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at times that I have contemplated suicide. It is only through the divine mercy of God and the support and love of my family and friends that I am alive today. As you know, there are many victims who have ended their lives because of the pain of sexual abuse.

The abuse I suffered has had a continuing impact on my marriage. Because of Fr. Jose's abuse, it is very difficult for me to trust or to be open and giving sexually to my husband, whom I love very much. This beautiful sacramental sign of total self-giving and union has, because of the abuse I suffered, been too often for us an experience of division and separation, to the point that, several times in our marriage we have seriously considered separation or divorce. It has been with the help of God and the strength of our commitment to each other that our marriage is intact. Other victims in similar circumstances have not been so fortunate--marriages can and often do founder under the weight of such trauma.

I wrote to Fr. Jose in 1986, previous to a visit to Portland to visit my family, to confront him about the abuse and to tell him that I did not want to see him or have him anywhere near my daughter. He replied to my letter and admitted his guilt. These documents constitute substantiating evidence that he did indeed commit the crime of sexual abuse of a minor.

In 1986, Fr. Jose left active ministry (although he was not officially laicized) to marry a woman with whom he had had a relationship and who had become pregnant. In 1991 I revealed his sexual abuse of me to my mother and siblings, resulting in his estrangement from my family. His lies and betrayal have caused immeasurable pain to my mother and to all of us.

At the invitation of Bishop Michael Warfel, I have shared my story with the priests, deacons, religious and lay ministers of the Diocese of Juneau. I thank Bishop Warfel for his compassionate response to my experience and for the support I have received as a victim. I have recently contacted the Archdiocese of Portland and Mount Angel Abbey and Seminary to tell them about the abuse committed by Fr. Jose. I have been very fortunate in that I have been listened to and believed. I am even more fortunate in having been treated so far, with concern, compassion, and understanding by church leaders. Tragically, this has not been the case for many women and men who have been victimized by seminarians, priests, and bishops.

Through all of this, I have remained a faithful and active Catholic laywoman. I have always sought to distinguish between the actions of one unfaithful minister and the Church but it has not been easy, especially in recent months. I have sought healing and peace in the sacraments, especially the Eucharist. Unfortunately, the abuse and its aftermath continues to make recourse to the sacrament of reconciliation very difficult for me.

I ask all of you, bishops, archbishops, and cardinals, to remember me and all victims of this crime against children and adolescents, as you make your decisions at this meeting. Please heed the words of our Holy Father: there is no place in the priestly ministry for those who harm children. I urge you to adopt a policy of zero tolerance for all offenders, whether they have abused one child or adolescent or many, whether past, present or future. This policy will send a message to all of us who are victims that we are your primary concern, and that you desire our healing and reconciliation with the Catholic Church. I pray that the Holy Spirit will be with you, and all of us, in the days ahead. Thank you.

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Bishop Accountability

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**Impact Statement of  
Paula Gonzales Rohrbacher**

By Paula Gonzales Rohrbacher  
Speech at the USCCB Meeting in Dallas TX  
June 13, 2002

<http://www.usccb.org/bishops/rohrbacher.htm>

Thank you for allowing me to share my story today.

When I was a little girl, my family, at the request of Mount Angel Seminary in Oregon, befriended several Mexican seminarians who were students there. The seminary placed one of these young men with my family, who is also Hispanic, no doubt to ease his transition to life in the United States. My mother, who regarded him as a son, and encouraged my siblings and me to treat him as a brother, generously welcomed him into our family. We housed him over school holidays and summer vacations. The young seminarian that my family sponsored was named Jose.

