

As a class we had gathered at 7am to watch Alvin Toffler's "Future Shock", 7am so that we'd be finished in time for 1st period. At the end of that presentation, as we all sat there future-shocked Brother Romuald advised us (all) of my best friend [REDACTED]'s death.

In acknowledgement of that friendship I was then escorted to the Principal office to then head home.

Brother Romuald and I were halfway to Brother Christopher's office before it hit me that I'd failed myself and allowed myself to end up alone with him. We rounded the landing from the Audiovisual room on level-1 heading down to Chuck's office and I started to panic for fear that in the next 100-metres I would still be alone with him...

I can't and won't forgive that Brother Romuald's predation completely stole my focus from [REDACTED] that day!

So why did I need to come here today? Not for [REDACTED]— for me!

Your Honour the lessons I learnt in 2nd form were about TRUST and RISK. I don't...

Having returned one morning from Bar Beach my mothers' response, that afternoon, to my report of Brother Romuald's groping was to defend him and dismiss me.

On the way home from a Myall Lakes, (I believe our 2nd) father-son-camp, trip my fathers retort, at my explanation of Brother Romuald's actions, was "don't fuck up these Father-Son camps or I'll clip you..."

I'm now sure that Brother Romuald knew damned well that by "laying a keg on" he was feeding our fathers addictions so that he could feed his own.

I was a little lad, as our class photos reinforced. They lined us up tallest to shortest and populated rows, from the top centre, with the tallest first. I was always close to one end of the front row all the way through to fourth form.

Until just recently my memory of this man was of a giant - foreboding and silent in movement like the "Penguin" in "The Blues Brothers" movie. In reliving those memories I have remained 3-foot-nothing and feeble and ineffectual...

His ability to arrive as if out of nowhere never ceased to leave my blood running cold.

None of us trusted him and there remained a, mostly unspoken, pact that was about ensuring we were never alone in his vicinity. A class mate (even if not a friend) never seemed to be far away.

That didn't stop him though...

From my parents, whom I expected would have taken at least a minor stand in my defence, I got rebuttals.

I began then and embedded my now robust skills in "lacking trust". Most anyone who has met me worked with, or for, me will tell you that I begin engagements (earlier commercially) with rhetoric about my "trust".

What I now realise is that what I have never explained to anyone is that with that discussion I had begun marking time – a relationship had begun and I was now in "watching mode" waiting for that trust to be broken. It's not ever been a case of if, always when.

My three ex-wives, had they known, would be best witnesses to that.

With the first two I took decisive actions to drive them to leave me once trust had been broken. For the sake of my youngest I foolishly persisted (paying lip-service to) "trying to make it work" in the last marriage until I got courageous for the first time and did the leaving.

Out of respect to the fact that I was the final-cut in ending all three I walked away penniless from each of those relationships leaving them whatever "everything" we shared at the time (I'm still clearing down the last of the debt from my last foray).

All bar three jobs I've left when trusts were broken.

Of those three:

- One was when my 1st marriage ended so that I could spend a number of (~3) years raising my sons
- The 2nd because they never broke that trust (I stayed nearly 10-years) and my loyalty was rewarded with retrenchment
- The third the only job I've ever been sacked from

The third I started just after I began the process of offering the statement that got me here today. My mind was derailed once the Pandora's Box that is Brother Romuald reopened in my mind. My dismissal was only fair – I hadn't been doing the job they'd paid me for...

With the exception of those three I've averaged ~2-years (only) in any role.

The only folk who've had my implicit trust, forever, are my children.

I've worked rigorously to ensure that I never hurt them like my parents did me and with constant focus on ensuring they never faced a Brother Romuald in their lives...

That said; they need medals, three of them at least, for still allowing me in their lives. I've done nowhere near enough to earn, or maintain, their trust.

I remain in contact with my parents but truthfully for the entertainment value. I've reciprocated their trust in me in kind. I will be at their funerals - but only to make sure they're dead.

And RISK, I avoid it with probably way to much energy...

I can spot an "angry mob" or a "suspicious character" on the next horizon and immediately adjust my course and track to avoid encounter and entanglement. I have self-selected avoiding activities, or adventures, that others might take on without thought; for risk avoidance – real or perceived.

Don't get me wrong I've had a good life, all things considered, but I look at things that friends and acquaintances have done in their lives and wonder if my caution has been unnecessarily extreme.

It's the things I haven't done that I regret not the things I have.

I have had some health issues, most recently (in the last half of last year) my second diagnosis of Thyroid Cancer.

Those issues have represented a more than substantial challenge for me. A risk I can't avoid and a veritable troop of specialists who I'm forced to trust. I have to tell you the combination makes for an "interesting day-out"...

To my lack of TRUST in, and my need to remove the RISK of, Brother Romuald...

His plea knocked me back to the mental state that I achieved after news of his initial arrest. When I stopped blubbering, "Like a Child", I got angry!

~~My conclusion is that this plea is about gaining consideration from you, your Honour, "look at all the time and money I've saved the state... Go easy on me."~~

Your Honour; whatever sentences you arrive at, for the charges he faces, they need to be served consecutively. That's the way he consumed us - consecutively, methodically almost mechanically.

This wasn't a moment of weakness this was a career. During whatever time he had access to us he was relentless...

I need to leave this court knowing that there is no chance this scum will ever have the chance to live to see freedom.

~~I'll never get the chance to relive my life; he shouldn't have the chance to continue to live his!~~