him. On the contrary, my instincts are to shield and protect the weaknesses of my friend from exposure to others. My only motive in the years I considered denouncing him was that the good of the Church, as well as his own personal good demanded it. A confessor once asked me if my scruples about denouncing him were not in fact a vicarious way of expiating for my own lapses. I do not think so, as I can think of a lot of other less risky ways of atoneing for my own offenses, besides leaving myself wide open for retaliation and vengeance on his part.

Upon returning to the seminary in the fall of 1958 for my last year at St. Charles, my confessor was informed of the situation just described. He became the first of several priests who agonized about what to advise me to do about it. In the end, he said I ought not to jeopardize my position in the seminary by denouncing him as he would almost certainly retaliate. Also there was the hope that he would straighten himself out before ordination, as I myself was attempting to do.

1959

Again Jack was at the race track working with me for the summer. This summer he told me that he was involved sexually with two other race track employees. They were in their early twenties. Jack was now a subdeacon. I'm not sure whether I was involved with him that summer or not, but I suspect there may have been an incident or two. I remember getting him to agree to go out with me one evening on an agreement there would be no sex, but just a conversational exchange on how he could justify his position as an active homosexual on the eve of ordination. He told me among other things that the morality of it didn't bother him, as he just didn't think about it in moral terms. He said that to do so would be an interference with the enjoyment of the act. He said that when he was in high school, he had both heterosexual and homosexual relations but that the latter was his preference now. He said that his confession during the period when he was in the Franciscans really was the one who got him started homosexually on a full time basis. (Incidentally I believe it was the same summer that I ran into a Franciscan up in New York. I asked him if he knew Jack. He laughed and said, "Yes, I know that Bohemian".) He did show some evidence of moral concern. He spoke about enjoying himself in homosexuality now and then abruptly cutting it off at ordination day. He said this almost lightheartedly in a way that I felt that he did not believe it himself. He spoke of wanting to do good for other people after he was ordained, and he meant it sincerely. When I asked wasn't it a mortal sin to be ordained without proper moral qualifications and how could he possibly think that such an act would please God, he told me that I will learn in theology some day that theologians are always disagreeing, and you could always find an opinion to back you up, if you searched hard enough. He didn't seem to think that the thing was as cut and dry as I was making it. I asked about his feelings about receiving all those communions in the seminary in mortal sin. He said that he learned in the seminary that if you dissolve the host in your mouth before you swallow it, you haven't received the sacrament in the strict sense. He said too that some theologians hold that the Mass one offers up while in the state of mortal sin could at least be applied to the souls in purgatory, even if you are not disposed to benefit by it personally. One of his chief defenses during this discourse was a

remark a director of his once made about seminarians' moral lapses. He is supposed to have said something about there being no need to get perturbed about the weakness of youth as in time these things iron themselves out. Jack admitted that perhaps he was stretching this remark to suit his situation.

This summer Jack told me that he had successfully seduced a couple of minor seminarians from the diocese that he met in the summer seminarian programs. He had them stay overnight in his house I believe. I distinctly remember him telling me of his delight at the size of one of these boys' genitals. One of these boys is now out of the seminary. He is [redacted] of Our Lady of Fatima parish. There are two [redacted] in the phone book who would come under that area, so I don't want to hazard an address or phone number. I am sure the Vocation Office has that information. He dropped out of St Mary's Kentucky around 1960. [redacted] is a good friend of Jack's, and probably would be most hesitant about saying anything to get him in trouble. But to the best of my knowledge, [redacted] is a good Catholic, comes from a devout family, and the last I heard was ready to get married. Perhaps he would testify. The other seminarian is [redacted] who was also a Wilmington seminarian at St Mary's, Ky, around 1960. He is now studying to be a Resurrectionist up in Canada. Again, the Vocation Office would have his address. His involvement was years ago, so perhaps he would testify.

I later learned that Lind sent [redacted] a letter while the latter was at St Mary's Ky chiding him for talking too much about his relations with him from what I gather. The lad showed the letter to the now Father Tom Hanley of St Francis de sales, Salisbury, who was then the senior seminarian from the diocese at that seminary. Incidentally, Fr Hanley is the one who told me of the incident. Hanley didn't like the sound of the letter, so he wrote back to Lind telling him he better never see such a letter again or else. Hanley was never too specific about the contents, except to say he has no use for Lind ever since. I mention this because Fr Hanley might be able to shed some light on this whole business.

