

BYF [REDACTED] TO PROVE:-

My full name is BYF [REDACTED] and I reside at [REDACTED] in Western Australia. My date of birth is the [REDACTED] 1963. I am a music teacher by profession. I am married to [REDACTED] and have two children [REDACTED].

I met [REDACTED] through a mutual friend in about 1983. The mutual friend attended St. Johns Anglican Church in Launceston with me and [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] and I were married on the [REDACTED] 1986.

Whilst I was growing up I went to Sunday School at St Johns and moved on through to a youth group with a number of others including [REDACTED]. As time passed I became more heavily involved in the community of the parish. I was Sunday School Superintendent. I was on the vestry for a number of years. I was a youth group leader for a long time and I ran the music group that played on one Sunday morning a month at the family service and one evening a month at the youth service. At one stage we had up to 17 musicians playing. My involvement was directed towards making the service more interesting.

I was also heavily involved in Youth Synod. Youth Synod events were great as you met a lot of other Christian Anglican youth from around Tasmania. We had two weekend youth camps a year. One in the north and one in the south of the State. There was also a summer camping program the Anglican Church ("the church") ran each year which consisted of several week long camps so I went along to those as a leader of the childrens' camp or the sailing camp. I was also, later on, a director of a number of youth weekends and of a sailing camp. I was also a member of the committee of Youth Synod which met three to four times per year in different locations around the State.

As a result I had a lot of friends from the church. There was a group of four of us who did lots of things together such as caving and picnicking. With all these activities I used to travel around Tasmania a lot.

When I was travelling around Tasmania it was common to stay at different locations and different homes. If we stayed overnight in a parish it was not uncommon to sleep on the floor of the study of the rectory or in the church hall. I would a blow up lilo and use that and a sleeping bag.

Sometime between April 1980 and December 1981 I recall a Youth Synod event of some sort, perhaps a committee meeting, in Devonport. Phillip Aspinall and I were staying in the rectory of the East Devonport parish with the rector, Garth Hawkins. We were sleeping on the floor of his study. CH 1.

I recall going to the East Devonport Yacht Club that evening. I understood Garth Hawkins was a member of that club at the time. He was a loud raucous man. At one stage that evening he reached over the bar and grabbed the breasts of the barmaid. He swore often and told dirty jokes. He smoked cigarettes like a chimney and drank a lot of alcohol. He appeared to be a very forceful person. His appearance reminded me of that of a Roman Emperor.

We returned to the rectory and Phillip and I got into our sleeping bags on the floor of the study. Garth came in to say good night. He sat next to me. He then began running his fingers through my hair and was giving me lots of compliments. He then said he had a big bed with lots of room for another and invited me in. I was shocked and refused and stayed put in the study. I did not expect a priest to behave in this way. I believed he wanted to have sexual contact with me after the "come on" behaviour he had displayed. I felt uneasy and vulnerable.

I was very unhappy with what had occurred so I discussed it with Phillip Aspinall the next day. I explained how I believed Hawkins wanted me for sexual favours. Phillip refused to entertain this possibility and told me not to be stupid. The conversation ended at that point.

The next incident involving Garth Hawkins and myself occurred after he had moved to Triabunna and became the rector of that parish. In or about January 1982 I was travelling on the east coast of Tasmania with my friend REDACTED By chance we stopped at the rectory at Triabunna on Friday afternoon and found that a number of young people from Hobart were staying with Hawkins that weekend and going sailing on his large yacht. I was 18 at this time. I did not know any of the people present apart from Phillip Aspinall. We were invited to stay and also go sailing. CH 2
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That afternoon we socialised at the rectory. This including drinking alcohol. I observed Hawkins to behave in a manner similar to that which I had observed in East Devonport a number of months earlier.

I recall at the end of the evening [REDACTED] stayed in one bedroom, Hawkins stayed in another and the rest of us were camped out on the lounge room floor. At the end of the evening Garth Hawkins entered the room when everybody was in their sleeping bags and said he had a big bed and someone could share it with him rather than remaining on the floor. Phillip Aspinall volunteered me which I believe was a deliberate ploy because I had told him of my fears and earlier experience with Hawkins. I think Phillip was having a bit of a joke and trying to prove a point that everything would be alright. He often acted in this way. I said I would not go. Phillip made a big thing of it and told me to go and not to be so stupid. In front of all those people I did not want to look daft so I begrudgingly went into Hawkins' bedroom.

Hawkins, at this time looked large and solid, and considerably older than me. I on the other hand was a skinny youth.

