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GRAEBER & DAVIS, P.C.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW

1400 HANCOCK STREET, 8TH FLOOR
QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS 02169

JEFFREY M. GRAEBER
JAMES H. DAVIS III
MARY ANNE MCGONAGLE

TELEPHONE: 617-773-6662
617-770-1221
FACSIMILE: 617-773-6663

February 27, 2001

2001
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Archdiocese of Boston
2121 Commonwealth Avenue
Brighton, MA 02135

Attn: Legal Department

RE: [REDACTED]
Allegation of Sexual Abuse

Dear Sir/Madam:

This office represents [REDACTED] in connection with claims she has against the Archdiocese arising out of the inappropriate sexual conduct of a former priest at St. Francis Xavier Parish in Weymouth, Massachusetts, Thomas Donnelly. [REDACTED] is now 32 years old. This conduct occurred over a period of time while [REDACTED] was a minor.

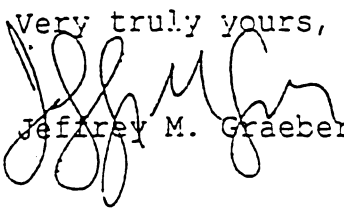
[REDACTED] kept this conduct hidden from her family until after the effect on her manifested in a nervous breakdown while she was a college student at the Art Institute of Boston between 1986 and 1989. She dropped out of school at that time and [REDACTED] counseling and treatment [REDACTED] (See enclosed letters from Dr. ROBERT H. B. [REDACTED])

Fortunately, [REDACTED] was able to complete her education, obtaining her degree from the Massachusetts College of Art. She is now working as a Resident Service Coordinator at [REDACTED]. Indeed, she has also been able to reconcile herself with the Church and has become actively involved in her Parish, [REDACTED] (See enclosed letter.)

Archdiocese of Boston
February 27, 2001
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[redacted] was finally able to disclose the painful memories of these childhood incidents to clergy following her participation at the Pilgrimage 2000 Celebration at Fenway Park last year. The incidents were discussed in some detail to clergy advisors, which has been helpful to her recovery process. In order to complete that process [redacted] feels she needs compensation for her losses. She has provided us with [redacted] expenses [redacted] at [redacted] approximately \$10,000 a projection of her [redacted] expenses of approximately [redacted]. [redacted] had no medical [redacted] [redacted] has authorized us to seek compensation for all of her losses, including her emotional and physical harm and diminished employment opportunities, in the amount of \$196,000.

I look forward to your response.

Very truly yours,

Jeffrey M. Graeber

JMG:jm
Enclosures
cc: [redacted]

TO: FILE
FROM: Paul E. Brodeur, Inv.
RE: DIOCESE OF MANCHESTER
Complaints re: Priest
DATE: 11 APRIL 02 1310 hrs.

This date returned call to:



[redacted] advised that this week has been very difficult. She has experienced a flooding of memories.

[redacted] explained a feeling in her throat like she is choking.

[redacted] advised that she has vivid recollections of being forced to perform oral sex on DONNELLY. She can feel his hand on the back of her head and pulling her close to him. She can feel his penis in her mouth. [redacted] recalls his penis coming out of his boxer shorts rather than him dropping his boxers. She recalls it being early in the AM with natural light coming into the room. She also feels him caressing her body and especially her breast while she was performing the oral sex.

Victim/Witness MATTHESON had attempted to reach [redacted] but did not leave messages for concern of someone else hearing the message. This date she is to call [redacted] and discuss her further needs.

1215

NEWMAN & PONSETTO

ATTORNEYS AT LAW
45 SCHOOL STREET
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02108

(617) 723-3355

FACSIMILE: (617) 723-3122

E-MAIL: jeff1@tiac.net

WEBSITES: www.newmanf.com

www.whistleblowerslaw.com

TOLL FREE IN MASSACHUSETTS
1-800-354-7441

JEFFREY A. NEWMAN, P.C.
JAMES P. PONSETTO
JANET MCNULTY-NEWMAN
*VICTIM ADVOCATE (NOT A LAWYER)

MARBLEHEAD OFFICE:
One Story Terrace
Marblehead, MA 01945
Telephone (781) 639-8677
Facsimile (781) 639-8688

FAX TRANSMISSION COVER SHEET

DATE: 3/6/02

TIME:

TO: Paul Brodeur

FAX NO.: 603-271-2110

CC:

FAX NO.:

FROM: Jim Ponsetto

FAX NO.: 781-639-8688

RE: 

MESSAGE: At your request.

