

FATHER RONALD PAQUIN



THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

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From: Bill Fallon

COMMENTS

Father Ronald Paquin
Interviews of [REDACTED] + [REDACTED]

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via mail.

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TO: FILE
FROM: Sergeant Robert M. Irwin

Case [REDACTED]

SUBJECT: INTERVIEW OF [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

INTERVIEW HELD ON MARCH 15, 2002 AT 1045 A.M.
WITH SELF AND TROOPER DANIEL P. REGAN.

[REDACTED]

The [REDACTED] went to church every week at St. John the Baptist church in Haverhill. The [REDACTED] invited me to go to church with them. I went to church for two or three weeks and then [REDACTED] suggested I become an alter boy and I did. That was around the summer of 1987. The first day I became an alter boy, I met Father Ronald Paquin at St. John's church. [REDACTED] mother, [REDACTED] drove us to church and we met Father Paquin at the rear of the church, outside the changing room. That day after the service, Father Paquin gave [REDACTED] and me money. He gave us twenty dollars each. He told us we did a good job and to go buy some ice cream.

I continued being an alter boy and then Father Paquin would let some of the kids help out with Bingo. We started going to the Rectory to get supplies and chairs. There was a sweet old lady there at the Rectory that would give us pastry. It would become a regular occurrence that we went to the Rectory. Some days Father Paquin would talk about the day's readings. After about a month and a half Father Paquin showed me his bedroom. It was immaculate and I called it the museum. There were two rooms he had upstairs. One was his bedroom and the other a sitting room. It was about that time that he was befriending me. He would talk to me about being

humble and patient. We would talk one on one about religion. When we met, we would meet at the Rectory and then go and talk. He would guide and teach me. It was normal, it was like someone was taking an interest in me and helping me out. The father-son relationship was normal for about a year. He started to let me drive his car around. He had a Toyota, it was black. I was twelve and he let me drive it on the street. We would go out for ice cream, pull down the street and we pulled over and I would get in the driver's seat and drive. One time, we were going skiing, going up towards Vermont on '89 and we turned off at Bow. I was driving, I was about twelve or thirteen. At the bottom of the ramp, I got pulled over for going through a stop sign. Father Paquin told me to tell the police that I had my permit and that I had forgot it. Father Paquin got a ticket, I think it was a local, that's a guess.

The summer of '88 we went to Florida, I'm pretty sure it was August. [REDACTED] Rob Paquin and me went. We flew Delta and we stayed at Fort Wilderness at Disney. I remember sleeping on a bunk bed at Fort Wilderness. I was sleeping on the top bunk, [REDACTED] was sleeping on the bottom. When I woke up, [REDACTED] was not in the bottom bunk. Walked out and saw [REDACTED] and Ron Paquin were just getting out of Ron's bed. I don't know if anything was going on, but I remember thinking it was weird. We stayed in a camper and I had taken some pictures. [REDACTED] shows investigators numerous pictures of the camper and Disney.) Other than seeing [REDACTED] and Rob get out of the bed, everything else was fine, we had fun.

Ron and started to visit his camper up in Maine. It was in Kennebunkport near the Bush complex. I was twelve years old. We went up a handful of times before Ron started talking about sexuality. That would happen on the rides up '95. Then we would start talking about it up at the camp. He would talk of how Freud would watch his children masturbate. I would start to get weirded out, he would sense that, and back off. He would bring it up again until I felt comfortable talking to him about masturbation. He would try and get me to admit that I masturbated. I wouldn't admit that I masturbated. I wouldn't answer or I acted like I didn't. Eventually he got me to admit that I did masturbate. I think that was the point for me that I trusted him. I told him something I wouldn't tell anyone else. I felt relieved that he knew that, and I felt close to him.

About the same time I was playing on several soccer teams. I would get sore and Ron would talk about muscle and massage therapy. He also talked to me about Dad who took showers with their sons. That they are comfortable with their sexuality and actually learn about sexuality from their dads helping them with masturbation. That is the type of dad he admires, people who feel comfortable with their sexuality. All these conversations were going on around the same time, and they would initially be on the ride up and then at the campground. All the subjects were brought up a number of times.

