

then told him that I had called the Keene police, and that they were waiting outside. Both the young man and Scruton begged me to send them away. The young man said that if I let him go we would never see him again. Scruton said that he was "on probation" with the Diocese and if there was an incident like this involving the police he would be suspended. I did not think that this was necessarily a bad thing, but the young man cried that this was a terrible mistake and he didn't intend to hurt anyone. I finally agreed to send the police away, and went out and told them that the "intruder", it turned out, was known to Father Scruton. The two officers looked skeptical, but they agreed to leave. They offered to come in and talk to the man, but I said this wasn't necessary. They were well aware of Father Scruton's history, as was most of the parish, and I knew the police officers were very suspicious of what was going on.

35. After they left, the young man thanked me and he also left saying that neither Father Scruton nor I would ever see him again. I then told Father Scruton that I wanted him to call Msgr. Christian the next day and relate what had happened. I said that if he failed to do so I would do it myself. Scruton said that he would, and also said that he would begin seeing Dr. Guertin-Ouellette, a psychologist who worked with priests of the Diocese. Scruton also agreed that I could go with him to talk with Dr. Guertin-Ouellette once he made the appointment.

36. Weeks went by with no word of whether Father Scruton had followed through. I asked him repeatedly about it and he always said that he and Dr. Guertin-Ouellette kept missing each other. Then in the early Spring of 1987 another disturbing incident occurred. Scruton kept avoiding any discussion of whether he had talked with either Msgr. Christian or Dr. Guertin-Ouellette, and he had fallen into his old pattern of cryptic behavior leaving the rectory at night and sleeping for most of the day. One evening when I was there alone a young man of about 19 or 20 years of age came to the door. He said that he was a college student at Franciscan University in Steubenville, Ohio, and that during a break from school he was riding his motorcycle through New England. He had skidded the cycle on wet pavement and injured himself. The young man said he did not have enough cash to stay at a motel, but that his parents were going to wire him money the next day. I offered to pay for his stay at a local motel, but there were no vacancies. He then asked to call a close friend who was a priest at his campus. I permitted him to make the call, and the priest asked to speak with me. The priest said that he had known this young man and his family for many years and asked me to help.

He also said that he and the young man's family would reimburse us for any expenses incurred. I told the priest that this was not necessary and that the young man could spend the night in a rectory guest room. I also offered to take the him to the hospital emergency room, but he said he only had some scrapes and bruises. I then fed him and showed him to his room. I also wrote a note to Father Scruton in case he came in the next morning and met the young man in the rectory.

37. My quarters were on the third floor of the rectory, and at about 3:00 A.M. I heard a lot of noise on the first floor. I dressed and went down the stairs to find Father Scruton in the kitchen enraged and smashing things. I had never seen him like this. I tried to stop him but he pushed me. The note I wrote was on the table, and Scruton was screaming that I was "judging him for his problems while I was 'having sex' in the rectory behind his back". I then shouted at him that this was untrue and he threw something at me. I then hit him, hard in the face and Father Scruton fell down. I could no longer tolerate this man. He got up and I hit him again. I then walked out of the kitchen and left him there. As I went up the stairs I could hear Father Scruton crying in the kitchen.

38. I intended for my next day to be my last at that parish. I attempted to call Msgr. Christian and ask for an immediate transfer, but he was not available. In mid afternoon Father Scruton came down to my office. He had a black eye, and was obviously distraught. He began to cry, apologized for what had happened and said he was sick and needed help. Father Scruton said he was afraid that I was either going to leave or call the Diocese to move him. I told him that I had placed a call to ask for a transfer, and was waiting for Msgr. Christian to call me back. Father Scruton begged me not to do this, and asked me to have a meeting with him, and with a friend of his whom he had called to meet with us later that afternoon.

