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Proof of Claim form: John Doe 167B

Content Notice

This item is part of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe Institutional Abuse Collection, and it may contain descriptions of physical, emotional, sexual, and religious abuse, including abuse of minors. Other potentially sensitive topics within the collection include mental health conditions, substance abuse, and other forms of violence.

Resources are available if you or someone you know needs support for any reason.

For the National Sexual Assault Hotline, call 800-656-HOPE (4673) or go to <https://hotline.rainn.org/online>

For the 988 Suicide and Crisis Lifeline, call or text 988, or go to <https://chat.988lifeline.org/>

For the Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration Helpline, call 1-800-662-4357

For crisis treatment in New Mexico: <https://www.nmhealth.org/contact/crisis/>

Survivors Network of those Abused by Priests resources: https://www.snapnetwork.org/resources_for_survivors

To report abuse:

- <https://archdiosf.org/report-abuse>
- <https://www.reportbishopabuse.org/>

To report child abuse:

- <https://www.childhelpline.org/>

Keywords

child sexual abuse, church abuse, New Mexico, Archdiocese of Santa Fe

Disciplines

Catholic Studies | Ethics in Religion | Religion Law | United States History

JD167B

FILED
at 1:15 o'clock P.M.

UNITED STATES BANKRUPTCY COURT
FOR THE DISTRICT OF NEW MEXICO

JUN 14 2019

In re:

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH OF THE
ARCHDIOCESE OF SANTA FE, a New Mexico
corporation sole,

Debtor.

Chapter 11 United States Bankruptcy Court
Albuquerque, New Mexico
Case No. 18-13027-t11

CORRECTED SEXUAL ABUSE PROOF OF CLAIM

This form has been corrected solely with respect to the address for hand delivery.

IMPORTANT:
THIS FORM MUST BE RECEIVED NO LATER THAN
June 17, 2019 AT 5:00 P.M. (PREVAILING MOUNTAIN TIME)

Carefully read Notice and Instructions that are included with this **CONFIDENTIAL PROOF OF CLAIM** and complete all applicable questions. Send together with one copy to: Clerk of the United States Bankruptcy Court, District of New Mexico at the following address: Office of the Clerk of Court-ATTN SEALED DOCUMENTS, U.S. Bankruptcy Court, District of New Mexico, Pete V. Domenici U.S. Courthouse, 333 Lomas Blvd. NW, Suite 360 Albuquerque, NM 87102. If you prefer to hand deliver the completed Confidential Proof of Claim form to the Clerk, the physical address for hand delivery is Clerk of the United States Bankruptcy Court, District of New Mexico, 333 Lomas Blvd. NW, Suite 360 Albuquerque, NM.

If you mail or deliver the Confidential Proof of Claim form it must be received by the Clerk no later than 5:00 p.m. (prevailing Mountain Time) on June 17, 2019.

YOU MAY WISH TO CONSULT AN ATTORNEY REGARDING THIS MATTER.

AND YOU MAY ALSO OBTAIN INFORMATION FROM THE OFFICIAL COMMITTEE OF UNSECURED CREDITORS BY CALLING TOLL FREE AT 888-570-6217.

FAILURE TO COMPLETE AND RETURN THIS FORM MAY RESULT IN YOUR INABILITY TO VOTE ON A PLAN OF REORGANIZATION AND RECEIVE A DISTRIBUTION FROM THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF SANTA FE, COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE ARCHDIOCESE OF SANTA FE (THE "ARCHDIOCESE").

UNLESS YOU INDICATE OTHERWISE IN PART 1 BELOW, YOUR IDENTITY WILL BE KEPT STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL, UNDER SEAL, AND OUTSIDE THE PUBLIC RECORD OF THE BANKRUPTCY COURT. HOWEVER, THIS PROOF OF CLAIM AND THE INFORMATION IN THIS PROOF OF CLAIM WILL BE PROVIDED

PURSUANT TO COURT-APPROVED CONFIDENTIALITY GUIDELINES TO THE ARCHDIOCESE, THE OFFICIAL COMMITTEE OF UNSECURED CREDITORS AND TO SUCH OTHER PERSONS AS THE BANKRUPTCY COURT DETERMINES NEED THE INFORMATION IN ORDER TO EVALUATE THE CLAIM.

THIS PROOF OF CLAIM IS FOR SEXUAL ABUSE CLAIMANTS ONLY.

For the purposes of this Proof of Claim, a **Sexual Abuse Claim** is defined as any Claim (as defined in section 101(5) of the Bankruptcy Code) against the Archdiocese resulting or arising in whole or in part, directly or indirectly from any actual or alleged sexual conduct or misconduct, sexual abuse or molestation, indecent assault and/or battery, rape, pedophilia, ephhebophilia, or sexually-related physical, psychological, or emotional harm, or contacts, or interactions of a sexual nature between a child and an adult, or a nonconsenting adult and another adult, sexual assault, sexual battery, sexual psychological or emotional abuse, humiliation, or intimidation, or any other sexual misconduct, and seeking monetary damages or any other relief, under any theory of liability, including vicarious liability, any negligence-based theory, contribution, indemnity, or any other theory based on any acts or failures to act by the Archdiocese or any other person or entity for whose acts or failures to act the Archdiocese is or was allegedly responsible.

For Purposes of this Proof of Claim, a **Sexual Abuse Claimant** is defined as the person asserting a Sexual Abuse Claim against the Archdiocese, or if a minor, then his parent or legal guardian.

TO BE VALID, THIS PROOF OF CLAIM MUST BE SIGNED BY YOU OR YOUR ATTORNEY. IF THE SEXUAL ABUSE CLAIMANT IS DECEASED OR INCAPACITATED, THE FORM MAY BE SIGNED BY THE SEXUAL ABUSE CLAIMANT'S REPRESENTATIVE, EXECUTOR OF THE ESTATE OR THE ATTORNEY FOR THE ESTATE. IF THE SEXUAL ABUSE CLAIMANT IS A MINOR, THE FORM MAY BE SIGNED BY THE SEXUAL ABUSE CLAIMANT'S PARENT OR LEGAL GUARDIAN, OR THE SEXUAL ABUSE CLAIMANT'S ATTORNEY.

Penalty for presenting fraudulent claim: Fine of up to \$500,000 or imprisonment for up to 5 years, or both. 18 U.S.C. §§ 152 and 3571.

PART 1: CONFIDENTIALITY

THIS SEXUAL ABUSE PROOF OF CLAIM (ALONG WITH ANY ACCOMPANYING EXHIBITS AND ATTACHMENTS) WILL BE MAINTAINED AS CONFIDENTIAL PURSUANT TO COURT-APPROVED GUIDELINES UNLESS YOU EXPRESSLY REQUEST THAT IT BE PUBLICLY AVAILABLE BY CHECKING THE BOX AND SIGNING BELOW. ONLY THE SEXUAL ABUSE CLAIMANT MAY WAIVE CONFIDENTIALITY IN THIS PART 1.

- I do not want this Proof of Claim (along with any accompanying exhibits and attachments) to be kept confidential. Please verify this election by signing directly below.

Signature: _____

Print Name: _____

PART 2: IDENTIFYING INFORMATION

A. Sexual Abuse Claimant

_____ #1 _____
First Name Middle Initial Last Name

_____ #2 _____
Mailing Address (If party is incapacitated, is a minor or is deceased, please provide the address of the individual submitting the claim. If you are in jail or prison, your current address).

_____ #2 _____
City State Zip Code

Telephone No(s): Home: _____ #2 Work: _____ #2 Cell: _____

Email address: _____ #2 _____

Social Security Number: _____ #4 _____

If you are in jail or prison, your identification number: _____

May we leave voicemails for you regarding your claim? Yes No (please contact my attorneys)

May we send confidential information to your email: Yes No (please contact my attorneys)

Birth Date: _____ #2 _____ Male Female
Month Day Year

Any other name, or names, by which the Sexual Abuse Claimant has been known:

B. Sexual Abuse Claimant's Attorney (if any):

Hall & Monagle, LLC _____
Law Firm Name

Brad D. Hall _____
Attorney's First Name Middle Initial Last Name

320 Gold Ave SW #1218 _____
Street Address

Albuquerque, NM 87102 _____
City State Zip Code

(505) 255-6300 _____ (505) 255-6323 _____ brad@hallmonagle.com _____
Telephone No. Fax No. E-mail address

PART 3: NATURE OF COMPLAINT

(Attach additional separate sheets if necessary)

NOTE: IF YOU HAVE PREVIOUSLY FILED A LAWSUIT AGAINST THE ARCHDIOCESE IN STATE OR FEDERAL COURT, YOU MAY ATTACH THE COMPLAINT. IF YOU DID NOT FILE A LAWSUIT, OR IF THE COMPLAINT DOES NOT CONTAIN ALL OF THE INFORMATION REQUESTED BELOW, YOU MUST PROVIDE THE INFORMATION BELOW.

- a. Who committed the acts of sexual abuse or other wrongful conduct?

I was sexually abused and repeatedly sexually assaulted by Fr. Edward Gallagher, and also by three unidentified priests who I believed worked at the Servants of the Paraclete Facilities in Jemez Springs or Albuquerque, or were “in transit” within the Paraclete Order, or were Benedictines, or were Franciscans. Regardless, these pedophile priests were serving as agents for, or were empowered and protected by, the Archdiocese of Santa Fe, and whatever religious orders they came from. Fr. Gallagher was the main guy and primary predator at the Orphanage when I got there until I left in May, 1965. Paraclete priests or priests from religious orders were passing through, or visiting, or stayed for awhile, in rooms provided to them on the third floor. Some of the nuns from the Poor Sisters of St. Francis Seraph of the Perpetual Adoration were directly involved, escorting me to the chapel/rectory for abuse by Fr. Gallagher when he called for me to be brought to him, or to one of the sleeping quarters upstairs reserved for visiting priests, under the guise that I needed ‘guidance and counseling’ (because at a certain age, I was constantly a runaway), whereupon they sexually abused me. Attached is a copy of a calendar from 1992, that contains pictures from the late 50’s and early 60’s from inside the orphanage.

