

4. also gave this officer an original copy of a statement he had prepared himself prior to going to Attorney office on September 18, 1991. That statement is as follows:

"The following is a summary of my encounter with Father Richard LaVigne:

When we are born, we are innocent in the eyes of God. People sin and God forgives them, that is one of the wonderful things about Him. There are some things that may seem like a sin, but really are not. For instance, being a victim of sexual assault may make a person think they have done something wrong, but in reality, they are innocent.

I can remember when I was 15 years of age, I had a good friend, and of all people, a priest! What a friend, one of the closest people to God. He would take me places like the movies, restaurants, shopping, etc. Little did I know at the time, but his generosity would be used in such a way as to make me feel that I owed him something.

Then, the big opportunity came up! I was asked to go out West to Arizona with Father and he would even pay my transportation. Like any 15 year old kid, I was excited and overjoyed that he would ask me to accompany him on his vacation. Father and I talked to my parents and got their permission. They said yes, because they believed I was in good hands because I was with a priest.

Now I had to get ready, but I did not have much of a selection of clothing, so Father offered to take me shopping. He bought me clothes that seemed to fit his liking. For example, I would pick out a shirt that I liked and he would say, "No, that is too clashy, how about this?" The clothes he did buy me were to tight, but Father would say, "That is the way they are supposed to fit." Also he would buy me "odd" pieces of clothing, like jock straps.

I was counting the days, soon we would be off and I would be out of New England for the first time. Before I left for the airport, my father said, "If anything goes wrong, I will find a way of getting you back home".

When we arrived in Arizona, we were staying at some friend's house that Father had known. Soon after we had arrived at their house, the friends left, leaving the house to Father and myself. The first couple of days were fine. 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, so Father persuaded me to sleep in his bed with him. Well, we were both lying there and he started to tickle my back. Then 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 La Vigne's hand on my penis. I was terrified, I couldn't 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, "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 in to 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 a swimming pool which the owners of the house where we were staying had in the back yard. 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 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.

We left Arizona and went home, but we arrived very late so I spent the night at the Rectory. When we arrived, I had to go to the bathroom, and Father 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 looking 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 would start wiping me himself. He told me that I did not now 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 was 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 and he would not hug, he would "embrace" and 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".

Every time I was with Father after this, he did something to make me feel uncomfortable: sexual abuse, violence, humiliation, etc. The following are examples of this:

Father used to close the curtains when I was at the Rectory because he did not want anyone to know I was with him. He used to take me upstairs and give me hugs and kisses. He would give me "piggy back" rides and his hand would go near my private areas. He would force me to sleep with him and during the winter time, he used to make me cuddle up to him because he was cold and he would touch my private areas. He would lay on top of me and tickle me and run his hands down my underwear and pull my pubic hair and penis. I would say to him, "That's enough!" but he would not listen to me and would not give up, but instead, he would hold me down and let out a groan-like laugh and keep doing it to me. My efforts to stop him were in vain. I'd struggle and try to get him off me and the only thing I could resort to was to hit him, but I was taught to respect priests and so I was paralyzed with fear and gave up the struggle.

Immediately after, he would take me to the Church or out to get ice cream, or he would tape music for me.

Father used to brush my teeth for me and when he wiped my rectum, he would push my head into his private area. He was always ranking on me, saying I was very vain.

Father used to tell me college stories about the men having erections and bragging who had the biggest penis.

He used to pick me up at school and if he saw me with any girls, he would get upset and curious, wondering if they were my girlfriends. He would say, "I know why you want a girlfriend, to have sex with her" and he would discourage me from having girlfriends.

Father would hit me in my testicles on a number of occasions and I felt pain every time he would hit me there. I would tell him to stop and he would say, "Come on, that doesn't hurt." I never did anything to provoke him. Also, he would grab my underwear from behind and give me wedgies. Father would just laugh. I felt humiliated and uncomfortable.

Whenever we would say goodbye, he would hug me and give me a kiss on the cheek and then say, "Gee, you need a shave." He said something in French which means, "This is my friend, whom I love dearly".

Father did not worry about the law. He would serve me wine at dinner and on other occasions and another form of blackmail was to let me drive his car. He threatened to tell my parents that I was driving if I told them about the homosexual abuse.

One time I ordered a clock and had it delivered to the Rectory by UPS. When the clock arrived, Father called to let me know. I got excited and went down to the Rectory. I saw the boxes and wanted to get started on it, but he would not let me. He said, "You have to give me a hug first".