39. Father Scruton's friend showed up that same day at about 5:00 P.M.. His name was "Dave" but I knew nothing else about him other than that he lived in Manchester. Over the next two hours Father Scruton, in Dave's presence, related to me the most incredible story I had ever heard. Father Scruton said that for a number of years he had been sexually acting out uncontrollably. He said that years earlier in Littleton the behavior began on an occasional basis, but when he moved to the Southern part of the state it evolved into a daily activity. Father Scruton said that he

was a "sexual addict" and that on some days he had as many as five or six sexual partners. All of these were males and most were anonymous encounters whom he would meet at city parks, highway rest areas, the city library men's room and other places. Father Scruton said that when he would leave the rectory each day he would drive to Manchester, Worcester or Boston seeking to pick up young males. He said that he had spent thousands of dollars of his own and parish money on male prostitutes and pornography. Father Scruton also said that he had dozens of sexual encounters in the rectory at night, and this was why he always wanted to know in advance if I was going to be away. He said he also had some of these encounters when I was there, but would arrange these meetings for after I went to my quarters. Most of these, he said, involved money. Father Scruton then told me that on many occasions he would cruise for sexual encounters late at night in Manchester, and would make a decision to return to Keene, but sometimes would drive halfway back and then turn and go back to the cruising area believing that perhaps someone was there now who wasn't there before. Father Scruton said that in addition to his arrest in Hudson over two years earlier he had also been arrested for lewd conduct in Massachusetts, but that there was no publicity because the officers did not learn that he was a priest. This was a sad and pathetic story, and I felt quite pained for him. I was also very angry. I asked Father Scruton if the incident in Littleton in 1979 (during which my friend Father Sands was killed by a gunman looking for Scruton) began with a sexual incident. Scruton said that he had reasons why he could not discuss this incident. I then asked if he had sexual encounters with minors in the parish or elsewhere in the state. He said that he could not answer due to the legal implications involved, and due to the state law which would require me to report such knowledge.

40. At this point Dave intervened and said that a few months earlier Father Scruton had begun attending meetings of a Twelve Step self help group known as "SLAA" (Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous) which was based on the principles of Alcoholics Anonymous. Dave said that he was Father Scruton's sponsor in this program, and that a month earlier Father Scruton and he began traveling to daily meetings. Father Scruton then interjected that this, too, was a difficulty because he would inevitably leave the meeting and act out sexually somewhere. He said that he could no longer travel to these meetings alone so weeks earlier the parish cemetery and business manager, [REDACTED] began attending meetings daily. I had noticed that

Scruton and [REDACTED] were both away a lot, and spent a great deal of time talking behind closed doors when they were in the rectory.

41. At this point I asked Father Scruton how much of this was known to diocesan officials, and he said that they were aware of very little of the story. I asked him if he thought it would be best at this point for him to be treated professionally at a residential facility, but he said that he was not ready for such a step. Father Scruton told me then that he had begun seeing Dr. Guertin-Ouellette, the psychologist who counseled priests of the diocese, and that he was in the process of relating this entire account to Dr. Guertin-Ouellette. He said that he would like to work out the details of whether to go for residential treatment with Dr. Guertin-Ouellette. I then asked him if I could talk with the psychologist to be certain that Father Scruton was telling him everything, and Scruton said he would try to arrange this. Scruton and Dave then asked me if I would be willing to attend an "SLAA" meeting with Father Scruton to learn more about this illness. I agreed that I would do so. I felt that Father Scruton was being honest with me for the very first time, and perhaps he was sincere in his stated desire to change his life.

42. The next afternoon I drove Father Scruton to Boston for the meeting at a mental health clinic. The meeting lasted ninety minutes, and was attended by about twenty men and a few women. Father Scruton introduced me as his business partner and said I was there to learn more about his recovery. It struck me that Father Scruton was highly narcissistic, and believed that I should now be as committed to his recover as he was. On the way back, Father Scruton said that he had more to tell me. I could not believe that there could be more to tell. Scruton had a friend, a priest, who occasionally came to the rectory. His name was Father Bill....., and they had met many years earlier as seminarians (Both Father Scruton and Bill were about 50 years of age at this point). I had known Bill superficially in that he used to visit the pastor in Groveton, Father Robert Simard, many years earlier when I was working with Father Simard in the Groveton parish during the Summers when I was a Capuchin. I was in my early twenties then. I had a negative encounter with Father Bill back then when he came to the Groveton rectory unannounced when Father Simard was away one day. When I let Bill in he became very aggressive and made sexual advances toward me. I pushed him away, but he persisted, and I ordered him out of the rectory. I complained to Father Simard about Bill, and Simard told him not to come to the Groveton rectory