THIS FAX, INCLUDING THIS COVER SHEET, CONSISTS OF PAGE(S)

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1210

Thomas D. Donnelly
236 Presidents Lane
Quincy MA 02169

June 12, 2001

[REDACTED]

Dear [REDACTED]

Recently I received correspondence from the Archdiocese of Boston regarding allegations against me by your daughter, [REDACTED]. I am truly shocked and heartsick about these allegations, because they are totally false. You were my friends at St. Francis Xavier, and you put your trust in me. I never betrayed, at any time, your trust and friendship, nor [REDACTED] innocence. Even more pointedly, I never even thought of touching [REDACTED] or any other child in an improper manner.

I am very sorry to hear that [REDACTED] has had some problems, but I did absolutely nothing to cause them. I wanted you to hear this from me personally, and to believe that I am telling you the absolute truth.

Sincerely,

Tom Donnelly

November, 1968 (Sunday morning after Mass)

After [redacted] birth, he gave me a special blessing for new mothers.

October, 1974 ([redacted] ay) Sat. evening

We went to Mass as a family after celebrating [redacted]'s birthday in Sudbury.

After Mass, he was greeting people as they left the church. He noticed [redacted] and said, "Aren't you getting to be a big girl"! She said, "I should be, I'm six years old today"! After that he always made a big deal of talking to her. I thought it was very normal, she was a beautiful child with a sweet personality.

March, 1975 - He showed great concern about my father, who was suffering from cancer at the time. Offered prayers for him.

May, 1975 (Monday evening at the Church)

He, along with Bishop Hart and Msgr. McShea, blessed [redacted]

April, 1977 (Tuesday morning)

He said a special Mass for me, as I was going in for gall bladder surgery.

He also came to the hospital to visit me later in the week.

* - I'm not sure of the dates he came for dinner. They were in the summer. They were all in the Knollwood Circle house, so they had to be in 1976 - 1978. There were at least three separate occasions before he moved to Winchester.

* - I think the two overnight visits [redacted] made to NH were in the summer of 1976 and 1977. We were living in our present house, which we moved into in November, 1975.

He blessed our house and brought a house-warming gift (a Lladro figurine).

We went to visit him at his new parish in Winchester. I brought him a painting as a gift from our family. Mom came with us that day. We had a nice visit. He showed us around the parish and his rooms. It was in the fall, around Halloween. He didn't seem to be happy. There was something different about his behavior.

That was the last time we saw him. I later heard from my painting teacher, Florence Pritchard that he left the priesthood. It didn't surprise me. I thought that explained his behavior the day of our visit.

Knowing how close he was to our family, Florence suggested I write him a letter letting him know that his leaving the priesthood would not change our friendship. I sent the letter and didn't hear from him again.

I respected his right to privacy, and didn't try again. I have often thought of him over the years and hoped he was happy. I knew he had married, but the marriage didn't last long.

Provided by [redacted]

*A mingling of Mom's thoughts and chronology with [REDACTED] memories
(Mom's words in ITALICS)*

*November 1968 (Sunday morning after Mass)
After [REDACTED] th, he gave me a special blessing for new mothers.*

*October, 1974 [REDACTED] at evening
We went to Mass as a family after celebrating [REDACTED] birthday in Sudbury.
After Mass, he was greeting people as they left the church. He noticed [REDACTED] and said, "Aren't you getting to be a big girl"! She said, "I should be, I'm six years old today"! After that he always made a big deal of talking to her. I thought it was very normal, she was a beautiful child with a sweet personality.*

March, 1975 He showed great concern about my father, who was suffering from cancer at the time. Offered prayers for him.

