

Revised 03/10

VP Form 287A

STATEMENT

Name: REDACTED

STATES:

My full name is name is REDACTED. I am 55 years old. Police are aware of my address. I do not wish for any of my personal details to be given out without my permission.

I was brought up in a strict Catholic family and was one of eight boys. We grew up in Glen Waverly and my father was very involved REDACTED at REDACTED church and primary school, as well as REDACTED in Chadstone and REDACTED in Mulgrave which were schools my brothers and I attended.

A priest by the name of Father BAKER started coming around to our home as a guest in about 1965. I think that my father met him through the Salesian College. As time passed he was transferred to different parishes and we saw less and less of him over the next couple of years.

On REDACTED my father was killed in a tragic car accident. I was 11 years old. Father BAKER it seemed re-entered our lives within hours of the news of my Fathers death. He said Mass at my Father's funeral, along with Father RYAN at St.Leonards church. I was the first alter boy.

BAKER invited me to go with him to his parents house in Maryborough. The first occasion was within a couple of weeks of my Fathers death. I went there 7 or 8 times over a three or four year period.

During this period of time BAKER would also take me to the Catholic Seminary in Glen Waverley (which is now the police academy). He also took me to a parish rectory

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with other priests and I would have to take my shirt and pants off to show how big my muscles were. The same thing would happen at the seminary in GlenWaverley.

I remember after Dad died and BAKER started coming around to our house, we also started to get visits from other priests and brothers from the seminary that was close by. I recall a priest called Terry PIDOTO who would give us hair cuts. He was a weird guy. There were two or three others that would come around too.

One priest used to come over and sit by the pool and tell me and my brothers to get naked and jump up and down. He would be near the pool on this step ladder with his hands underneath his priest outfit. It was obvious he was masturbating because you could see his hand going up and down. We would laugh because we didn't understand what was going on. I was only 11 at the time.

The first time I went to Maryborough with BAKER I thought he was just being nice. I recall there were two single beds in the room I was sleeping in with BAKER. I was already in bed and he got into bed with me and was rubbing himself all over me. He wasn't wearing any clothes. He just started to kiss me all over. He wrapped his arms around me and was smothering me. He was hot and sweaty and I didn't want him touching me at all. He was fondling me all over my body and it was just gross. He put his hands down my pyjama pants and fondled my genitals. He was making murmuring noises in my ear. I pushed him away and he got mad.

He got out of bed and told me to stay there. He went and came back with a yellow pill and told me to take it because it would help me sleep and I had a big day tomorrow. I did as he said and took the pill. I don't know what it was but I recall it looked like possibly valium as I know it today.

He got into bed with me again and was all over me with his hands. He touched me all over my body and he began rubbing my backside and my genitals with his hands. I started to cry.

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I fell asleep from the tablet he gave me and the next morning I woke up feeling very groggy. I was completely naked and had severe pain in my backside. I was in bed by myself and BAKER was back in his bed. Clearly I had been penetrated in my anus. I got out of bed and got dressed and went into the living room and read.

On each occasion that I went to Maryborough with BAKER it was the same thing. He would give me a pill or pills and it would knock me out. He would tell me that it would "help me fall asleep." He would cuddle and rub me all over and he would grab my genitals with his hands and fondle my bum. I would wake up the next morning feeling an overwhelming grogginess. I would be naked, and my backside was sore. I knew he had penetrated me. He kept baby oil by the bed and I would wake up the next morning with baby oil on my genitals and behind.

When I went to Maryborough it was never enjoyable. We never did anything or went anywhere that a kid would consider fun. I recall going around to see other priests that were friends of his in their homes. He and the other priests would sit and drink scotch all afternoon.

Each time I went to Maryborough with BAKER I was by myself. I recall BAKER taking my brothers [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] to Maryborough several times but [REDACTED] was very young.

In about 1972 or 1973 I went on a trip to Sydney in the car with BAKER and another young boy [REDACTED] was my age. We were instant friends. I recall that his father had died recently also. We went to pick him up in a Tudor style apartment in Prahran. [REDACTED] was from the Balaclava Parish. In the breaks on the way up to Sydney, [REDACTED] told me that BAKER had been sexually abusing him and giving him pills. It was difficult for me to believe the stories but he described the Maryborough home exactly as I knew it.