Our family situation was difficult when I was a child. My father died in 1960, leaving my mother a widow with 14 and 8 year old sons, and myself, age 5. During summer vacations she had no choice but to leave us at home while she worked. The summer of 1967, Jose lived with us during his break from the seminary. He took advantage of my mother's trust in him and sexually molested me. As difficult as it is for me to reveal these deeply personal aspects of my life to you, and also probably uncomfortable for you to hear, I feel it is important for you to understand the harm he did to me. Jose molested me by digital penetration of my vagina and fondling. I was terrified to do anything but keep quiet and not move while he violated me. He told me "don't tell Mom". Because I was afraid of Jose, and the effect that I believed disclosing the abuse would have had on my family, I did not reveal his actions to anyone, and hid my horror and shame for many years. Because of his status as an adult, a man, and a future priest, I believed at the time, and continued to believe for many years that the abuse was somehow my fault. Jose continued to be treated as member of my family. My mother was a special guest at his ordination to the priesthood, and was as proud of him as if he were her son.

In 1984, when I was 29 years old and pregnant with my first child, Fr. Jose came to visit my husband and me in Juneau, along with my mother. This visit precipitated a nervous breakdown. I disclosed the abuse to my husband after the visit and sought counseling at his urging and with his encouragement. I have been in counseling because the effects of the sexual abuse, off and on, for almost eighteen years.

Treatment for depression, rage, anxiety, and sexual dysfunction has involved medication, group therapy and individual and couple counseling. Although in recent years the therapy and medication helped to make my situation more bearable, the recent revelations from Boston and elsewhere have reopened wounds that I had hoped were in the process of healing. While I hope this is not the case, I fear that my need for therapy and/ or medication will be ongoing for the foreseeable future.

This crime has left deep scars on my soul. Fr. Jose violated my innocence, ruined my adolescence, and deeply wounded my self-confidence, self-esteem, and sexual response. I have suffered from chronic depression and anxiety since the abuse: depression and anxiety so severe

## ANSWER TO INTERROGATORY NO. 2, CONT.

his erect penis and forced me to masturbate him. The next day, we went on to Daytona. I remember Janssen checking us into this really neat hotel. He made sure he put on his cleric collar before he talked to the front desk. He told them a sad story so he could either get a room for free or at a very low cost.

During the school year, Janssen would take myself and other boys to Farmington, Iowa, to another church run by Father Geerts. While there, I saw older classmates playing cards without clothes on.

In 1964, Janssen pimped me one final time. A visiting priest, Father Bass, who I did not know and who did not know me, asked me to carry something from the rectory for him. He led me to Janssen's bedroom, locked the door and made me disrobe. This scared me, but I complied. He fondled me on the bed and then took down his pants and had me masturbate him. When he was done, he took out a polaroid camera and took a picture of me naked. All of my trust, love, self-respect and self image were destroyed at that moment.

I had always thought from the beginning I was the only one this happened to. Although, once I was tuned into what was going on, I observed pollution of young minds all around me. I walked into Janssen's office one day and 6-8 boys were sitting around the edges of the room masturbating. Another time when I was in 7th-8th grade, I walked into a concealed coat room in the back of the classroom while the nun was teaching at the front and there stood a boy masturbating. He winked at me and I just walked out.

Because of previously entered Court Order, I will not disclose the identities of persons known or believed by me to have been abused by Janssen and Bass.



2. Set forth with specificity what constitutes the "repeated harmful, illegal and immoral sexual contact" with Plaintiff, specifying the dates and places of each such occurrence and the names of any witnesses or other parties who are familiar with the transaction.

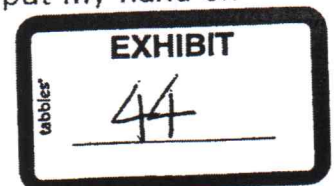
ANSWER:

Beginning in 1961, the abuse by Janssen started. The first contact occurred in his gym office. He locked the door and he had me sit next to him on a couch. He put his hand on my knee and said "Do you trust me?" Yes. Then he put his hand on my crotch and squeezed with a giggle. At this point, he opened my pants and stroked me to erection. As he manipulated me, he opened his pants and put my little hand on his erect penis and showed me how to stroke it. We masturbated each other. He betrayed my trust, my faith, my love and respect for him.