*May, 1975 (Monday evening at the Church)
He, along with Bishop Hart and Msgr. McShea, blessed [REDACTED]*

1976 - Dictated by [REDACTED]

During this year there is a time that stands out in my mind. It was probably his first visit to my house. I feel like I was maybe 7 or 8 years old. He brought my mom a house warming gift (a statue of the blessed mother). He also brought me a gift. He had brought four crystal horses from a recent trip he had taken to Venice, Italy. He told me I could choose two of the four horses. Two of the horses were clear blue and small the other two clear with colored stripes through them. One had a black stripe through the center and the other had a red stripe. As he described the horses to me he was more interested in the horses that had the stripes. He told me a story of how he had seen them made and was very interested in how the artist got the stripes into the horse. He said he had gone to Venice where he had seen the glass horses made and they (the horses) made him think of me. I finally chose the clear horses. I took these I think because the striped ones were of more interest to him.

It was during his second visit to our house that bad things happening to me stand out. It was before my 8th birthday. This visit was in the late summer or early fall, maybe around September. I remember the clothes I was wearing being made of cotton and I think I might have been wearing a dress.

The second time he came (for dinner - it was not dark outside) I remember being alone with him in the den. Mom and Dad were in the kitchen and my brothers were not around. We had a couch under the window. (We didn't have a deck yet at this house. It is where mom used to hang the clothes up.) We had a couch that was set up against the wall and underneath the window. The couch was your regular size with three cushions across. He would have been sitting on the right hand side and I was standing in front of him facing towards him and maybe a little to the left. He stretched his arms out in a manner that was like he wanted me to give him a hug. I see myself backing away from him when he did this. I remember feeling like I didn't want to be close to him. My brothers were not there and I don't really remember the dinner. It is vague to me.

I think he got me to agree to show him around the house. He wanted to see my room. I took him upstairs and I don't remember pointing out my parent's room. He was more focused on seeing my room. I had a twin bed back then. He somehow convinced me to get on the bed and lie down as if I was going to go to bed. He said he wanted to teach me how to feel good, like teaching me how to fall asleep when I go to bed at night. Basically, he taught me how to masturbate. He taught me how to give myself an orgasm. He would take my hand and place it where he said it should be so I could make myself feel good. I was lying down and he was sitting on the edge of the bed, but near the center, he was near the center of my body. He was laughing and I think he was wearing glasses. I think I

was wearing a dress and at some point my panties were down. He showed me exactly where I needed to touch and rub myself around my clitoris and vagina. He took my hand and put my fingers where he said they should be. My door wasn't closed. It was open a few feet. I kept going until he told me to stop. He was trying to teach me what it would feel like when I reached orgasm.

I probably rubbed myself raw. I remember being sweaty. I think I reached a certain level of excitement, but I don't think I climaxed. I stopped before I reached the full effect. I remember that it hurt.

After that, he taught me a different way to reach orgasm. He taught me to use my index finger and my middle finger and place it on an area that felt like cartilage and move it back and forth. He said this would get me the same experience as the full rubbing. He said this could be done over my panties. He also said that this should be done under the sheets and just before I go to bed.

Later we heard noise downstairs. Like dinner was getting ready. At this time I took my hands out of my panties. He took my hand and held it to his nose sniffing it. He had a smile on his face.

After this first time I did not masturbate too often. But after the incidents in the summerhouse I started to masturbate more often. At some point I was giving myself an orgasm daily and even two times a day.

[During these years St. Francis Xavier had a very popular holiday bazaar. The years when I was 6 and 7 yrs. old, I can remember seeing him in the hallway between the church hall (bazaar room) and the school hallway of the parish. I can remember him leading me down the hallway and into a room. I cannot remember anything after that. I do know that some of the classrooms were set up for kid's to play in while their Mom's puttered around and a few rooms may have been selling second hand items.]

April, 1977 (Tuesday morning)

He said a special Mass for me, as I was going in for [REDACTED]

He also came to the hospital to visit me later in the week.

I'm not sure of the dates he came for dinner. They were in the summer. They were all in the Knollwood Circle house, so they had to be in 1976 -- 1978. There were at least three separate occasions before he moved to Winchester.

I think the two overnight visits [REDACTED] made to NH were in the summer of 1976 and 1977. We were living in our present house, which we moved into in November, 1975.

He blessed our house and brought a house-warming gift (a Lladro figurine).

We went to visit him at his new parish in Winchester. I brought him a painting as a gift from our family. Mom came with us that day. We had a nice visit. He showed us around the parish and his rooms. It was in the fall, around Halloween. He didn't seem to be happy. There was something different about his behavior.