I remember the first time that he had physically touched me in a way that he never had before. Ron and I went up to the camp in Maine. It was spring or summer when I was twelve. I would say it was spring. He was behind me, he massaged my back and then massaged my feet while I watched TV or the movie. He did my calf and then moved up my leg and did both my thighs. He would stop and asked if it was okay, did I feel comfortable with this. I said it was because of our conversations about massage I felt comfortable. It felt good, my muscles were relaxed. He continued and he moved higher up my thigh. His finger would go across my groin area a couple of times. I became erect and became uncomfortable with that. I sat up, re-adjusted my self, I was embarrassed and face the TV. Ron asked if I was all right. He asked if there was anything wrong. I said there was nothing wrong. He started talking about sexuality and about ejaculation and how it was a stress-relieving event. He talked about masturbation or having somebody masturbate you is normal. He then says we don't have to go to that point, but do you want me to finish the massage. I told him I don't know. He started on my feet than worked his way up my thigh. I had a pulled groin and he said he would massage that out. He did and while he was doing that he apologized if he came close to my penis and testicle area. He stopped massaging my groin, he then massaged my penis and testicles. This was done over my shorts and I also had underwear on. I was erect at this time. He started to bring it to a pumping motion on my penis over my shorts. He then reached under my shorts by the stomach area, grabbed my penis with his hand masturbating me. I allowed it to happen, he took my shorts off, he repositioned himself to make it easier for him to masturbate me. He then just did it all the way. I ejaculated and he went and got a towel for me. He asked me how it felt. I went in the bathroom and thought to myself, what just happened. He eventually knocked on the door and asked me if I was okay. I told him I was fine, there was no problem. He talked to me about it being good, and that it relieved tension. He talked to me about it

and made me feel comfortable about what happened. I felt that it was supposed to be normal according to him, that I shouldn't be ashamed. He kept reminding me of fathers in Methuen who do that with their sons. He made me feel okay about it.

That spring and summer we would periodically go up to the camp. On weekends or anytime we could go. The masturbation would happen up in Maine. We slept in the same bed. He would roll over and grab me during the night and masturbate me to ejaculation. Sometimes it was a few times in a day.

I wasn't too long after he initially started the masturbation that he began orally doing it. I remember sitting on his bed, I had just gotten out of his shower. He came in while I was getting changed, he started rubbing over the towel and then took the towel off and he used his hand. I lied down on the bed and I felt something different than I had felt before. I looked down and saw that he had my penis in his mouth. I let it happen, he told me to tell him when I was close and he would finish it. I told him I was close and he finished with his hand to ejaculation. After that, it would happen that way, oral, more often than not. This would happen one to two times a day every time we were up at the camp. If it didn't happen one day, it would happen the next morning. This happened spring through summer and then when the camper closed it started in the car. That was in the fall of '89.

Ron would pick me up in Haverhill and we would do whatever. Run errands, get ice cream, normal stuff. He would also take me to the cemetery on East Broadway in Haverhill. He would do massages in the car and then that would lead to him masturbating me with his hand and the orally. He would use his mouth until I was close and then he would use his hand. He would bring a rag or T-shirt that he kept in the back seat. I would use that to catch the remnants. I believe he was still driving the black Toyota. He would take me to the cemetery about twice a week. This continued up until he went away to Maryland. He told me he was going to school to help cancer patients and that he had classes on how to counsel them.

I think he was gone from the spring of 1990 through November. Before he went away, sometimes we would be driving, find a remote area, stop, and it would happen. The cemetery in Haverhill is where it would happen most.

Ron came back from being away late '90 early '91. During the time he was away, he would send me money, write letters and call me.

When he came back, he went to Lincoln. It was on Lincoln Road, a small church. One day he came to my house and I knew he was back. The cemetery routine would start up. I was in school, he would pick me up in the evening. It led to the cemetery where he would begin masturbation with his hand, then orally, then finish with his hand. This was happening before school got out in the spring of '91. Rob would come up once or twice a week. He might of missed a week, but he would be back the next. Something sexual would happen every time he came up.

During the spring of '91 he brought me down to see his room and the church in Lincoln. We looked around, I might of met somebody in the house. It might have been the pastor of the church. Ron brought me to his room it overlooked the driveway. While we were in the room, he reached down and tried to make me erect. He did this over my pants. I pushed him away but he came back and tried again. He did touch my penis over my pants, but I pushed him away again and he realized I didn't want that to happen. That's all happened in that room. That was the only time in that room.

Ron and I went to Nantucket. We took his car over on the ferry. We stayed at a hotel right off the dock. I think it is the White Elephant. We stayed the weekend, went out to eat, saw the island. I think it night of been in the fall of '91 when we went to Nantucket. In Nantucket it wasn't that crowded. At the hotel the same routine occurred. He would masturbate with his hands, use his mouth, and finish with his hand. He masturbated me in bed at night and in the morning in bed at the hotel.

We would stay in contact through the fall of '91 and through my birthday when I turned sixteen.

In Springfield, at a soccer tournament, in the spring, I was twelve or thirteen. I played for the North Shore Tornados. Ron drove me out there just him and me in the car. We stayed at a hotel in Springfield. He masturbated me in the morning before the game. It was the morning of the second day.

We went skiing with my friend [REDACTED] in February, school vacation 1992, to Killington. It was Ron, [REDACTED] and me. We stayed up at Killington, near the mountain in a condo. My friend [REDACTED] is [REDACTED] I met him at school. While [REDACTED] was in the shower in the other room Ron touched me on the penis trying to get me erect. I shoved him away, I felt uncomfortable and told him no.