In 1962, he would abuse me in the back seat of his car. He masturbated me and I him. The semen got on the seat of his car and he commented as he wiped it up that he wished semen came in powder form. At one point, Janssen took a friend and I swimming in the quarry. On the way back, we sat in the back seat of his car. Our trunks were wet and soaked the back seat of his car. Moments later, a horrible odor came up and wouldn't leave. Within one week, Janssen had traded the car. I later realized the odor came from dried semen getting wet.

In 1963, Janssen took me on a trip to St. Ambrose College. It was evening and he took me to the college pool. He had a key to a back or side door. I didn't know it, but he intended for us to swim. I told him I didn't have swim trunks and he said I didn't need them. He played with me as we both swam naked by throwing me in the air. Once he threw me and I accidentally scratched him. I have never seen someone so angry as he was at me for this. He grabbed me and shoved and held me under water in front of him as he shoved his erect penis in my mouth. He held me there until my lungs were empty. I thought he was going to kill me.

Janssen asked if I and a friend wanted to go with him to Daytona Beach, Florida. He asked my parents and plans were made to go. On the way to Florida, we stopped in Memphis, Tennessee and for some reason, we stayed at another priest's rectory, who was a friend of Janssen's. His name was Father Murphy. The first night I slept on the couch and my friend slept in a bed with Father Murphy. The next night, it was time for bed and Janssen said I had to sleep in the bed with Father Murphy. I told him I didn't want to and would sleep on the couch again. Janssen said if I didn't, then my friend would have to. I looked at my friend's face and I saw fear in his face. I didn't know what he was afraid of, but whatever it was, I didn't want him to go through it again, so I agreed. That night, under the sheets, this stranger grabbed my crotch and started fondling me. He then put my hand on



you can see, in the second picture I was giving the "finger" to the photographer, something Janssen encouraged me to do.

11. Also attached to this Affidavit as Exhibit C and D is the letter that I wrote to Janssen in late September of 1958 and a letter he sent to me in later September, 1958. The initials and abbreviations refer to sexually explicit derogatory terms. I admitted to what happened to my father and he reported it to the Bishop of the Davenport Diocese.

Further Affiant sayeth not.

{104}

Subscribed and sworn to before  
me this 3rd day of April, 2004.

Marilyn Murphy  
Notary Public in and for the  
State of NEW YORK

MARILYN MURPHY  
Notary Public, State of New York  
No. 01MU6053015  
Qualified in Broome County  
My commission expires January 2, 2007



At one time, he gave me the keys to the vigil light cash boxes in the church so I could steal money. Once he had me steal a sermon book from a religious supply store.

5. He took me to his parents' home in Davenport, Iowa, where he would pass me around to be abused by Father Bass and one time a Father Murphy. One time when Father Bass had told him I had committed a sin with him, I couldn't confess it to Father Bass. They debated this for awhile and decided that as long as I was not confessing something I had done with both of them, that I could confess with the other that I had committed a sin. In Davenport, he introduced me to other boys he had abused. His interest in them seemed to be not as strong as it was in me. In looking back now, I think it was because they were older. He told me one time that I should shave any pubic hair I was growing.

6. I visited him when he left Chicago and moved back to Holbrook. He offered me a job cutting grass at the church in Holbrook one summer. One time my parents came with me when we visited. When I would stay there alone with him, he would take me to a swimming pond not far from the church where we would swim nude and he would again fondle me.

7. He also told me that I could make money letting older men perform oral sex on me and that he would show me how to make those connections in Chicago. This never came about, but he thought it would be a good way to make money. He was always trying to get people to give him things for free because he was a priest and then he would laugh about it later.

8. I knew at least three other kids he abused or "corrupted" as he would say.

9. When he left Hinsdale, I would write him sexually explicit letters and he would write them back. One of the letters I wrote him was not addressed well and my mother, who was also sending him a letter, decided to put my letter in with hers and she opened my letter. Because of the things I had written in that letter, and the letter he wrote to me, his actions with me were exposed. It was reported to the Bishop in Joliet, Illinois, and the Bishop in Joliet, Illinois, reported it to the Bishop in Davenport. Janssen told me at a later time, that he was called in by the Bishop in Davenport and asked "Janssen, what is going on?" Janssen then laughed. He was told that he needed to say what I think is called the daily office and did that for a brief period of time.