- b. What is the position, title or relationship to you (if known) of the abuser or individual who committed these acts?

The orphanage in Albuquerque was called St. Anthony’s Orphanage, run and administered by Franciscan nuns under the direction, supervision, blessing and control of the Archdiocese, (who for many decades were co-administrators), and I was an orphan boy there when dropped off August 31, 1958, at the age of 6, and was officially there until May 28, 1965, leaving at the age of 13. See attached photocopies of orphanage records for both me and my brother #3, showing my date of arrival and the date my Aunt took me and my brother to her home. My life during those years was completely under the control of Fr. Gallagher and these nuns, where I was repeatedly beat (with boards – often my entire backside was bruised and welted), and sexually abused. I was virtually powerless until I successfully ran away a few times, choosing to live on the streets at age 13 until finally the police and social services persuaded my Aunt #3 to take me and my brother in.

- c. Where did the sexual abuse or other wrongful conduct take place? Please be specific and complete all relevant information that you know, including the City and State, name of the School (if applicable) and/or the name of any other location.

The Orphanage was at 1500 Indian School Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, and the abuse occurred in a number of places on the premises, including: in one of the offices of the 3-story administration building (pants down, over a desk, while he/they penetrated me); frequently in one of the dorms where I was assigned cleaning duties, (Gallagher would enter while I was dust mopping, scrubbing toilets, cleaning sinks, etc.); in the small living area between the rectory and the altar area (commonly called the sacristy); or in one of the sleeping quarters upstairs reserved for visiting priests in transit, who I believed were from the Servants of the Paraclete, or were Benedictines, or were Franciscans, as their uniforms were each slightly different.

Attached are some photos from the Library of Congress including some sketches of the layout well before I got there, and a newspaper story from the Albuquerque Journal dated April 12, 1963, that has a few pictures. Also, again see the 1992 Calendar which shows a slice of life in the orphanage in the 1950's and 60's, when I was there. I am in the classroom picture from the month of April in the 1992 Calendar, fourth kid back, in the second row from the camera, just to the right of the nun. When I refer to a nun pulling me from class because Father wants to see me, this photo shows exactly the kind of place I'm referring to.

The facility now functions as a Job Corps center.

- d. When did the sexual abuse or other wrongful conduct take place?
1. If the sexual abuse or other wrongful conduct took place over a period of time (months or years), please state when it started, when it stopped, and how many times it occurred.

Fr. Gallagher began abusing me before and after I was trained as an altar boy, in 1959. He sexually abused me until my attempts at running away in 1965 were getting more and more successful as I got older, and he left at the end of 1965 anyway. I was raped and abused at least 30 times, conservatively speaking, by Fr. Gallagher. I was also "given" to visiting priests or brothers or superiors from the Servants of the Paraclete, the Benedictines, or the Franciscans, on occasion over the 1960's, who would also sexually abuse me. Nuns would come and get me, and take me to them at the temporary quarters on the 3rd floor, or sometimes in one of the empty classrooms on the 2nd floor, or in the auditorium behind the stage where they stated they were going to give me lessons in acting for the plays we often performed. Also, I was abused by visiting clergy in the band section of the auditorium, where they pretended to teach me to play a trumpet or drum and instead raped me, and when I was collecting the sheets on laundry-day from the 3rd floor, they'd trap me in one of the upstairs dorms and rape me. (I recall two younger boys whose names I do not know or recall, accidentally walked in one time and caught them in the act). This happened many times, over a dozen, but I don't know the exact number nor the names of visiting clergy. I can name some of the nuns, and there is a photo in the 1992 Calendar of the nuns that look like from my era, for sure. So the answer to the question of "how many times this occurred" is: over 30 by Gallagher, and over 12 by visiting priests.

2. Please also state your age(s) and your grade(s) in school (if applicable) at the time the abuse or other wrongful conduct took place.

I was dropped off August 31, 1958, at the age of 6, and was officially there until May 28, 1965, leaving at the age of 13. See attached photocopy of orphanage records, showing my date of arrival and the date my Aunt took me and my brother to her home. See also a picture of my brother and a nun, and a class photo type picture of me in those years.

- e. What happened (describe what happened):

Attached is a photo from my first communion classes at the Orphanage. I was 6 and they graduated me to altar boy status and choir boy. Trained to believe the priest was God's earthly representative, I trusted him and my innocent trust unwittingly invited the most ghastly nightmare period of my life; when I was assigned duties in the Chapel, (buffing tiles, feather dusting saints, cleaning pews,) filling cruets with wine, folding Fr. Gallagher's priestly garments—what I assumed a privilege, turned out to be a ploy to make me easily available to increasing sexual abuse. I worked in the Catholic Chapel and here is where I was first offered wine by Fr. Gallagher. After he got me intoxicated, he led me into his sacristy and sat my on his lap and pulled my pants down. He masturbated me, inserted his fingers in my anus, sucked on me, the whole time masturbating himself. And then he penetrated me. I was lost, traumatized, in shock, stunned into paralysis and could do nothing but tremble and shriek inside my head at what was happening to me. Is this what God wanted of me? Is this the way it was done, is this how we socialized, how we learned to be good altar boys, how we worship the priest, is this God's plan? Will I be okay with Him now, will He bring my parents back, will He care for my brother and I, will this make my mother come come back? The whole time I was being touched and molested and finally raped, Fr. Gallagher promised me my mother would return, assured me this is what God wanted, explained how I was lucky to be chosen, said I was doing good in God's eyes, that I would be rewarded with a home and family if I continued to let him do the nasty things he was doing. He made me drink more alcohol, ordered me to obey him and commanded I please him by allowing him to kiss my penis, suck on it, run his tongue into my anus to lubricate it he said so it wouldn't hurt, (it makes me puke now thinking of it), and then finally after what seemed an hour or two but clearly wasn't, he would come, grunting like a pig and shake all over and then ask me to get dressed and instruct me to never tell anyone, telling me that it was a mortal sin to do so, it has to remain between us and God. God hears and sees all things, so our secret must be ours alone, and if I said anything, I'd be severely punished and my soul condemned to hell forever. It was part of being an altar boy. After I got dressed he would fill my pockets with lemon drop hard candy, gave me a special scapular and a rosary. He said I could never repeat what we did, not even in confession with him. Over the weeks and months and years I would witness what seemed like an army of boys go in and come out, some crying, others dazed and in shock by Fr. Gallagher's sexual perversion, his obscene appetite to lick our genitals, lick our anuses, suck on us and finally rape us. I even saw two boys with blood on the the butt side of their pants. I'm also aware that a number of them committed suicide along the way, and that almost all of them became addicts and alcoholics who eventually succumbed to horrible deaths from drugs.

What Father Gallagher and the visiting religious order predators did to us, (they wore black and white gowns, sometimes gray, and looked Godly in their robes and hefty rosaries dangling from their waists and sandals), many of the boys copied and were doing to each other at night when the nuns in the dorms turned the lights off, many of the boys scooted under the bunks and had sexual intercourse, fellatio, and sometimes committed rape on younger kids who couldn't defend themselves. Strange to see a 1992 Calendar of the dorm room from the first year I was there, attached. Over time, I soon found myself aroused by other boys naked bodies in the shower room, found myself imagining having sex with other boys. Just as Fr. Gallagher did to me, I fantasized doing to them. Many boys did. I grew out of that sort of imagery, upon escaping this place and this Church by age 14.

Unconsciously or not, one is forced to adopt coping mechanisms to survive the rape sessions and I soon learned to fight, to hate myself by doing harmful things to myself—becoming a risk-taker, taking chances diving off the pumphouse where many boys cracked their skulls, smoking dry elm leaves wrapped in comic book paper, volunteering to be the one to leap from the swing even if I break my bones, running off at midday to Wells supermarket on the corner of Indian School Road and Rio Grande Boulevard and stealing candy; breaking into the shoe-room, burglarizing the bakery and stealing the money from the nun from her day's earnings selling bread, fighting other boys, dry-humping other boys by the slides, hating myself and cutting my arms with glass, refusing directions, running away dozens of times, increasingly until at 13 I was roaming the city and breaking into stores, disobeying the nuns and my aunt, talking back, etc.,etc.,etc. Such was my childhood and youth.

As I've grown older, the horrific memories grow stronger and more invasive, and I often am reminded of that nightmare period when I run into other orphanage kids-- all of them, it seems, druggies, meth-heads, tweakers, coke heads, drunks, in prison, ex-cons. It's a sad sad situation and we know, among ourselves, why we've become the worthless trash of society many of us have become— we were treated by the pedophiles as trash, we were exploited as children, our innocence ripped from us, our bodies abused by these evil-doers, with secret designs so diabolical we can never forgive them, we live with the horror every second, and know what they did to us is a terrible, terrible crime. No needle in the arm, no amount of heroin or Oxy or cocaine or weed or whiskey can numb the pain that endures and darkens our every day, our sleep and our waking, we hear the voices of those pedophiles, we're haunted by Father Gallagher's soft voice telling us to pull our pants down and we see his ugly face over and over for decades, and we relive the horror without exit nor mercy. I've used every drug trying to erase the nightmare, every narcotic trying to numb the pain, I've wrecked every relationship I've had, I have tried to commit suicide countless times, I've destroyed marriages, abandoned myself to years of addiction and alcoholism, been to prison, jails, gladiator schools, juvenile detention centers, foster homes, all to no avail, all these attempts at forgetting the excruciating torture I had to submit to by the priests and nuns, which has only magnified the penance over time. I don't sleep. I've never held a job for more than a few months. I've used drugs all my life. I'm anti-social and somehow all these years, I've never been able to forgive myself.

I still think it was my fault, so much so, in the past, in fact, that I felt I was so evil I needed to go to prison, be removed from society, and in my teens in D-homes or foster care, or in my early twenties doing hard time in Arizona, to feed my addiction and self-worthlessness,

I sold drugs and was subsequently sentenced to a super-max prison and after a few years in, I learned to read and write and wrote my memoir, #6, which has sold close to a million copies. I made it by the grace of God. Nothing more. But I know, I am never out of harm's way, I know what was done to me will always haunt me, will be an excuse to be an addict, to ruin my life, to destroy my family, and so every day I am on-call, vigilantly, to make sure and be aware of what I do. Being raped and sexually abused, has so many nefarious surprises that can pop up at any time to sabotage all one has worked for.