1960

Lind returned to St Vincent's in the fall to become a deacon, and I advanced to St Mary's, Paca st. There my new director also agonized over whether to advise me to denounce my accomplice. Again,

after much discussion, the answer was, don't do it, due to the likelihood of ruining my own career, the danger of blackmail, and the slim hope that he would see the light before his ordination in the Spring.

At the time of the Christmas vacation (Jan 3, 1960 as noted in my diary) I went over Lind's house to see his chalice. This time I had no intention of doing anything wrong, as I was trying hard for reform being now in the major seminary. However, Jack started seducing me, and never stopped until I let him win the fight. Previous to then, as far as he and I were concerned, it was always me who requested the sex with him. That evening Jack showed me some homosexual photographs and pictures that he had sent away for while in the seminary.

In May of 1960, Jack Lind was ordained. I was present and saddened because I had been too afraid to stop it and because I knew only too well what the future would be like. A great regret to me is that I received no encouragement from my Confessor to make the denuntiation then before it was too late.

Fr. Lind was sent to Salisbury for his first assignment.

1961

After this, I sort of lost contact for a while. However on August 22nd, 1961 (as noted in my diary) Jack was in Wilmington on a day off and called me up. We had sex. I then learned from Jack that he was seducing a number of young boys in the parish, including one who was not even a Catholic but lived in the parish confines. He spoke of taking them on rides to the Ocean City rectory when no one was there so he could have sex with them. He spoke too of having sex ~~sex~~ with some of the young men in the parish area. I reminded him of what he said about stopping his antics once he got ordained. In an offhand way, he said "Who knows, maybe I'll be a deathbed conversion". He spoke of giving expensive and elaborate gifts to some of his pets in the parish. He had the pictures of some of these young boys in his wallet. He told me that he took his vacation that summer up in Canada with two boys from the parish both of whom he abused on the trip. He mentioned that one of the boy's mother's was suspicious of him, and that he acted so indignant about her suspicions that she let him go anyway. He mentioned being accompanied on the trip also with another priest friend who had the

same problem. He is from Pittsburgh, referred to by Jack as [redacted] I believe. He spoke of taking them to a priest in St John the Beloved parish for purposes of hearing their Confessions when they returned from the trip. Just this past Christmas I met one of these boys who went on the trip. He is referred to as [redacted] and is a parishoner of St Francis de Sales parish in Salisbury. He brother [redacted] was a classmate of mine in Roland Park. [redacted] told me that he had advised his parents that no matter what they decided, he was against his brother taking the trip with Father Lind. He didn't think he was a good influence. But the parents are devout and trusting of the clergy so they let him go. When I met this [redacted], he seemed quite manly (He had a girl with him) and mature now. The family is extremely well balanced and devout, and though he is still a friend of Lind's, he seems to be serious and good enough to testify, if it ever came to that. The fellow must be around 19 years old now. The address is [redacted]. I'm sure ~~one of~~ the priest in the parish could give you his correct first name.

1962

The previous fall, I had taken a year leave of absence from the seminary. I entered the army for six months. I now was worrying a lot about denouncing Jack Lind, as I could't get off my mind the evil he was causing the Church and the dishonor he was heaping on the priesthood. Consequently, I went to my spiritual director in Wilmington on one of my passes home from the army. I told him of my dilemma. I wanted the evil corrected, but I was afraid of being exposed in the process, as I was bent on returning to the seminary in the fall. He suggested, and I consented, that he himself go and talk to the Chancellor to make the denuntiation, but that the use of the information be limited to him alone. I thought that this was better than nothing, and it would be good if some one in authority knew of the situation. A few weeks later Lind was changed to St Catherine's in Wilmington.