10. Eventually, I wrote to Janssen and received back a letter from an attorney. I then wrote to the Bishop of Davenport and told him of the abuse. He wrote back and stated that Janssen denied everything and that he was retired and there was nothing more he could do. I have never received any other information from the Diocese of Davenport, other than a denial. Attached to this Affidavit, as Exhibit A, is a picture of me in 6<sup>th</sup> grade at St. Isaac Jogues in Hinsdale, Illinois. I am dressed in my altar boy robe. This was taken when I was in 6<sup>th</sup> grade and the abuse had just started. The second picture, Exhibit B, is of me in the 8<sup>th</sup> grade with a friend. In the first picture, I still had some sense of religion and by the second one, that was for the most part gone. As



# AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF New York )  
 ) ss:  
COUNTY OF Bloom )

I, [104], first being duly sworn under oath, states as follows:

1. My name is [104]. I was born on [ ] 1944. I am married with children and I am currently Director of [ ] at [ ], New York.

2. I am the victim of sexual abuse by a Catholic priest, Father James Janssen, which started at age 12 and continued for three years. It began in approximately November or December of 1956 and continued until September or October of 1958. This occurred while Janssen was a priest of the Davenport Diocese living in Hinsdale, Illinois, but also occurred in the home of Father Janssen's parents in Davenport and also while he was stationed as a priest in Holbrook, Iowa.

3. I was a quiet boy who did not do well in school and was attending Catholic school when Father Janssen took an interest in me. I can remember that being a good feeling, as he was popular with the kids in school and my association with him made me feel accepted. In those days, kids didn't know much about sex and in our family, you didn't talk about it. As I got to know Father Janssen, he began to touch me in what I first thought was an accident. It occurred the first time he talked to me and he started hugging me a short time after talking to me. I was uncomfortable with this action, but with him being a priest, I thought it must be okay. Not long after, he took me for a ride in his car. I don't remember why or where we went, but do remember that he quickly put his hand in my pants. When he did this, I would get an erection, although I was so naïve, I didn't know what was happening. He had me come to his room in the rectory, where he took my pants down and masturbated me. I had never ejaculated before and the first time it happened, I thought something had broke. I didn't know whether I should be doing it, but since a priest was doing it, I assumed it was okay. After that first time, he would use every excuse to get me alone and do the same thing again. Sometimes this would be in his car or a movie theater or he would visit our house and find a moment where we could be alone and fondle and masturbate me.

4. He had priest friends in other towns who had his same desires and I was introduced to them. This was Father Bass from Davenport and a Father Murphy. Father Janssen taught me a number of things that gave him a good deal of control over me. He tried to get me to smoke by giving me cigarettes. He taught me how to steal from stores and would serve as an alibi if I ever got caught. If caught, I told them that the priest would vouch for me, although he was a good teacher and I rarely got caught.

EXHIBIT

tabbies

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AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF Iowa )  
 ) ss:  
COUNTY OF Scott )

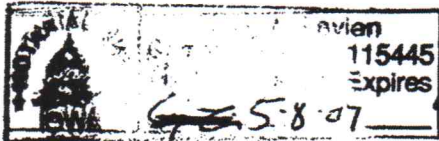
I, [102], being first duly sworn under oath, states as follows:

1. My date of birth is [ ], 1939. I was an altar boy and member of the St. Irenaeus parish in Clinton, Iowa. In either 1953 or 1954 when I was 13 or 14 years old, Father James Janssen took myself and several other boys swimming at the spillway at Lock & Dam 13. I witnessed Father Janssen wrestling with many boys, although he would not wrestle with me. While we were swimming naked, Father Janssen came up behind me, grabbed my penis and began to masturbate me. I turned quickly and elbowed him with my right elbow and hit him with my left fist and began to hold him under water. I complained to him, "No, no, don't do it. I have a bad heart". I got out of the water with the other boys and we put our clothes on. Nothing was said and we walked to town.

