

A side trip we took during the Arizona trip was to the Grand Canyon. This was a camping trip and Father LaVigne zipped two bags together and forced me to sleep next to him. He constantly tried to fondle my private parts at night and I had to push him away forcefully. He said repeatedly to me, "What's wrong with you, don't you trust me?". Frequently during the trip, Father LaVigne would come up to me when I wasn't looking and with the back of his hand whack my testicles and laugh when I complained about the pain. He also would try to tickle me at night and reach for my genitals (I was still sleeping in the same bed in his room, as it was the only air conditioned room in the house). Whenever I would resist his attempts he would continue to ask me what was wrong with me, tell me that friendship was based on trust, and ask me "do you think I'm trying to do something to you?" I would mostly remain silent during those times. Father LaVigne took several pictures of me during the trip, and I believe I may have taken some pictures of him. They would show that he selected the same bathing suit for the both of us before we went on the trip.

At the end of the trip, as we were returning from Arizona, Father LaVigne asked me if I liked the trip. Not wanting to appear ungrateful, I said yes. Then Father LaVigne stated that if people knew what had happened they would think he was strange. He then said "you're not going to tell anyone about

it are you?", I shook my head to indicate no. Father LaVigne also said that "the problem with the priesthood is that you can't be yourself. I like vacations because then I can be myself again for awhile. I rarely see anyone I know while I am on vacation". He then asked me if I would like to go on a trip again; I was non committal and said maybe. I was scared at the time to tell him otherwise.

During the Arizona trip Father LaVigne at one point started allowing me to drive his car, although I had no permit to drive. While warning me (during our flight home) not to tell anyone about what had happened on the trip, he brought up the driving and told me that "if you tell anyone what happened, I will just have to tell your parents about your driving illegally".

I noticed that when we went to restaurants in Arizona, Father LaVigne would become very loud and demanding when dealing with waitresses and make extremely irrational demands for service. This was a side of his personality that I had never witnessed before.

When we returned from the trip from Arizona, it was approximately 9:00 when we arrived in Shelburne Falls. Although Father LaVigne could have taken me home he called my parents and said that I would spend the night with him at the

Rectory. When we arrived, I had to go to the bathroom, and while I was there, Father LaVigne came walking right in as though he were looking for something in the vanity. His eyes kept glancing at my private area and again I was humiliated! There I was, sitting on the toilet while he was pretending to look for something in the vanity, but he would never take anything out. After Father left the bathroom, I finished up and came out. He asked me, "Did you wipe up?" I said "Yes". Then he began telling me how to wipe my own rectum and started wiping me himself. ^{Putting his finger in my rectum, and I could tell because I know ①} He told me that I did not know how to "clean myself" and directed me to "go hop in the shower", which I did. I felt sick and embarrassed! Right in the middle of my shower, he walked in the bathroom and threw cold water over the top of the shower stall onto me. Then Father said, "Don't forget to wash under your arm pits and under your sack." When I got out of the shower, I started to dry off while he stood watching me and glancing at my private area. Then Father said, "You dried off wrong." So, he finished drying me off, wiping my penis and rectum himself. I got dressed and he insisted I sleep in his bed because he had an air conditioner in his bedroom. Father said it was alright to hug, which made me feel uncomfortable. Then he said he would not hug, he would "embrace" (his words) and he said, "God wants everyone to get along and care for one another and some people express this differently. You can express how you feel by touching and embracing, even men".

① what it feels like to wipe my self with toilet paper, and I know the difference between that and and finger in my rectum.

When we returned to my family's house the next day, Father LaVigne was aggressive about doing all the talking about the trip, purposely not letting me get a word in edgewise. I did not tell my parents what had happened, as I was still afraid of what Father LaVigne might do. I decided to keep the incident to myself and hope that time would solve things and that Father LaVigne would not pursue me any further.

