



DIOCESE OF MANCHESTER

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CHANCERY OFFICE
153 ASH STREET
P.O. BOX 310
MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE
03105-0310

January 8, 1985

MEMORANDUM

RE: Attached letter from [REDACTED]

I met with Father Paul Aube on January 3rd. He admitted that the attached letter was accurate in regard to his relationship with [REDACTED]. He stated that this was all part of the past, and that he is continuing counseling with Dr. Desjardins in Portsmouth, and for the past three years he has had no problems in this regard. I explained to Father Aube that our main concern at this point was how to persuade [REDACTED], who seems somewhat unstable, that Father Aube was under care and he did not have any further concern. Father Aube was appreciative of my efforts on his behalf in this regard, and I agreed to notify him after I had spoken with [REDACTED].

I spoke with Dr. Ernest Desjardins on January 7th to ascertain from him what he felt a good approach might be in dealing with [REDACTED]. He indicated in this conversation that he felt that Father Aube was doing very well.

On the evening of January 7, I spoke at some length on the phone with [REDACTED]. I indicated to him that the Bishop was grateful for his writing, and that we were aware of the pain that this whole situation must have caused him. I informed him that Father Aube had voluntarily revealed his problem to the Bishop three years ago, and that since that time, Father Aube had been (a) removed from parish ministry, (b) required to undergo a complete psychological evaluation, and (c) to undergo complete therapy. I indicated to him that this whole situation had been very painful and difficult for Father Aube. I also indicated that the diocese carefully monitors the whole situation, and with the reports of the psychologist, we are satisfied that the problem is under control. [REDACTED] indicated that he was happy to hear all this, and that he was most grateful for my call. I encouraged [REDACTED] to seek counseling himself if he felt he needed it, and notify me if we could be of assistance to him in this regard, e.g. putting him in touch with Catholic Charities, social workers, etc.

Father Francis Christian

FFC

cc/Bp. Mulvaney

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Dear Bishop Gendron,

For years I have sat down to write this letter, I've often had it written in my mind, hoping that I could tell this story. I've gone through the anger and the typical emotional responses associated with an episode of this type, and now have the courage to hope that I can have a positive impact on my life, and satisfy a growing moral responsibility to others on this matter.

In the 1970's as a teenager living in Berlin, NH I was sexually molested by my parish priest, Paul L. Aube, in the rectory of Guardian Angel Church.

With all the information that I have been able to gather through the media on sexual abuse and on abusers, I have been able to reach an understanding of the molester and the molested, and find on one hand great support in knowing I am not alone in having experienced this and having gone through the emotional trauma that is associated. But I am also concerned about the magnitude of people the typical sex offender affects.

It is with the personal knowledge that Paul L. Aube has sexually molested several boys throughout the state, and that none of the boys, now men, to my knowledge have ever brought it out, and that his actions were even covered up by policemen of the Nashua, NH police department when they caught him having sex with a boy in his car, that I am writing you.

I believe it was Time Magazine tht published a story on sex abuse and sex abusers, that said that most sex abusers continue to perpetrate their crime because they go unreported to the proper authorities. Because of that fact I feel I have a moral responsibility to any future victims Paul L. Aube may accrue.

His lifestyle fits the often typical pattern associated with sex abusers with a great magnitudd of victims, he has made his prey very accessible; as a monk at a boys school, in Magog Canada, Camp Director of a Boy Scout Camp, And as a Diocesan Priest with a "Youth Ministry". I hope that we can help him to end his need to prey on boys, by helping him seek the proper assistance and by whatever other means are appropriate.

I am not hoping to cause a scandal, but hope to prevent Paul L. Aube from causing anyone else to experience the terrible emotional effects of sexual molestation.

Should you wish to speak with me, I can be reached by writing

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

If it is at all possible, I wish to remain anonymous, but you may use my name to confront Paul Aube on this matter. I am also prepared to confront him in person should you deem that necessary.

With hope for the future

[REDACTED]

JULY 1987

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The reason why I wanted to talk to you was to tell you a little about myself, why I am a youth minister, and why am I one at St. Anthony's.

My name is [REDACTED]. My dad's name is [REDACTED], my mom's is [REDACTED]. My full name is [REDACTED]. I have 4 brothers and 1 sister. I am in the middle. I was born in [REDACTED].

[REDACTED] while going to school at St. John's Univ. in Minnesota. We then moved to [REDACTED] for 1 more year before moving to [REDACTED].

I was born and baptized in '61, rode my first bike in '68, got my first stitches in '68, recieved communion in '69, played baseball in '70, was a cub scout and weeblow in '71, played football in '73, built a tree fort in '74, was confirmed in '75, got my first kiss in '76 (ok, so I was slow), drove my first car in '77, graduated in '79 and '84, married in '85 and lived happily ever after in [REDACTED] '87. Well that's it, thank you....

I don't look back on my life as being all that unusual, although some of you may think it is, simply because I moved around so much, since my dad is in the Air Force. I think moving around created a deep need in me for a sense of origin and place. Unconscious questions seemed to turn over and over in my mind, such as, Where am I from? Where do I belong? Who am I?

Unlike many of you, I never had a hometown, a place where extended family gathered for holidays each year, no house or neighborhood full of complete childhood memories, no lifelong friends, or consistant faces since grade school. I learned to be unattached. In [REDACTED] when my brothers and I were mad at Mom, we would go out to our fort in the desert and pretend that we were running away, (I was 8). One day a small grey cat came wandering into our fort and we quickly adopted it as a comrade refuge from the cruel adult world. We called it "kitty", since it answered when we said "here kitty kitty". We brought it home and fell in love with it. A year later we had to move to [REDACTED] (a small island between [REDACTED] [REDACTED]) so we had to leave the cat behind. Dad said that the nice people would take it to a farm. We figured out later that it was probably the big cat farm in the sky. As losses like this began happen--and I knew they would regularly--I began to feel that much of my world around me, the people, the places, homes, friends and other things, were not permanent. Everything was only temporary.

Thats not to say that I did'nt make new friends. Whenever we moved Mom usually humiliated us by having us knock on doors and introduce ourselves to the neighbor kids. And we certainly had alot of fun traveling around. [REDACTED] was like Gilligan's Island with thick jungles, cliffs, caves, and beaches with year round swimming. Our family even took a trip to Japan, but our cultural appreciation consisted of purchasing plastic M-16 machine guns and playing army down by the old rusted out tanks and cannons left over from WWII.

Saying goodbye to our second cat on [redacted] was not nearly as hard as the first time. Mom and Dad constantly reminded us that "we would be leaving in 2-3 years so don't get too attached". We moved to New Hampshire next, and this was perhaps one of the most difficult places for me. It was here as I started High School that I felt the greatest need to be a part of something, to belong somewhere. I envied those kids that knew that this was their town, their school, and their home. I felt like an outsider; a stranger, not fully accepted. A number of other things made the situation even worse; we lived 5 miles from town, I could not drive, and I had grown 2 inches in 1 year—which made me very uncoordinated. Even my own friends seemed to shy away from me because they knew that I would be leaving in a couple of years. I ached to belong, to have a place, to know who I was.

I wish I was some kind of a geek. I couldn't attend sports and I had to pair away. I wanted those who could attend
popularity

The only things that were constant in my life at this time were my family and the Church. Wherever we moved, these two things were pretty much the same. My brothers and I always beat up on each other, and my sister always beat up on us. Church consisted of sleepy Sunday masses, confessions of hating my sister, and stern holy nuns at school.

At age 16, I was confirmed. This was also the time when I began to see church as something more than boring ritual, and God as something more than a mean old man in the sky who got mad at you if you called your sister stupid. The parish priest left me with some challenges at that time. One was a reading from the gospel of Mark 11:24: "I tell you solemnly, if anyone says to this mountain, 'Get up and throw yourself into the sea', with no hesitation in his heart, but believing that what he says will happen, it will be done for him. I tell you therefore: everything you ask and pray for, believe that you have it already, and it will be yours." This priest also challenged me to be open to God's will in my life; completely and totally.

I had been reading alot of books on King Arther and The Lord of the Rings, which described worlds where good was good and evil evil. The world in which I lived seemed overbearing, complex, and confusing. The lines between good and bad were muddled and confused. It was'nt that I did'nt want to contribute anything to it, it's just that I did'nt know how, or if I could. I did'nt feel like I belonged to it anyway. So I did my best to get all the hesitations and doubts out of my heart and prayed my brains out hoping that I would become popular, handsome, and wise, and I invited God to come into my life and reveal his will to me. On top of that I prayed that I would wake up in the past. Heck, if a guy could move mountains, whats so hard about going back in time where I could be smarter than everyone else. Needless to say, I woke up in the same place looking at my brother drooling on his pillow accross the room. What a letdown!

I was so dissapointed, skeptical and embarressed at myself. I figured if God was really there at least something different should have happend. Yet, this was all a part of the goofy things I did to experiment with who I was, like trying to see if I could make stoplights change ^{to green} by thinking at them really hard.

When our family left New Hampshire I was somewhat relieved. I figured that I had a chance to change. I vowed to forget about strange priests, and to become one wild and crazy kind'o guy. After all, we were moving to [REDACTED]

Theres a saying that when God wants to punish you He answers your prayers. Within one week of arriving in [REDACTED] my brother and I found ourselves at a Teens Encounter Christ weekend that we had been invited to by my Dad's new boss's daughters. I could'nt believe it. Here were a bunch of teens and peers actually, seriously, really having fun talking about God and their faith!

I think it is unnecessary to go into detail about my experiences with T.E.C., except to say that it was one of the first places where I felt a true sense of belonging. Some of the most meaningful and best moments of my life occurred during my involvement with T.E.C.: Experiences that I could not forget even at times when I wished I could forget them. It was a place where I could shed the cool facade and get away from peer pressure so as to explore deeper questions of life. ~~It depressed me to think that life was simply a matter of being~~

It was at T.E.C. that I first began to experience what that challenge was all about, that the priest in New-Hampshire ^{had} left me with. A challenge to open myself ~~to~~ up to God working in my life. Once more I invited Christ to come into my life and guide me. ~~I~~ before this time I began to have a deeper understanding of what that meant.

This was more of an ~~end~~ ~~than~~ beginning than a conclusion for me. A beginning of a journey & search that I still grapple with daily.

Many of the people on retreats spoke of the brokenness of their lives before sensing God putting the pieces back together. I saw my own life as being too mundane and dull, and figured that I would have to go through some melodramatic crisis, ~~so that~~ before being saved, so that I would have an interesting story to tell about myself.

I eventually ^{and} abruptly left the Youth Group in the middle of my Senior year. I'm sure I thought I had good reasons for leaving when I did. Perhaps the events that happened were unjust, unchristian, ~~or~~ and hypocritical. ~~OR~~ Maybe it was a sense that

my questions were no longer being answered, and I did not feel that I could ~~truly~~ lead younger teens honestly and with conviction. Or ^{perhaps} I was simply growing up and was scared about my future.

For the two ~~years~~ melodramatic years following my disappearance from the Youth Group, I succeeded in making more of a mess out of my life, than I succeeded in creating a ~~permanent~~ ^{interesting} story to tell. The old questions of who am I? and where do I belong?, began to surface again. I began to sense an overwhelming emptiness in my life. ~~and knew~~ I had isolated myself from the Church & God and there ~~were~~ were many tensions in my family life, so I no longer ~~had~~ had these two "permanent" things to rely on.

By this time I had so many doubts that I really didn't expect to find any solution to my situation from God. I had been accepted at ~~_____~~ in ~~_____~~ and decided to leave my job early so that I could have a couple of months to drive around the country and think things through. During my trip, a friend of mine gave me a tape to play while driving.

At this time I felt like I wanted to pray again, but didn't know how to start. One of the songs on the tape helped me to begin again, its called "1st Prayer".

When I got to ~~_____~~, I started to get into some of the activities that I had just tried to get away from and change. I started thinking that I was sick. I desperately wanted something more, and begged God to show me if there ~~was~~ was. Yet, I knew that I was not fully willing to be open to anything that God might ask of me (especially priesthood), another challenge from the parish in New Hampshire.

My new roommate was a disk jockey for a radio station, so he was often given sample records that the station no longer ~~wanted~~ wanted.

While rummaging through his albums I came by one with the title "Never Alone" which interested me, so I ~~put~~ played it and the first song was...

During the following weeks I slowly found the courage ~~to~~ and strength to make drastic changes in my life. I felt that God was once again gently drawing me back on course.

The biggest crisis in my life, since that time, was the separation of my parents. At the end of my Junior year in College, my Mother used my Dad's transfer to [REDACTED] as an opportunity to separate after 25 years of marriage. Since my family and the Church were 2 of the things that always seemed constant in my life this really blew me away. My entire world crumbled around me. What amazed me the most was that I was 22 years old, and fairly well educated, yet I couldn't deal with the reality of what had happened. I also felt guilty because in some ways, I encouraged it. My Dad perhaps summed up the feelings of the entire family best when he wrote from [REDACTED] after just arriving there. . . .

— LETTER —

Huge doubts and questions about whether anything I had studied, or believed was of any value weighed down on, and depressed me. Ironically it was during this time that I met [REDACTED]. I began to cherish our relationship very much, and deep down knew that it was a solid one, but I still thought myself I was crazy. I questioned my judgement and

motivations and doubted everything. Cynicism, Sarcasm, and skepticism became a rule of intelligence for me.

~~██████████~~ was just the opposite. Her mom and Dad make "leave it to Beaver's" parents look like they need family counseling. In some ways I was jealous of ~~it~~ this. And, yet, I also thrived on it. ~~██████████~~ has such ~~an~~ a confident, optimistic attitude, sometimes it's scary.