That was the last time we saw him. I later heard from my painting teacher, [REDACTED] that he left the priesthood. It didn't surprise me. I thought that explained his behavior the day of our visit.

Knowing how close he was to our family, [REDACTED] suggested I write him a letter letting him know that his leaving the priesthood would not change our friendship. I sent the letter and didn't hear from him again.

I respected his right to privacy, and didn't try again. I have often thought of him over the years and hoped he was happy. I knew he had married, but the marriage didn't last long.

Summer 1977 [redacted] Memory

I think some of the memories from the summerhouse and our house have merged together. For example, I know he came to our house three times, however I cannot ever remember having a meal.

The memories in NH are kind of fragmented until the nighttime hours and incidents. For example, I remember him teaching me how to make a milk and Pepsi. I remember being alone in the NH house with him a lot. This would mean the other girls on the trip might have already gone to the beach. I know there were other girls on the trip but I really only remember one other girl. I believe there were four other girls and I vaguely remember one other adult around.

There was one other girl named [redacted] who was a year older than me on the trip. She made me feel uncomfortable. She was weird with her body. She would do things like flash me or make me watch her get dressed.

The trips to NH were two or three night trips.

At nighttime I remember being woken up in the middle of the night in the wee hours. I think it might have been around 2:30 or 3:00 a.m. I believe it was around this time because this is the time, as an adult, that I have the most problems sleeping; it seems logical that this could attribute to that problem.

I feel like the first night of the trip he just watched me sleeping from the doorway and next to my bed. I was sleeping in a twin bed. I slept on my left side, so in the bed I would have had my back to the door that came into the room. It was very dark and I started having trouble with the dark. I remember waking up and realizing he was there. At times he watched me from the door and at some point he would come and sit on the edge of the bed. When he sat on the edge of the bed my back was to him. During some point I woke up but I kept my eyes closed and tried to make the dream (him) go away.

Every night after the first night began in the same manner. I would be woken up between 2:30 or 3:00am. He didn't think he was waking me up but he did. It was very dark. He would climb into the bed and spoon me from the back. Basically, during these incidents I was awake the whole time and scared. But I did not want him to know I was awake or that I was scared. The sheets would be pulled down. And his right arm would go between my legs from behind. He would pull my panties down to my ankles. His thumb would go up my butt and his fingers would go in my vagina and it was really painful.

I would clench my teeth and close my eyes really tight and they would fill with tears but I tried not to cry. I tried to be silent. He would stay there and would masturbate me in the way he had taught me in my room at home but harder. He would continue this until I climaxed.

I don't remember anything else about the trips. Except for the milk and Pepsi and the one trip to the beach where I have the Polaroid picture of me with two other girls. Later on in time I found my self looking at the picture and marking it up and folding it up as if I was trying to get rid of it. I still probably have the picture. It is probably at my parent's house. Everything else that I remember is pretty much the stuff that happened at night in the dark.

I don't know how we got to NH or how we got home. I don't even remember greeting my parents when we got home from the trip.

The second trip to NH he got a little bit more involved. It followed the same progression as before with him first watching me. I don't remember him being naked. But I could feel pressure from something I knew was not his hand. It was probably his penis. I think he was wearing boxers and I could feel his penis against my back or bum. I remember at least once he was sitting on the inside of my bed by my stomach. I was still lying on my side. I think he was playing with my hands and was focused on my face.

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When he was in bed with me I remember there was always something rhythmic going on, like his heartbeat and breathing. But there was something more. Like he was singing or reciting a prayer. I think he was saying the rosary. His head would be close to mine and his mouth was near my ear. I could hear the rhythm.

The last night of this trip I felt like he was seeing how much further he could take it. He would go back and forth between putting his fingers in my vagina and rubbing my clitoris. His thumb was always in my anus. I can remember short quick pain no matter what he was doing.

I don't remember having any fun at all on any occasion with him whether it was at my house or in NH. I don't remember being friendly with the other girls on the trip or back in Weymouth. I can't say if what he was doing to me was happening to the other girls as well. It seemed as if he spent a lot of time with me.

I remember that every time he gave me a gift it was from a trip that he had just been on. On his last trip to visit us at the house he had brought me a wood carving of a hippo from Kenya. He portrayed himself as somewhat of a globetrotter. I guess he must have gone to Africa or Kenya.