- f. Did you tell anyone about the sexual abuse or other wrongful conduct and, if so, who did you tell and when (this would include parents; relatives; friends; the Archdiocese; attorneys; counselors; and law enforcement authorities)?

Maybe in bar drinking whiskey or hanging out in a hotel room doing cocaine, maybe in the backyard drinking beer late into the night, I hinted at it but never elaborated to whichever friend I was with, as it was too painful, and to offer details might lead to an outburst of uncontrollable violence, some criminal act, which was always imminent and often happened when the subject came up with an alumni—we did crazy things trying to forget what we knew but spent a lifetime attempting to conceal and act like we didn't know it happened. I've alluded to the abuse in my writing but never had the courage to come out with the real truth, in any detail. See my book, C-#6, also see #6 and #6 three of my best selling books. See other work at #6, or mentioned on the attached Wikipedia page. I have not had the courage to summon up the integrity to tell anyone about what happened to me as a child, not until recently when I divulged it to my attorneys, in 2019, and in this form. I'm mulling over my attorneys' recommendation of specialized therapists trained in finding new adult coping skills at this age, to deal specifically with childhood sexual abuse.

- g. Identify any church or religious organization you have belonged to or have been affiliated with.

Escaping the Catholic Orphanage was the equivalent of escaping the Catholic religion, and surviving my childhood and my youth drove me forward. I no longer believe in anything that my senses cannot ascertain. None. I can never bring myself to step into a church again, never allow myself to get close, or in any proximity, time or distance, to a priest or any person or place, secular or otherwise, remotely connected to any religion—in fact, I carried all the plaster saints out of my grandma's house when she died, took all the pictures and crosses off the walls, and threw them all down a well. Because my sister converted to some malarkey-messiah, born-again big-tent rubbish, I stopped talking to and seeing her, and I don't plan to revisit that decision in this lifetime. I could never place myself in jeopardy emotionally by affiliating in any manner with any religious organization. That option was nuclearized to ash remains, forever, by the criminal violation of half a dozen priests—monsters-- who sexual abused me as a child.

- h. State whether there were any witnesses to the abuse. If there were any witnesses, please list their name(s) and any contact information you have.

There were many. Kids who saw what was happening by accident, others who shared with close Confidants, some were told after each incident, some knew by word of mouth. I personally saw a dozen or so exiting Father Gallagher's living quarters, some weeping, sometimes even bloody around the crotch area, but almost all of them too ashamed and terrified to look me in the eye. Witnesses? Yes, but so wounded and damaged as to become mute and deaf for fear of eternal damnation in hell, and if not that, than by the warning of the rapists, who vowed if we ever told anyone, that we would die, we would feel the wrath of God and be visited by Satan himself. A little boy hearing this, will take the crime he witnessed and was victim of, to the grave, as many have. We were so scared to say anything, we would have preferred our tongues be cut out, acid thrown in our eyes, for to tempt a priest's vengeance was perhaps the greatest curse of all. Kids saw me taken by the nuns and escorted out of classrooms, they saw me pulled by the ears until my lobes bled, they saw Sister Anna Louise slap me until I passed out, they saw me come out of Father Gallagher's living quarters crying, they heard me screaming at the nuns, they stopped me from beating other boys on the playground. In one form or another, they were witnesses to the crime of sexual abuse by witnessing my steadily violent and disintegrating behavior. The abuse was prevalent, that sometimes they'd attack me in the dorm, sometimes on the 3rd floor, on the 2nd, in a different dorm, in one of the offices, in the auditorium, etc. That entire place was marked with a toxic haze of criminal residue. Keep in mind, we are talking about a child of 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, and lest we forget, there were many like me. Witnesses? Many of us don't cry anymore.

PART 4: IMPACT OF COMPLAINT

(Attach additional separate sheets if necessary)

(If you are uncertain how to respond to this Part 4, you may leave this Part 4 blank, but you will be required to complete this Part 4 within thirty (30) days after a written request is made for the information requested in this Part 4)

1. What injuries (including physical, mental and/or emotional) have occurred to you because of the act or acts of sexual abuse or other wrongful conduct that resulted in the claim (for example, the effect on your education, employment, personal relationships, health, and any physical injuries)?

First, please review the "what happened" section above, as much of my response there merges into the response to this question. What happened and its impact are not much different. So to my answers above, I continue:

Kept hostage in an environment where you are a play-toy for the sexually crazed, imprisoned with no escape, no access to help, you live and breathe under the duress of sexual predators permitting you to, you're encumbered with a dread finality that you need them, that they design your days and control your life, that you are interred in an above-ground tomb and sentenced to walk and play and eat and sleep in predator-made hell forever, that the sequence of time and days are only broken by periodic calls to the bedrooms of predators who rape and

consume you, your life has nothing to do with an ordinary clock or routine time and academic studies or parks and happy holidays. No, your life is broken into rape scenes, and in these scenes you are allowed to be treated like a human being your predator hungers for, craves, desires, and they strip your soul from you, force you to do unimaginable horrors with them, and these scenes mark your growing up. My normal 'school time', is my 'normal', but not normal, because I left the place essentially illiterate. The actual rape, the act of it by a priest, becomes the epicenter of your existence and defines your life, imbues your fear, invades your diction, cauterizes your heart with a numbness so you live as a Nothing, you are Nothing thereafter, for the rest of your Nothing life. With my peers, we found drugs worked better than the alcohol the priest gave you.

So what injuries? Being fucked by a priest merely fractures your soul and you bleed from your rectum, its the aftermath-- the nightmares, the sweats, the fright, the terror that constantly accost you and abides in every cell and nerve. I've tried suicide so many times, was addicted for over 40 years, spent time in prison, and three years in isolation for refusing to follow orders. Like the San Andrea fault, the repeated rapes caused grave breakage in my soul and mind, caused me to destroy my marriage, to squander my time and finances on alcohol and drugs, created crevices and cracks and avalanches in my heart that poured out earthquakes of sorrow for what had happened to me that only drugs could remedy, partially, and violence. I went on violent sprees, against guards, inmates, bystanders, everyone anywhere, without concern for their welfare or who they were, all leading to me being institutionalized for so many years because I was incapable of living in society after what had happened to me. Because of those rapes, I was sequestered in a dark pit called isolation in a max prison and forgotten for three years, because I couldn't live with human beings, because I couldn't trust them, they had done something to me, demons wearing costumes and robes to trick me, came with folded hands reciting prayers and blessings, only to rape me and beat me and destroy me.

Finally, after much self-hatred, self-loathing, self-mutilation, I was able to find solace and reprieve in my poetry and surrender to hopeful and compensatory passion of writing, which has become my mission in life, to be a voice. I got my GED at age 30, after being kicked out of middle school when my aunt took us in after the orphanage. I didn't really know how to read and write much. I went on to #6 and got a BA, and how interesting that I now have an honorary PhD from #6 have held the Wallace Stevens Chair at #6 the #6 Regents Chair, that Stanford bought my archives, and I could go on. So the question about the impact on my education? The orphanage set me back several decades, until I found solace in the isolation of writing in my more recent years.

My current wife and my five children have saved me from an early death. My twenty eight books in 31 languages are still in print, still being published and read the world over, and my latest, which about a rape committed by ICE on a Salvadoran refugee, was chosen as a notable book by the NYT. Writing is my only personal solace in this world; the damage done by the priest and their associates can never be healed or resolved. Ever. Especially since the brother I loved with all my heart was murdered in January of 2000; my brother was raped at the Orphanage by the same perverts and predators many times too, and the pain, in its searing burn, is so deep and incalculable, that even to this day, the pain at his loss even decades later, I cannot talk about.

Being raped murdered him and killed a part of me. Psychological reverberations ripple through all aspects of life, even in the prison system. Violence against other inmates in prison, is by extension violence against other kids in the orphanage, all as perpetrated by the priests. But the government does not pretend to be the Spokesman for God, like the Church does.

I don't ever really talk about all this stuff, but it happened.

2. Have you sought counseling or other treatment for your injuries? If so, with whom and when?

No. I've had some some counseling for marriage issues and for substance abuse issues, but I have not sought counseling for childhood sexual abuse, nor discussed it with counselors in or out of prison. I am mulling over maybe some therapy, to look for connections between the abuse as a child by clergy, and my current moment of talking about all this, really for the first time.

PART 5: ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

1. Prior Claims: Have you filed any claims in any other bankruptcy case relating to the sexual abuse described in this claim.

Yes No (If "Yes," you are required to attach a copy of any completed claim form.)

If "Yes," which case(s):

2. Settlements: Regardless of whether a complaint was ever filed against any party because of the sexual abuse or other wrongful conduct, have you settled any claim relating to the sexual abuse or other wrongful conduct described in this claim?

Yes No (If "Yes," please describe, including parties to the settlement. You are required to attach a copy of any settlement agreement.)

3. Bankruptcy. Have you ever filed bankruptcy? Yes No (If "Yes," please provide the following information:

Name of Case: _____ Court: _____

Date filed: _____ Case No. _____

Chapter: 7 11 12 13 Name of Trustee: _____

4. State whether you have previously commenced any lawsuit seeking damages for the identified sexual abuse. If yes, please state: NO

a. Where and when you commenced the lawsuit:

b. The parties to the lawsuit:

c. The case number if any:

d. The result of the lawsuit:

Sign and print your name. If you are signing the claim on behalf of another person or an estate, print your title.

Under penalty of perjury, I declare the foregoing statements to be true and correct.

Date: 6/10/11

#1

Signature: _____

Print Name: _____

Relationship to Sexual Abuse Claimant: _____

Orphanage
records

ADMISSION RECORD, ST. ANTHONY'S ORPHANAGE

Number..

