

Dear Father,

Dec. 14, 1992

EA 3RD

I received your letter yesterday, and nearly had a heart attack myself, not because you wrote back but because after all these years ~~we~~ ^{you} have come to the point of acknowledging and admitting your wrong in black and white to me. Well that's a start, all I ever wanted was basically just that, acknowledgement of your wrong and an apology, and ^{for me} to let go of the guilt & shame that I carried around with me.

There's not much more I
can ask for, I am in
therapy again and I'm
doing good. I just celebrated
my 8th year of sobriety.

Its now 5:38 AM Wednesday
morning and I've been sitting
here crying my heart out
I want to let you know
why. I feel like all that
love I ever had for you
is gone. Last night I
went out to do some christmas
shopping, I stop to read
some christmas cards because
I thought maybe I could

find one to mail to you,
you know something father,
every card I read, I
didn't feel the love they
were expressing, that hurts
me so much, I loved you
so much growing up, I
loved you like I loved
my own dad, and I know
and remember you telling
us kids you loved us
like ~~your~~ as if we were
your kids. I try to
explain to my therapist and
friends this relationship
my family and I had/have
with you isn't so black

and white like they think.
There is alot more emotion,
I told them its not like
father was the parish priest
he meant ^{alot} more to us then
that, he was our protector
and provider, he was always
there for us, he did for
us what my mother and Father
couldn't do, he tried to
protect us from the hell
we were witnessing in our
own home, and whenever
he could be there with us
he was and if he couldn't
be there physically he would
be there on the phone.

I read your letter to
my therapist over the
phone, because when I
told him you would probably
write me back, he said
No, don't expect a letter
of confession back. but I
try to explain to him like
I said, you were like
my dad to me and no
matter what I had to
talk about if I wrote to
you, you always wrote back.
So maybe now people won't
second guess what I tell
them..

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about your letter I do understand all people are human first, no matter what HAT we wear in this world, people take on roles that hold great expectations and we don't ever expect them to fail, and when they do it has a great, in this case, emotional affect on us, the people they hurt directly and indirectly. By no means do I excuse your actions against me & my sister & family, and I know I'm not ready yet to forgive you. We all who have failed and made

serious hurtful sick mistakes,
need to take responsibility
for our ^{own} actions first, and
what may be right for you
may not be right for me,
that's okay. We do the
best we can to make sure
that we don't ever repeat
our mistakes, I don't want
my past to be a part of
my present or future life.
You're right when you say
"But when we sincerely try to
correct our lives, God is
merciful and forgiving." We
who have hurt others need
to do the lip service and

leg work and make amends
to those people. That's
taken responsibility for
your actions, then you
can begin the healing
process and forgive yourself
so I'm hoping that's what
you have begun to do. I
know the last time we
were all together about
10 years ago you try to
confront and apologize
but she was not ready
to hear it or talk about it
at that time nor right now.
But I was thinking maybe
you were trying to make amends

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at that time. I hope so.

I too hope my mother, father & brother are at peace and happy in heaven, if there is such a place after death. I remember you always teaching and telling us about what heaven & hell was like, I remember you asking "is there candy, and merry-go-rounds, and puppies?" you would say yes heaven had every thing and it was real peaceful & beautiful, and hell you made sound alot worse then what we were experiencing

^{in our}
^{lives}
With our parents. I some
times think this is
my hell, it can't get
any worse, but I know
it can if I let my
past become my present
or future.

I know and believe
your health is very poor.
I wish we could turn
back the hands of time
and go back for me 35
years ago, for you, you
decide, knowing every thing
we do know today and live
our life without all that
pain & hurt, that's what I

hope and pray heaven is
all about. But I know
right now we can't go back.
~~But~~ I can't make myself
feel what's not there in
my heart, but hopefully
time will heal all, and
God will give me whatever
I am meant to have. Maybe
I wasn't suppose to love you
so much and God is gonna
reteach me, my love for
you had no limits and
maybe there should have
been, and now there will be.

I know your getting
up there in age, like I

said I know your health is poor. I'm not out to add fuel to the fire, I'm not out for revenge or to cause you a heart attack. Mr. Porter's survivors were hurt and angry and rightfully so, because of how the Catholic Church handled these case and Mr. Porter would not acknowledge his wrong and continue to hunt more children. I have no intentions of going public or going to lawyers with this, but I do believe you have stopped and have started

to correct your wrongs, but
Father please if you haven't
stopped if my sister and I
haven't been an isolated case,
it's not too late to ask for
help, you need to talk to at
least one of your superiors,
someone.

Well it's 8:00am and
my son needs some breakfast
as he says. Well I must
go, take care of your-self.

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12/29/92

Father, I've held onto this letter for a couple of weeks and reread your letter to myself a few more times. The thing that I've noticed and its bothering me enough to say it, is this, I don't sense a whole lot of remorse and I know remorse when I feel it, and I just don't think you can compare my mistakes I have made in my own life to this your very much so, emotionally deep scarring painful sick act. You express no remorse of your betrayal of my parents trust or us kids. You don't understand what you have done.