

STATEMENT OF

My name is

I live at

My birthdate is

Sometime in the summer of 1986, I moved with my family to Heath, Massachusetts from the state of Connecticut. When our family first began living in Heath, Massachusetts, we were befriended by a priest by the name of Father Richard L. LaVigne, whose parish is ^{St. Joseph in} Shelburne Falls, located about nine miles from Heath. Father LaVigne visited our house frequently and acted in a very friendly, big brotherly way towards me and my brothers. In the fall of 1986, my family began attending the church in Shelburne Falls. At some point, Father LaVigne asked my mother if I would like to be altar boy, and I agreed, as I had served as an altar boy at our church in Connecticut before (sometime later, my brother and my brother also became altar boys at the same church serving under Father LaVigne).

Father LaVigne was the only Catholic priest at the parish in Shelburne Falls, but on occasions, ~~when he was absent,~~ ^{on week-ends} Father Thrasher would fill in for him. When I first began serving as an altar boy in the Fall of 1986 there were about

eight altar boys ranging in age from seven to eighteen. I was then thirteen years old. My duties as altar boy included washing the priest's hands during the service, and during the consecration to give the wine and water to the priest. Most of my work as altar boy occurred on Sundays and on religious holidays.

Father LaVigne would be very outgoing, friendly and joking whenever he visited our family in Heath. His visits continued after I had started to become an altar boy, and frequently involved staying for dinner. His personality was much more grave and serious when dealing with parishioners in general.

After I had been an altar boy for sometime, approximately in the Spring of 1987, Father LaVigne asked me to start doing various jobs at the church, including mowing the lawn, carpentry and other miscellaneous functions. I did these on my personal time after work. As my school was in Shelburne Falls, Father LaVigne would frequently pick me up at school and take me back to the church where I would do the work. He would then either drive me home or my parents would come and get me. On days when I was serving as an altar boy, my parents would come to church with me, stay for the service and then generally take me back, but as time wore on sometimes Father LaVigne would ask me to stay for supper.

When I was doing the various jobs that Father LaVigne asked me to perform in the afternoon, he would sometimes give me a snack before I did the work and also talk with me. The more that I worked at the church, the more Father LaVigne would cut short the work and bring me into his personal living quarters and spend social time with me. On occasion, Father LaVigne would invite my parents and me to supper in his personal quarters. Sometimes he would ask them if I could stay over night.

As I spent more social time with Father LaVigne he began telling me dirty jokes in private, most of them about men's penises. I noticed he would never tell such jokes in front of my parents or in front of anyone else, only when I was alone in his presence. Social things that Father LaVigne would do when I was at the parish would include playing tapes of religious music for me, taking me out to an ice cream parlor in Shelburne Falls, or taking me to the movies in Greenfield. On those occasions Father LaVigne would dress in street clothing. On occasions when we went to the movies in Greenfield, Father LaVigne would put his arm around me. I was embarrassed that some of my friends might notice us. However, there was no further contact of a physical nature at this point. I thought of Father LaVigne as having a strange, locker room sense of humor, but had no suspicion of anything

else. I had never had any sexual experience of any kind before, and had no basis upon which to rest any suspicion.

In late May or early June of 1987, Father LaVigne told me that he was going on vacation in Arizona, and asked me if I would like to go with him. I had never been anywhere outside of New England, and was thrilled for the opportunity to travel. Father LaVigne offered to pay and did in fact pay for the entire trip. My parent's, trusting Father LaVigne, said that I could go.

Father LaVigne offered even to pay for clothes for me. He took me shopping in North Hampton and took control over what clothes I would buy, even though I did not like them myself and would not have worn them except for my feeling of obligation to Father LaVigne. He picked out underwear that was peculiarly tight on me and told me when I protested that that is the way underwear is suppose to fit. Everything was purchased to his taste. He even bought matching bathing suits for the two of us so that we would look the same. He insisted on going into the dressing room with me and watching me while I undressed. He also bought me "odd" pieces of clothing like jock straps. When I would pick out a shirt that I liked he would say, "No, that is to clashy, how about this?" When we left for the airport in late June, my father told me that "if anything goes wrong I will find a way of getting you back

home". The trip took about a couple of weeks starting in late June and ending in early July. I still have the plane ticket stubs from that trip.

We stayed in Phoenix at the house of friends of Father LaVigne, an elderly couple who welcomed us and left shortly thereafter, leaving the house to Father LaVigne and me. The first couple of days were fine. We spent a lot of time swimming in the pool that was in the backyard of the house and walking around downtown Phoenix and going out to eat. Then one night, Father asked me if I wanted to sleep in his bed, seeing he had an air conditioner in his room. It can get pretty hot in Arizona, and it was then, so Father persuaded me to sleep in his bed with him. Well, we were both lying there and he started to tickle my back. When he asked me if I would tickle his back, I did, but it made me feel uncomfortable. Soon, I fell asleep and was awakened and startled to find Father LaVigne's hand on my penis. I was terrified, I could not move! I was conscious of what was happening, but Father did not realize that I was awake. He thought I was sleeping, but I spoke up and said, "Why do you have your hand on my dick?" He quickly removed his hand and said, [REDACTED] go to the bathroom, I am tired of keeping my hand on you." (Father knew I was a bedwetter at one time.) He always turned everything into a cruel joke, because he said, "If you started to go, I was going to squeeze it." This

was the first of a number of incidences of sexual abuse and contact.

For a few days, everything cooled down as far as Father making me feel uncomfortable, but shortly after that, the next sexual advance took place in the swimming pool in the back yard of the house we were staying. It was private and we would go swimming almost every night to cool off. One night Father asked me if I wanted to go "skinny dipping". He said, "No one will see us." I did not care, I was not about to do that. Father got violently mad and he would yell such things as "You're no fun! Friendship is based on trust and if you don't trust me, what are you doing here?"

Swimming every night is fun, but when you walk around in a wet bathing suit, you tend to get chafe marks. Well, sure enough, Father noticed it and asked what it was. I told him it was chafe marks and Father said, "I am responsible for anything that happens to you while we are on vacation." then he said to me, "go into the bathroom and pull down your pants." He began checking my penis to see if any chafe marks were on it. He said that there was a rash and it needed medication. Soon Father came back with the medication and told me to go into the bedroom and lie down on the bed, and he would put the medication on. Remembering the previous encounter and being afraid, I said to Father that I would put

the medication on myself, but in his usual manipulation, he said to me, "I'll put it on because there is a right way and a wrong way to apply it." So, there I was on the bed, scared and lying on my back with my legs spread wide open, allowing this priest to put medication on my penis. He would apply a little of the medication and sit back and make conversation, only to prolong the application. I felt very humiliated and Father said, "You are so trustful. If anyone knew I was doing this to you, I would get fired. You're not going to tell anyone are you?" Being very upset inside, I smiled nervously, then it was over. He only applied the medication that one time, but periodically throughout the rest of the vacation, he would touch my private area. Throughout all of these terrible events, I was too emotionally scared to call home.

The night after Father LaVigne applied the medication to me as described above, he tried to persuade me to sleep in the nude on his bed. I refused, remembering the previous incidents, and he became angry and said "okay, don't come to me if you feel chafed tomorrow". Throughout the trip I was very scared, puzzled and confused, but felt that if I tried to get any help, Father LaVigne would get very angry. I was also intimidated physically by him as he is 6'1", with a full build, and I was only about 5'7" at the time and very slight.