She doesn't consider herself very faithful, or religious by any means; however what she helped me realize was that I couldn't get to the Church or God except through my family, or friends and vice versa. Like Jesus' commandment "love the Lord your God with all your heart and soul and your neighbor as yourself," the two are ~~is~~ inseparable. You can't love God without loving each other and you can't fully accept and love one another without loving God.

It's been 3 years since my folks split up. It's practically taken me that long to ~~sort~~ sort through most of it.

When ~~██████████~~ and I left ~~██████████~~ to move to ~~██████████~~ last August, I started looking into other jobs. But after 3 months of ~~a~~ anguished soul searching, I concluded that I wanted to serve, to minister, or teach. Not simply because God wanted me too, but because I know that that is the only place that I truly belong. I finally began realizing and facing up to ~~where~~ who I am, how my past fits together, and where I have been called.

I can't help but think that it was more than coincidence that [redacted] and I happened to move to [redacted] when we did, or that I started looking into teaching or ministry when I did, that this particular position was open when it was, and that this particular position was every bit of what I was looking for and then some.

What I basically saying is that I feel that I have been called to St. Anthony's in [redacted] specifically. And I know realize that many of my prayers from past years have been ~~rather~~ answered.

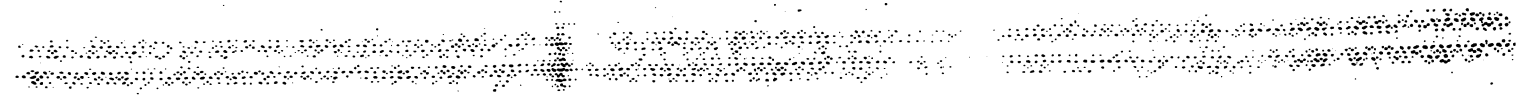
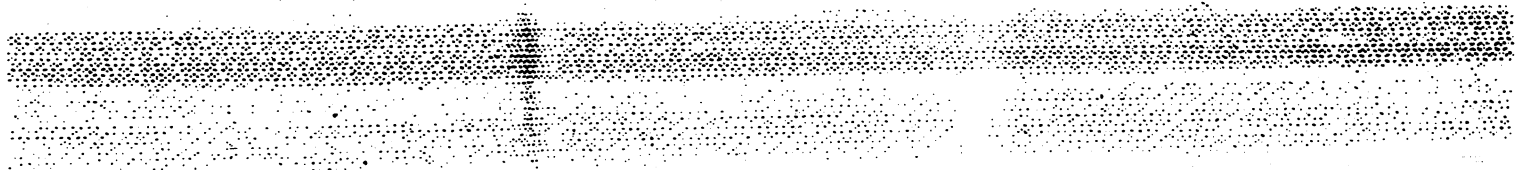
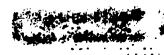
The sacraments of our Church are a means by which we can recognize the sacredness of certain moments of change or transition in our lives. Unfortunately, I do not have one for this event. Yet, I have the need to express it nevertheless. Because for me, it was a sacred moment when I was accepted as your youth minister. I am honored and I have been deeply moved. I can only pray and hope that the acceptance comes from the Youth as well. I ask that each of you pray for me that I can live up to my position and yet remain faithful to my family, namely [redacted].

I also ask all of you to look at the Youth Group as a place to belong to, a place to begin, and, or ^{to} continue your journey.



BISHOP LEO E. O'NEIL

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SECRETARIAT FOR ADMINISTRATIVE AND CANONICAL AFFAIRS

Diocese of Manchester, 153 Ash Street, P.O. Box 310, Manchester, NH 03105-0310 603-669-3100

September 20, 1988

PERSONAL/CONFIDENTIAL

On September 19, 1988, I received a call from a [REDACTED], from [REDACTED]. He is currently a youth minister in a parish in [REDACTED].

After many years of grappling with the problem, and apparently motivated by a recent incident in the [REDACTED] area, he called to inform us that between the ages of about 14 and 18, while he was living in Holy Rosary Parish in Rochester, he was the target of Father Paul Aube's affections. He claims that during these years Father Aube often hugged him, kissed him on the mouth, and massaged him while talking to him about love. He claims that on a visit to Father Aube in approximately 1980 or 1981, Father Aube took this one step further, and tried to fondle his genitals. He claims he was very confused because of this, and only in the past year or so has been able to work it out by himself. He was concerned as to whether we were aware of Father Aube's problem, and concerned that there not be any other victims.

I explained to him that we had become aware of Father Aube's problem at approximately the same time he claims the last incident took place. Father Aube had willingly admitted the problem and had been most cooperative in going through [REDACTED].

I explained that at the recommendation of the [REDACTED] Father Aube had been assigned to hospital ministry, where he would not come into contact with youth in a familiar fashion. I also explained that we had Father Aube's assurances, and had no reason to doubt, that the problem was under strict control. There had been no difficulties since the Rochester situation. [REDACTED] seemed pleased by these assurances. I suggested that he write a letter to us for the sake of the record. He questioned whether the Diocese would be willing to support him in seeking psychotherapy himself if he felt that a necessity, and I told him I would need to discuss this with the Bishop, and that he should make a formal request if he feels that is required.

I spoke, on the same day, with Bradford Cook, the Diocesan attorney, to see if legally there was anything we should do. His response was that at this point nothing was necessary unless some kind of further action were taken by the man in question.

On September 20th, I spoke with Father Aube. Father Aube seemed quite distraught about this part of his past once again surfacing. He stated that he really did not believe anything had happened with [REDACTED] but he was appreciative of the efforts of the Diocese to assure [REDACTED] that every-

thing proper had been done. I asked him whether he had had any problems at all in the recent past. He claims that he has had none. I reminded him how important it was for him to [REDACTED] there was any weakening of his resolve in regard to the control of his problem. I suggested that he should call [REDACTED] fill him in on this situation, and perhaps to see him to discuss the ramifications. Father Aube subsequently called me back on this date, to indicate that an [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Office of the Bishop
Diocese of Manchester
P.O. Box 310
Manchester, New Hampshire 03105

To the Most Reverend Leo E. O'Neil, D.D.:

I wish to bring to your attention a very serious and painful matter concerning the conduct of one of your priests. During the Spring of 1981, I was sexually abused by Fr. Paul L. Aube. It has taken me 13 years to realize that I must act upon this matter. The negative consequences resulting from Fr. Aube's actions were primarily of a spiritual nature. Therefore, I am not asking for a referral to psychological resources, nor do I in the least wish to threaten litigation. What I need, cannot be acquired by force or threat, even if such an approach were successful. I am appealing to you for that which you are most eminently qualified. I seek the judgment of your office as Bishop. I seek truth, compassion, assurance, repentance, atonement, forgiveness, reconciliation and finally closure on this matter.

Enclosed you will find several items:

- 1) A letter describing relevant events leading up to and following the incident of abuse and the resulting consequences.
- 2) An addendum regarding events with my other family members.
- 3) A list of those with whom I have spoken, sent copies of this letter, and/or, requested letters from, in order to lend credibility to my claims.
- 3) Two papers describing my "faith story" written in 1987, and 1989.
- 4) Materials from a seminar which I attended in 1990 entitled "Sexual Abuse by Clergy and Other Ministers". I drew many of my conclusions about the nature of Fr. Aube's actions from this information.

Thank you for your time and attention regarding this matter.

Sincerely,

[REDACTED]

My name is [REDACTED] was born on Easter Sunday, April 2, 1961. I am the third of six children. My parents are [REDACTED]. We were all registered parishioners at Holy Rosary Parish in Rochester, New Hampshire from the Summer of 1972 until the Summer of 1977. I also attended the Holy Rosary School. My father was an officer in the Air Force and had been stationed at Pease Air Force Base during these years.

To the best of my recollection, it was sometime between 1974-75, that Fr. Paul Aube was assigned to our parish. I was 13-14 years old at the time. Recognizing that raising six kids, on the move, away from lifelong friends and extended family was a difficult job to handle, my mother made a habit to befriend at least one of the local priests, if possible, wherever we moved. She began to invite Fr. Aube over for dinners, and within a short time he knew us all by name and we very much looked forward to his company.

The one quality about Fr. Aube that immediately captured our attention and wonder was what he referred to as his "gift of knowledge". He implied that he could read people's minds, knowing their thoughts, feelings and aspirations. He even claimed to be aware of events that had happened to us and others, and sometimes prophesied about our, or other's futures. This absolutely amazed and captivated me and my brothers.

During one of the first dinners that we had Fr. Aube over to our house, he made some comments to my 15 yr. old sister about her relationship with her boyfriend, and in particular, he recounted some details of what had happened on a recent date with him. When she asked how he knew about such details he mysteriously referred to his gift of knowledge. (Much later we discovered that he in fact had simply conveyed details of concerns that my parents had confidentially shared with him about my sister).

My parents were particularly vulnerable in trusting Fr. Aube because they sought him out for counsel regarding difficulties with their marriage. Aube in turn, looked for support and assistance from them regarding struggles with his Pastor and with paying huge phone bills resulting from maintaining contacts with young people, who he had ministered to at previous assignments.

We lived [REDACTED], and the parish was very close to our school. Fr. Aube often offered to give me, or my brothers a ride home if we wished to visit him after school, which we did often. These visits were especially frequent for me during my Freshman year in High School when I was enrolled in Fr. Aube's Confirmation program. In addition to our discussions, he would sometimes give me some project to work on, such as drawing pictures to be used in one of his slide shows. Our visits generally consisted of discussions about religious questions and beliefs.

However, there were two very unique elements to these encounters. First, his very "charismatic focus", and second, his very physical manner and approach. The best way that I can describe these elements is to briefly describe a typical conversation. He would generally start out saying something like "you feel very alone and alienated, no one can

understand you, not your parents, your friends, or your siblings. You are questioning everything, such as who you are, and what you believe. You have all these complex questions and ideas, but are unable to clearly speak them." Now for anyone who is remotely familiar with Erikson, or Kohlberg, they would recognize that Fr. Aube was simply describing the common themes of adolescence which his own psychology background had taught him. Yet, to me this was the first person who seemed to understand, or know me. I was amazed at his ability to know my thoughts and feelings. When I asked how he knew these things he said it was because of his "gift of knowledge", that the Holy Spirit had given him the power to see into the hearts of others. This was further reinforced by his throwing in an occasional detail about me that he may have received from my parents, or another family member.

Our conversations were also interspersed with constant and increasing physical contact. It started simply with quick and big bear hugs and occasional playful wrestling. Yet the frequency increased, and began to include an occasional kiss on the cheek, then later on the lips. The length of the hugs also increased, to where they were sometimes long embraces, while caressing my back or running his hand through my hair. The kisses also progressed from a peck on the cheek or lips to an occasional prolonged kiss on the lips. The physical contact was always done in conjunction with intense expressions of concern and "Christ like" love for me. "I love you", he would say, "like the Lord loves you". And referring to scripture he would say "God loves you so much that if you were the last person on earth, he would still send Jesus down to die for you, and I also would die for you!" This message would be delivered between hugs, and with an intense eye locking stare. Here was a priest of God, respected by my parents and the community, telling me that he would die for me! He would die for me, a gangly, awkward, freckle faced kid! How could I ever offer love as big and generous as that? "You are so special, God has something very special planned for your future!", he would say, "you will be called to do great things for God and his Church!" And I would respond, "everyone is". "I am not talking about something just like everyone", he would say, going on to imply some prophetic vision of some very unique and incredible calling for me, just me! I was like Jeremiah, who was called even from the womb.

On one hand, I was extremely uncomfortable with the nature of his physical contact, and yet on the other, his apparent and intense empathy, understanding, love, affirmation and concern was hypnotic and irresistible. This was especially the case for a confused and lonely 14 year old who recently moved to the area and had no childhood friends, who lived far from town and classmates, and whose parents were having marital difficulties. This sense of direction, the implied answers about my future, and about who I was, and this fascinating "gift of knowledge", which (I was told) was available to me through Fr. Aube's counseling, was what kept me coming back to him.

Fr. Aube often pushed me to consider priesthood. He would state that unless I was willing to offer all of my life to God, even if that meant becoming a celibate priest, I would never honestly know God's will for my future. When driving me home we would have long conversations about why I should consider priesthood. This was a consistent area of inquiry during our meetings. Prior to these discussions, I had never seriously entertained the thought of becoming a priest.

During the Summer of 1977 when I was 16, my family moved to [REDACTED]. My older brother, [REDACTED] entered the Air Force and within two months was stationed back at Pease Air Base in New Hampshire. In the balance, I was more relieved than sad to end my relationship with Fr. Aube. Shortly after moving to [REDACTED] my mother enrolled my younger brother, [REDACTED] and me on a Teens Encounter Christ (TEC) weekend retreat. (Since this was similar to the Cursillo and Search retreat movements, I will assume you are familiar with the TEC organization). This was largely a very positive experience for me. For the first time in my life, I felt that I had begun to experience God in a way that Fr. Aube had spoken of. After several months of involvement in this movement, I was picked to give a talk on my Confirmation at one of the upcoming retreats. Since Confirmation focused on gifts of the Spirit, I could not think of a more effective witness to this than Fr. Aube, who could show physical proof of the Spirit's power. So I petitioned my parents, and the leaders of TEC to fly Fr. Aube out for a retreat. Although it was not customary for the TEC organization to do fundraisers, they approved of and assisted me in organizing a Car Wash to raise money for Fr. Aube's ticket, of which my parents paid the balance. Sometime around the Spring, or Summer of 1978, Fr. Aube flew out to [REDACTED] for a week, and attended the retreat. In retrospect, the entire visit was rather strange, painful and quite confusing for me. Three significant events immediately followed the retreat.