Father would always act differently in front of the public to hide our relationship. He would "sneak" me around. For example, if there was a person that was going to meet with him at the Rectory, he would tell me to go upstairs and not make any noise. If I made noise and the people downstairs heard it, Father would lie about what the noise was and after they left, he would abuse me in some way for making noise.

It has been approximately one year since I have seen Father LaVigne. Father had said to me, "If we ever stop being friends, it will be your fault". These incidences of sexual

assault happened during a three year period (1987-1990) and I never told anyone about them until now. I am emotionally scared and it's very hard for me to trust people. I hate myself for allowing him to abuse me and I could no longer keep it to myself, so I told some of these details to one of my sisters, and she told my parents. My greatest fear is that this sexual abuse has happened to other boys that Father has been in contact with and it's almost a certainty that he has abused my brother, who was only 8 years old at the time. To my knowledge, Father has taken other boys on vacation with him this past summer to Arizona."

5. was concerned that Father Lavigne may have touched younger brother who has also spent time with Father Lavigne. I asked to try and talk to and tell him he talked to me and that he shouldn't be afraid or nervous. appeared to be reluctant and embarrassed to do this. I told I just wanted to put at ease prior to talking to me, and that I didn't want him to tell what had happened to him.

6. On October 11, 1991 this officer spoke with DOB 12/12/75. gave the following statement regarding Father Lavigne:

"We went to Springfield because he had to get lamps. We went in his car as we were riding along he started to tickle me on my leg. An other times, he would tickle my arm and it felt funny. I was usually uncomfortable with him. So I didn't see him that often."

7. On the same date this officer asked DOB 01/20/71 to write out a statement regarding her conversation with her brother and Father Lavigne. Her statement is as follows:

"One night during the month of July - (the end of July) I was sitting in my apartment with my boyfriend and my brother. We were just sitting around talking. Sometime during the conversation Fr. Lavigne's name was mentioned I don't remember how or why but his name came up. We were discussing him just in general when spoke up and started telling us things that Fr. did when and his brothers were younger such as Fr. used to give them wine and he used to tell them not to sleep in their clothes because "they might get wrinkled", so he had them sleep in their underwear. When as done spoke up and said that some things happened to him he kept saying "Promise you won't say anything" & me and kept saying yes, & would say to me to swear I would never tell anyone especially mom or dad, so I promised I wouldn't. He started telling us that on his vacation to Arizona him and Fr. were sleeping in the same bed, and at the time had previously accidents of wetting the

bed, so that night I woke up and felt Fr.'s hand on his penis, he said he froze then jumped up and yelled at Fr. wanting to know what he was doing, Fr. told him he was holding his penis just in case I had to go to the bathroom, and if he did Fr. would squeeze it for him to help prevent any accidents. When I told me I was in shock I didn't know if I believed him. But while telling the story I was obviously upset and shaking. I asked him if Fr. ever did anything else to him he said Fr. would always ask I to sleep with him for the purpose that Fa. "was cold". He also said that Fa. would just happen to walk in on him while he was getting dressed. That's about all I can remember of I story. When he was done I told I that he had to tell mom and dad because it was something serious. I told him something was not right especially a boy his age not having the privacy he needed and the fact Fr. was touching him. I said he didn't want to tell them and that we promised we wouldn't say a word so I just kept telling him that Fr. could be doing this to other boys maybe even worse things and he shouldn't just let it lie. I told me to leave I alone and don't pressure him, so we dropped the subject. Maybe a few days went by when nothing more was said and I brought up the subject to I one day. He agreed it was a serious matter but we can't push I into something he didn't want to do. So it took me some time maybe a week or so to really think it over whether to break my brother's trust in me and tell my parents or wait to see if I would open up to them. I finally decided I had to let them know so I told them. We discussed what had happened. I also brought up other stories that people told me such as the incidents with I and incidents that happened when I was in school. I remember riding the bus with I and two of my classmates would always laugh and rank on I telling him to stay as far away from Fr. as he can because Fr. was a homosexual. Sometimes Fr. would pick I up from school and I would hear the boys making comments about I although they never gave exact details as to why they believed Fr. was homosexual. Another incident was before I told me any of this I remember when I and Fr. stopped seeing each other, Fr. would sometimes write I notes or birthday cards and I would just rip them up and throw them away and I would feel bad for Fr. so I would ask my mother why I never wrote him thank you notes or never wanted anything to do with Fr. even if they weren't as good as friends as they used to be, why wouldn't I at least out of common courtesy send a simple "thank you". So that my mother and I found a little strange. On more incident was one day my mother, my brother I (who is now deceased) Fr. and I went out for breakfast we had to meet Fr. there, while in the car my mother told I that he would be going home with Fr. When I heard this he got upset and saying he didn't want to go and my mother told him Fr. was taking him fishing but

said he didn't want to go although he did end up going, but was very upset when he was told he was going with Fr."