Several days later, Father LaVigne called and tried to get me to come down to the Rectory. I tried to put him off with various excuses, but after a week or so he succeeded in persuading me to come down there. When I went back, supposedly to do work, Father LaVigne prepared lunch, had me do minimal yard work and then took me to Northhampton to see a French movie. We then went back to the Rectory. I was afraid of what would happen and said that I had to call back home and tried to use excuses to go home to get ready for school. Father LaVigne got mad and refused to take me home. He said, "Tell your parents that I can't take you home." I then had to call my parents to get them to come get me. For some weeks after that time, Father LaVigne called and tried to get me to come down to the Rectory and I would resist as much as I could. I was still an altar boy, so I did serve at the church on Sundays. I also continued to do odd jobs, but refused to stay overnight.

That winter I got a job at Mount Snow and therefore cut back on doing odd jobs at the rectory. Father LaVigne continued to call and ask me if I wanted to go on trips. On one occasion in early December, I did agree to go to New York City with Father LaVigne, where we stayed at his friend's house from Friday through Monday. It was basically a sight-seeing trip. On that trip he did not try to take advantage of me, and I believe he was trying to regain some sort of trust.

Through the winter of 1987-88, as I started working more and more at Mount Snow, I stopped doing odd jobs at the Parish. However, in early January, in the week after New Year's Day, a kit for a grandfather clock that I had ordered, while in the company of Father LaVigne, arrived at the Rectory. (I had mentioned wanting to to build a clock and Father LaVigne had volunteered to take care of delivery expenses, although I had paid for the kit myself). Without telling me, Father LaVigne arranged to have the kit delivered to the Rectory. When it arrived, Father LaVigne called to tell me that it was there and invited me down to the Rectory. My parents delivered me to the Rectory. As soon as I saw the boxes, I was excited and wanted to get started working on the clock. However, Father LaVigne insisted on me giving him a hug first. We then worked on the clock together that evening and for several nights thereafter. I stayed overnight several

times that week, because we were staying up late working on the clock. On those occasions Father LaVigne forced me to get in bed with him. He got on top of me and started reaching under my underwear to fondle my pubic hair and penis. I would struggle very hard to get him to stop, but he would not listen and would not give up until I finally became passive and gave up the struggle. The nights that I stayed there were about four out of seven days. On a couple of occasions when I stayed over I tried to tell Father LaVigne that I had better call my parents to ask whether I can stay here. Father LaVigne claimed that he had already called my father and obtained permission. In fact, my father had never heard from him, as I found out the next day, when my father asked me where I had been and why I had not called him. During these night visits, Father LaVigne, when I tried to resist his advances, kept saying, "Come on, what's wrong with you; don't you trust me?" After the clock was built, Father LaVigne kept asking me to come to the Rectory to spend evenings and frequently nights. He volunteered to write me school papers for me and did so much work on them that my teachers openly accused me of submitting work that was not my own. When he was on top of me in bed trying to fondle me, he responded to my resistance by saying "We're all God's children, we express our love in different ways. This is my way, this is how I express it, there is nothing wrong with it". I never said

anything in those times because I was so frightened. I could only resist by being passive.

Frequently, when I was at the Rectory, Father LaVigne would hide the clock that we had built and tell me to go upstairs and make no noise when anyone was meeting with him. At one point when I dropped something while I was upstairs (during a meeting he was conducting with members of the parish), he came up afterwards and was very angry. He made a point of hiding me whenever Father Thrasher, his occasional substitute, was present in the Rectory. One evening, when Father LaVigne was returning with me to the Rectory, he discovered that Father Thrasher was there. He forced me to get on his back and ride piggyback upstairs to his room so that Father Thrasher would not hear two sets of footsteps. Whenever I was at the Rectory overnight, Father LaVigne would lock all the doors to his quarters so that no one could find out I was there. During visits overnight, Father LaVigne would frequently brush my teeth for me and wipe my rectum, forcing me to push my head into his private area as he did so.

Other behavior would include hitting me in my testicles when I was not looking, on a number of occasions, and laughing when I told him to stop and saying "come on that doesn't hurt". He would also grab my underwear from behind and give me wedgies and just laugh when I complained.