any more. When Bill showed up to visit Father Scruton at the Keene rectory and met me again some ten years later, he pretended not to remember this incident. Father Scruton told me that Bill was very dangerous to him, and described him as his "CO-addict". He said that Bill had a condominium in Florida, and that he and Father Scruton often went there. Scruton said that Bill was highly promiscuous, and conducted sexual orgies and engaged in a lot of dangerous behavior. He added that Bill had a lot of inherited money, and "used boys and young men and discarded them." Father Scruton tried to relate to me that Bill had some mysterious hold over him, and that if he came around Scruton felt he would be powerless to deal with him. He asked me to help insulate him from Bill and not to allow him into the rectory. This was bizarre to me, but I had not seen Bill there in several months and just dismissed it. The sense I had, however, was that Bill had been holding something very heavy over Father Scruton's head, and knew something very damaging.

43. There was more still. Father Scruton also said that he had amassed a collection of pornography which he kept in trunks in his room, and that he wanted to make a clean sweep of his life. He asked me to assist him in disposing of it all. I told Father Scruton that I would help him, but that I did not want to see any of what he had. When we returned to the rectory late at night I gave Father Scruton some large green trash bags, and he headed to his room. At about 1:00 A.M. he called me to his room where he had six large, heavy trash bags filled with material. As I carried them downstairs to my car the bags felt like they contained a number of videotapes, books, magazines, and some small metal vials. I asked about these, and Father Scruton said that they were "poppers" which he described as "sexual enhancers". He said that the substance in them was amyl nitrate, and that he would inhale them during orgasm. I felt sickened by the depth of Father Scruton's hedonistic lifestyle. He seemed very anxious to remove this material from the rectory as soon as possible, and I was suspicious about it, but it was very late and I just wanted to get this over with. I knew someone who owned a busy restaurant outside of town which closed at midnight, and I knew that the restaurant dumpsters were emptied each morning and the trash trucked to a landfill. I felt that this would be the best place to dump Father Scruton's trash bags.

44. Sometime after 1:00 AM we loaded the bags into the trunk and back seat of my car and I drove to the restaurant parking lot. Father Scruton was very nervous. As I pulled into the lot a police cruiser pulled in behind me. The officer recognized me and

pulled up next to me. He asked if everything was okay, and I said that I was headed in the wrong direction and pulled in there to turn around. Father Scruton was frantic, and the officer seemed suspicious but did not get out of his car. If he had, he would have seen the trash bags on my back seat. The officer left, but Father Scruton was in an obvious panic. I then became more suspicious about the contents of the bags and asked him what exactly was in them. Father Scruton said "I thought you didn't want to know." I then asked if they contained child pornography, and Scruton said that he did not want to say. I asked if there was anything in the bags which could identify him, and he said "yes". I then told Father Scruton that I did not want to be further involved in this, and it would be better if he found a way to dispose of the bags without my knowledge. We returned to the rectory and transferred the bags to Father Scruton's car. By morning I learned that Father Scruton and Fred Laffond, his friend and the parish cemetery director, had disposed of the bags.

45. I continued to suspect that there was more to the trash bag story than Father Scruton's stated desire to make a clean sweep of his life. A few days later, early in May of 1987, my suspicion proved accurate. Father Scruton and Fred Laffond asked to meet with me. Father Scruton then informed me that three weeks earlier, on the afternoon of Easter Sunday, he had been arrested at a park in Keene and charged with indecent exposure and lewd conduct. This was about two weeks before his rampage in the rectory, our meeting with Dave, his "SLAA" sponsor, and the trash bag incident. Father Scruton said that he did not tell me about the arrest because he had hoped that it would be dismissed, but it was scheduled for a hearing at which he agreed to plead guilty in exchange for a suspended sentence and a substantial fine. He also said that he was being persecuted by a Keene police detective, Detective James McLaughlin, whose primary job is the investigation of sex crimes. This was the first time I had ever heard of Detective McLaughlin. Father Scruton said that he learned that the officer had been investigating him for a long time. He also said that this was the reason he was so anxious to remove his pornography collection from the rectory. He feared that Detective McLaughlin was going to show up at the rectory with a search warrant and find the pornography. Father Scruton told me that the court hearing on the current charge was scheduled for the next day, and that he knew there would be some publicity and did not want me to learn of it from the newspapers.