8. On October 11, 1991 this Officer interviewed [redacted] DOB 04/20/82. I asked [redacted] if his brother [redacted] had told him that he talked to me and [redacted] stated that [redacted] hadn't told him. [redacted] gave this officer the following statement:

"I slept over Fr. Levigse's house about six time when I was in the first and second grade. Sometimes I stayed at the Rectory and sometimes at his house in Greenfield or Ashfield. Father would say "do you want to tickle my back" and I would. Then he would tickle my back. He tickled me a lot. When he would tickle me he would tickle all the way down in the back to my bum.

One night when I slept over in Ashfield, Father gave me a long tee shirt to wear to bed. I brought pajama's with me but it was hot out and he said I'd be too hot in my pajama's. I didn't have my underwear on but I don't remember why. Father Levigse started tickling and rubbing my privates in the front and back. We were lying on the bed. He told me not to tell my parents. I think I was eight years old. I slept on the floor that night, next to Fr's bed. I felt uncomfortable and scared. No one else has ever touched me like that.

Father Lavigse gave me a bath twice at the Rectory. Both times was because we went fishing. Father washed my privates in the front and in the back with his hands. He didn't do it the way I wash myself he was pushing and rubbing hard and he went all the way down in the front and back of me. One time he put his finger inside my bum. One time when I slept over at the Rectory I slept in his bed, because he told me to. I had sweatpants on. Father had his arm around me and he was rubbing my privates over my sweatpants.

One time Father Lavigse let me steer his car and he told me not to tell my mom that he let me do that.

I didn't tell anyone because I felt scared, until my father asked me a couple of days ago."

While interviewing the [redacted] family this officer inquired as to the identities of any other possible victims or persons having knowledge of any such incidents.

Based on information given at this time this officer interviewed [redacted] also on October 11, 1991. [redacted] stated that he had slept at the rectory one time in his underwear. [redacted] indicated that Father Lavigne never indecently touched him, [redacted] did say however, that [redacted] had told him

that he had been indecently touched by Father Lavigne. When asked by this officer if he believed this statement by to be true, stated that he thinks "It's probably true".

9. Also based on information received from the this officer interviewed , DOB 09/04/71, of on October 16, 1991 and his statement is as follows:

"My name is I am 20 years of age. When I was 10-12 years of age, when I was acquainted with a Priest who's name is Father Lavine. I was first introduced to him in the winter, though I was told he has been a family friend for a long time.

My mother had brought my sister, brother, and I to church (even though we hated it) and introduced us then.

As the weeks passed we grew to know Father Lavine as a friend and began to trust him as a friend. One night Father Lavine invited my brother and I over to spend the night and we accepted the invitation, we spent the night playing games, and eating, watching T.V., and doing other fun stuff. We enjoyed ourselves. As time went on (time meaning weeks) we continued to go over to his house building our trust in him. Then one night/or the fourth time that I went over, my brother didn't want to go. I think he went skiing, so I went alone.

Father Lavine gave me supper and then told me to go upstairs to get ready for bed. I went upstairs got into my pj's and was ready. When Father Lavine finally came upstairs I was watching T.V. During the duration of time that I was seeing Father Lavine, he would keep on insisting that he give me back rubs, he would say that I was to tense around him and that I should loosen up a bit; so he would start rubbing and scratching my back and give me neck, shoulder, arm, message's and with every time that I saw him he would tell me to loosen up.....

On the fourth night when I was waiting for him to come up the stairs, I knew he was going to demand to give me a backrub, so I tried to loosen up as best as I could even though I didn't want him to touch me. Just as I predicted he came up and told me take off my shirt so he could give me a message. After about five minutes I was starting to feel scarred because he was now rubbing my buttocks, I told him to stop, he did.

That night when I went to bed, I couldn't sleep, I was sleeping very lightly because I was nervous after the backrub. He first shined a dim pen light on me to see if I was sleeping. Although I appeared to be, I wasn't. He did this two more times during a 2 hour period. Finally getting to tired to stay up any longer, I went into a light slumber instantly waking up when I