2. While we went swimming naked with Father Janssen, it was unsupervised activities.

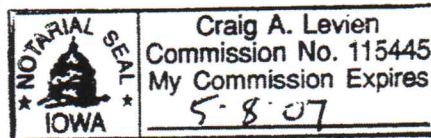
3. I received my religious training in the Catholic School and I was trained that the priest was the equivalent of God or Christ on earth and that they should be obeyed.

Further, Affiant sayeth not. [102]



Subscribed and sworn to before me  
this 30<sup>R</sup> day of April,  
2004.

C. H.  
Notary Public in and for the  
State of Iowa



EXHIBIT


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15. Throughout the rest of my childhood and adolescence, I continued to have significant mental health and substance abuse problems which I am beginning to understand were caused by being sexually abused by Father Paul Shanley. These problems necessitated the intervention of countless therapists and other mental health professionals. With the support of my parents (my mother is a licensed psychologist and my father is an environmental attorney) and my sister I was able to graduate from Wesleyan University in Connecticut. I have been free of drugs and alcohol for the past two and a half years and presently work in Rhode Island, where I teach creative writing to adolescents receiving treatment in a private psychiatric hospital.
16. I have never met or spoken with [REDACTED]
17. I have never spoken with Gregory Ford, [John Doe 7] or [John Doe 8] about any of the events set forth in this Affidavit. I have not seen or spoken to them since leaving St. Jean's. While I have heard from my parents and media reports that Gregory, [Doe 7] and [Doe 8] have alleged they were abused by Paul Shanley, I am not familiar with the details.

Signed this 17<sup>th</sup> day of July, 2003 under the pains and penalties of perjury.

[REDACTED]



11. In or about the second or third grade, I began having problems with what I now know as depression and anxiety. I used to cry myself to sleep at night as a young child, without knowing or understanding why. Some time after being pulled from my CCD classes by Father Paul Shanley, I began engaging in "magical thinking". I believed that if I didn't perform certain acts in a ritualistic manner (such as folding my socks the exact same way), something horrible would happen to me or my family.
  12. At or about the ages of seven or eight, I recall feeling as though I had to kill myself, or something bad would happen to me. Before Thanksgiving one year, I once held a knife to my wrist while standing in my kitchen thinking about killing myself.
  13. In or about the third or fourth grade, I developed problems with anxiety and anger problem. I would stand in the middle of the street screaming at the top of my lungs and not know why.
  14. In approximately the fifth grade, I began having academic problems for the first time, as well as conflicts with authority figures such as teachers. Also at or about this time, I was complaining so much about having to attend CCD classes that my parents decided our family would no longer belong to the parish of St. Jean's. In order to avoid CCD class and Father Shanley I would reset my parents' alarm clock so we would be too late to go, I would try to stay at a friend's house the night before class and I would argue all the time with my parents about that class. I believe I stopped all activities relating to St. Jean's when we switched parishes.
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take me to his office in the rectory, where we were alone together. I believe I was about seven or eight the first time this happened.

7. During many of these times alone together while I was supposed to be in my CCD class, Father Paul Shanley would sexually abuse me by having me perform oral sex on him between half a dozen and a dozen times in total. Generally, Father Shanley would perpetrate these acts of oral sex by inviting me into a game where I would have to "taste" him.
8. I remember one specific time when Father Shanley penetrated my anus with his finger. I was lying face down on the floor of Father Shanley's office, while his hands ran over my body I believe my pants were down and he went under my underwear. His hands stopped at my anus and he used his fingers to digitally penetrate my anus.
9. Father Shanley would usually tell me that I was "special" and "chosen" for these acts of sexual abuse. I remember feeling as though it would be the worst thing in the world to tell anyone what Father Shanley was doing to me. I was afraid for my safety and the safety of my family.
10. I recall one specific instance in which Father Shanley excused me from CCD class to take me to his office in the rectory of St. Jean's alone. While I was in or about the second grade, Father Paul Shanley came to my Sunday CCD class. He noticed a drawing I had made of the Grand Canyon and excused me from CCD class in order to "congratulate me". He took me to his office in the rectory of St. Jean's.





COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

SUFFOLK, ss

SUPERIOR COURT DEPARTMENT  
Suffolk County Civil Action No.  
02-04551-T1 (Consolidated with C.A.  
02-1296) (Originally entered in  
Middlesex County as C.A. No. 02-626)

GREGORY FORD, et al.,

Plaintiffs,

v.

BERNARD CARDINAL LAW, et al.,

Defendants.

AFFIDAVIT OF [REDACTED]

I, [REDACTED], hereby depose and say:

1. I was born on [REDACTED], 1977 and grew up in Newton, Massachusetts.
2. Up until approximately the fifth grade, I was a parishioner at St. Jean's Parish in Newton, Massachusetts.
3. Approximately during the years 1983 – 1987, from the ages of about six to ten, I attended Sunday CCD (catholic education) classes regularly at St. Jean's School while my parents attended Mass.
4. My classmates in this CCD class included Gregory Ford, [John Doe 7] and [John Doe 8].
5. Father Paul Shanley was a priest at St. Jean's Parish during all times I was a parishioner.
6. On several occasions, Father Paul Shanley came to my CCD class and asked my teachers that I be excused to go with him. Generally, he would

Watertown. I waited for the morning mass, seeing the priest come in and set up the altar. I participated in the mass, and remained as a group afterwards recited the rosary together. Afterwards I went home and immediately took a shower.

Signed this 17<sup>th</sup> day of July, 2003 under the pains and penalties of perjury.

John Doe 12



11. Once on the second floor, Father Shanley began to explain that there were Catholic theologians, copies of whose books he had there, that were teaching that homosexual activity was not a sin. I thought that these must be a minority of liberals whose views could not be regarded as authoritative. When we had gotten to the bedrooms, he showed me the room on the left where the housekeeper normally stayed, and I told Father Shanley that I was tired and wanted to go to bed, assuming I would just immediately retire into that latter room. But Father Shanley insisted that I take a shower first. Though I really did not want to, he insisted. The shower was in a bathroom that was directly connected with his bedroom which was across the hall. I thought the reason for the shower was that since I would be spending the night in the housekeeper's bed, Father Shanley wanted to be sure I was clean before using the sheets.

12. When I came out of the shower with just the towel around me, Father Shanley told me that I would be sleeping in his bedroom, on his water bed, and with him! I was extremely surprised, but I thought that perhaps the housekeeper's bed was inappropriate for me to use, and that there was no other bed. I asked if there would be enough room and he assured me there would be. At this point, I was becoming concerned about his intentions, however, and I said to him, "you're not going to touch me." Father Shanley emphatically assured me that he would not touch me. With this assurance and at Father Shanley's insistence, I then lay down to go to sleep in his bed naked.

13. I quickly and soundly fell asleep but awoke in the middle of the night in excruciating pain. Father Shanley was inserting his penis into my rectum.

14. I was not fully awake, but I tried to shake Father Shanley off of me and kept telling him "no, no". Father Shanley was aggressive and said, "It is okay. Let me finish."

15. I was able to break free and ran from Father Shanley's bedroom into the housekeeper's room and locked the door. Father Shanley knocked on the door asking me to let him in. I refused each request.

16. But in the early morning, once it was light, I did allow Father Shanley to come in, so I could get my clothes back and leave, after he assured me that there would be no further physical contact. Yet, before giving me my clothes back, Father Shanley insisted on giving me a backrub.

17. I felt very ashamed, confused, violated and dirty. I got dressed immediately and prepared to leave right away.

18. As I was leaving, Father Shanley told me that I would probably like going with him to a camp in New Hampshire, where we could become better acquainted. Once off the property, I went straight to St. Patrick's church in

intended as a thorough discussion, particularly since this was his full offering on the subject. He resisted discussing the matter further, but instead began asking me what I was really there for and why specifically I wanted to see *him*. He asked whether I was lonely, &c.