First, a high school Senior attending his first retreat arrived at our house one night with his girlfriend. Fr. Aube began to describe details of a "spiritual struggle" in which they both had confronted one another. Fr. Aube explained that [REDACTED] (for lack of a name) possessed the same gift of knowledge that he did, except that [REDACTED] had been using his in service to himself, and Satan. He said he had become aware of [REDACTED] presence (on the plane ride out to California) even prior to ever seeing or meeting him, and that during the retreat they had in fact engaged in a struggle, without saying a word to one another. [REDACTED] acknowledged that he had been involved in some sort of cult at one time, and apparently agreed with Fr. Aube's interpretation of events. That is the very least I can say about this incident, without filling 3 more pages.

Second, later in the week Fr. Aube helped lead a prayer service at the Holy Spirit Church in [REDACTED] which was used as an opportunity for the retreatants (some 150) to gather following the retreat. That same week everyone received news that a young man who was involved in TEC had been killed in a car accident in Texas. At the end of the Liturgy the young mans sister "flipped out". She began to accuse Fr. Aube of being possessed by Satan, and that someone's car was sabotaged to blow up. To this day, I have no idea what caused her to lash out the way she did, or to make such bizarre accusations.

Third, [REDACTED], the founders of the regional TEC movement out of Vallejo, California, requested that Fr. Aube not return to any future retreats. Defending Fr. Aube, I pressed [REDACTED] about why this was the case. He never did give me a clear explanation, except to say that numerous parents were upset, because their kids were running up high phone bills calling Fr. Aube in New Hampshire after he returned. Many had nick named him "Fr. Aube Won Kanobe" in reference to the popular Star Wars movie since the "Force" seemed to be with him.

One night gathered around the dinner table he said, "[REDACTED] could become a priest if he could ever learn to control his sexual urges". He may have been using his "gift" to

guess at a detail of my life, yet he already explained that it did not always work, and that he sometimes sinfully allowed himself to speak rather than God through him. In this case, he was quite wrong. I was very much a virgin at 17, and had very "clean" relationships with my girl "friends" at TEC and at school. Yet, I still felt ashamed, and concluded that my thoughts (which I believed he could read) were still quite impure. This and other sexual comments always stood out in my mind because it was the only subject about which Fr. Aube became somewhat harsh and judging. Otherwise, he was always extremely affirming and loving (which could be seen as attempts to seduce and groom).

The night before he was going to leave, he came into my brother's and my room as we were going to bed. In the course of hugging and kissing us good night, he told [REDACTED] that he possessed the gift of Knowledge, and told me that I possessed the gift of Love. I was disappointed because I wanted to have the power of the gift of knowledge.

Within weeks after Fr. Aube's visit, my connection with TEC became very difficult and confusing. Many of the teens were looking to me for explanations of what had happened. Most wanted him to return because they were fascinated and taken with him in the same way I was, and many, including me were simply confused. Fr. Aube had also conveyed to me that he was confused as to why the leaders had judged him so unfairly. Because I had no clear understanding of why he could not return, I made up lies about his busy schedule, costs, etc. I privately blamed the leaders of TEC for being blind to Fr. Aube's power and potential to heal and help lonely and troubled teens, and for putting me in a position where I had to lie to protect both them and Fr. Aube. I also blamed myself for initiating all this bizarre confusion and conflict within the TEC organization, and with my new friends. Finally, in anger and confusion, I abruptly stopped going to TEC, and for the next two years, I stayed away from church. My attitude with my parents changed dramatically for the worse. I began going to numerous parties, and my relationship with girls consisted of one night "makeout" sessions.

Other than occasional phone calls, I did not see Fr. Aube again until the Summer of 1980 when I was 19 years old. At that time, I took a trip around the country on my way to [REDACTED] I stayed with a girl that I knew from TEC. I spent the day and evening cruising around [REDACTED] with her, her boyfriend and her cousin. That night, we went back to her cousin's apartment, and to my amazement her cousin invited me to sleep with her. It was the first time I was ever "with" a woman, or that I ever had such an opportunity to "know" one biblically, which I declined with some difficulty. A few days later, I arrived in New Hampshire to visit with Fr. Aube. During an informal confession, I recounted to him the events of a few days before. When I finished, saying that I was at least proud that I had retained my virginity, he responded with an odd and abrupt, "so what did you do, skull fuck her"? Since I did not understand what that was, he explained that it was oral sex. "No", I replied, somewhat baffled at the nature of his response. I went on to relate to him the difficulties of the past two years, and my desire to clean up my life. I specifically choose to go to school at [REDACTED] because I felt it would be a more disciplined environment than the beaches around the [REDACTED] where I was also accepted. He once again challenged me to offer everything to God, even if that meant priesthood. It is not what I wanted to hear, but expected nevertheless.

The first two weeks after I arrived at [REDACTED] did not go as I had planned. With all the "Freshmen" excitement of being away from home, I slipped into the same party and "makeout" scene which I wanted to escape and change. I became very disgusted and ashamed of myself. I felt I was full of lust and corruption. Depressed and feeling very empty, it was at that time that I finally decided to take up Fr. Aube's challenge and offer all to God, even complete celibacy. I fantasized that I had committed suicide. I envisioned throwing myself into the path of a large oncoming truck. I concluded that if I had in fact killed myself, I would no longer have a life; therefore, my life from that time forward was God's. This was the only compelling reason by which I deserved to live even if it meant being an utter fool for Christ. "Brother will betray brother to death, and the father his child; children will rise against their parents and have them put to death. You will be hated by all men on account of my name; but the man who stands firm to the end will be saved". Matt 10:21-22.

Experienced what I believed to be a very intense conversion experience. I believed the only way that I could properly discern priesthood was to live the vows. So I announced to my friends that I was now celibate, I would not drink alcohol, I would only listen to Christian music, I began to give away, or share all my possessions. I also began to fast one day (24 hrs.) a week, and refused to work on Sundays to the point of changing my Christmas return flight from [REDACTED] so others would not have to work for me on Sunday. Needless to say, this was not easy. I became the brunt of jokes, and a great source of aggravation to my family. Although at the same time, many of my friends greatly admired my strength in standing up to peer pressure. I deeply struggled every day with the temptations. I went to morning, afternoon and evening vespers with the Benedictine monks every day to discipline myself. My only mentor, who counseled and supported me in these struggles was Fr. Aube by way of numerous phone calls. I even had him talking to others including my roommate. Once he prophetically told my roommate "some day you will be a priest, but you will not find God while at [REDACTED] I began to emulate Fr. Aube's behavior by experimenting with counseling friends. I assumed my "powers" or gift of knowledge was still weak, but would strengthen with faith and use. I would hug classmates, give them that intense mystical stare, tell them that I, like Christ, I would die for them. I would make conjectures about what they were thinking by intensely observing their every word and gesture. Often they were amazed and asked how I knew these things. I would mysteriously allude to my gift of knowledge and the powers of the Spirit.

The last time I saw Fr. Aube was several months later in 1981 during my Spring Break when I hitchhiked out to New Hampshire. That visit was the most disturbing. I very much wanted to see him to seek counsel with all that I was experimenting and struggling with. I ended up staying with a young woman named Vicki and her mother. I had a big crush on Vicki when I was a Sophomore in High School. She was also in my Confirmation class, but she recalled Fr. Aube being mean to her, which seemed impossible to me. At the time her sister had been diagnosed with cancer and Vicki's life was deteriorating with drug use. I tried to compassionately counsel her, while trying to contain my own passions. We spent a couple of long evenings talking and embracing each

other. During those times, I found myself becoming quite aroused, and so I desperately prayed to God to help me contain my desires.

Shortly after this, Fr. Aube and I got together one evening. I relayed to him many of the things I was struggling with and he patiently listened. He then began telling a story about a man who came to visit him seeking "love". Because he was told that Fr. Aube gave good love. He said the man was homosexual, and that he gave him love (he paused waiting for my response, then continued), but not the kind of love he expected. He gave him the love of Christ. He asked if I understood that about his love toward me, and I said yes. All the while the familiar physical contact was taking place, yet this time the kisses on the lips, and the hugs were even longer. He then began to pull the shades as he sadly informed me that a family in the parish was currently accusing him of sexually abusing their son, whose relationship with him was little different than mine. He could not risk having someone see us embrace and misinterpret its meaning. He asked if that was OK with me and I said of course. And I assured him that I did not consider anything he did with me abusive. His focus then returned to my struggles. He asked, "If you lost your virginity, would your whole faith fall apart with it?" I replied that I did not know. I hoped not. He then asked me to pull down my pants. I said I was very uncomfortable with that and would rather not. "Don't you trust me?", he said. "It's just not normal, and that makes me very uncomfortable", I replied. Fr. Aube then talked about how much our faith expresses itself in a way that the world would not define as normal. God's love is certainly not normal, nor clearly understood. Again he asked me to simply trust him, and to put out of my mind what "the world" would consider normal. After about 10 minutes of discussion, I finally and reluctantly agreed and pulled down my pants. After all, he loved me enough to die for me. The least I could do was to trust him, and risk a little embarrassment. "Your underwear too", Fr. Aube said. He then kneeled in front of where I was sitting and began to fondle me. "See, it's just a penis", he said. After a minute he asked, "what's wrong?" At first, I did not know what he meant, and then realized that he wanted me to get an erection. I responded, "well last night with Vicki I prayed to God to help me not to feel desire, and I believe he is helping me".

Fr. Aube abruptly stopped and told me to go ahead and put my pants back on. Shortly after that he offered to bring me back home. We rode quietly back to Vicki's. At the time, I still very much wanted to believe that what had happened was done out of concern for me, and with good intentions, but his nervousness scared me. When he stopped in the driveway he turned and said, "I'm not a homosexual". "I know that", I replied. "I am in counseling, and am getting help", he said. I did not want to understand why he was telling me that, but I assured him that I did not think wrongly of him. He then insisted on purchasing a return flight for me, which I initially declined, but he insisted saying that he was concerned for my safety, so I happily accepted. We then embraced and said good night.

Our visits before my leaving were brief. Although during one of the days he strangely drove me up to a wooded lot in the mountains that he said he was interested in purchasing for a theater/restaurant. We walked around in the woods for a short while and then returned. The whole story seemed odd and fabricated as if he had something else in mind, but never revealed what it was.

Following that visit, the phone calls soon became less and less frequent, until they stopped altogether by the end of my Freshman year. I went through cycles of denying and accepting what had taken place. On the one hand I could not imagine that he had in any way tried to abuse me. His actions over the previous six years seemed so genuine, the evidence for his "Gift" and "Power" was so compelling. Yet the events that took place and his recent transfer to a hospital assignment confirmed that there were problems.

But the consequences of accepting it as abuse were too overwhelming for me. By that time I had decided to become a Theology major. Had my spiritual journey, of which Fr. Aube had been such an influential piece, been built on lies, seduction and perversion? Was his daring and courageous love and compassion, which I tried so hard to emulate, been grounded more in sexual desire rather than the power of the Holy Spirit? Then what sort of behavior had I been mimicking. On what type of counsel had I based my decisions regarding, dating, lifestyle, belief, school, studies, friends, vocation, etc? With what voice had I called others to conversion? And my God, who would believe that a 19-20 year old was glib and naive enough to be sexually abused? And since I was working with teens in youth groups was I going to be suspect as the abused become abuser? Was this the "profound" and "unique" future God had in store for me?

About six months after the incident, I become overcome, confused and very doubtful that God was calling me to be a priest, or a prophet akin to the Old Testament, with martyrdom, persecution and all. It was a critical turning point in my faith life. I desperately petitioned God to release me from this burden. I asked for a normal life, a wife, a family. Since I could not discern an answer, I concluded by saying "God, this is what I am going to pursue, if it is not your Will then (like Job) take it from me, even if I should protest". In other words, "do not give me children, and take my wife from me." It was after that day and that prayer that I ceased all of the radical religious behaviors of celibacy, fasting, etc.

In general, I tried to interpret the events with Fr. Aube positively. I concluded that since he often tried and said strange and unusual things, and since I was very troubled with my sexual desires (toward females), he must have been trying to help me. The scope of the betrayal and humiliation that I sensed was far too great for me to accept for many years. It was far easier to cling to the evidence of his "gift"; evidence that God was in fact present through him to me. I felt that I should simply dismiss the rest as human weakness that should be forgiven. Consequently, I developed a very formidable, positive and courageous front, denying what I considered destructive thoughts, dwelling on the negative aspects of past events.

I did not dare discuss these events with anyone else during my years in college. With a pit in my stomach, I even silently watched as my brother [redacted] and a friend of his hitch hiked out to visit Aube the following Spring of 1982. By then Fr. Aube had been transferred to a hospital assignment. By the end of my Freshmen year enough doubt crept in to cause me to very slowly begin retesting, rethinking and reexamining all of the actions and words of Paul Aube.

The first significant crack in the "front" I created occurred at the end of my Junior year at [redacted] began dating a young woman (I'll call her "Julie"). On our third date, I invited her up to my dorm room, where I was the Resident Assistant. As we walked past the room of my Supervisor and Faculty Resident, Fr. Perrigan, she became very tense.

Later she informed me that the year before, she had been involved in negotiations between her family, Fr. Perrigan and the University concerning an incident where he had sexually molested her. It was agreed that if any further incidents occurred, Fr. Perrigan would be removed from contact with the students. At the same time, a female student I worked with in Fr. Perrigan's dept. at the St. John's Liturgical Press, had been quietly protesting about his sometimes constant physical advances. By the beginning of the following school year, Fr. Perrigan was removed from any contact with the students. Although his "temptations" seemed far more understandable to me, the incident and the University's response was disturbing to me.

At the same time, during the Summer of 1983 my parents separated after nearly 25 years of marriage. With all of our moving around in the Air Force, the two primary constants in my life were my family and my church. When the pillar of my family began to fall, the already cracked and damaged pillar of my relationship with God and church began to fall as well. I allowed the feelings of betrayal, anger and bitterness to overcome me. These feelings were further compounded by the fact that I had decided to continue in my theological studies (perhaps a very expensive and temporary form of therapy). Only one semester remained before completing my undergraduate studies as a Theology major.

