

I am writing in support of Committee Bill 3 Sec.-19. ;

My name is Edmund H Earle Jr. I am 54 yrs. old and have been a resident of Torrington Ct. for 48 yrs. of my life. During my early years I attended public schools until the fifth grade. That summer I made it known to my mother that I wished to attend a Catholic school as many of my friends also attended she of course was thrilled because she had also attended a Catholic school. We chose St. Francis school located on Main St in Torrington for the reasons mentioned earlier. In hindsight this would be the biggest mistake I have made in my life! While in attendance there I would become a victim of sexual abuse. The perpetrator would turn out to be one of the most respected members of our community. This man was revered to be almost God like ! I am referring to Father Stephen Crowley. Before this occurred I looked up to him, I felt like because of his position he was better than the rest of us . One part of me looked up to him the other part of me feared him. While attending school I got the reputation of being a talker and the class clown at times this caused a disruption in the class room and I would get reprimanded on occasion but I always treated my elders with respect and took my punishment without fail. Father Crowley would have a habit of roaming the halls and peeking in the class room windows sometimes passing by and backing up to catch any out of line. It was on one of these occasions that I was talking and he caught me. He then pulled me out of class and brought me down stairs and pulled me into a vacant class room. He sat me down and yelled at me and told me that I was good boy but was confused and needed to be punished. He went into great detail on how he was going to have to call my parents and both he and my parents were going to be very upset with me. Then he offered me a way out ! I was eager to hear it; he told me that he could give me a spanking ten slaps over his lap and he would not have to call them and disappoint my parents. He said this would be our little secret. I took my punishment and returned to my classroom a little red in the face but feeling I had made the right choice. I never told my parents. Months later, I got in trouble again and again I was pulled down to that room again This time he pointed at a red chair that was in that room and he said " Do you want ass as red as that chair?" This time father Crowley was not satisfied with the ten slaps he wanted more! Or should I say he lusted for more!! I don't want to elaborate or give details at this point but you can draw your own conclusions. When he was done I was told again that this was between him and I and not to repeat this to anyone! This time I left for class and was in a state of shock not really knowing what had just happened ? I new that what he had done to me was not right and I returned home very upset crying and told my mother what happened. She listened to me and held me close consoling me. Then she made me promise not to tell my father! You see my Dad was a man of large stature 6'4" and about 270 lbs and he was not fat either. He had played semi-pro football

but gave it up to be a steam fitter and take care of us. He was very religious but he didn't any crap from anyone. He was a kind and gentle man but if you did something that was morally wrong there was going to be Hell to pay! My mother told me if you dont want your father to go to prison for life you will keep this to yourself. I know now that he would of wanted to know but my mother was right Father Crowley would not of survived his rage. Even on his death bed I held his hand and in his last breath and he said take care of your mother for me. I felt bad that I never told him. He was very upset with me that I told him I didn't believe in God. He thought college had brainwashed me. Father Crowley tried this again the next school year. He said;" Do you want me to call your parents?" This time I yelled back at him call my parents" He never did. Throughout my teens I felt that it was sort of my fault. Like maybe I could of stopped him or if I hadn't got in trouble in the first place it would of never happened? Through my twenties and early thirties I just tried to block it out like it never happened that didn't work and I would often think of it . During my late thirties and forties I was angry and I swore to myself that if our paths ever crossed I would beat him to a pulp and not stop until he stopped breathing! As fate would have it our paths never crossed. But I was brought up to know the difference between right and wrong unlike Father Crowley. Then I began to rationalize that what happened to me was not my fault ! Since then I have told at least a hundred people maybe more what happened ! It"s weird it gets me all worked up and angry but for some reason I almost feel compelled to tell my story? I feel that most people never knew what was going on but I am sure some did and did nothing to stop him. To this day I dont believe in God feeling that he would of never let one of his messengers do this to children. Thanks for reading this sincerely; Edmund H. Earle Jr.