6. Because we were not discussing the issues I had gone there to have elucidated, I was disappointed. Yet, he wanted to keep talking anyway, so I was polite and initially basically listened and tried to participate as I could.

7. Father Shanley quickly began a private colloquy of his views of the Pope and the Pontiff's teachings. To my astonishment, he criticized him, claiming that John Paul II was out of touch with current theologians, and was morosely conservative, particularly with respect to sexual ethics.

8. Father Shanley showed enthusiasm for expressing his opinions with me at length, which was unusual for clergy, as my experiences with priests/brothers were always formal and swift. Yet, having had no experience with or sympathy for conversing about liberal theology generally and moreover outright denigration and contempt of standard teachings, I could not give approbation or encouragement to Father Shanley's opinions. Yet, I was courteous to and respectful of Father Shanley.

9. Father Shanley eventually began asking me personal questions. After some discussion, he learned that I was experimenting with yoga exercises and asked me to demonstrate them. I agreed to do so, and after awhile we went into the living room, where there would be appropriate space. After I finished my brief demonstration, Father Shanley removed his clothing down to his underwear and mimicked what I had shown him. I was dismayed at his trying the exercise, and taking off his outer clothes to do it. Yet, I remained respectful, if not somewhat bewildered.

10. Afterwards Father Shanley and I went to the kitchen for a beverage, where he provided me something. As gas makes me light headed and generally uncomfortable, when Father Shanley turned on the gas pilot to heat the kettle for himself, I explained to him that it was time for me to leave. Father Shanley told me to stay. He explained it was late, and besides the housekeeper who usually slept there was not going to be there that night. I understood this to mean that I could spend the night in the housekeeper's bedroom. I explained that I would have to receive my parents' permission, and I assumed they would refuse. He was disappointed in my having to make the call, but I insisted it was necessary, as in any event they would be concerned. So I made the call there in his presence and unexpectedly my parents gave permission. Without drinking anything, Father Shanley turned off the pilot, and said it was time to go upstairs.



COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS SUFFOLK, ss  
SUPERIOR COURT DEPARTMENT  
SUCV 2002-04551 T1

(originally filed in MICV-2002-0626)  
(consolidated with SUCV-2002-1296)

GREGORY FORD, ET AL., Plaintiffs, v.  
BERNARD CARDINAL LAW, a.k.a., CARDINAL BERNARD F. LAW, ET  
AL., Defendants.

AFFIDAVIT OF

John Doe 12

I, John Doe 12, do hereby depose and state:

1. I was born on [redacted], 1963. When I was a child, my family and I attended Our Lady Help of Christian's Parish in Newton, Massachusetts.

2. During late December of 1980, I became very ill for about three months, being bedridden for at least a month of that time, culminating in invasive surgery. I had to make up that entire school year. During the time of bed and house confinement, I began avidly reading and studying the Bible.

3. As I was well enough, I started visiting priests to clarify and discuss what I had read and to generally seek spiritual direction. I would travel by public transportation to Boston to speak with priests/brothers, some of whom were members of religious orders, and also spoke with the pastor and a priest at Our Lady's. One of the priests at Our Lady's recommended speaking with the priest at St. Jean's, which was located just up the road from my parents' residence on Watertown Street, because he worked with young people.

4. So, one afternoon in late winter / early spring of 1981, when I was 17 years old, and still particularly thin and relatively weakened from the effects of the illness / surgery I called St. Jeans to make an appointment to speak with the priest there. He said we could meet later that very day. So, in the evening I went to visit St. Jean L' Evangeliste Church (Saint John the Evangelist Church). My particular interest that night was to discuss some questions I had regarding the "Holy Spirit".

5. When I arrived at the rectory, I was greeted by Father Paul Shanley. We went to and then sat down in his study. I told him I had come to ask him about the Holy Spirit, and he said, "He is the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity". I thought that this was a rather perfunctory answer for what I had