#1

Date of Admission

8-31-58

, 194

Previous Residence

Box 364 Estancia

Birth

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Father

Date

If no

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What

Mother

Date

If no

If liv

What

When

Date

By w

Remarks

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ADMISSION RECORD, ST. ANTHONY'S ORPHANAGE

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Certificate of Baptism

Guadalupe Church

Santa Fe, New Mexico

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#1

BAPTIZED

on the 13th day of January 19 53

According to the Rite of the Roman Catholic Church
by the Rev. James J. Burke

the Sponsors being

Jose E. Lopez
Stella V. Lopez

as appears from the Baptismal Register of this Church.

Dated

January 13, 1953
Rev. James J. Burke
Pastor

photos



Courtesy of Dick Kent Photography

A formal education meant more than showing up to class, it required us to be alert. A good education was something that we could keep when we left the classroom. Sr. Clare.

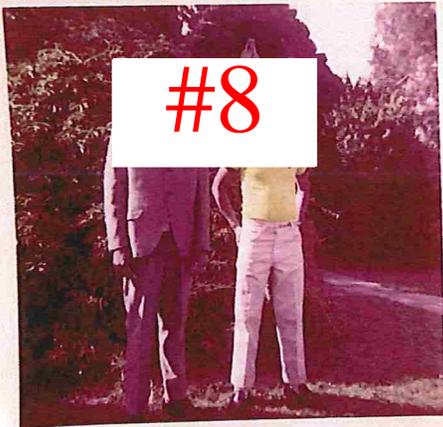
#1 Brother



#1 Brother w/
Uncle on Family Visit



#1 + Brother
at Orphanage w/ Mary Statue



#8



1992

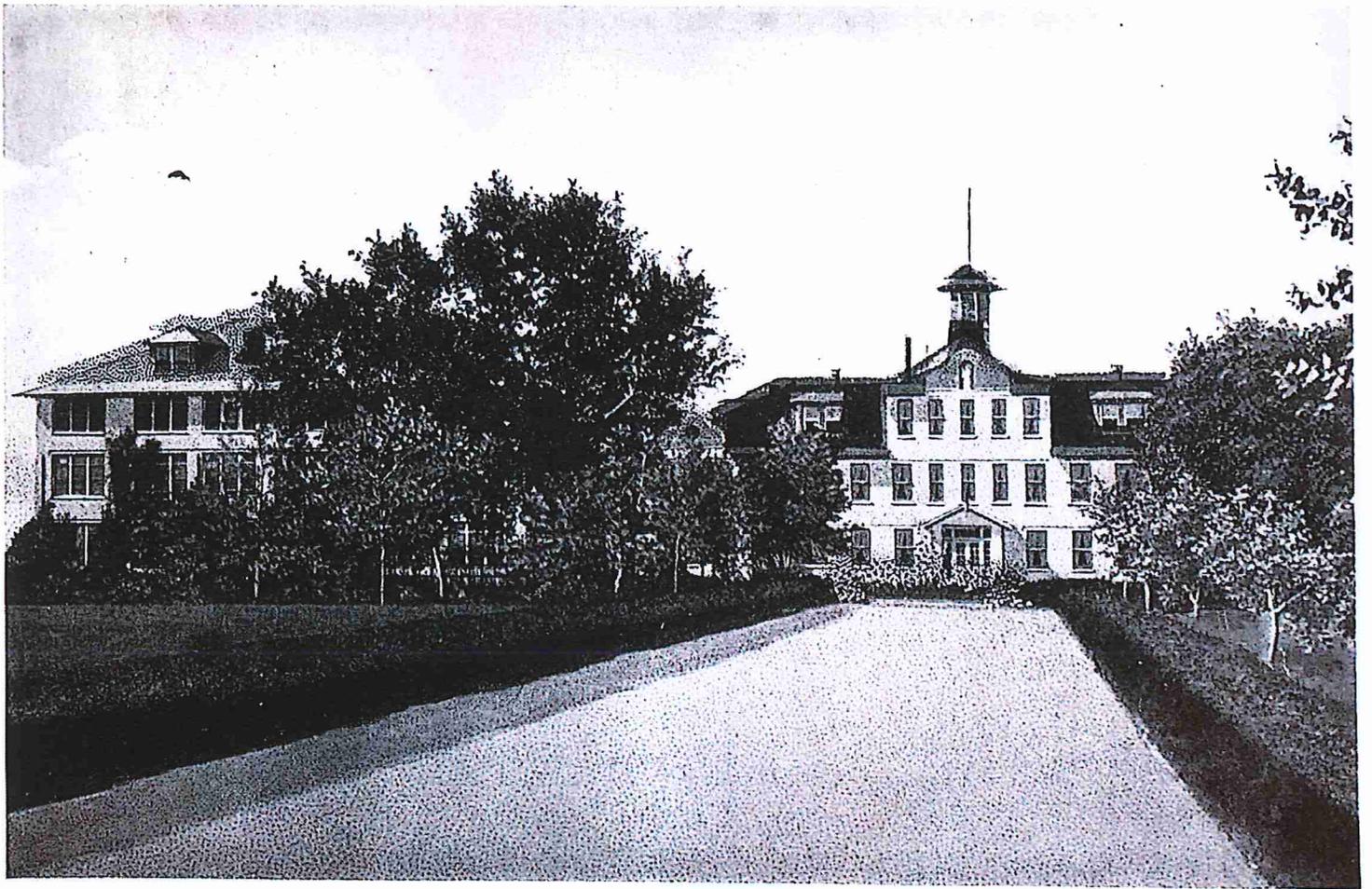
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with

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photos

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANTHONY'S
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO



1992



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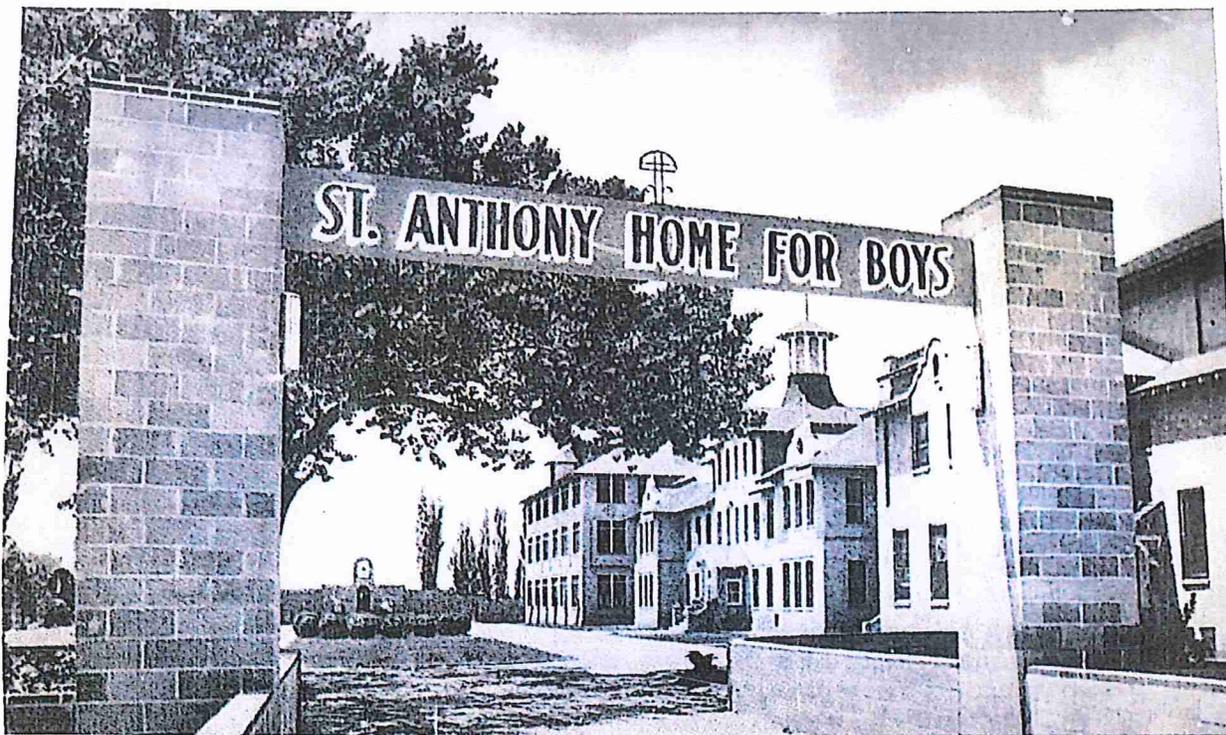
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Special acknowledgement is extended to Mrs. Kent for the use of her late husband, Dick Kent's photographs. This project could not have been possible without the use of these beautiful photographs. We owe the Kent family a vote of thanks for the total success of this calendar. -- Leo Nuanes

#10



Courtesy of Dick Kent Photography

In 1949 a new entrance and sign were made on the north side of the home. Prior to 1949, entrance was made from the east. The buildings were erected through the years of 1913-1968. Approximately 6,000 children, mostly, boys, ages 3 days to 14 years old, were sheltered and educated here.