During that summer, I made the mistake of telling what I had done in terms of denuntiation to [redacted] who at that time wa one of our seminarians. He was one of my closest friends and also a friend of Lind's. I told him about how I had agonized over this thing and had Jack's interests as well as the Church's in mind. This lad later went back to Lind and told him to beware of me,

because I had been "talking" about him. [redacted] apparently left it as vague as that, in an attempt to protect his friend and make him discreet around me. I visited Jack over my Christmas vacation as I was now back in the seminary, in theology. Lind said he heard I was talking about him. He then threatened me that if he were ever exposed, he would know where the source was. He said "Remember, they can't unordain me, but they haven't ordained you yet", which freely translated means you tell on me, I'll tell on you. In my fear of being ruined, I patently denied "Talking" about him.

It was at this time that Lind told me that he was frequenting a homosexual bar in Wilmington, viz., the Golden Greek on King street. He told me that he was now involved sexually with boys in his new parish.

1963

During the summer of 1963, I visited Lind occasionally, and at infrequent intervals, had moral lapses with him. One time, he invited me to go to a drive-in with him with some boys in the parish for sexual purposes. Another time, he invited me to play strip poker in his room with four young boys from the parish, while the pastor was out. I was present in the rectory when the four young teen-agers arrived. They joked with him about unnatural sex acts. He began fondling one of them while I was there, and it was at this point that I left the rectory, i.e., as they were all headed for the bed room for strip poker and sex play. I learned that summer that he was having sex with many of the young boys in the parish, and also that on days off, he took trips to Salisbury to have sex with both boys and adults that he had befriended while in that parish. He showed me a considerable collection of homosexual magazines, as well as a handful of outright pornographic photos of aroused male nudes which he had received through the mail at the rectory. He told me of keeping boys overnight for sex at the rectory while the pastor was away. He spoke of a plan the boys had to vacate his bedroom should the pastor arrive unexpectedly, which involved their hopping out the window to the porch roof, and then sliding down the porch posts. It was clearer than ever to me that Jack had no control whatsoever of what he was doing, that his sex appetite seemed to be insatiable, that he had not even the trace of moral remorse. One time I heard him call up a boy in the parish, asking him to come up to the rectory

because "I got the knack for it now". He spoke of having sex at least three times a day on his vacations at Ocean City with the boys. He told me of a young boy in the parish he had masturbate him until the boys arms were too tired to move, due to difficulty reaching orgasm on account of frequent repetition of sexual activity. He told me of being embarrassed before the parents of a young grade school boy whom he had previously taken aside to embrace. In the boy's home one time, in front of the lad's parents, he got to playfully tossing him around, when the boy stopped struggling and began to embrace him.

1964

The following summer, in my rare visits to Lind, I learned that the same unwholesome situation at St Catherine's was raging in all the intensity as the previous summer. On these visits, we had sex. He showed me a cot he had over the school which he used whenever he needed a more convenient place for sex play. He spoke of a rough gang in the parish confines that he was befriending. One of the members of that gang was convicted to the workhouse for murder about this time. The gang is known as the "Stantons". That summer there was an article in the paper stating that the police had arrested members of this gang 97 times many of which incidents involved assault and battery and burglary. Lind told me that he had sex with some of this crowd. He prided himself on his "in" with this group. He said they respected him because he spoke their language. He told me of an incident when he had some of them doing some manual work in the parish, and one of them was too slow. "I told him I'd kick him in the 'balls', if he didn't hurry. This is the language they respect, he noted. This gang element has made me somewhat fearful of a denuntiation, as they would no doubt seek some means of retaliation. Besides the gang factor, I fear what I believe is a vary definite mental instability in Jack, and believe him quite capable of seeking some retaliation. I say this because he fits the description of everything I have read about sociopaths e.g. no pains of conscience, tough talk, reckless devil-may-care attitude, insatiable gratification of self wants, deceitfulness, paling around with a rough crowd, etc. He would have little difficulty suspecting me, as he had heard in the past that I was on the verge of denouncing him.

He took his vacation that summer with a 'gay' priest friend. They went to Greenwich Village hunting for sex. I made the crucial mistake that summer of consenting for the one and only time to have sex with one of the minors in that parish with whom Lind was involved. It was an occasion when Lind had a day off and had brought two young teenagers up to his parent's home. I arrived around noon, and learned that the three of them had just concluded a session on the bed. I then had sex with one of these minors. This latter fact is one possible area of blackmail. If Jack ever exposed this, I could face imprisonment. I add this to stress I have nothing to gain by the telling of the whole sordid story, except to heal the wounds in Christ's Church.