The first night in Sydney we went out to the "Music Hall", a theatre owned and run by [REDACTED] [REDACTED] who were very close friends of my parents. I would refer to them as my [REDACTED] Father BAKER was wine and dine as if he were a family [REDACTED]

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member. I could see that [REDACTED] was disturbed that I was leaving with a visibly drunk father BAKER. She offered us accommodation at their home close by and when father BAKER declined she passed me a piece of paper with her phone number written on it. As soon as Peter and I got into BAKER's car, BAKER turned to me and said "Give it to me." I said "What?" He said "Give it to me before I slap you." I gave him the piece of paper [REDACTED] gave me and BAKER destroyed it. He was drunk and slurring his words and began degrading my [REDACTED] as morally loose actor types until I broke down. He appeared to light up with happiness at this.

When we arrived back at the hotel, father BAKER pulled out a bottle of Johnny WALKER whiskey and snapped at us to prepare him a drink, per his instruction. He proceeded to drink half the bottle. He looked across the room at both of us, paused and then ordered [REDACTED] to go to the bedroom to sleep and told me to sleep on the couch. [REDACTED] went into the bedroom and BAKER followed him. I lay on the couch.

As I lay on the couch I heard [REDACTED] crying out in pain. I lay there crying until I eventually fell asleep. In the middle of the night [REDACTED] woke me up on the couch and wanted to run away. We went downstairs to the car park but we didn't know what to do. We didn't know where we were and didn't have enough money to get back to Melbourne. [REDACTED] was furious and angry. He told me that BAKER got on top of him and forced himself. He was really in a lot of pain and was holding his backside. I didn't have to ask him anything because I knew what BAKER had done to him.

The trip back to Melbourne was a bad situation. BAKER was really angry with us and I couldn't understand why. At one point he fell asleep and ran off the road. [REDACTED] grabbed the wheel and saved us from hitting a tree. It was on the Hume Highway before the boarder of Victoria. It was a straight stretch of road. This seemed to further anger BAKER and sent him into a rage. He refused to speak with us for the rest of the trip. We stopped twice on the way home and he got himself food and drink but gave [REDACTED] and I nothing.

[REDACTED]

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After that trip to Sydney, I declined every new invitation back to Maryborough with BAKER. I came up with any excuse I could conjure up, however he was still present in my families life.

I tried to delicately inform my Mother what happened on the trip to Sydney which and was promptly slapped across the face for such unholy accusations.

As time went on and I was about 14 years old I grew to resent authority immensely. I began to show him the same aggression that he had directed at me for so long. One day as I was walking home from school with my friends he pulled up along side and stopped the car and ordered me to get in. I flatly refused and challenged him at which point he exited the car. I believe that he intended to beat me. I took off running towards home to tell my mother. By the time I got home he had beat me there and was already sitting at the kitchen table talking with my mother.

I told my Mum everything. BAKER said "You're disgusting, how can you tell your mother that. Lies, lies" I said to Mum that she can't believe him. I said "You wonder why I don't want to go anywhere with him." I then said to BAKER "Why don't you tell Mum how you gave me the tablets."

BAKER then pulled off his belt to strap me. I turned to Mum and told her if she let him do this to me that she would never see me again. BAKER continued to try and convince Mum that I was lying. Mum broke down crying and told BAKER to "Get out of my house right now."

Mum was distraught and hugged me for about an hour and kept apologising. The next day she went to see father RYAN at St Leonards church in Springvale rd, Glen Waverley to report what I had told her. He said that he would deal with it and would take care of things. Nothing ever happened and nothing was ever said.

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I hereby acknowledge that this statement is true and correct and I make it in the belief that a person making a false statement in the circumstances is liable to the penalties of perjury.

REDACTED



Acknowledgment made and signature witnessed by me at 3:45 AM/PM on 05/10/2018 at (location) 3237 W. Sunset Blvd - L. O. Co. 9026

(witness name & signature) *William J. Lopez*
620 21A G. 514 21

(witness title) *Notary Public*

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