JANUARY						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
			1 <small>New Year's Day</small>	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20 <small>Martin Luther King, Jr. Day</small>	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	



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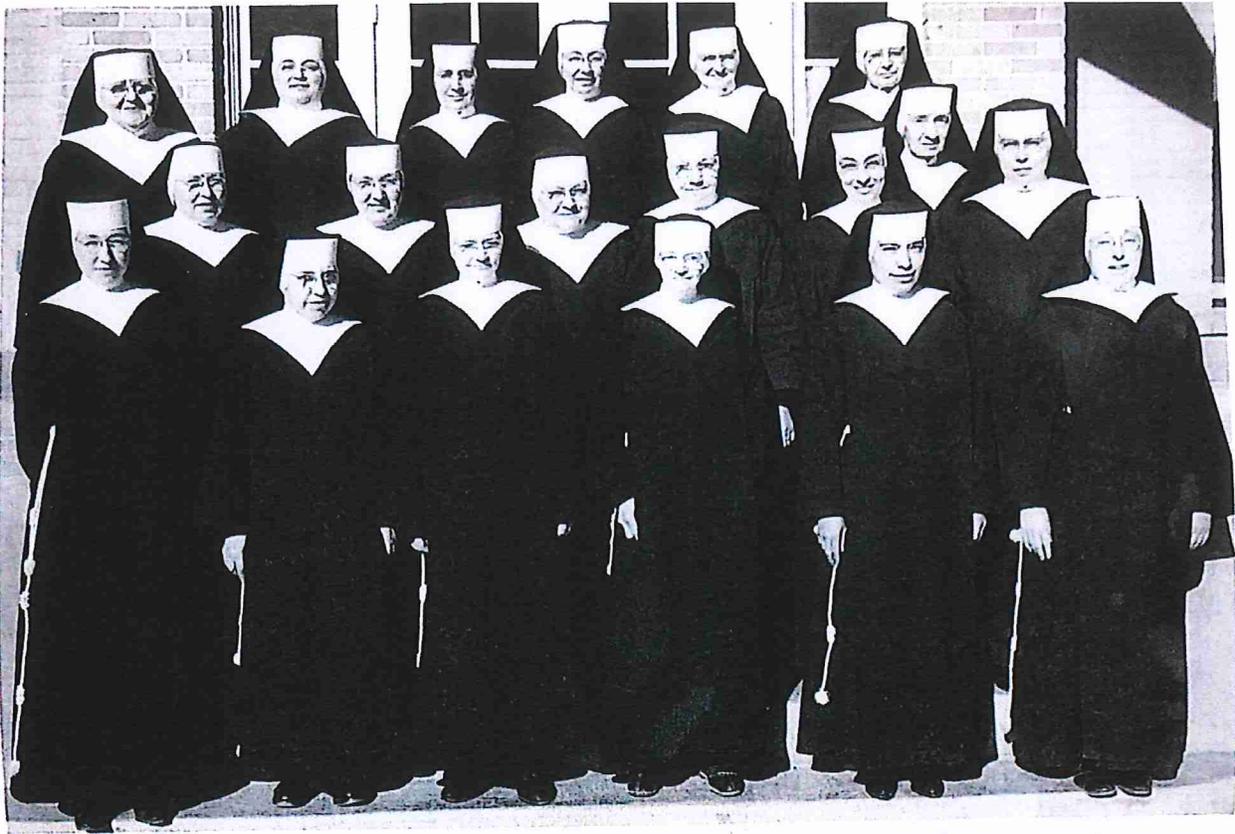
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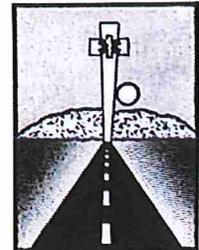
Pres. - Victor Baros Board Member - Albert Lopez
Vice Pres. - Severo Sanchez Bar Manager - Lonnie Baros
Sec/Treas. - Linda M. Baros
Agent Manager: Leonard R. Baros



Courtesy of Dick Kent Photography

Top Row: Sr. Theobaldis, Sr. Ramunda, Sr. Clare, Sr. Anna Louise, Sr. Chrysoliga, Sr. Bongratia
 Middle Row: Sr. Juddy, Sr. Jonanita, Sr. Pauline, Sr. Prima, Sr. Rita, Sr. Bonita, Sr. Jullann
 First Row: Sr. Consuela, Sr. Theonilla, Sr. Damian, Sr. Wacburgh, Sr. Bernadette, Sr. Hyacinth

FEBRUARY						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12 <small>Lincoln's Birthday</small>	13	14 <small>Valentine's Day</small>	15
16	17 <small>President's Day</small>	18	19	20	21	22 <small>Washington's Birthday</small>
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

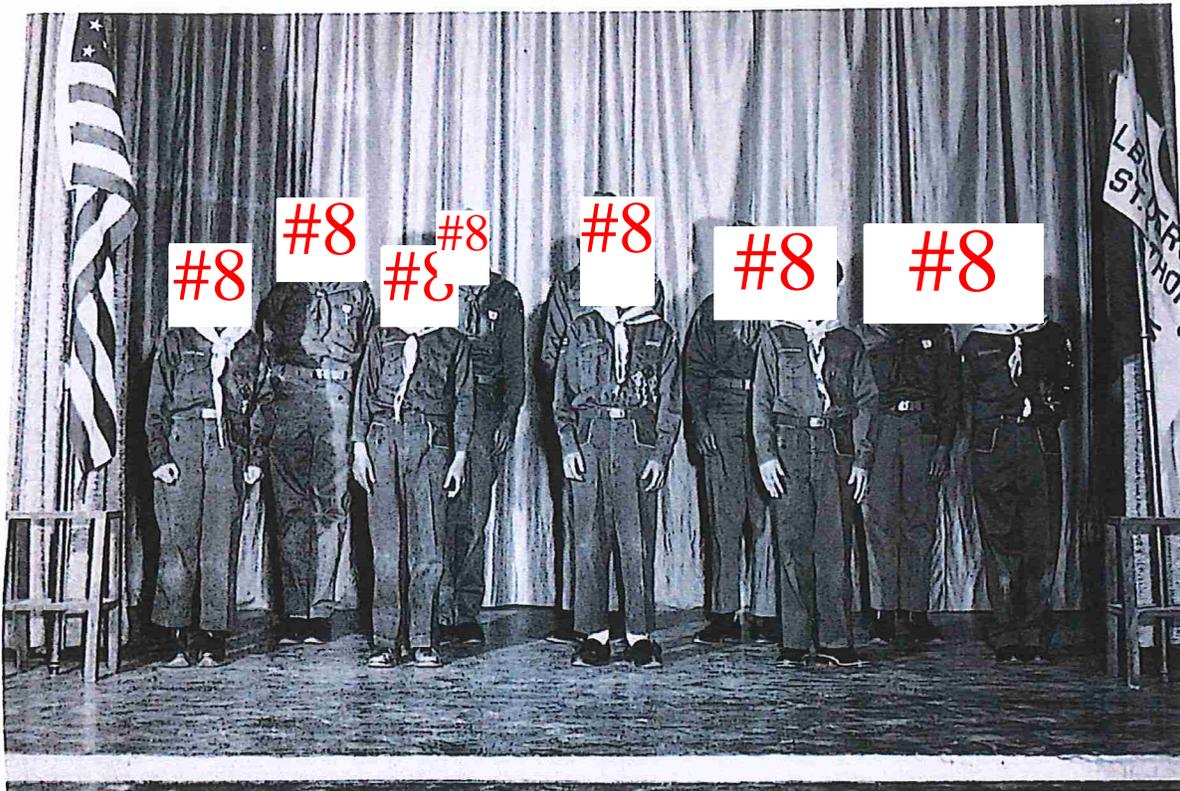


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Courtesy of Dick Kent Photography

Scouting was provided to prepare us to assume our roles in the community. It served to teach us that, to be good leaders, we must first learn to follow a good leader.

MARCH						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4 <small>Ash Wednesday</small>	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17 <small>St. Patrick's Day</small>	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

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#8



Courtesy of Dick Kent Photography

A formal education meant more than showing up to class, it required us to be alert. A good education was something that we could keep when we left the classroom. Sr. Clare.

APRIL						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12 <small>Palm Sunday</small>	13	14	15	16	17 <small>Good Friday</small>	18 <small>Passover</small>
19 <small>Easter</small>	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

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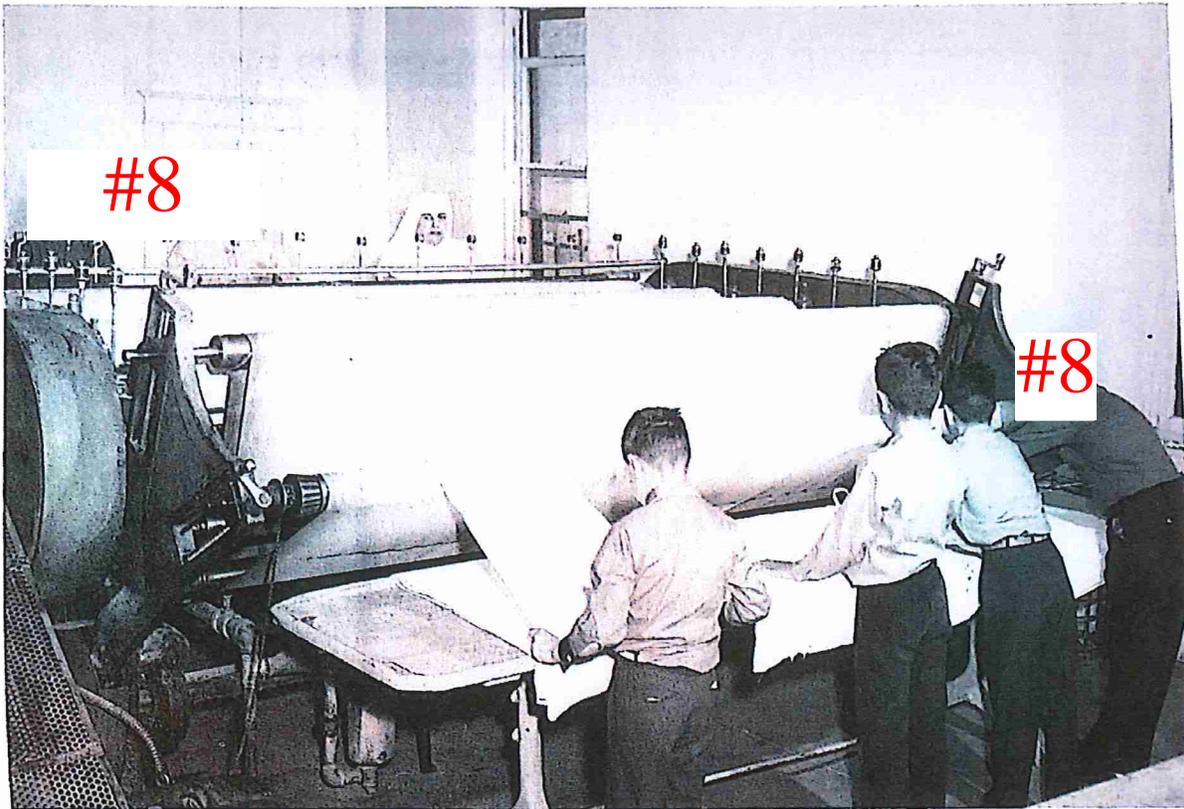
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Courtesy of Dick Kent Photography

Each of us learned many things; cleanliness was next to Godliness; responsibility brings rewards; teamwork makes the job go faster. Sr. Ramona

MAY						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10 <small>Mother's Day</small>	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25 <small>Memorial Day</small>	26	27	28	29	30
31						

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Courtesy of Dick Kent Photography

Even a simple game of marbles could be a lesson. There was no fudging or crossing the lines. A great game meant following the rules. In the background was a part of the old farm. Sr. Clare.