On another occasion, I am not sure when, he gave me a beautiful gold cross with a long chain. The chain was gold and the back and piping around the cross were gold. The inside was black with Christian symbols of bread, a chalice, and a fish. It was too big, long, and pretty to wear. The only time I remember wearing it in public was Oct. 1, 1979. My family and I were standing on Morrissey Blvd. Waiting for the Pope to pass by. I wore it that day to have it blessed by the Pope.

The last time I saw him, as a priest was when I was 10 or 11. My parents took the family to Winchester to see him celebrate Mass in his new parish at St. Eulalia's. I don't remember the mass. I remember in the car ride up I wasn't interested in the mass or going or particularly happy. I was sitting on the right hand side of the car behind my dad.

He was showing us around the parish. I was with [redacted] and [redacted] and mom and dad. At one point mom, dad, [redacted] and [redacted] went one way and I went with [redacted]. We were in a room like a conference room. I remember he closed the door. We were alone. He presented me with another gift. He said it was a silver Love Cross, but in reality it was an Ankh.

There was some sort of a conversation. I feel like the nature of the conversation was about things we had done in the past and asking me if I had told anybody. I can see him open the door so we can exit the room. I can feel him put his left arm around my shoulder as he was directing me down the hall to meet my parents.

Between age 8 and age 11 I kept up with the masturbating he taught me and I had several bouts of constipation. I can also remember having burning sensations when I had to urinate. I would masturbate every night before I would go to sleep under the sheets. And I would not stop until I reached the point I was taught to go for. My breathing would get faster and I must have enjoyed it. However, I knew it was something I shouldn't be doing. It was important to be discreet in what I was doing. I never did it anywhere but in my room at night in bed with the covers over me and the door closed. That is how I went to bed every night and what I did when I woke up first thing in the morning.

I kept doing that daily and some times three times a day, until there was one morning I did get caught. My mom came into my room. My mom told me to stop it and not do it again. I was going to hurt myself. Kids don't do those sorts of things. I never did it again after being caught that time. I remember being very embarrassed. I remember feeling like I had broken myself.

The older I got I noticed I was more confused about boys and my relationships with them.

I started having problems with depression in high school and into college. The nightmares began occurring when I was 18 and have continued to this day. They started out vague, but as I have gotten older they have gotten worse. I am afraid of the dark. I started forcing myself to sleep on my right hand side. And I would try and change my room around for me to sleep on my left side. But if I sleep on my left side there is more anxiety and I can't fall

asleep. When I sleep on my left side I get flashes of a male. My breathing changes and I feel like I am going to have an asthma attack. It is more like I am going to have a panic attack.

In HS and College I had the gifts of Donnelly around. But I didn't really remember much about him. There were people who asked about the gifts I would tell them about him and what he meant to our family but at the same time I realized I really didn't know who he was.

When my mom told me he had left the priesthood I don't remember feeling bad. The last time I had an interaction with him was when I was 21 or 22 in the office of my chiropractor. I was going in for an appointment and it turned out Tom Donnelly was the only person in the waiting room when I arrived. We were the only two people in the reception area. He was done with his appointment. He fumbled a lot and was very fidgety. He was very uncomfortable. He didn't have his usual smile on his face. He seemed uncomfortable to see me.

There was an awkward greeting. I was feeling very embarrassed. I thought he was acting the way he was because he was embarrassed about how his life had turned out. At the same time I felt like I wanted to do him harm when I arrived in the room. I had never felt like this before.

My impulse was to take my right hand and put it in his face and to kick him in the balls. My reaction caught me off guard and I was a bit scared of myself. He left in a hurry. There was no interaction except for the hello and an acknowledgement that we knew each other. He could not get out of the door fast enough.

That incident was the beginning of everything flooding back. That is when my nightmares started having more pictures.

It was at this point that I began to realize that he typically only gave me things and sometimes something to mom. But I can't ever remember him giving anything to [REDACTED] his made me begin to reevaluate the relationship I had with him and to think about the past.

I consider myself to have a good memory and I was now conscious that I did not have much of a memory about this man who supposedly had a good relationship with our family.

I could remember many things that happened during that time in my family good or bad, but I had no surface memory about him.