It was also at this time that I met my future wife, [REDACTED]. She was the first and only woman that I ever dated for more than two weeks. Although, I was very grateful for the relationship, I was filled with doubts and guilt, nevertheless. I became completely absorbed in the study of vocations and gnosticism. I was not required to return to [REDACTED] during the first Semester of my Senior year, so I took a course studying the Gnostic Nag Hammadi Library at the [REDACTED] any of the professors at the [REDACTED] were part of the first American team given the opportunity to interpret the NH Library into English. I pored over articles in theological journals preparing a 25 page paper on the Gospel of Thomas. In the course of these studies, I realized how "Gnostic" Fr. Aube's approach was. Not only did he often emphasize a special "knowledge" which led to one's salvation, but his whole approach to sexuality was laden with a sense of shame and evil. The flesh was carnal and bad. Knowledge and Enlightenment saved one from damnation. We must use mind over matter. Forgotten was incarnation, and the constant reminder of Genesis about flesh and the created world: "and God saw that it was good." Much of the church still preaches a "Gnostic" influenced and tainted theology. This was certainly not all Fr. Aube's influence. Nevertheless, I felt both liberated and angry through this insight. Liberated, because I felt that it was now possible that I could live a married life feeling as redeemed or as "holy" as choosing a celibate life. My instincts told me that choosing celibacy out of a sense of shame was not the best of reasons to become a priest. I also felt angry because I had invested such a tremendous amount of time and energy struggling with a theology of sexuality which fundamentally was not "Catholic". And the man who had challenged me to begin that struggle was the epitome of "Catholic", at least in his official office as priest.

During the second semester of my Senior year and last at [REDACTED] completed my final two theology classes. One was required and the other was a graduate school course on Vocations, principally marriage and the religious life. Like any Senior, I was confronted very urgently with my future. Although I could more clearly and finally recognize what had taken place with Fr. Aube, it introduced a number of obstacles to any

objective discernment regarding my future. My education vastly broadened my horizons and certainly benefited me; however, when it came to the question of a (Sacramental) vocation, I was still filled with confusion. My parent's separation after 25 years of marriage certainly affected my view of marriage, but not as much from a Sacramental aspect. My struggle with the Sacramental and religious nature of marriage, or priesthood (the question of what is God's Will for me) was effected far more by the events connected with Fr. Aube. It essentially came down to one question: "what was of God, and what was of Aube?" In other words, I would have to accept one of two scenarios. Either Fr. Aube was in fact often inspired by the Spirit and genuinely discerned a vocation for me, and in moments of weakness he turned from God and sinned. Or, the majority of everything he said and did was for the purpose of seduction, and a need to feel a demigod like power over those on whom he focused. If the first were true, then I certainly could not abandon this challenge or "call" lightly without in effect sinning myself. I could never genuinely pray "Thy Will be done!" in the Lord's Prayer at every Mass. In effect, I would cut myself off from God, the Eucharist and the Church. If the latter were true, then I could never trust that I had chosen priesthood, or any religious vocation out of any sense of "calling", or response to God. It would have been a response to seduction, *to remake myself into the image of Aube, not God*. Fr. Aube either inappropriately discerned a false "Calling" for me, or effectively retarded my ability to respond to a genuine "Call" by sexually abusing me. "A sound tree produces good fruit but a rotten tree bad fruit. A sound tree cannot bear bad fruit, nor a rotten tree bear good fruit." (Matt 7:17-18) In essence, a sound tree would not have done what Fr. Aube did, and consequently, I was his rotten fruit. My own deep moral confusion was a resounding testimony to this conclusion.

I began to deeply resent him, the Church and essentially God for leaving me on the brink of my future feeling lost, and ridiculously confused about where my life had come from and where it was going. I prayed desperately for guidance, and the answer consistently came back: "you should not be a priest, but you should not marry either, but at the same time you are strongly called to do both". In other words, nothing made sense. I did not see my problem as primarily psychological, so how could counseling help? And I was not inclined to trust the advice of any priest or religious person that I knew at the time. It was unwelcome news, so I remained silent.

In May of 1984, I realized that I was arriving before the world with my \$32,000+ Theology degree in hand, enraged at the God and Church which it represented. In essence, it was worthless to me, a huge symbol of betrayal. I felt that God had betrayed me for bringing Fr. Aube into my life. I could not teach, nor preach that which I wanted to cross exam, criticize, and expose as a lie.

This inability to confidently discern my Vocation has been one of the most significant and painful consequences of Fr. Aube's breach of a sacred trust. I had concluded that I was entirely unfit for the priesthood (or vice versa), and yet when I turned from this I was tormented by guilt and confusion. For many years, I have had great difficulty in developing a "secular" career path without eventually feeling guilty and ashamed. My gifts were meant to be used in direct service to God. Am I a prophet turning his back on God, a pathetic and weak opposite of Job? Yet my desires for a companion and family were equally strong. In the midst of my cynicism and anger, I had no capacity to believe that either a married, religious, or single life would be blessed by

God. In retrospect, I don't believe I had the capacity to trust God, since I felt betrayed by God. I was taught to believe that a priest was the very symbol of Christ, especially when in the act of dispensing Sacraments. In my case, most of my relationship with Aube took place within the context of informal Confessions, within the Sacrament of Reconciliation, with "Father" Aube acting in the name of Christ.

One reason that I even kept associated with the church, shortly after my graduation was out of respect for Fr. Michael Sweeney, O.P. He had been in charge of campus ministry at [REDACTED]. There he had worked with my sister, and eventually became a good friend of our family. He was subsequently transferred to the University of [REDACTED] where he [REDACTED]. Since our family had moved nearby to [REDACTED] I eventually worked with Fr. Michael on a project to build a new Center. He was aware of my anger, and disillusionment, but attributed it primarily to my parent's separation. Nevertheless, he wisely and patiently focused my attention on some tasks which did not require an orthodox response.

In Dec. of 1984 Fr. Michael witnessed my marriage to [REDACTED] whom I had met during the Summer of 1983. I knew in my heart that I did not feel confident that God blessed my "Vocation" of marriage. At that point I was tired of trying to figure it out. At the time, I did not know if I even believed in God any longer. I simply knew that any "Calling" from God was not making any sense. [REDACTED]'s real, and she did make sense.

[REDACTED] and I moved briefly to [REDACTED] and then in August of 1986 we moved to [REDACTED]. By the Spring of 1987, I was disillusioned with doing the same kind of work that I had done prior to college. It essentially had no redemptive value to humankind. I concluded that I had wallowed in self-pity long enough, and needed to stop tormenting myself further. Although, I still harbored doubts about my relationship with the Church, I felt that I could at least make an effective religious education teacher at a local High School. I knew a great deal about the teachings and History of our Church, and felt that I could impart these without addressing my own beliefs. I needed to put the past behind, pick up the pieces and continue forward. And I especially needed to convince myself (or God) that my marriage had "Sacramental" value. That our relationship was in fact a witness to those around us.

Because of my volunteer background in youth ministry, I was directed to look into youth ministry positions. Effective July 1, 1987, I was hired as the full time youth minister [REDACTED] and consequently [REDACTED] was too, whether she knew it or not). I was responsible for the Junior & Senior High and Confirmation programs.

During the beginning of my third year in 1989, news broke in the Archdiocese that Fr. Jim McGreal, a former priest in our parish of seven years, was being charged with numerous counts of sexually abusing young boys. I suddenly found myself, along with the rest of the staff and the [REDACTED], helping prepare a response to the victim's families within our own parish. At the same time our associate priest decided to announce to the parish that he was homosexual, because he was deeply troubled by the association of

pedophilia with homosexuality. The TV News Program 20/20 soon arrived at the parish to interview our associate.

Following the McGreal case, in the Spring of 1990, Archbishop Hunthausen required every lay and religious minister in the Archdiocese to attend a daylong seminar on sexual abuse. The seminar was entitled: "Professional Ethics: Sexual Abuse by Clergy and Other Ministers". It was during this seminar that I finally and fully accepted that the vast majority of my relationship with Fr. Aube had consisted of seductive and "grooming" behavior. By this time nine years had past since the incident in 1981. For the first time, I told [redacted] about what had happened. Within a week of this seminar, I called the diocese of Manchester to inquire about Fr. Aube. For some time, I had been troubled by the fact that due to my silence, other young men may have been abused by him, including my brother [redacted]. At the time, Msg. Francis Christian would not offer any information. He simply suggested that I write a letter. Since I only wanted to know if the diocese was aware of Fr. Aube's behavior, I then proceeded to call Msg. Simnard at Holy Rosary Parish. He flat denied having any knowledge of any accusations or cases involving Fr. Aube. At that point I told him that he was lying and hung up. I know that it was naive to assume that such information would be made available to a stranger calling out of the blue, however, I was still surprised at the apparent fear, defensiveness and lack of genuine concern. This conclusion has been substantiated by the fact that no one attempted to contact me after a quick investigation showed that my story was true.

At the time, I was very hesitant to pursue the case any further. My work history since college had been very spotty, and at least now, I had an opportunity to "cash-in" on the investment of my education and background. I knew that by revisiting this past event, it might create doubts, confusion, anger, etc. that would threaten my ability to work in the very institution that I was in effect criticizing. Consequently, I "washed my hands" of the matter and assumed that if the Diocese of Manchester did not wish to deal with the case it was to their own peril. I felt that I had at least made the attempt.

I remained at [redacted] for five years, from July 1, 1987 to June 30, 1992. I believe the judgment of those I worked with would be that I conducted myself in a very competent and professional manner during those years. In fact, during my last year I was elected as the Chairman for the [redacted] s

[redacted] I would invite you to contact [redacted], if you would wish to inquire about my conduct, or state of mind at that time. Since I was suspect of my every thought and action in relation to the teens with which I worked, I can confidently say that I was not a victim who became an abuser.

One of the events that precipitated my leaving [redacted] also eventually led to my reexamining the memories of Fr. Aube. Although I considered resigning my position in the Summer of 1993, I unfortunately, left under less pleasant circumstances in 1992. I cannot describe the relevance of these events without going into some detail, so please bear with me.

During the Spring of 1992, my Pastor informed me of some drastic cuts that would affect my program. Essentially, I would have to lay-off my part-time assistant and assume a third more responsibilities. These sort of things happen every day, except in this case, I felt that our new associate Pastor had inappropriately influenced the decision by introducing some very distorted information comparing my program with one in his

previous parish. Since I knew and had worked with the youth minister ("Joe") at this other parish, I eventually spoke with Joe at length. I shared with him my suspicions that my associate pastor was gay, and felt that he was somewhat attracted to me. I also felt that he dealt with his condition by reverting to a "hell and damnation" theology that flowed out of his own self hatred. And I suspected, but had nothing concrete, that he often lashed out at me personally and professionally in order to suppress his feelings of attraction. In other words, he was angry at me for feeling attracted to me, but unfortunately others, such as my assistant, were going to suffer for it. Joe later informed me that he too had some history with this priest. In fact this priest had fallen in love with him and had started acting quite aggressively, to the point where it was quite obvious to others on the staff. As a result, this priest was eventually forced to leave the parish. He clearly had a controversial and predominantly negative reputation everywhere he went. He was extremely difficult to work with, was considered incompetent, and sexually troubled. Yet the Archdiocese, by virtue of his priesthood, vested him with its full authority and blessing. On the other hand, I felt disgraced. My place in the church seemed an obvious joke. No matter how hard I worked, no matter how competent or effective a minister, I was still a lowly lay-minister with no real voice, or authority. In fact, the formal legitimacy of my ministry was dependent upon this priest. This was intolerable for me, and I became constantly filled with rage and anger. I wanted to physical hurt this man who even with his sexual hang-ups had somehow managed to manipulate such a significant part of my life, and livelihood.

I wished to address the issue with the Archbishop, but I was too suspicious of my own response, given my background with Fr. Aube. The parallels were too obvious, and the scope of my feelings of anger, betrayal and rage were far out of proportion to the actual events at hand. Once again, I quickly became completely disillusioned. I questioned why I was doing ministry anyway. Given that I had never gone to counseling and therapy regarding the events with Aube, I was probably using my ministry as a form of therapy. My being there had nothing to do with a "call", it had to do with making sense of the events with Fr. Aube and legitimating my theology investment. The thought of that made me cringe. Because of my own increasing self doubts, I became less and less able to respond to the situation at the parish in a professional and constructive manner. My approach to problems, other staff members and the acting Pastor became increasing cynical, sarcastic, unconstructive and self destructive. By late Spring, I was tormenting over the decision to resign, when impulsively and in anger I resigned in the middle of a Parish Council meeting while arguing with the asst. pastor. I was relieved with my decision, since I concluded that I was becoming a more cynical and pathetic person.

On July 1, 1992, one day after leaving my job at [REDACTED] I began work on a 1,000 square foot addition/remodel of our home. It became my full time job. No people, no responsibilities, just me, my hammer, and my anger banging away, hour after hour, day after day. I told numerous associates that "I could not see the forest through the trees" any longer. I felt compelled to crawl into a hole, to pull back and reflect, to get to the heart of what had been unsettled in me for so long.

At the same time, I was given a golden opportunity to work with a friend of mine who was an architectural designer. He, like numerous people throughout my life (who

saw my artwork) felt that I had a natural inclination and gift for such work. Since I had often regretted never pursuing this career, I grabbed the chance, even though it had its initial sacrifices. Since I was still predominantly working on my house, I did not start do extensive design work until this past Summer of 1993. Since this work involved hours of quiet work in front of a computer, I was given much desired time to simply think and reflect. I assumed that time would wash away the anger and pain as it seemed to in the past when I turned from the church and from God.