JUNE						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14 Flag Day	15	16	17	18	19	20
21 Father's Day	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

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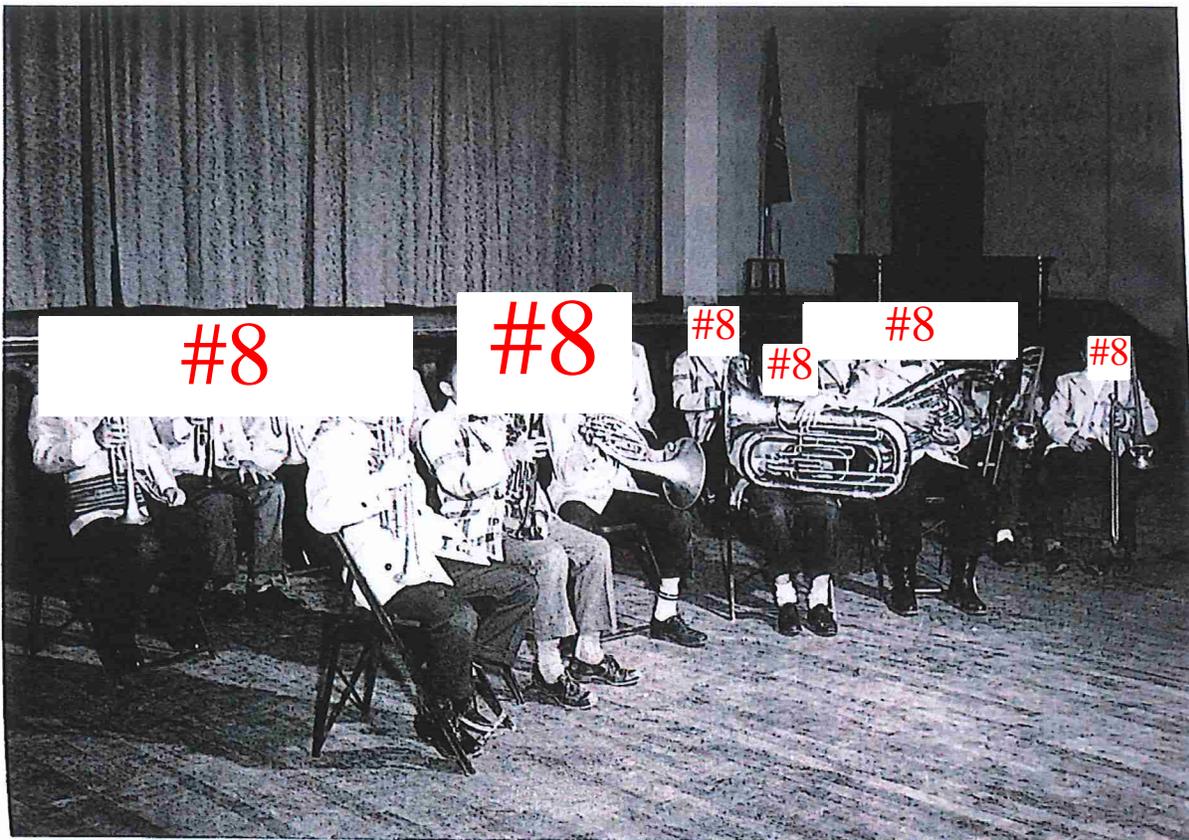
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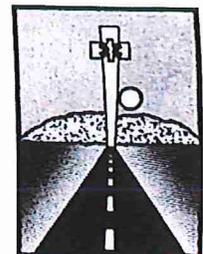
(505) 243-1744



Courtesy of Dick Kent Photography

We did more that blow our own horn. Together, we learned to make music.

JULY						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	4 <small>Independence Day</small>
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	



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Courtesy of Dick Kent Photography

Tender, loving care was administered by Sr. Theobaldis. Inside the infirmary was two beds, a table and a small bathroom. The facility was small, but the sisters' love was genuine.

AUGUST						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

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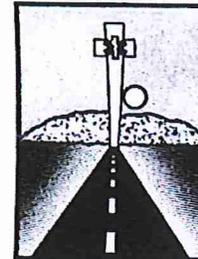


Courtesy of Dick Kent Photography

The 4-H program at the St. Anthony's Home was a forerunner to the farm in a day project in 1949. Because people cared enough for each other, we learned to care for others and ourselves.

SEPTEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7 <small>Labor Day</small>	8	9	10	11	12
13 <small>Grandparent's Day</small>	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28 <small>Rosh Hashanah</small>	29	30			



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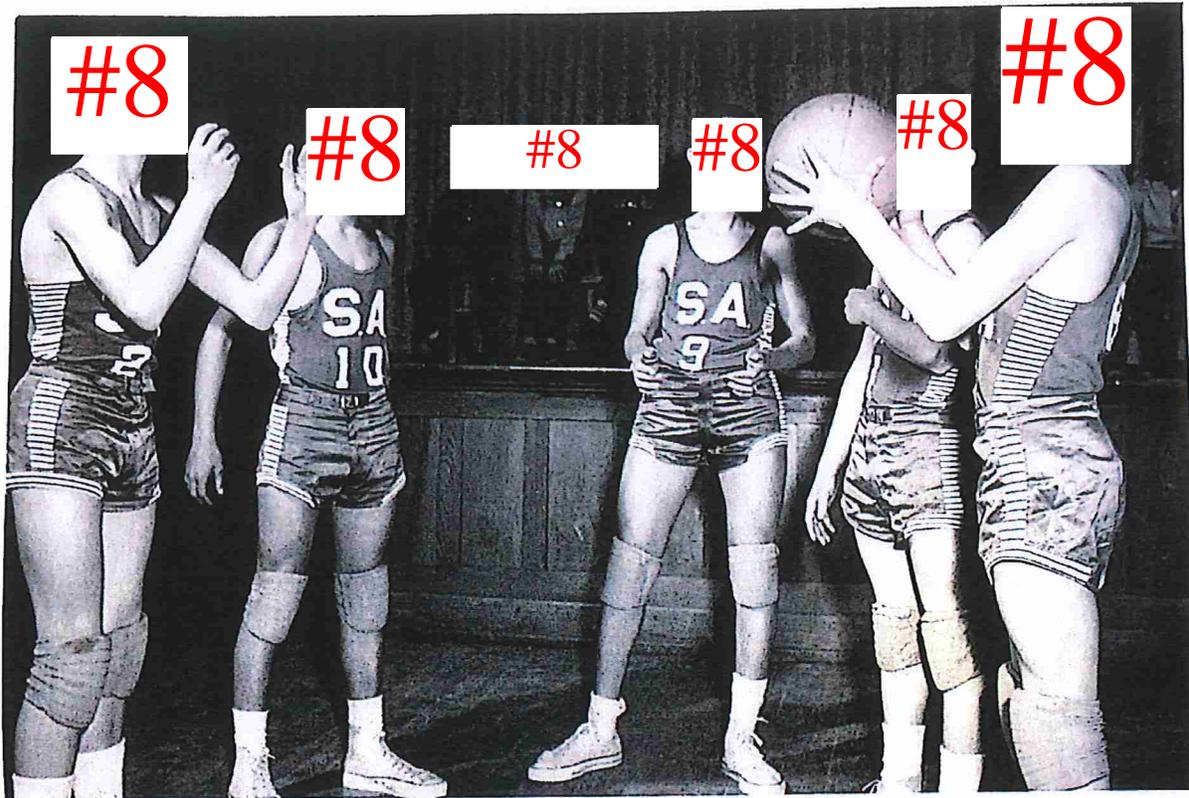
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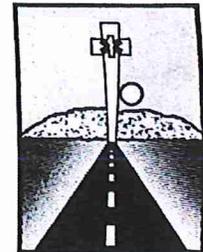


Courtesy of Dick Kent Photography

Saint Anthony's team in home court. Each of us can dribble the ball, but a good game means we must be prepared to handle the ball correctly when it's our turn. Our turn may come even when we are in another court.

OCTOBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7 <small>Yom Kippur</small>	8	9	10
11	12 <small>Columbus Day</small>	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31 <small>Halloween</small>



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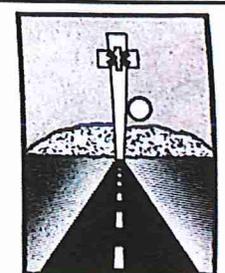


Courtesy of Dick Kent Photography

On an October morning in 1959, five new dormitories like this were dedicated for a safe place to sleep, just 45 years after the original building was built. On December 6, 1958, the fire chief condemned the sleeping area of the old building as a result of a Chicago fire that killed 58 children and 3 nuns.

NOVEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3 <small>Election Day</small>	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11 <small>Veteran's Day</small>	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26 <small>Thanksgiving</small>	27	28
29	30					



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Courtesy of Ricarte's Expressions in Photography, by Ric Soto

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 Bottom: Siegfredo Chavez, Sister Margaret Chochon, Fred Smith, Carlos Valario



Sec. Doug Johnston



Billy Baros



Richard Ortiz

DECEMBER						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20 <small>Hanukkah</small>	21	22	23	24	25 <small>Christmas</small>	26
27	28	29	30	31		

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Schematic

of

buildings

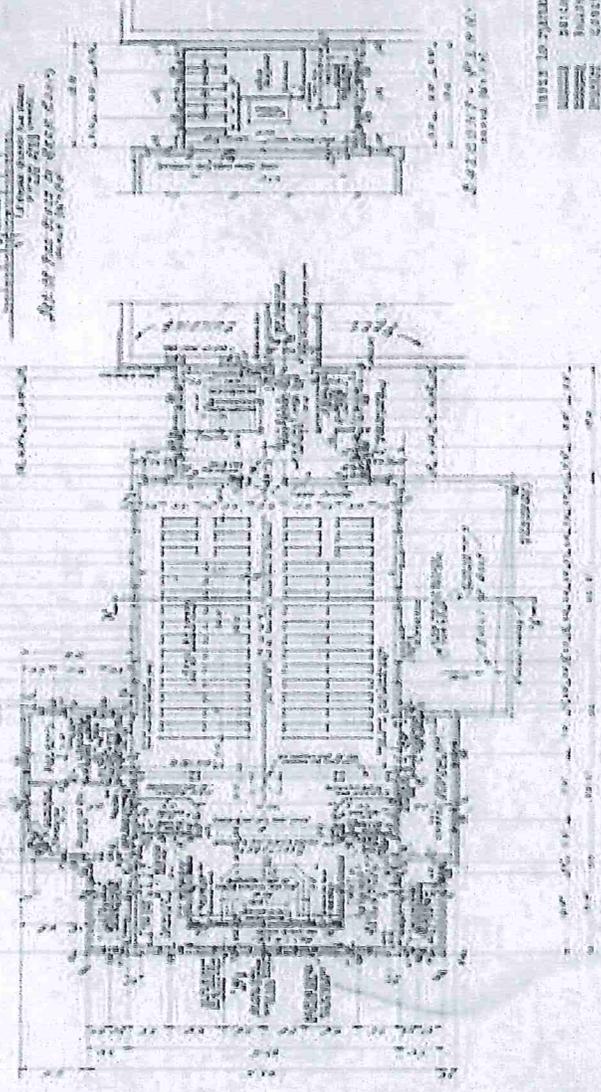
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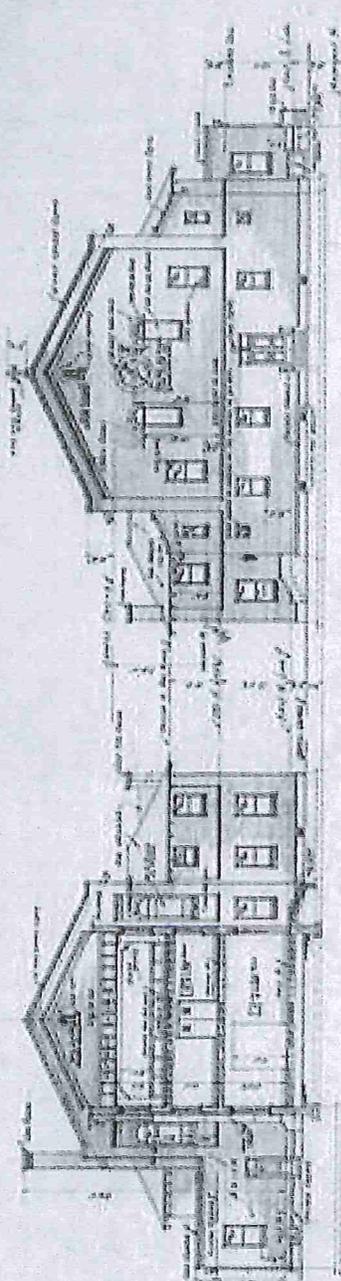


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 1" = 10'
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 3/4" = 7.5'
 1/4" = 2.5'
 1/8" = 1.25'

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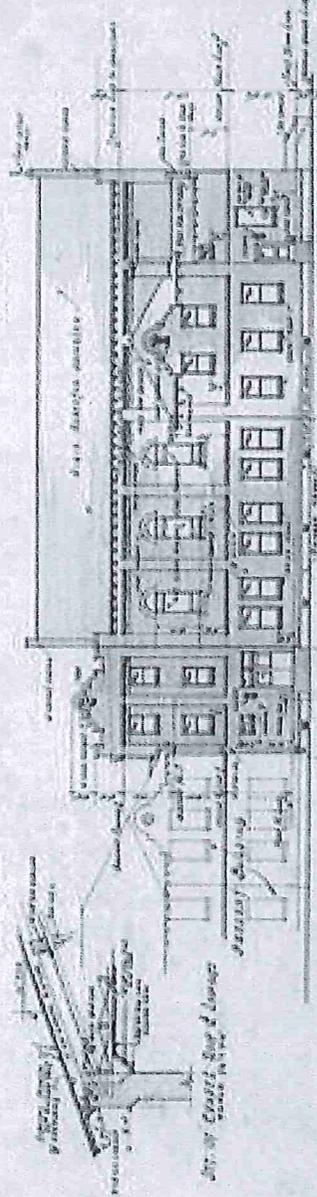
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DATE: 1910
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 CHECKED BY: [Name]



South Elevation of station and level connection
Scale 1/4" = 1'-0"

North Elevation
Scale 1/4" = 1'-0"



East Elevation
Scale 1/4" = 1'-0"

Station and Elevation
 Architects
 Washington, D. C.

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New Mexico

St. Anthony's Orphanage, Chapel, 1500 Indian School Road Northwest, Albuquerque, Bernalillo County, NM

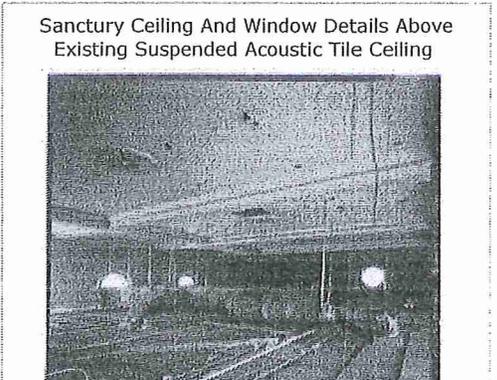
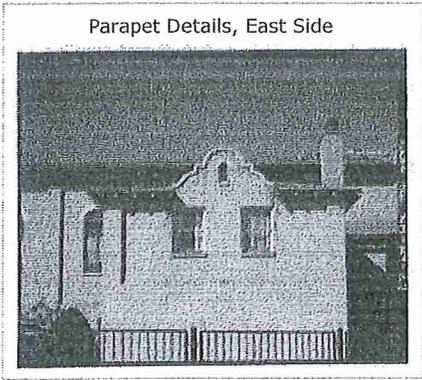
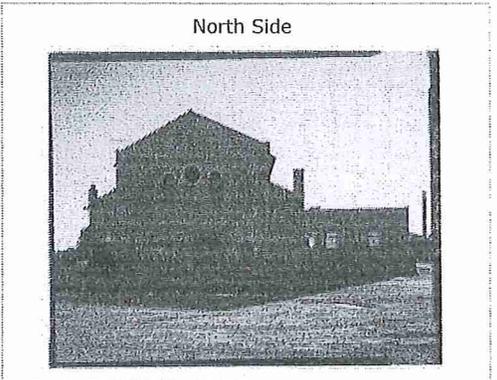
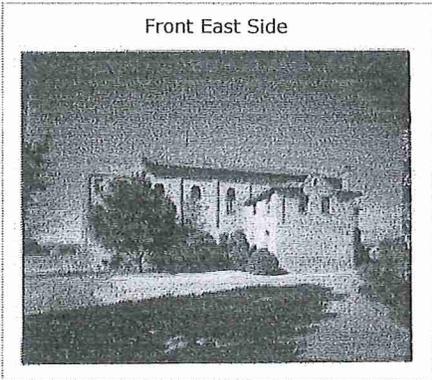
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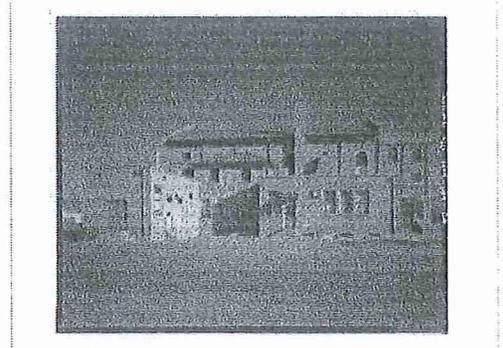
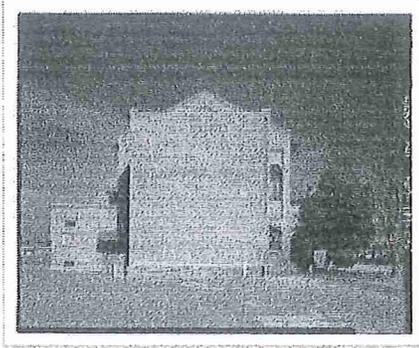
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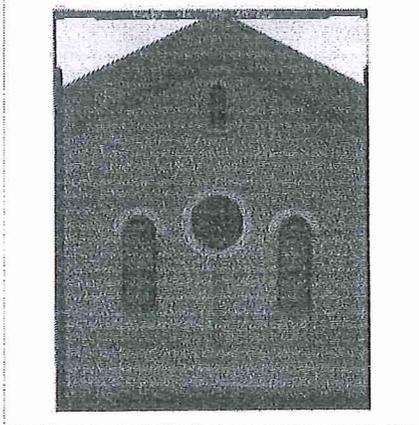
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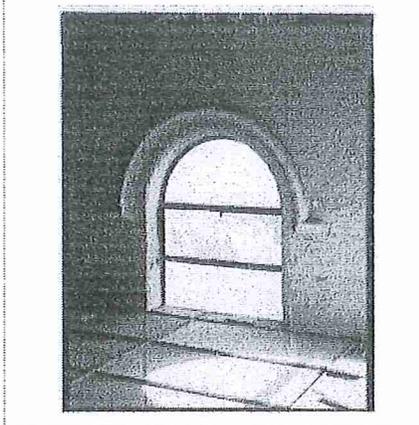




Window And Eave Details, North Side



Window And Plaster Details Above Existing Suspended Acoustic Tile Ceiling



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Map Group Information

Full Atlas Title: St. Anthony's Orphanage, Chapel, 1500 Indian School Road Northwest, Albuquerque, Bernalillo County, NM

Country/Location:

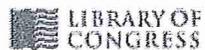
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St. Anthony's Boys Home Marks 50 Years of Caring



NURSERY INHABITANTS at St. Anthony's are shown a doll by Sister M. Rosado. The mopets, respectively, are named #10 and #11.

