

My abuse at the hands of Father Stephen M. Kilcarr began shortly after I graduated from St. Joseph School, and lasted for two years. I was between 13 and 15 years of age at the time. This abuse occurred dozens of times, and always took place in his apartment on the second floor of the rectory of St. Joseph Church, 44 Benvenue Avenue, West Orange, NJ, where he was the curate. During the summer months, it occurred at least once a week, and during the school year, it occurred approximately once every 2-3 weeks. It always occurred between 7 and 10 pm.

During the 1960's, Father Kilcarr was like a member of our family. He often joined our family for dinner, and my mother would bake him cookies. I remember him coming to our house to watch the New York Yankees World Series games against the Pittsburg Pirates in 1960 because my parents had just purchased a color television. He also officiated at my sibling's wedding.

As examples of how he tried to embed himself in our family, he disapproved of the high school that my parents selected for me to attend because "I wouldn't get good basketball training there." Also, he met my now wife of 48 years when I was in college. He told my parents that he didn't approve of her because "she wasn't Catholic." Fortunately for me, my parents ignored him in both instances.

He became enamored with me as a member of his St. Joseph CYO basketball teams, and during my four years as an altar boy. As evidenced by his subsequent career at Seton Hall Prep, Father Kilcarr was obsessed with sports and coaching. He was also obsessed with the New York Yankees, fitness, and the nutritional value of milk.

It would be unusual for a parish priest to have regular contact with a student following his or her graduation from parochial school. But as shown by his autograph page from my St. Joseph eighth grade autograph book, he clearly had intentions of maintaining contact with me. In his note, he also talked about "staying in shape." Following my graduation from eighth grade at St. Joseph School, he bought a set of barbells/dumbbells, and convinced my parents to allow him to be my personal physical fitness trainer. My parents, being old-school, devout Catholics, encouraged me to go along with this. To them, priests could do no wrong, and it was an honor to be "taken under the wings" of a Catholic priest, especially a beloved priest like Father Kilcarr.

In retrospect, Father Kilcarr's "training sessions" were more like "dates", and each followed the same routine. They began with him calling my house wanting to know if we could get together. He would pick me up in his green Chevrolet Impala, with green cloth seats, and would drive to Bond's ice cream shop in Upper Montclair, NJ that featured a large, thick milkshake called "Awful, Awful"--advertized as "Awfully Big and Awfully Good." He would always send me into the store to purchase the milkshakes so as not to be seen with me in public, and we would drink them in his car. On more than one occasion, he would strongly encourage me to drink two. He said he was trying to "build me up" with milk. Following that, we would return to the rectory, which was always vacant. This was because our Monsignor, Thomas Glover, spent many weekends and vacation time at his sister's cottage on Lake Mohawk in northern New Jersey.

To this day, over 55 years later, I can describe Father Kilcarr's apartment in great detail. For example, the walls were painted teal, the plastic couch and chair in his sitting area were yellow, and he had a double bed covered with a white bedspread. The bedspread had a raised, white beaded circular design on it. Next to the bed was a night stand with a small lamp on it, and his closet had a curtain instead of a door. His air conditioner was in the small window opposite his bed.

Once in his apartment, he would have me change into a skimpy, white, bodybuilder's brief made of a shiny satin-like material. He would then direct me through a weightlifting routine, while he sat on the couch simultaneously ogling me and watching the Yankees on TV. Once my muscles were pumped up, he would lead me into his bathroom, where he would have me go through a series of bodybuilder poses in front of the mirror over his sink. He would then take measurements of my muscles using a yellow cloth tape measure, while urging me to tense my muscles to get the "maximum measurements" possible. More than once, I got muscle cramps from doing so.