Two events coincided to disturb this quiet, reflective time of mine. The first was that Fr. Michael Sweeney was transferred to the [REDACTED] Pastor, and second, I was asked to attend the ordination of a very good friend of mine from college who had been in my wedding party. My estrangement from the church and the fact that I no longer received Eucharist certainly raised questions that were difficult to honestly avoid with Fr. Michael, especially since he expressed an interest in hiring me. Once again I became very troubled about what God was calling me to do. On the one hand a miraculous opportunity to pursue architecture seemed to have been handed to me, and on the other the "coincidence" of Fr. Michael's transfer and my friend's ordination also seemed to point back to the "prophetic" future that God was supposedly calling me to. Once again the guilt and shame of pursuing a "secular" career began to hang over me. But I also knew that I was in no shape to return to work within the church.

In August 1993, I flew out to Notre Dame, Indiana to witness Bill Lies' ordination. The ceremony was very beautiful and very powerful for me. Yet during the vows I was overcome with a flood of emotions and intense emotional pain. I was not receiving Eucharist. And as much as I felt utterly estranged from the church, it was the only place where I felt truly at home. I felt that I had betrayed God for rushing into my marriage without fully discerning my own vocation, and at the same time I had betrayed [REDACTED] by virtue of the same act. I felt that our current inability to have children was a punishment for this betrayal, and I had in affect brought that upon her. I also felt completely adrift again in regards to my career. It seemed that I was being directed back to the church, but that made little sense. The church, practically speaking, offered few viable careers. As the service ended, I quickly left and uncontrollably sobbed all the way back to my room at the Seminary where I was staying. It was the very intensity of my pain and the bizarre thoughts connected with it that made me realize that the events surrounding Fr. Aube were at the heart of much of it. Intellectually, I felt these thoughts and memories were garbage. But obviously they still had a powerful hold and effect upon me. Although my leaving [REDACTED] had been unpleasant, it was not THAT significant and an entire year had past in the interim.

In November, I flew down to [REDACTED] and met with my roommate from my freshman year in college. While we were at dinner he asked, "What ever happened to that Fr. Aube friend of yours?" "Why do you ask?", I said. "He said I was going to be a priest one day". "I don't think you need to give it that much credence, especially since you're married now", I replied. "Well, you never know." "Do you mean your wife could die someday and...?" "You never know", he shrugged.

It was shortly after my trips to Notre Dame and [REDACTED], and in consultation with Fr. Michael, my wife, my brother, my college roommate, friends and previous

associates at St. Anthony's that I concluded I needed to go beyond resolving the residue of Fr. Aube's betrayal simply in my head. And as I said at the beginning, I need to hear the truth. I need to hear your judgment upon this matter given that you are familiar with and responsible for the person and priest, Paul L. Aube. I would like to hear Fr. Aube's response as well.

Predicting futures and self-fulfilling (and often self-destructing) prophecies is powerful stuff. And in my estimation, sacrilegious behavior given that any young Catholic man is bound to have enough trouble appropriately wrestling with the question of priesthood at some time in his life.

Claiming the ability to read minds, in order to gain spiritual credibility, or to elicit adulation from the young and innocent, is behavior generally associated with the "Psychic Friends" phone line, and not with Roman Catholic Priests.

Speaking in the name of Christ and the Holy Spirit as a means to develop an unusual degree of trust with a family, or individual for the purpose of seeking sexual favors and personal edification is an unspeakable betrayal. It is vulgar, profane, and sacrilegious. It is ultimately a blasphemous, insidious and evil act which violates everything that is of God and Church. Fr. Aube betrayed not just me, but my family, my friends, the Church, your office as Bishop, and his as Priest. And he betrayed God. Consequently, the need for reconciliation in this matter is not simply mine alone. If the church cannot speak the truth about itself it has nothing to say. If it cannot recognize its own need for healing, then it is blind. And if we all assume that we can achieve some sort of reconciliation while remaining behind the walls of our private pain and fear of political or legal consequences then we have simply added to the corruption of Christ's Word which calls us to action. To assume that a gesture of offering therapy, or my forcing litigation would somehow cause the consequences of this sin to disappear is absurd. But these are my judgments. I wish to hear yours.

Therefore, I come to you now with some specific requests. I certainly do not expect that some miraculous and well placed word or meeting will somehow magically soothe and remove all the harm done, yet to do nothing, or to act through litigation is an act of despair. As I said at the beginning I am seeking truth, compassion, assurance, repentance, atonement, forgiveness, reconciliation and closure. In the materials that I received from the Clergy Abuse seminar there was a page entitled "A Theological Context for Action: Justice Making". I have enclosed a copy with this letter. I believe it accurately sums up what I need and want.

1. Truth telling: I am very grateful for the information that you have already provided me. It was a great relief to know (after 13 years) that I was not alone, or crazy in my assessment of the situation. However, please do not insult my intelligence by claiming no knowledge of any suspicions regarding Fr. Aube's behavior, prior to and during his assignment at Holy Rosary. If possible (if approved by him) I would like more detailed information regarding his case history and personality profile, so that I can better understand his relationship with me.

2. Acknowledge the violation: Describe to me what you see as the truth of this matter, name the abuse in your own words, and give me your judgment. I would also like a written response from Fr. Aube addressed to me, my brother [REDACTED] my parents and my family as a whole. If deemed necessary, ask his Supervisor and/or Therapist to review and to write comments on the content of his letter(s) prior to *your* sending them. Please do not require Fr. Aube to write such a letter. He must be free to choose to do so himself.

3. Compassion: If you read and act upon this letter, I will judge that to be a compassionate response.

4. Protect the vulnerable: I have struggled to articulate this request for some time. I have concluded that I simply do not trust you to act on this primarily for two reasons. First, after clear evidence was brought forth in 1981 concerning Fr. Aube's conduct, little effort (in my estimation) was made to identify and invite other victims to come forward. Had the diocese acted immediately in suspending Fr. Aube pending an investigation, the abuse with me would have never occurred. Second, a quick investigation following my phone call in 1990 confirmed that my story was true, yet (once again) no one attempted to contact me. Your primary concern was, and is, to protect Fr. Aube, and the Corp. of the Diocese. I am asking you to provide me with evidence that you have, and are protecting the vulnerable and seeking those harmed (and not only when you are forced to do so).

Given the speed with which Fr. Aube captivated the teens during his very brief stay with the TEC organization in [REDACTED] and the calculated way in which he developed a relationship with my brother and me, and the evidence for his numerous phone contacts prior to and after Holy Rosary, I highly suspect that far more than three families have been, or are being affected by him. Consequently, I implore you to very seriously consider two courses of action.

First, although you have a responsibility to protect Fr. Aube from the voyeurism of the American public and media, I believe you have a more compelling responsibility to seek out other victims, for the sake of the church, as well as for the sake of those harmed. At the very least you may need to consider informing the parishioners where he worked.

Connected with this, I request that you make copies of my entire letter available to the two other families that have already come forward. They are free to contact me if they so desire. (I wish to have proof, or verification that this has been done, if they wish to remain private.)

Second, for quite some time it has been disturbing to me that Fr. Aube is still an active priest as Chaplain for the Elliott Hospital. I have tracked his location for some time through the Catholic Directory waiting to see if the Diocese would act. For the reasons outlined throughout this entire account, I implore you to seriously consider removing him from any environment where he can associate with young men, *especially* those from previous relationships. Your supervision did not notice my brother's visit in the Spring of 1982! I cannot imagine that you could present a compelling enough case to me to suggest that the current situation

is acceptable. But if you wish to leave him there, then I would like to hear your case. At the very least, the hospital should be informed.

5. Call to account: Obviously, to remove Aube from his position would be one response. However, there are also Canonical questions regarding this case, whereby Fr. Aube may have used the Sacraments (informal Confession) as a means of seeking sexual favors. As I understand this, it is immediate grounds for excommunication, and/or removal from his office as priest. I also realize that false accusations on my part are immediate grounds for my own excommunication. Since this is a serious issue, and one outside of my expertise, I am simply suggesting that if you feel compelled to further investigate this matter, I am available.

I wish to discuss with you the possibility of returning to New Hampshire to confront Fr. Aube. However, the wisdom of doing this hinges greatly upon Fr. Aube's initial response to the case I have presented. If he is not inclined to repent, or to acknowledge and atone for his sin, then there is little hope for forgiveness or reconciliation for him.

6. Make restitution: Here too, I have struggled to articulate my request. Trying to describe the "damages" done is like trying to offer physical proof of the existence of God. Nevertheless, there were definitely financial costs over the years associated with Fr. Aube's abuse and relationship with me. Instead of seeking therapy, I sought answers in my studies, and in my choice of work. Yet, It is comically impossible for me to separate family and ordinary inclinations toward such pursuits from the betrayal of Fr. Aube. As my sister described: "All of us had an inclination to deeply seek answers to spiritual questions at that time in our lives. I met and was influenced by Fr. Michael Sweeney. At the same time, you were influenced by Fr. Aube, and therein lies the difference".

Ultimately the most valuable things that were damaged were my faith and trust. You cannot put a price on these. I will not demand, nor force, by threat of law or exposure, any "payoff". Nor will I enter into a web of negotiations and arguments using a microscopic investigation of my life and mental health as a means to determine just compensation. However, there are three specific, and perhaps final, requests that I can make at this time.

First, I ask that you compensate me for my recent expenses and time connected with the presentation of this case. In effect, I am providing an unsolicited professional service for the Corporation of the Bishop of the Diocese of Manchester; especially since the diocese failed to assume the expense of pursuing this matter itself. This process has been extremely disruptive to my work and private life during the past month. I have sacrificed a great deal of time and energy that would have otherwise been devoted to working on my house and income generating accounts. By the time I have sent this letter to you, I will have devoted more than 80 hours of my time to its preparation, including several lengthy and expensive phone calls to Minnesota, Washington D.C., and California. My time is currently billed at \$50 an hour, this comes to \$4,000, plus expenses. If

you freely determine that I deserve further compensation, I will certainly not argue with you. However, if you determine that compensation or money is ultimately what I am after, then I request *nothing*. This is absolutely the least of my concerns, and I deeply fear that any request for compensation will cast the seriousness of this letter and my other requests in doubt.

Second, since this only the beginning of a potentially lengthy process, I assume that you are open to incurring additional expense connected with this case, e.g., travel and/or therapy. On January 28, I will be meeting with [redacted] of "Therapy and Renewal Associates" [redacted] discuss my concerns. But I do not wish to cloud your initial response with these issues. At this time, I am seeking an ecclesiastical response to what I have presented.

Third, for reasons connected with this case, I ask that you record my name as [redacted] rather than [redacted] in the Confirmation records at the Holy Rosary Church, Rochester, N.H. My name is currently recorded as [redacted] on my college diploma, in my marriage documents, and on a papal blessing of my marriage from Pope John Paul II. During my Sophomore year of college I privately repudiated the name [redacted] and claimed the name of my mother along side that of my father. The name [redacted] only recorded at Holy Rosary, and in my Confirmation Bible.

7. *Vindicate*: If you take me seriously, and act upon this letter, I will feel vindicated.

I am sorry that I have I had to bring such a painful matter to your attention. I cannot describe to you how difficult it has been for me to take up this role as a messenger of the "Bad News" after striving so long to be a faithful witness to the "Good News". If there has been a hand of God in all of this it has led me here. My burden and obligation is to forgive. If I had not sought the truth in this matter, the Church would have become significantly less relevant to my life. I firmly believe and pray that what I am doing is an act of faith, hope and love, and not one of revenge, despair and hate.

In closing, I share with you the quote that Fr. Aube wrote in my Confirmation Bible: "Remember that He is the Way, the Truth and the Life and the means that He has left you is His Word...Get to know It and you will have Peace, Happiness and Love...Don't forget to have the attitude of Mark 11:24, 'I tell you therefore: everything you ask and pray for, believe that you have it already, and it will be yours.' And use the Power that He has given you. With care and concern, as always, a friend, Fr. Paul Aube, 5-21-77. P.S.: His will be done in your life!!!

May God be with us all.

[redacted signature]

Addendum:

I have contacted numerous people during the course of writing this letter in order to validate and confirm my recollections and memories of past events, and to identify any other possible victims, especially within my family. I have asked some of them to write letters to you as further evidence of Fr. Aube's actions and words, and to witness to you my own credibility and the strength of my marriage. You will find a list of those contacted on page 20. I also wish to bring to your attention details concerning my family.

The children in our family were born as follows: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] was 16 when he met Fr. Aube. He also developed a close relationship with Fr. Aube. Although no sexual abuse occurred, Fr. Aube did exhibit "sexualized" behavior to [REDACTED], i.e., hugging, kissing, intent and prolonged stares and suggestive remarks or invitations. The following is a list of some of the occurrences with [REDACTED]

1. Fr. Aube asked [REDACTED] "Have you been to Confession?" [REDACTED] said, "no, I'm not comfortable with it. I don't know what to say, and feel like I just have to make silly stuff up like, 'I got mad at my mother'.... Fr. Aube offered to do Confession in a way that [REDACTED] would not have to speak, and [REDACTED] agreed. Fr. Aube instructed [REDACTED] to lay back in a reclining chair. He then silently stared deeply and intently into [REDACTED] eyes. After a short while he mumbled a few Latin words and made the sign of the cross on [REDACTED] forehead. [REDACTED] describes the experience as quite euphoric. This would lead into a lot of affirming hugging and "spiritual" kissing. This is one example of an "informal" Confession.

2. Fr. Aube often told [REDACTED] that he was very spiritually aware, that he was on the right road. He just had a little more to go. [REDACTED] that Fr. Aube played a lot of mind games regarding his ability to "know" him.