The home does not attach importance to fast names. For future protection of the youngsters in its care, the home does not release surnames of children.

On St. Valentine's Day 50 years ago, two sisters of the Order of St. Francis Seraph of Lafayette, Ind., arrived in Albuquerque to assume direction of a new orphanage in the city.

Archbishop J. B. Pilaval of Santa Fe, long concerned over the plight of parentless children in this far from settled town of 12,000, had resolved to build an orphanage; but until funds could be raised, a temporary establishment was all that could be managed.

Consequently, on Jan. 28, 1913, the Morning Journal reported that "charitably inclined and public spirited citizens of Albuquerque" would be asked by a special soliciting committee to donate toward furnishing a nine-room adobe residence (at 1727 Central West) as a temporary home for orphans, "boys and girls of all colors and creeds who have no parents or near relatives." The committee ladies—of various faiths—were apparently successful, for the home was ready for occupation by the time Sister Generos and Sister Evelyn arrived to accept the first boys.

Two months later, the Journal was happy to report that Archbishop Pilaval had selected 50 acres "situated between the United States Indian School and the American Lumber Mills," as the site of a permanent orphanage, on which work would begin immediately.

On June 14, he presided at a formal opening for the small white adobe building—still standing today—which formed the nucleus of St. Anthony's orphanage.

Six years later the orphanage was far too crowded and a new building was annexed. In 1930, a third addition, containing a chapel, kitchen, and dining rooms, was built and other remodeling was effected. Four years ago, as a result of a public fund drive, new nursery and dormitory facilities were built. Half a century of caring for the homeless will be officially observed by St. Anthony's next month.

Sister Pauline, superintendent, said the observance centers chiefly around two events. On May 9, the Most Rev. Edwin V. Byrne, Archbishop of Santa Fe, will celebrate pontifical mass in St. Anthony's Chapel, followed by a banquet for priests. On May 12, there will be open house for the public at St. Anthony's.

In its 50-year history, St. Anthony's has cared for approximately 4,000 children, and its proudest claim is that none of its alumni has ever become a juvenile delinquent.

The home now has a population of 132, ranging in age from a few days to 15 years. Girls are taken at the home up to school age; boys remain through the seventh grade. After this age, they go to Boys Town, Neb., or Lourdes School in Albuquerque.

The home's eight buildings include the original home—now a caretaker's living quarters—and farm buildings on what is now a 76-acre site (until it is decided how much is needed for the freeway and how much is needed for Indian School Rd.).

Approximately one-third of the home's population is Protestant, and may be adopted only by Protestant families.

And, as 50 years ago, citizens of the community play an important role. A member of the United Fund, the school newspaper receives most of its support from contributions and from the produce that is raised on its own grounds.

Albuquerque attorney Tim Keleher heads a policy-making board which consists of interested New Mexicans. An advisory, of which Mrs. R. C. Davidson is chairman, recruits volunteers and spearheads special projects, such as the school's annual luncheon sale.

Additionally, private individuals continue to offer their services. One group of women visit the home on a regular basis to sew for the children. An Albuquerque dentist has done the children's dental work for years. Barbers visit the school to give haircuts. Several Protestant ministers visit on Sundays to take Protestant children to church. Civic clubs often host parties and plan special events. And several interested individuals just come to read or to play with the younger children.



NEWEST RESIDENT: Sister Wnburg holds the newest arrival and youngest resident of St. Anthony's home: a 4-day-old baby. Very young children are housed in the home's nursery unit. Most of them are later adopted.



A LOOK AT THE WORLD is taken during geography studies by Sister Anna, Lawrence, left, and George and Richard, who seems to have found the spot in question.

her students, Lawrence, left, and George and Richard are twins.

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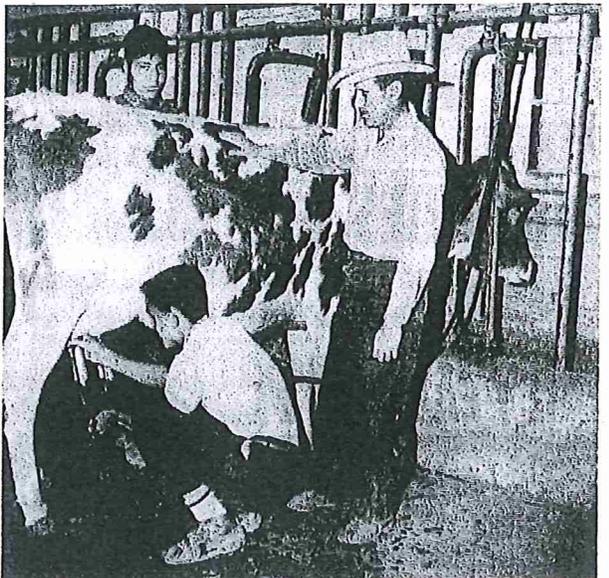
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PATRON SAINT: St. Anthony, for whom the home is named, is the patron saint of orphans. Worshipping in the chapel of St. Anthony's Home are four of the boys who reside there.

Catholic youngsters attend mass in the chapel; arrangements are made to have Protestant children attend services of their own faith.



AT HOME ON THE FARM: Agricultural training is part of the education of boys at St. Anthony's Home. Here a worker and worker

daily supervisor, watch and student

Journal Photos
by
Del Sanchez



A TIME FOR PLAY is also important to little boys who go to school and break out big smiles for the photographer as they start down

*4/14/63
NBS
Journal*

Wikipedia

&

web page

site of

Claimant

#1

#2
Chicano-American poet and writer.^{[1][2]}

is a



Photograph by Gloria Graham during the video taping of Add-Verse, 2004

Contents

Early life and education

Career

Published works

Film

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Early life and education

#1 was born in Santa Fe County, New Mexico, in 1952. Abandoned by his parents at the age of two, he lived with one of his grandmothers for several years before being placed in an orphanage. At the age of 13 he ran away and wound up living on the streets. When he was twenty-one he was convicted on charges of drug possession and incarcerated. He served six and a half years in prison, three of them in isolation, and having expressed a desire to go to school (the guards considered this dangerous), he was put in the same area of the prison with the inmates on death row for a period of time before he was released.^[3]

During this time, **#1** taught himself to read and write, and he began to compose poetry. He sold these poems to fellow inmates in exchange for cigarettes. A fellow inmate convinced him to submit some of his poems to the magazine *Mother Jones*, then edited by Denise Levertov. Levertov printed **#1** poems and began corresponding with him, eventually finding a publisher for his first book.

Born

Occupation

Nationality

Notable works

Notable awards

Spouse

Married

#6

Career

#1

conducts writing workshops with children and adults at countless elementary, junior high and high schools, colleges, universities, reservations, barrio community centers, magenta ghettos, housing projects, correctional facilities and prisons from coast to coast.

In 2004 #1 started a non-profit organization, #6 that supports these workshops through charitable donations. As well as writing workshops, #6 has produced two documentary films #6 The organization employs ex-offenders as interns.^[5]



Published works

#6

Film

#6

See also

- [List of Mexican American writers](#)
- [#1](#)

References

#6

External links

#6

[jo-ba](#)

[his](#)

#1

HOME

NEWS

CALENDAR

WRITERS RETREAT

ABOUT

POETRY

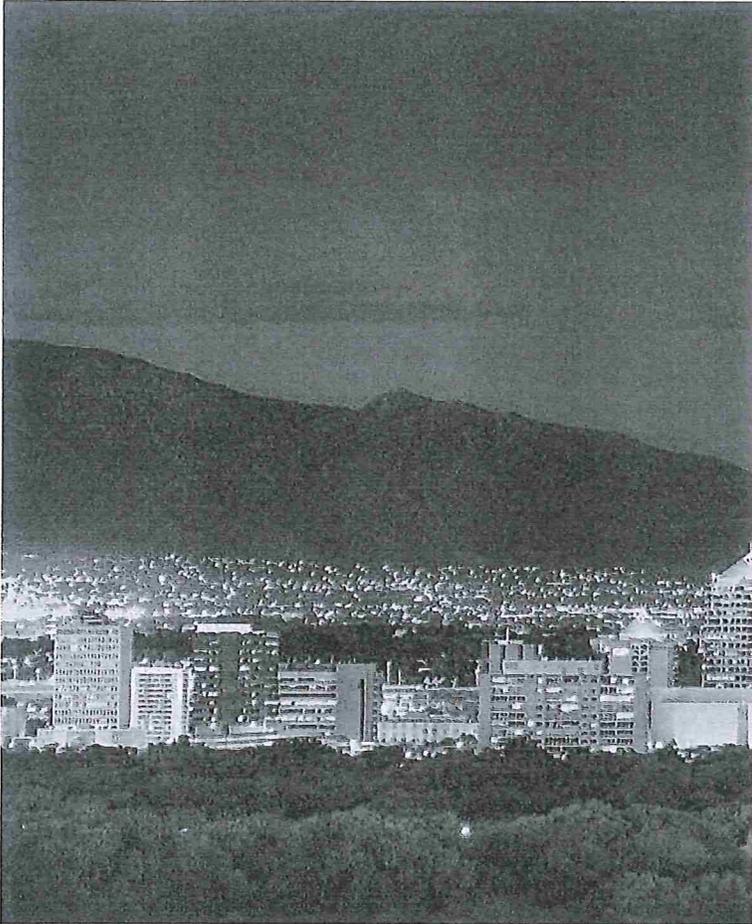
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6TH ANNUAL WRITERS RETREAT

Join internationally acclaimed poet and author **#1** at a two-day Writers Retreat in the heart of the Southwest. Take time to write with other authors, teachers and students and enjoy the beautiful New Mexico vistas.

#6

SIGN UP HERE



POETRY IS LIFE

#1 is an award-winning American poet and writer of Chicano descent.

While serving a five-year sentence in a maximum security prison, he learned to read and began to turn his life around, eventually emerging as a prolific artist of the spoken and written word.

He is a winner of the prestigious International Award for his memoir, **#6** the story of which is now also a documentary by the same title. [read more...](#)

#6

A suite of effective poetry-driven tools for teachers, writers, at-risk students, inmates, and ex-convicts transitioning back into society.

POETRY REFLECTIONS

#6