He seemed to take special pleasure measuring my chest, being sure that the cloth tape measure was placed over my nipples. He would readjust the measuring tape several times, each time urging me to stick out my chest, and being careful to make sure it covered my nipples. Again, this was in order to get the "maximum measurement" possible. He also seemed to enjoy pulling up the brief in my groin area, so as to get the "correct measurement" of my upper thigh. He kept a log book of my every measurement, which he eventually gave to me. Unfortunately, I recall throwing it out while cleaning house in advance of my family's move to our

current residence. But the image of this bodybuilder's log book, is etched in my mind. The cover pictured a muscular bodybuilder holding a raised cross in the air, and it began with a "Bodybuilder's Prayer."

After the posing and measurements, he would turn his bedroom air conditioner up to high during the summer months, and give me a full body rubdown while I was lying on his bed. He especially seemed to enjoy hanging over me while rubbing both of my breasts in circles. During this time, his face seemed to go into a trance, and he continually licked his lips as if his mouth were dry. This image of Father Kilcarr is indelibly etched in my brain. He also enjoyed rubbing my thighs, and giving my back thighs a series of fast "karate-like chops," which would cause my legs to twitch involuntarily. After the rubdown, I would get dressed, he would make the sign of the cross on my forehead, put his hands on my head, and send me home through the side door of the rectory, as it was more secluded than the front door. He instructed me to keep all of this between the two of us, and not to tell any of my friends about it, and I never did.

As I grew older, though, these "training sessions" began to feel creepy. Once, Monsignor Glover appeared at the rectory unexpectedly while I was there. Father Kilcarr panicked, told me to quickly get dressed, peeked out his door to see if the coast was clear, and quickly sent me home through the side door of the rectory. I got to thinking; "if there was nothing wrong with all of this, then why wouldn't Father Kilcarr be happy to be seen with me in front of Monsignor Glover?"

On another occasion, after changing into the brief, I simply didn't feel like lifting the weights and refused to do so. He became enraged, throwing one of the small weight plates across the room saying, "I don't know why I do this for you." He told me to get dressed and get out. At this point I also became somewhat fearful of him. On the way out, feeling very confused, I was on the verge of tears and said "I am sorry Father." He pulled me close to him, said "It's alright", gave me the obligatory sign of the cross on my forehead, placed his hands on my head, and sent me home into the night.

Becoming increasingly wary and even fearful of him, I finally decided that I needed to get out of this situation. I did not feel that I could tell my parents about this, because they encouraged me to be with Father Kilcarr in the first place. Also, I thought they wouldn't believe me, or I'd perhaps be reprimanded for even suggesting this about a priest whom they held in such high regard. Moreover, at

this young age, I didn't know what sexual abuse was. All I knew was that it was all starting to feel strange and inappropriate.

About this time, like many teenagers, I began experimenting with smoking cigarettes, and he smelled the smoke on my clothes. This was absolutely repulsive to him, and he asked me about it. With a sense of rebellion, I told him that I "smoke all the time," and I recall him looking absolutely shattered by this news. At this point, he broke off our "training sessions," and I recall feeling liberated! He gave me the barbells and training logbook, and I had little contact with him after that.

After my abuse ended, Father Kilcarr moved to Seton Hall Prep School in South Orange, NJ, where he had close contact with thousands of young boys over the course of multiple decades. This was through his involvement with sports, and his "spiritual review sessions" that he conducted with every incoming freshman student. He died in 2017.

I did not come forward with my allegation of sexual abuse until 2019, when I was 68 years old. The primary reason for my "delayed disclosure" was the fact that I did not want to hurt my parents in their latter years. My parents, and especially my father, would have been devastated to learn that his son was sexually abused by his favorite priest, and that he enabled this to occur by allowing this pedophile priest to imbed himself in our family as he did. I did not want my father to feel guilty in his remaining years. It was easier to simply remain silent.

I filed a claim with the NJ Dioceses' Independent Victims Compensation Program (IVCP) in 2019, without legal representation. I received a settlement despite the fact that Father Kilcarr was already deceased for two years. This statement is based upon my application to the IVCP.