3. [REDACTED] said Fr. Aube would sometimes allude to his bed in very subtle and quiet ways. On a couple of occasions Fr. Aube spoke about seeing Satan in flames over his bed, and recounted seeing a vision of Satan [REDACTED]

4. In early Winter of 1979, [REDACTED] new girlfriend took an overdose of a prescribed antidepressant drug and was taken to the hospital in Rochester for treatment. When she awoke she was somewhat incoherent and her voice very coarse (probably due to having a tube shoved down her throat). [REDACTED] left the hospital and went to talk with Fr. Aube. They returned to the hospital and Fr. Aube proceeded to perform an exorcism on the girl. When he made the sign of the cross on her forehead, she fell asleep. While driving back to the parish, [REDACTED] was wondering if reality was simply one's perception, i.e., Science saw a medical explanation and others saw demons. At that moment, Fr. Aube said, "Now you're getting closer". Therefore, [REDACTED] named that Fr. Aube was reading his mind.

[REDACTED] has given full permission for me to recount these events and for you to contact him if you wish. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] did not experience any sexual abuse. She did note similar "sexualized" behaviors, and can attest to Fr. Aube's relationship with her brothers.

[REDACTED] was approximately 12 years old when he met Fr. Aube. [REDACTED] and Fr. Michael Sweeney all apparently have some knowledge of abuse that occurred with him.

[REDACTED] No abuse occurred with [REDACTED]. He recalls that he thought Fr. Aube was a little bizarre. Fr. Aube took he and [REDACTED] out to lunch once. End of story.

[REDACTED] I have not spoken to [REDACTED] about this matter. I do not suspect that he was abused.

[REDACTED] My mother will be addressing her concerns directly with you. My father now lives in [REDACTED]. Consequently, his response may take much longer, since it will take awhile for him to receive my letter. In either case, since they too have been betrayed, I feel that is necessary for you to address them directly.

Discussion and Sharing 6 Often cut short by numerous talks.

Supportive Components:

Orientation or Prep 4 Very little to no prep of teens.

Follow-up process 5 Well planned, but poorly executed.

Evaluations 8 Yes used, but not always followed for successive retreats..

Team training/design 9 Whether flying by seat of pants to get last details planned, or well organized the team is very capable.

PERSONAL FAITH JOURNEY:

MARCH 5, 1989

It is very difficult for me to outline a very clear picture of my faith story at this time. Primarily because I am still re-assembling pieces of a previous story that was shattered by a new one during the past four to five years. In many ways I resent being required to write this, because it is so very easy to over analyze, misjudge and reject what I have to say as the ramblings of one who wallows in self pity, or has not truly listened to God. The second part of my story is not pleasant. It is not easy to hear, but is easy to explain away. I realize that you would wave this option if asked, but I pray that only good can come of every attempt to sort it out.

As an overall journey theme, I will use Thomas Tomaszek's description of the covenantal moments of TAKE, BLESS, BREAK and GIVE. I will briefly describe the first story from the perspective of myself as a 21 year old college student. This is the prodigal son story, the road to Damascus, the transfiguration, the healed blind and deaf man, the found coin. It is also the typical story that I would say at a retreat at age 21, as a Junior in college.

Hello, my name is [REDACTED] and I was born in [REDACTED] and lived there for five years (speak very fast), moved to [REDACTED] four years [REDACTED] years, New Hampshire for four, [REDACTED] or three, and [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

for the past three Summers while attending [REDACTED] in other words, I moved around allot.

I had the pretty typical life of an Air Force brat. It had its down sides. you learned early not to get too attached to anything (like friends, pet cats, best friends, hometowns) because you knew that you would be soon moving again. But it had its up sides too. Like traveling to places like Hawaii, Japan, Mexico, Canada, all over the U.S., and meeting people from all over. Or, like being delayed on a runway on Guam for two hours because of all the B-52's returning from the war (pretty cool for an 11 year old).

The only two things that I came to see as consistent and stable in my life were my family and the church. Not because I needed, or wanted church, I just knew it was stable, because every Catholic church we went into, no matter where in the world, it was the same. People in weird robes would read the bible, wave wine and bread around and sing boring songs. Like I said, it was the same.

In 1972, our family moved to Rochester, New Hampshire. Once again, everything was pretty much the same. Make new friends, see the same church, beat up on your brothers, avoid your big sister, build tree forts, hate girls. But then 1975 hit. In 1975, I turned 14, I grew 14 inches, I weighed 14 pounds, I tripped 14 times a day, my freckles turned black, my ears mercilessly grew perpendicular to my head, my dad gave us crew cuts, all my pants shrunk ("floods"), I lived 14 miles from school, and...I...BECAME...A...FRESHMAN (screams, fear, embarrassment!).

One of the very unique things about New Hampshire is that your family has to have lived there for 14 generations before you are considered one of "them". Otherwise your always known as one of "those".

Another significant thing also happened in 1975, a new priest moved into the same church. His name was Fr. Aube. (after StarWars came out we referred to him as Aube Wan Kanobe). He was visiting us one late Summer evening at our house when somehow

[REDACTED]

the conversation got onto the subject of God. Someone confidently stated that "of course one cannot actually see, or here or ever touch God", to which Fr. Aube responded, "not really, you can experience God". This already was beginning to sound strange, but what really grabbed my attention was that he began to tell my sister about some of the things that she had done in the past and some of the things that she had been recently thinking about. In other words, he practically read her mind. When asked how he could do this, he responded that it was the "Gift of Knowledge" and referred to in 1st Corinthians 12, and that he often had the ability to tell what others were thinking, or feeling, or about pieces of their past. This, to me was unbelievable. How could something this cool be a part of my "same" church. If I had this gift, I could make all kinds of friends, girlfriends, etc. So being true and pure of heart, I was resolved to study this further, and I began on the first steps of my faith journey, TAKE.

During my confirmation classes in the Fall, Fr. Aube zeroed in on me. I could not believe that he would give a geek like me so much attention. We would often get together for long conversations. He was accepting of my awkwardness, constantly encouraged and praised me with a word or a bear hug and a kiss. I was always trying to figure out "the gift", but it was becoming clearer to me just how difficult it was to receive.

The final challenge he left with me before we moved to [REDACTED] in 1977 was a portion of the Lord's prayer... "thy Kingdom come, thy will be done...." He stated that if I truly wished to "know" others and God's will for me, I must invite God to let His will be done in my life, even if that means the priesthood (the last thing in the world that I would ever want to do).

Between my Sophomore and Junior year, during the Summer of 1977, we moved to [REDACTED]. I wanted to turn a new leaf. No more geek, no more strange priests, I was going to become a cool party animal type of guy. We spent the summer of '77 in

small town [REDACTED] During that Summer, I gained 20 pounds working on a farm, my hair grew out, my freckles dimmed, I regained my coordination, my ears mercifully bent back along my head, and I met and kissed TWO G I R L S ! By the time we met [REDACTED] I was ready, and was I lucky. The first people we met were the two beautiful young daughters of my dad's new boss (the base commander) and they invited my brother and I to a weekend retreat, BLESS me! Little did I know exactly what a "Teens Encounter Christ" weekend was.

I never felt so blessed and forgiven in my life. The God that I had only partially accepted, was now showering me with everything that I had needed for the previous three years, acceptance, love, friendship, a chance to offer myself to others in a meaningful way. By the end of the weekend, I thanked, prayed and asked God with all my heart to break away the walls of fear and indifference in me so that I could truly do his will some day. I became very involved in TEC during the following year, and even arranged a car wash to pay for Fr. Aube to come out to one of the following retreats. That is when the excrescently hit the fan. Fr. Aube got to know many of the kids during the weekend, and to make a long story short...he counseled one kid who had been involved in a satanic cult, parents later complained of long distance phone calls to New Hampshire, a woman whose son had recently died accused Fr. Aube of being possessed and said someone's car was going to blow up, the leaders said it would be best to not invite Fr. Aube back--just say he can't make it and other teens were asking when would he come back. Needless to say, I became a little overwhelmed, and confused and left TEC cold turkey. I was angry, hurt, confused, and determined to do things on my own, without friends, Aube, TEC or God.

After graduating, at age 18, I began working at an advertising paper. Within four months I was promoted to assistant production manager supervising five people. I was making over \$1000 a month, and had virtually no expenses. I spent every night cruising around town, going to parties, picking up girls, typical prodigal son

[REDACTED]

stuff. But at the same time, I was never more miserable. Although I had a future where I could be making \$40,000 a year in four years, I knew something was deeply wrong. My relationships were empty, my eyes were bloodshot, I was always exhausted, I had no sense of direction or meaning anymore. Nothing in the richest world that I tried to create equaled even one minute of what I experienced at some of those TEC weekends. I had not prayed in months, but I began again in one simple stifled and desperate word "help".

In June of 1980, I quit my job early and left for a two month drive around the U.S. on my way to college at [REDACTED] crossed the Colorado River and drove down to the bank. I splashed the cool river water over my head feeling it soften my desert dried skin as it dripped down across my face, arms and chest. At that moment I felt the strongest sensation of forgiveness. I see it now as a baptism, where I entered the river with the baggage, pain and sin of the previous year, and left it with the knowledge that I was somehow given the strength to continue on my journey.

In September, I arrived at [REDACTED] Within two weeks, I was back to my old routine of parties and the like. I finally decided to call it quits and surrender. One early morning, prior to vespers, I sat alone in the church. I had sometimes entertained the thought of suicide. I was extremely depressed about how I could not seem to discipline myself and make a change. I finally decided that I would commit suicide. I would in effect die to myself. I imagined that I had in fact died, and that rather than wasting what was left, I would be offered to God, even if it meant priesthood! I figured that the worst God had to offer had to be better than actual uncertain death, so I truly prayed "may Thy Will be done to the fullest"!

I will never be able to describe the power and strength that I received from that moment, but it lasted for at least a year and a half, and I have never felt as close to God as I did during that time. In order to test myself and my intentions I spent

[REDACTED]

the next two years without drinking and without being involved with any girl in any other way than "friend". During this time, I kept in touch with Fr. Aube and visited him in New Hampshire during my Spring Break freshman year.

During the Summers my family started a youth group at our church in [REDACTED] and I threw myself into this work with a vengeance. At that time, I never ceased feeling that I was receiving back ten fold of all that I gave.

During my Senior year the story became silent. The beginning of a long BREAK. The event which started this was the separation of my mother & father after 25 years of marriage. Since my family was the one stable base for me other than the "same" church, I was very disturbed by this. Since my father was a very traditional "pre-Vatican" Catholic and my mother a "post-Vatican" liberal reformer, I had always seen their marriage as a symbol of hope for our sometimes divided church. So it also gave me a sense of hopelessness about reconciling the conflicting values and traditions inherent in myself.

During the Spring "Break" trip with Fr. Aube he had tried becoming physical with me in a way which was hard to interpret his motives. I began to question everything he had said and done over the years I knew him, but for every piece of evidence, I had an equally good explanation. But the doubt and uncertainty depressed me and threw everything into question. As much as I tried, I could not think or pray clearly, and I began to feel anger and rage rather than enthusiasm toward my church and my story. The result was silence and confusion.

Bits and pieces of events would rattle around in my head. I only later recalled how much Aube hated the girl I had a crush in Confirmation class, whom I also visited during Spring Break. Was this jealousy? Or I would remember a comment, "well [REDACTED] could probably become a priest if he could learn to control his lust." Or his closing the curtains because he was being grossly accused of sexually molesting a

[REDACTED]

teen in the community, and did not want to risk having someone misinterpret his hugging or occasionally kissing me as something other than what it was...affectionate sharing of faith and God's Love? Or the fact that he was been transferred from the parish to a hospital assignment, where his contacts with kids would be more limited. Or why was he being required to seek counseling? Etc., etc., etc.

The bits and pieces, the doubts and the hopes floated around, but few connections were made. It was massive denial. To accept what had happened, would be to risk losing everything. It would mean that much of what I had given up or lost, such as a normal dating life throughout High School and College, and devoting \$32,000 worth of education to a Theology degree was in large part the product of one man's perverse desires. Its not that God was not present, but its like a marriage that takes place because of a pregnancy before the couple were sure of their love. They will never know for sure the depth of their love because it was not freely given and accepted. In this case, I don't know how much was acceptance on my part, or submission to guilt, manipulation and selfish love disguised as God's Love.

It took four years for me to recognize and accept many of the events and comments for what they were. It was as if I had gone into a fog. While in this fog, life went on. I healthily got married and began working in advertising again.

In 1986, we moved to [REDACTED] After a few months of trying to get excited about advertising and graphic arts, we finally decided that what I needed and wanted to do was to get back into ministry.

After checking various teaching positions, I was steered in the direction of Youth Ministry. Six to eight months after I started, two scandals broke in our parish. One was that a previous priest in our parish had molested dozens of young boys, and the other was our associate priest announcing his homosexuality to the nation. Needless to say these incidents opened a festering wound with me. Through follow-up workshops, etc., I finally was able to accept and see more clearly what had

[REDACTED]

happened. In the past two years, the teens and those I work with have helped me to sort out much of what happened.

I will skip many other details for the sake of the reader. However, the most significant thing which I feel I have lost (at least for now) is my ability to articulate my faith story to the teens. At present, I am still trying to make sense of it and it is not one that relates to their common experiences. It is one that makes me look like a religious and sexual basketcase that should be watched carefully. I cringe every time I here of someone in ministry abuse a kid.

I believe that God intended to BREAK me one more time with this issue, by throwing me back at it, so that I could eventually GIVE more effectively in my ministry. I feel that I am only just beginning to learn the meaning of the movement

• G I V E •

Nov. 25, 1992

MEMORANDUM

TO: Msgr. Francis Christian

FROM: [REDACTED]

On Wednesday afternoon, November 25, a call came in from [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] felt a need to report an incident that had recently occurred in his office.