When I saw him in the doctor's office I realized that I didn't remember the trips to NH. That night I saw my parents and I told them whom I saw at the doctor's office. I told my mom about my reaction and I asked her about the trips to NH. She said that she didn't know much about them but that he was a close family friend and that he brought you gifts, etc. At that I didn't really think much more about it. I just carried on.

Typed by [REDACTED] on Saturday June 23, 2001 as [REDACTED] dictates.

TO: FILE
FROM: Paul E. Brodeur, Inv.
RE: DIOCESE OF MANCHESTER
Complaints re: Priest
DATE: 27 February, 02 0914 hrs.

This date received call from: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] advised that from 1975 to 1979 she lived in Weymouth, MA with her parents and attended St. Francis Xavier Church in So. Weymouth, MA. The priest was a THOMAS DONNELLY (now age 55 or 56 yoa).

[REDACTED] advised they moved to [REDACTED] November 1975 and she was age 7 at the time. Her parents still reside at this residence. DONNELLY showed up at the house warming and brought her mother a expensive statue as a gift. [REDACTED] advised that she showed DONNELLY around the house and he took great interest in her bedroom. [REDACTED] advised that on this day DONNELLY while on her bed fondled her vagina over her panties and then took her hand and showed her how to masturbate herself. [REDACTED] advised that she felt wet after and DONNELLY told her to perform this act each day. [REDACTED] advised that she did continue the masturbation until age 10 or 11 when her mother saw her rubbing her vagina and told her that she would hurt herself and to stop the activity. [REDACTED] advised at this point her mind snapped and she felt that she had hurt, broken and mutilated herself because of what she had done to herself so often.

[REDACTED] advised that in the summers of 1976 and 1977 she had gone to Hampton Beach, NH with DONNELLY and three other girls. She believes the cottage was 3 bedrooms and they staid for two or three days. Two of the other girls were a [REDACTED] and a [REDACTED] and she believes one of these girls was there both summers. She does not know if they were abused in any way. [REDACTED] recalls the acts taking place upon her on a nightly routine. She would be sleeping and believes it was between 12:30AM and 1:00AM. A male figure (more than likely DONNELLY) would enter the room. She would sleep on her side. He would get in bed with his front to her back. She recalls his mouth was in the area of her ear and she could hear him saying the rosary or some chant. She felt his hand between her legs and his thumb in the area of her "ass". His fingers were on her vagina and would feel her. She felt this took place for 2 1/2 to 3 hrs. until she would

have an orgasm. She recalls him wearing boxer shorts that he kept on and his penis was erect in her back.

██████████ advised that she later went to confess these acts to a Fr. David MULLEN. She advised that MULLEN came out with tears in his eyes and told her that it was not her sin to confess. He referred her to Fr. Charles HIGGINS. May of 2000 she met with Fr. HIGGINS along with her father. HIGGINS mentioned the possibility of helping with her monetary demands for the treatment and medication. ██████████ advised that she has been in therapy since the age of 19 and is taking three different medications. ██████████ advised that her brother is a financial planner and they took her current costs and projected them to a cost of \$196,000.00. This was presented to HIGGINS and they did not hear further from the church. December 2000 she contacted the law firm of Graeber and Davis. February 2001 the lawyer drafted a follow-up letter and sent the figures again. ██████████ advised that these lawyers determined that they were not qualified to handle this type of law suit so referred her to Atty. Jeff NEWMAN 1 Story Terr., Marblehead, MA 800-354-7441.

██████████ advised that a Sr. Rita McCARTHY works with Fr. HIGGINS and they have signed an agreement paying for her therapy.

██████████ believes that DONNELLY left the church in the early 1980s. ██████████ received phone calls from HIGGINS advising that he had spoken with DONNELLY in Quincy, MA. DONNELLY denied knowing the ██████████ family, bring her mother any gifts and not having a place in Hampton Beach, NH. ██████████ advised that her family received a letter from DONNELLY indicating that he remembered them well etc. ██████████ s to contact Atty. NEWMAN and request that he forward copies of these items to OAG.

██████████ readily admitted that she is gay. Secondly that since the above incidents she tried to date males in her teens and twenties and now females but has been unable to have a satisfactory relationship with either.

Advised ██████████ of the victim/witness personnel. She would be interested in speaking with them.