Once in Hawkins' bedroom he sexually abused me. I was silent due to [REDACTED] being in the adjoining room and all the others nearby. Because he was much bigger than me I became resigned to my fate. He held my legs down behind my ears as I lay on my back and sodomised me. It felt as though my legs would break off and the pain of his actions was excruciating. He had first made me perform fellatio on him by grabbing my head and pushing it towards his penis. I also recall that he kissed me because I have a vivid memory of his disgusting smoky mouth and breath. I thought I would vomit with this disgusting act, taste and smell. Also during this time he scratched my back with his finger nails from one end to the other and I had scratches all over my back.. I did not consent to Hawkins doing any of the things to me which I have described.

After it was all over he was very excited and said how he had wished he had met me years before. I curled up on the bed feeling very sick, sore and sorry for myself. The next morning I got up very early and had a long scrubbing shower and [REDACTED] and I left before breakfast. I did not speak to anyone. I did not go sailing and I did not explain to [REDACTED] why we left. I think we went to Port Arthur that day and that evening I think we camped at Orford because I recall having my tent. [REDACTED] saw my scratched back that evening and asked what had happened. I replied that I did not know.

The next morning on the Sunday I recall returning to the church at Triabunna. [REDACTED] and I attended the service. I looked on incredulously as Hawkins officiated in his robes looking holier than thou. I

wanted to stand up and scream out to the congregation about what he had done to me. This was the last time I ever saw him.

On the return journey to Launceston with REDACTED I complained to her that I had a sore back. I did not tell her I had a sore back because of the actions of Hawkins.

I only mentioned Hawkins' once more to Phillip Aspinall when we were on an Anglican Youth camp at Montgomery Park which is situated south of Hobart. We were staying in the same dormitory. Phillip told me the next morning that through the night I was screaming out "no no no" and I reminded him about what I had said about Garth Hawkins wanting to do something to me and I told Aspinall he was wrong and Hawkins had actually done something. That was effectively the end of that conversation and we did not talk about it again. In fact I did not see much of Phillip again after that. I just felt too embarrassed about what had happened to raise the issue with him again.

I felt guilty and ashamed by what had occurred. I blamed myself. I therefore buried these incidents and got on with my life the best I could. I felt very betrayed because here I was growing up in a Christian environment which was based upon faith and trust however my trust in the Church and its teachings had been used and destroyed by what had occurred; that is a priest being a symbol of the church and all it stood for had abused my trust in it. It was a shattering experience.

The only other person I had told about my experiences, and only in a general way, was my wife REDACTED shortly after we were married. I did not provide her with any details. I simply pushed the experiences into the background and tried to get on with my life.

This I did successfully until Lou Daniels, a priest of the Church in Tasmania, was charged, convicted and sentenced with respect to offences against a male adolescent in 1999. I knew him well from Youth Synod and summer camps and I believe Hawkins knew him as well. My mother, who had encouraged me to become so involved in the church, sent me newspaper clippings to keep me informed of the progress of the charges against Daniels. This brought back memories of my experiences.

The next thing that occurred was that in the latter half of 2000 I was at my current church, a Baptist Church, in REDACTED with other church leaders. My wife was also present. We were watching a video

about the screening of church workers by way of police clearance to ensure that people who dealt with children on behalf of the church had a clear police record. It was a factual video which simply discussed the duty of care which was involved when church people worked with children. It recommended that certain procedures be put in place so that the church could ensure the protection of its young congregation. I recall as I was watching this video I just broke down in tears. We left the meeting that night straight after it concluded. I felt I could not stay for supper which is what REDACTED usually did. I was angry with myself because I had controlled my emotions for over 20 years and then suddenly out of the blue it brought out this strong reaction. This was the first emotional response I had had. Again, I felt the feelings of betrayal but also I felt ashamed and blamed myself for what occurred. All I told REDACTED was it had brought back memories of my abuse. I could not talk to her any further. She recommended I speak to the church pastor.

As time progressed I began to suffer from depression and began having suicidal thoughts. I also had difficulty coping with my work. I became irritable and anxious and could no longer deal with even the simplest problems.

From November 2000 to August 2001 I suffered from a number of physical ailments. I am not normally a sick person and have had very few days off since I began working full time in 1987. I caught the flu a number of times, had diarrhoea a number of times, had a severe sinus infection, laryngitis and a bowel obstruction. I also hurt my back. I had time off for most of these conditions, the longest time being for a week.