[REDACTED] In working with a client, he found out that a priest, now living in the Diocese of Manchester, had sexually assaulted his client 15 years ago. Upon discovering this, [REDACTED] immediately reported this matter to the Maine Department of Human Resources. Following established procedures, the matter was further reported to another department in Maine and then to New Hampshire (I'm not sure to which department), but New Hampshire refused to accept the report.

Not knowing if there are any juveniles presently in danger, [REDACTED] felt he could not let it go at that and decided to pass this information along to the Bishop's Office here in Manchester.

I told [REDACTED] that Msgr. Christian, Chancellor of the Diocese, generally handles such matters, and since he is out of the office until Monday, I assured [REDACTED] that Monsignor would be in touch with him on Monday when he returns to the office.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Call between 1:00 - 3:00

**SECRETARIAT FOR ADMINISTRATIVE AND CANONICAL AFFAIRS**

Diocese of Manchester, 153 Ash Street, P.O. Box 310, Manchester, NH 03105-0310 603-669-3100

November 30, 1992

CONFIDENTIAL

MEMORANDUM

FROM: Rev. Msgr. Francis J. Christian

RE: Rev. Paul L. Aube

On Monday, November 30th, 1992, I returned the telephone call of Dr. Frank Thompson of [REDACTED] Maine, made on November 25th [REDACTED]. He indicated that a client has recently had a flashback in which he remembers being sexually fondled by Fr. Paul Aube at the rectory of Holy Rosary in Rochester, in the summer of 1977 or 1978. The young man in question was approximately 15 at the time. Dr. Thompson indicated that he had reported this incident to the Maine Department of Human Resources, who tried to pass it on to New Hampshire. New Hampshire apparently refused to accept the complaint because it exceeded the statute of limitations. Dr. Thompson and his client then agreed that he should be in touch with the Diocese in order to safeguard potential victims. There is some question as to whether or not the man in question might still consider filing police charges in Rochester or file a civil suit, although Dr. Thompson does not see that as a great possibility at this time.

I shared with Dr. Thompson the fact that we had become aware of Fr. Aube's problem a number of years ago. When we became aware of it, we took the following steps: (1) we immediately removed him from Holy Rosary, Rochester; (2) we required a complete psychological evaluation and ongoing therapy for Fr. Aube; (3) we reassigned him to hospital ministry only at the suggestion of his therapist, who was convinced that this type of ministry with ongoing therapy would not place other minors at risk. I told Dr. Thompson to please share this with his client, and that I would be happy to speak with him personally, if I could be of any assistance. I indicated that, to the best of our knowledge, there had been no repetitions of acting out, and that Father Aube had been warned that any subsequent problems to the Rochester situation would result in his losing his priestly ministry.

I asked Dr. Thompson to see whether his client would allow me to use his name in confronting Fr. Aube by way of a reminder and negative constraint to the seriousness of his past. Dr. Thompson agreed to get back to me with his comments and client's answer.

Francis J. Christian

(Msgr.) Francis J. Christian

**SECRETARIAT FOR ADMINISTRATIVE AND CANONICAL AFFAIRS**

Diocese of Manchester, 153 Ash Street, P.O. Box 310, Manchester, NH 03105-0310 603-669-3100

December 17, 1992

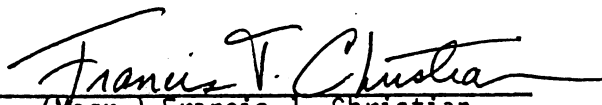
MEMORANDUM

FROM: Msgr. Francis J. Christian

RE: Father Paul Aube

On December 16th, 1992, I spoke with Dr. Frank Thompson of Maine once again. He informed me that after our previous conversation he discussed the matter of his client allowing us to use his name to confront Father Aube. His client is unwilling to release his name at this time, and will not sign a release form.

Dr. Thompson indicated that he shared with his client everything I had told him about our knowledge of Father Aube's past problem, and the treatment he had received. His client apparently has found this information helpful, and at this point is uncertain as to what he will do in the future. It appears that his client has not definitely ruled out some sort of legal action. I indicated to Dr. Thompson that I would be happy to discuss the matter further with his client if that would prove helpful to him.


(Msgr.) Francis J. Christian
Chancellor

**SECRETARIAT FOR ADMINISTRATIVE AND CANONICAL AFFAIRS**

Diocese of Manchester, 153 Ash Street, P.O. Box 310, Manchester, NH 03105-0310 603-669-3100

December 17, 1992

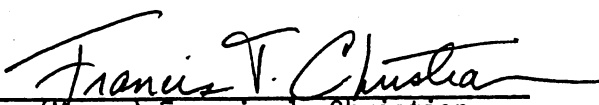
MEMORANDUM

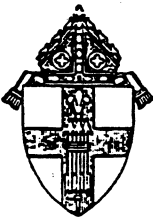
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(Msgr.) Francis J. Christian
Chancellor



Secretariat for Pastoral Services
Diocese of Manchester

128

January 26, 1993

P E R S O N A L / C O N F I D E N T I A L

MEMORANDUM

RE: Father Paul Aube

On January 20th, 1993, I received a telephone call from [REDACTED]. He is the man, now in his mid 20s, about whom [REDACTED] called several weeks ago. After thinking the situation over [REDACTED] decided that he would call me to share his report of sexual abuse by Father Paul Aube.

[REDACTED] reported that when he was 15 or 16 years old and living in Rochester he had met Father Aube. While he was not a member of Holy Rosary Parish, he knew him through other young people. On one occasion Father Aube invited him to the rectory and proceeded to engage him in a conversation about masturbation. He then attempted to fondle him in the genital area and kiss him. [REDACTED] was very uncomfortable with this, which was sensed by Father Aube. Father Aube let him leave, but invited him to come back any time. [REDACTED] never again went back to the rectory or had any further dealings with Father Aube. He indicated that this incident and a great deal of anger came to the surface while he was [REDACTED].

I thanked [REDACTED] for calling and shared with him the same information I had shared with [REDACTED] regarding Father Aube's previous treatment for his problem, and the fact that he was now in a ministry where he was not in contact with youth. I told [REDACTED] we were confident that Father Aube had his previous impulsive behavior well in hand, and that there were no recent victims of any sort of abuse. It appeared that [REDACTED] main concern was the fact that we knew about the problem and were making sure that Father Aube was not harming others. He did indicate, however, that he had consulted a lawyer who did encourage him to pursue some form of litigation. [REDACTED] is apparently uncomfortable with that at the present time, although he has not ruled it out. I told [REDACTED] I was grateful for his call because I could now share the situation with Father Aube, which would help to remind him of his past and make sure that he was in fact keeping himself under control. I promised [REDACTED] to call him back after speaking with Father Aube.

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Thursday, January 21st:

I met today with Father Aube. It was painful for him to have the past brought up once again. He claims that he has had no problems in this area for many years. He did not remember the incident with [REDACTED] which is perhaps understandable given the fact that he only dealt with him individually on one occasion. On the other hand, I am not sure that Father Aube was not lying in this regard. Father Aube, however, does not deny that he had a problem during his days in Rochester, which, through counseling, he feels is no longer a difficulty for him.

Father Aube expressed concern that I had revealed the truth about the situation to [REDACTED] that he was in fact admitting his guilt. I explained to Father Aube that in my experience where there is in fact a history of such a problem it is better to be honest from the very beginning about the knowledge of the Diocese and the treatment we had assisted the priest to obtain. Hopefully, this prevents the people in question from pursuing civil or criminal action. I also explained that if I had not shared the information I did with [REDACTED] initially, I would certainly have had to get back to them with some form of response. If the response was, yes, there was a problem and what we had done about the difficulty it would have been the same as sharing with them initially. If we tried to deny the problem, there is every reasonable belief that the young man, at the advice [REDACTED] would pursue legal action of one form or another. Father Aube understood this rationale, although he was not fully comfortable with it.

He agreed that I should get back to [REDACTED] to express his sorrow for whatever he had done to harm him and to assure [REDACTED] that Father Aube is consulting [REDACTED] make sure the situation is well in hand.

[REDACTED] no longer necessary. He agreed, however, that it would be good for him [REDACTED] I told him I would [REDACTED] and to inquire whether or [REDACTED] felt there was reason for a reevaluation of Father Aube's situation.

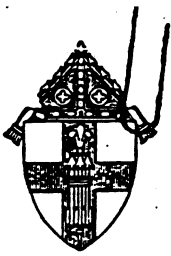
January 26, 1993:

I called [REDACTED] again on this date, to share with him the results of my meeting with Father Aube. I told him that Father Aube was extremely regretful for the compulsion that drove him during his days in Rochester and for whatever harm he had done to [REDACTED]. I shared with him that I am writing to Father Aube's [REDACTED] with the substance of his complaint so

that the [redacted] process all this with Father Aube, and make sure that Father Aube continues to control his problem. [redacted] indicated his main difficulty was in dealing with the anger he has experienced, but that he will continue to discuss this with [redacted] assured [redacted] we were always available to talk with him, and that if he had any future concerns or requests he should be in touch with us. I indicated the initiative in this regard would be his, but that the Diocese would certainly be open to talking with him about any concerns or ways we could be of assistance to him.

Francis J. Christian

 (Msgr.) Francis J. Christian
 Secretary
 Chancellor



Secretariat for Pastoral Services
Diocese of Manchester

131

December 16, 1993

MEMORANDUM FOR FILE

FROM: Msgr. Francis J. Christian

RE: [REDACTED]

I received a telephone call on December 15, 1993, from [REDACTED], who lives in [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] was calling to report incidents of inappropriate sexual conduct by Father Paul Aube, when he was growing up in Rochester.

I had spoken with [REDACTED] approximately two years ago about this issue, and at that time had encouraged him to write to the Diocese with details of those allegations. For various reasons he didn't do so at the time, but now intends to notify us of his experience with Father Aube. In the rather lengthy conversation I had with him several points emerged.

1. Over a period of 2 or 3 years, when Father Aube was a trusted spiritual advisor, he at times hugged and kissed [REDACTED] inappropriately.
2. In the Spring of 1980, when [REDACTED] was visiting him from college, Father Aube convinced him to let him fondle his genitals. It was shortly after this incident that [REDACTED] knows that Father Aube was removed from Rochester, when another similar incident was reported to the Diocese.

I shared with [REDACTED] the fact that this previous incident had in fact been an occasion of Father Aube's removal and subsequent [REDACTED]. I shared with him as well that, at the recommendation of [REDACTED] Father Aube had been permitted to serve only in the capacity of a hospital chaplain since 1989, and he had been closely monitored in this situation by the Diocese.

I informed [REDACTED] further that I had confronted Father Aube with an allegation of abuse when he had called approximately two years ago, for the purpose of reinforcing the need for Father Aube to continue to be in control of his life. I told him that Father Aube had worked very hard [REDACTED] and was truly repentant of his problem and desirous of keeping it in control.

██████████ seemed grateful and relieved to hear this information. He indicated that he had no desire to proceed with any legal action, but that for his own welfare he would write the letter detailing the situation. He indicated that he might need to pursue some psychotherapy himself, and perhaps even confront Father Aube personally at some future date. I encouraged him to keep in touch with the Diocese in regard to these matters, and that we would do what we could to assist him in getting himself into a new place emotionally. He promised to keep in touch with the Diocese.

Francis J. Christian

(Msgr. Francis J. Christian

Secretary
Chancellor

January 4, 1994

133

Dear Father Francis,

I am [redacted] Mr. Thur and
I wrote this letter with great sorrow. I also include
[redacted] name because I know he was mistreated
sexually and spiritually by Paul Dube as well.

The rational part of me knows I should not feel
guilty but the emotional part screams with why
didn't I protect my sons in the way I?! And
then I am enraged to think that the institutional
church I have served & led my children to do
so as well, has so violently betrayed us. I am
old enough to have been graced with the wisdom
to discern between my Catholic faith and the
actions of some of those who choose to serve her.

[redacted] is young & will learn these lessons but
my heart nearly broke when this man of such faith,
integrity and courage said to me, "Now I must
ask for the truth from the church and if they can't
give it to me, then what can they give me?"

When I receive Communion and you say
"The body of Christ", I respond "Yes we are" believing
it in every fiber of my body. When you raise the
host & blood of Christ I say aloud with you "Through
Him, with Him and in Him, all glory and honor
are yours Almighty Father"; I do so because

It is the singular phrase that embodies the mystery of the incarnation and I always wonder why we lately are not encouraged to speak it a word.

[redacted] said you asked what he wanted, I will tell you what I would hope for.

In Christ's name I ask for Frank going back to the beatification of Saul Aube and testimony of his known mistreatment, inappropriate, censures, and else fact on his own mistreatment. I include the letter because eventually it will help in the understanding & forgiveness process.

Your Bishop asks to personally ask forgiveness of my family and some restitution freely offered without [redacted] asking. Let me give you an analogy. If I wrongly threw my child out of my home, violated him, and years later he knocked on my door and said "You were wrong Mother", and I could see he was starving, ... in truth and in love I must ask his forgiveness, invite him in and feed him without his asking. That would be the symbolic gesture of true repentance.

We will need airline fares to N.H. We will need the opportunity to confront Saul Aube. I want him placed in some environment where he will never again be able to use his manipulating & calculating behavior on one more human being. (And that is not a hospital as Chaplin.)

The day [redacted] is spiritually able to deal with this he will need intensive therapy which I expect the Diocese of Manchester to pay for.

I am a psychiatric nurse therapist and until recently, Clinical Nurse Manager of a child's unit for adolescents at St. Bernard's Hospital. Our children come to us because of the potential of violence to themselves or others. In all the years I have worked with these wounded children, only about 3 were NOT sexually abused. I know professionally how devastating this can affect one's life and relationships.

I hope you can understand that there are no words to express to you my profound feeling and knowledge as a parent that is yours.

I ask you, as representative of the judicial Church, to receive my sons' pain, with recognition, reverence, compassion and above all, Truth.