Jack mentioned to me two homosexual books he read that he highly recommended. One was City of Night and the other was Giovanni's Room. He also showed me a picture book he had paid ten dollars for called 101 Boys. All of them were completely nude.

When I left the seminary for the second time in the fall, I visited Jack one time. We had sex. The situation in the parish was as outrageous as ever, only now Lind said that it seemed the pastor was getting very suspicious of his every move, and was keeping close tabs on him. He mentioned having achieved success in seducing the boy who works in the rectory after trying unsuccessfully for a year to achieve this result. Once he broke him, he took him away on a trip to consolidate his gains. Since seeing Jack this past fall, I have not seen him until late in July of 1965.

1965

Jack was transferred to St Elizabeth's in the Spring. I ran into him by accident in the post office in July, and he asked me to come over to the car and check over a "real dream" in the back seat. The reference was to a 13 year old blond lad from the parish, one of three boys in the car at the time.

It was at this point finally after seven years of fretting that I decided to denounce Lind to the Bishop and get the matter off my conscience. Up until now, he had the power of exposing me so I could not be a priest. This I felt was no longer a problem as I had voluntarily told my own problems to the Bishop some time before. As for blackmail or some nastier form of retaliation, particularly from the gang element, I was afraid. However, in

participating in the March from Selma to Montgomery, I left the area with a conviction that there were things in life worth taking great risks over. I began to see what Bonhoffer meant when he said that Christianity is a call to enter into the death of Christ, a powerful statement coming from a man murdered by the Nazis for his beliefs. Despite my own moral lapses, many of which were with Lind himself, I was sincerely repentant. Though I understood him perfectly, what he was doing as a priest inflamed me with anger and moved me to sorrow for the evil done to God's Church, and the great suffering that was tormenting my friend Lind himself. I like Lind and I have prayed earnestly for seven years for his conversion, almost as earnestly as for my own because there was more at stake in his getting well. I hate to expose him, because whatever else he is, he is my friend. Much of what I know, I know because he trusted me in confidence. But his behavior was outrageous to all the instincts of saving men that I was imbued with over ten years in the seminary. One of the reasons I did not bring it to the Bishop's attention before as I saw the situation grow progressively more evil was my Confessor's advice in theology. He said that it was sufficient that I told the Chancellor, that anything else was too risky, and that I need not fret. But now I don't feel quite that way. My life is pretty much a broken dream anyway. I feel there is actually very little Lind could do to mess it up even more..Exposure at this point would be anti-climactic. I'm pretty much alone and have no status, family or position to ruin. So now seems the best time in my own life to rectify this evil, and to do some of the good for God's Church that I once dreamed of doing.

Having decided to go through with this denuntiation, I felt I had to establish if the situation was still current as I had not seen Jack since the fall. I visited him at St Elizabeth's rectory on July 27, 1965. I learned that his depravity has continued unabated. He bragged about how in less than a month at his new parish, he had made a sex playmate out of one of the best looking teenagers in the parish. He had just returned from a two day trip to Ocean City with him. As a matter of fact, Jack was sick from lack of sleep on the trip and from overdoing the dissipation sexually that he had with the boy on the trip. He said he had the boy trained to do almost anything sexually with him. During my visit, Jack called the boy up, and some of the phone conversation was clearly of

a perverted variety. Unfortunately, on this visit, I was unable to resist the urge to have sex with Lind also. Jack told me that the boys he had seduced regularly at St Catherine's were now coming around to St Elizabeth's for rendez-vous' with him there. Though I didn't mean it, I asked him if I were to have a party for him and his sex-mates from St Catherine's, how many could I count on. He said at least eight. He also mentioned he has some vacation coming up in August, in which he plans to go to Pittsburgh with two of his sezplaymates from St Catherine's.

If I could add just one more thing by way of recommendation. I do not think that occasional visits to a psychiatrist is going to solve his problem, at least not for a long time. Jack is an artist at deceit and he could easily fake a reform. I do not believe he is capable of stopping now even if he wanted to, and he doesn't. He can't live without sex. The only possible answer I can see is some kind of institutional committment with intense care. He has had a constant and almost daily involvment in sex play of this kind for the seven I knew him and before.

August 2nd 1965