In about April 2001 I was diagnosed with depression and placed on antidepressants by my general practitioner. I also saw a psychologist from Relationships Australia on a couple of occasions but he was of no assistance to me. After five months on antidepressants I had improved so my doctor recommended I stop taking them. I followed his advice and withdrew from the medication slowly over the month of September. As a result my depression worsened until I attempted suicide on the 1st October 2001. I took an overdose of sleeping tablets and woke up in the emergency department of REDACTED Hospital. I do not believe this action was a cry for help. I actually wanted to die and was elated when I actually took the tablets. I was disappointed when I woke up. Looking back on it now I am very glad I did not die but at the time I had wished to end my life.

I then began seeing a psychologist, REDACTED, who helped me work through my difficulties. This was the first time that I had ever really confronted this period of my life. This treatment was ongoing,

but after about 6 weeks of treatment I suffered a complete breakdown. I was admitted to a psychiatric clinic in Perth for 3 weeks. I simply could not cope. I lay on my bed in the clinic crying. I was diagnosed with severe depression. I had intense therapy for the first week from 9.00 a.m. until 3.00 p.m. and then during the next 2 weeks I did a course from 9.00 a.m. to 5.00 p.m. each day. I was taught relaxation techniques, breathing and the like during the first week and in the second week I was with a group of other people. You told your story to the group and we were worked on individually by the trained staff within the group each day. Whilst in the clinic I saw literature which said a number of the physical ailments I had suffered were linked to stress and depression. Most of my therapy related to dealing with this sexual abuse and redirecting the anger away from myself to the appropriate person ie. the perpetrator.

Therefore from the time I attempted suicide in October 2001 I was off work through to the beginning the first term in February 2002. I worked the first few weeks of this year but became stressed again when I read and saw the media blitz about the Governor-General and how he dealt with sexual abuse within the church in Queensland. I again became suicidal and was readmitted to the Perth Clinic between the 11th to 16th March this year.

As a result of this I telephoned Tasmania Police and spoke to them about my experiences. They recommended I proceed to make a complaint however after taking advice I have determined that at this stage I am not mentally strong enough to cope with a criminal trial. That is why I have made this complaint to the church. For me it is the first step in the process.

I have seen my psychologist a couple of times since the middle of March but I keep my visits to a minimum because of our financial position. Because I have been off work for so long I have used up nearly all my sick leave. My wife has also been unable to work for a period of about 11 or so weeks because she has been looking after me. We have had many medical bills to pay and my wife actually sold her car so they could be met.

I also feel I have not been a proper husband or father during this period. My wife and children have suffered a lot because of my condition. I hope to be able make up for lost time.

I now believe that with the treatment I have had I have come a long way since I was admitted to hospital last year. I am still however taking anti-depressants and will have further treatment at the Perth Clinic.

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All of this however has had a devastating effect on my life and on my family. I have finally come to the realisation that what occurred was not my fault. I did not ask for it, I did not want it to happen. I was not to blame.

However, what has occurred over the last year and a half has caused suffering and mental anguish to myself and my family. At this stage I do not know if I will be able to continue working at all. I am concerned about my ability to cope with work. This year I have needed a relief teacher to take over my duties because I have been unreliable and I have been suffering from depression again and have been suicidal. I therefore decided to take long service leave in the hope my condition will improve. I am not due back at work until the 22nd July 2002.

My parents were unaware of what had occurred until last year when I was in the Perth Clinic. I told Mum but Dad has never mentioned it at all and has not even acknowledged it until I was in hospital again. These events have also caused problems with my Mother and Father. My Mother feels guilty because she is the person that encouraged me to become so involved with the church. All Dad has said to me is to forget about it and move on. I think this is because he lives by very strict guidelines and core beliefs and brought me up along these same lines. The family name was very important. Anything in life that affected the family name was simply not acceptable to him. For example a cousin went to gaol for robbery and my Father said don't you ever embarrass our family like that. I therefore thought because of what has happened to me I am too embarrassing for him. I think my suicide attempt is far too difficult for him to cope with. What I needed to know from him was whether I was an embarrassment to him or why he could not acknowledge what had occurred to me in anyway. All I want him to do is to say something rather than ignoring what has happened but he simply cannot do that. His attitude is forget it and move on you will get over it. I however, have to deal with what has occurred to me and go through processes like the hearing before the Diocesan Tribunal before I can move on.

BYF

Signed:

Dated this 1st day of May 2002.

Statement of BYF