In His name,

[redacted]

[redacted]

In my graduate thesis I developed a program for sexually abused wounded children. I call it "The Recognition Model" and I entitled it "Our Holy Child".

[redacted] are yours.

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

I am presently in [REDACTED] caring for my
terminally ill father.

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

January 19, 1994

The Most Reverend Bishop Leo O'Neil
Office of the Bishop
P.O. Box 310
Manchester, New Hampshire 03105

Dear Reverend Bishop:

[REDACTED] recently asked me to share with you my recollections regarding my relationship with him during the time we lived together as freshmen at [REDACTED] during the academic year 1980-81, and my impressions regarding his relationship with Fr. Paul Aube, a priest of the diocese of Manchester.

I have read the detailed and thoughtful account prepared by [REDACTED] regarding the nature of his relationship with Fr. Aube and the highlights of his spiritual and vocational autobiography since leaving [REDACTED]. While I believe it speaks eloquently for itself, I have been asked to add my impressions regarding certain of [REDACTED] behaviors which might be relevant to any inquiry you might undertake regarding the events related in his letter. Since 1978, I have kept a journal which I consulted prior to drafting this note, to refresh my memory of the events of that year.

[REDACTED] account of the profound impact Fr. Aube had on his life, and the high regard in which he held this priest, jibes closely with my recollections from that period. I recall long conversations with [REDACTED] regarding our vocational choices and the extraordinary measures he felt he must take to discern his proper vocational path, including his decision to adopt the spartan lifestyle choices of the monastic community -- and sometimes, with typical youthful zeal, to exceed them.

From our conversations, it was clear that the fires of [REDACTED] unusual zeal had been stoked especially high by Fr. Aube during [REDACTED] time in New Hampshire and in [REDACTED]. Thus I can corroborate his account of his scrupulous sexual abstinence, his commitment to a routine of prayer, his refusal to use alcohol in a setting in which that was deemed important, etc., under Fr. Aube's direction.

For many students, including myself, [REDACTED] was a sensitive and thoughtful counsellor and friend. He self-consciously cultivated a sense of the holy in his personal relationships in the way he

describes in his letter, and many of his friends were impressed -- and sometimes, I think, even intimidated -- by the depth of his personal commitment. Many of them believed that he would likely choose at some point to be ordained a priest.

I also recall his numerous long phone calls with Fr. Aube, during some of which he asked me to leave the room to afford him complete privacy. The only occasion on which I ever spoke to Fr. Aube personally was the one related, accurately, in [REDACTED] account regarding Fr. Aube's "prophecy" of my sacerdotal vocation.

As a young person struggling to discern my own vocational path, you can imagine my surprise at being told, after just a few minutes of talking with a complete stranger, that he had been given to know (by God, he suggested) through a certain "gift of knowledge" that I was to be a priest. While I resented what I viewed as his presumption, I did not take him as seriously as did [REDACTED] because I had no relationship with him. I do recall, however, a lingering curiosity which lasted for several weeks regarding this priest's gnostic claims to special knowledge. (I would liken it to the lingering sense of curiosity that I imagine might be prompted by the predictions of imminent catastrophe or good fortune by a palm reader on a casual night out with friends.)

I also recall that I felt strongly that Fr. Aube's counsel, unsolicited as it was and cloaked in the language of special spiritual knowledge, was highly inappropriate. While I am a great believer in the discernment of spirits, I approached his claims to special knowledge regarding my life choices -- and [REDACTED] -- with a healthy skepticism. [REDACTED] did not share much of that skepticism, as I recall.

During this period, [REDACTED] made it clear to me that Fr. Aube was a profoundly important spiritual and psychological counsellor whom he trusted implicitly. Though I did not share this with [REDACTED] during that year, my impression was that the relationship was characterized by [REDACTED] unhealthy and almost exclusive spiritual reliance on this man who didn't, from what I had seen and heard, seem to me deserving of such confidence. I did not, however, suspect the abuse which [REDACTED] describes in his letters, nor did he share with me his experiences of abuse by Fr. Aube at the time.

I hope these observations are helpful to you as you initiate an inquiry into the events [REDACTED] describes in his letter. I write because I have tremendous respect for and confidence in [REDACTED] personally, and in his personal integrity and honesty. I am convinced that by acknowledging this abuse and seeking to resolve the issues it has raised for him, he has taken an important first step -- both for himself and for others involved. If you need further testimony regarding [REDACTED] commitment to the

Church or his obvious concern to ensure that this matter is handled fairly and appropriately, in addition to that contained in his letter, I would be happy to offer my views.

If justice is to be done in relation to [REDACTED] Fr. Aube, and others who may be affected by this priest's behavior, I believe that the process [REDACTED] outlines at the end of his letter to you should be initiated as quickly and fairly as possible, to protect the rights of all parties involved. If I might presume, it seems to me especially important to take steps to protect all those under Fr. Aube's care who may remain vulnerable, pending completion of an investigation of this matter.

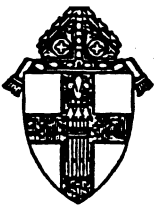
You will remain in my prayers as you ponder these difficult issues, and as you act to ensure that the rights of all those involved are safeguarded. In light of the NCCB's recent adoption of firm new guidelines regarding sexual abuse by clergy, I am confident that you will take steps to ensure a process in which acknowledgment, atonement, authentic reconciliation and the renewal in Christ that is promised by the Gospel can take place.

Thank you for your consideration. If I can clarify any of the above or can provide any additional information to you or to your Chancellor, I hope you will not hesitate to contact me.

With the assurance of my prayers,

Sincerely,

[REDACTED]



Secretariat for Pastoral Services
Diocese of Manchester

140

January 20, 1994

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
Dear [REDACTED]

Thank you for taking the time to write to me your letter of January 6.

I perfectly understand all your feelings in regard to Fr. Paul Aube. While I tried to be as honest and open in my telephone conversations with [REDACTED] both two years ago and within the last couple of months, I would certainly be happy to share the same information with you and discuss your concerns more fully. Please feel free to call me collect at (603) 669-3100.

In closing, please be assured of my prayers for you and your family, particularly your father, during these difficult days.

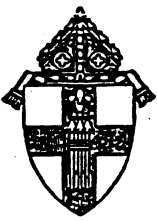
With every good wish, I am

Sincerely in Christ,

(Msgr.) Francis J. Christian
Secretary
Chancellor

P.S. Not knowing whether you might have returned to [REDACTED] I am sending a copy of this letter there as well.

153 Ash Street, P.O. Box 310, Manchester, N.H. 03105-0310
Tel. (603) 669-3100 FAX (603) 669-0377



Secretariat for Pastoral Services
Diocese of Manchester

141

January 31, 1994

Rev. Paul Aube
13 North Road
Candia, N.H. 03034

Dear Paul:

Just a brief note to inform you that I have had recent contact with [REDACTED] and his mother.

As you recall, he had initially called the Diocese in 1988. He called again in December and has subsequently sent a rather voluminous case history to us. While I do not think that he is any sort of legal threat at this time, I believe it would be important for us to get together as soon as possible to discuss this situation.

I will be away from the Diocese from February 5th to February 12th but believe that it is imperative that we meet either prior to or shortly after those dates.

Please be in touch with me at your earliest convenience in this regard.

Sincerely in Christ,

(Msgr.) Francis J. Christian
Secretary
Chancellor

153 Ash Street, P.O. Box 310, Manchester, N.H. 03105-0310
Tel. (603) 669-3100 FAX (603) 669-0377

January 31, 1994

[REDACTED]

Dear [REDACTED]

Your packet of materials to Bishop O'Neil arrived at his office approximately a week and a half ago. Bishop O'Neil underwent serious surgery just prior to Christmas, and is currently out of the diocese, recuperating.

Because I recognized your name from the return address, when the Bishop called the office one day I shared with him the fact that your materials had arrived. When you and I spoke in December, I shared our conversation with Bishop O'Neil and reminded him of the fact that you had called me several years ago to share initial concerns in this regard. (When you called in 1988, the bishop of the diocese at that time was Bishop Gendron. He was well aware of Father Aube's difficulties, and I shared with him the information you discussed with me at that time. When Bishop O'Neil was named Bishop in June, 1990, he obviously was brought up-to-date on all the concerns regarding Father Aube).

Given the importance of your documentation, Bishop O'Neil suggested that I open it and read it so that we could act upon whatever new information might be contained in it. In a subsequent phone conversation I shared your story with him, and he suggested that I write to you by way of an initial response and indicate to you that he will be in touch with you personally upon his return to the diocese which, hopefully, will occur around the beginning of Lent.

As you may know, I have received a letter from your mother, and subsequently had a rather lengthy telephone conversation with her. That conversation convinces me even further of the importance of writing to you myself at this time, in response to the detailed story which you have provided. May I offer you the following thoughts and information.

First of all, I totally believe everything you have stated concerning Father Aube's relationship with you. The pattern of "grooming" that you outlined is consistent with people who have this sort of addictive sexual problem. Further, it is consistent with the 3 other instances of similar activity which had been reported to us by other victims of Father Aube. The pain and confusion that this activity has caused you is undeniable, and I am sorry that a priest of the Church in whom you placed such great trust was responsible for terribly wrong behavior in your regard. I realize that there

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is little I can say to lessen that pain. The doubts and confusion that have plagued you all these years are a sorry testimony of Father Aube's abuse. I can only hope and pray that, with the grace of God and the help of competent professionals, you can soon arrive at understanding, acceptance, and peace in your own life. One thing that I can do is to share with you as clearly as possible the response of the Diocese to Father Aube's difficulties. My memorandum of our telephone conversation of September 20, 1988, indicates that I did share most of this with you at that time. Perhaps I did not do so as clearly as you would have liked, and I hope that our conversation of December 15th of last year helped you to clarify the situation. In any case, I would like to offer you the following facts as clearly as I can.

1. The Diocese had absolutely no knowledge or suspicion of Father Aube's problem prior to his ordination as a priest. I can assure you that such knowledge would have precluded his ordination.
2. In August of 1981, when the Diocese received the first complaint of sexual abuse, the following steps were taken.
 - a. Father Aube was relieved of his duties at Holy Rosary Church in Rochester, and was required to undertake extensive psychological testing and follow-up counseling. The victim in the case and his family were approached by the Diocese and assured of the willingness of the Diocese to be of whatever assistance possible.
 - b. The young man in question was already in counseling for other matters, and continued in that counseling situation.
 - c. The pastor of Holy Rosary Church in Rochester was made aware of the whole situation, and was encouraged to report to us any other suspected cases of abuse. Nothing was forthcoming at that time.
3. Father Aube remained in counseling (and does so up to the present), and subsequently, at the recommendation of the psychologist, was assigned to hospital ministry. That ministry was closely monitored by the Diocese, his psychologist, and his spiritual director. It did not put him into a situation where he could develop relationships with young people. In fact, since his position called for him to coordinate the hospital visitations of local priests, he rarely visited the general population of the hospital, and concentrated on his pastoral ministry in the oncology and critical care units.
4. Since 1981, up to the present, three other victims, including yourself, have identified themselves to the Diocese. All these allegations of abuse had occurred prior to 1981. In each instance those victims were assisted, according to their needs and desires, to obtain the appropriate counseling. In each instance Father Aube was confronted with the allegation and the fact of the allegation was made known to his counselor, so that it could serve as a reminder and reinforcement in his ongoing need to control his behavior.

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5. Since the diocesan intervention in 1981, and Father Aube's [REDACTED] there has been no further complaint raised against him. In other words, all the complaints and victims of which we know predated 1981. It appears that [REDACTED] has proved effective in enabling him to control the sexual addiction from which he suffers. I also believe, however, that the warning given to him in 1981 by the Diocese that any further complaints of abuse subsequent to that date would result in his loss of the priesthood has served as a negative constraint in this regard.
6. Recently Father Aube's position as head of pastoral care at the Elliot Hospital was phased out, along with some thirty or forty other administrative positions in a hospital reorganization. Father Aube is currently without an assignment, and is very much aware of the fact that the Diocese will assign him only some kind of appropriate chaplaincy situation. We do not currently have such a position available. Any such new assignment would obviously be under the same sort of constraint that was true of his previous hospital ministry.

As of this writing I have not contacted Father Aube with your documentation. I intend to do that in the immediate future. I assume his response will be as has always been when confronted with the charges of victims, i.e., admission and remorse. When I spoke to Father Aube in 1988, after our first telephone conversation, that was his response at that time. I have no reason to believe it will be different now. I will speak with him about your hope that he would choose to write you an apology for his behavior. Obviously, I cannot predict what his response will be. Frankly, at this time I am not sure whether a return to New Hampshire to confront him is in everyone's best interests, but I assume the Diocese would be willing to keep this possibility open if it would prove to be necessary and in the interest of everyone involved.

I assume, from what I have previously said, that you understand that to the best of our knowledge our actions have already prevented there being any further victims since 1981. We will continue to safeguard potential victims in this way. While I have not discussed in detail with the Bishop what he would want to do to assist you by way of restitution at this time, I assume he will take that matter up with you when he writes upon his return to the Diocese.

In closing, [REDACTED] may I once gain assure you of my understanding of your pain, and thank you for helping us to make sure that Father Aube clearly understands the harm he has done people in the past so that he will avoid causing harm in the future. I will be away from Manchester from February 5th to February 12th, but will be happy to speak with you before or after that date, if you have any further questions.

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In the meantime I assure you of my prayers, and particularly for the counseling you will be beginning with Father John Heagle. I have attended two retreats given by Father Heagle, and have found him to be a very wonderful man. I hope you find him to be so as well.

Looking forward to discussing these matters further with you in the near future, I am

Sincerely in Christ,

(Msgr.) Francis J. Christian
Secretary
Chancellor