Ron and I went to Waterville Valley after the Killington trip. We stayed overnight at Waterville in a condo. We skied and at some point at night in bed he would masturbate with his hand, used his mouth, and then finish with his hand.

Sometime in '92 we went up to Canada. We stayed a few nights in either Quebec City or Montreal. It happened up there too. We flew up to Canada.

In the spring of '92 he bought me a motorcycle. He bought me a Honda Interceptor in Hampton, New Hampshire. I could get where I needed to go if he bought me a bike. I could go to soccer, see him, just so I wouldn't be tied down. Ron had an accident in Salem, New Hampshire. He got a Honda Shadow and dumped the bike. That was the end of the bike for him, he hurt his knee. In the early part of '93 he moved to Milton. It was a mansion owned by the Archdiocese. I would visit him there. He would bring me up the back stairway to his room. It looked over the garden on the corner upstairs. Nothing sexual happened in that room. Shortly after he was moved to the other side of the mansion. There was a side door with a set of stairs which led up to his room, the second floor all the way to the left. He would sneak me in different ways, through the basement and then upstairs. He didn't want to have any interactions with other people. We would get up to his room on two or three occasions he masturbated me in the same routine. I stayed over on several occasions, two or three times. It would happen in his room. In the morning he would get breakfast and bring it up to the room. He didn't want me moving around. At some point Ron bought me a Hyundi.

I met my girlfriend in the spring of '93. I spent a lot of time with her and less with him. I told him I didn't want the sexual stuff to happen anymore. One of the trips in Milton was after April of '93. He ejaculated me and it was a slip up. I told him we should be normal friends and not have sexual acts as part of the relationship.

During later visits in '95, '96 and even up to a few months ago. He would inappropriately touch me. I would tell him to stop and he would say that he would need to be strong and that I was right.

The last incident of masturbation happened in the summer of '93 in Milton at the mansion. I told him I was with my girlfriend and no more. I told him it can't happen anymore. I would visit him periodically and we worked on developing a relationship/friendship where sex wasn't an issue.

I told my wife, what had happened around '94 or '95. I didn't tell her details but I told her Ron had inappropriately touched me. That it was now over and not happening anymore and that I forgave him. I told her we were working on developing a relationship without that.

I released a lot of details when Paquin's name was in the paper. I had had him marry us and he baptized my child. Everybody knew we were friendly and were calling. This was around January of this year. I told the people that were calling that I was okay, that is was the first we heard of it and play it off like I didn't know anything about it. But, over the course of two weeks I told her about what happened. I told her that what was in the papers is what happened to me. She understood what I was talking about.

Recently I told my friend [REDACTED] about Ron. He said to me on the phone that he didn't believe nothing happened. I told him I didn't want anything getting out. I told him a lot more than my wife. I told him the details. He helped me look back at things and I realized this wasn't normal, and it was my responsibility to make sure this doesn't happen to anyone else. I talked to [REDACTED] this past week and I knew I had to come forward. I wanted to contact an attorney, and Attorney Newman told me about the statute of limitations and make an appointment with the DA's office.

When his name was in the paper, Ron, I talked to him. He told me he was contemplating suicide and was thinking about moving to California. This was around January. We also talked about Father Sweeney and how he and Ron didn't get along. I asked Ron if he admits what happened. He said yes. I asked how many kids. He told me he didn't know. I remember he was mad at Father Sweeney for rattling on other

priests that had a problem. I realized that he was more worried about Father Sweeney protecting kids from being raped than what he did. I thought about my own daughter and told him I got to go. I knew what I had to do.

3-20-02
1745

Tpr. Labarge
Sgt. Irwin

Case # [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Follow up of March 15, 2002 interview conducted at Danvers State Police Barracks.

Ron's mother's house was sold in the spring of 1993, I am pretty sure around that time. That could be determined by the sale of the house. The house was by the south campus of Salem State. Clarina Paquin was his mother's name. She is now in an old age community in Middleton. Ron and I went to the Salem house to clear it out and get everything out of there. He convinced me to stay over night for some reason. We got to the house around five or six in the evening. Ron had a blow up bed to sleep on. We stayed upstairs in the apartment, to the back. That night he basically did the same as before. He started to masturbate me with his hand, do oral on me, and then finish me with his hand. On this night though, he put my hand on his penis and he moved my hand up and down. I continued with no help from him and completed masturbating him until he ejaculated. There was no conversation about this. It was only one night. We really didn't need to move anything, he just said that to get me there.

On Sunday night the 17th, I told my father what happened. I didn't go in to specific details with him, but I told him what happened. My father felt guilty and betrayed by Father Paquin. My father reminded me that Paquin had taken me to Raymond, NH camping. The name of the camp ground was Pine Acres. When my father told me, I knew that's where we camped when I was 15 and 16, summers of 1991 and 1992, July of 1991 and August of 1992. When camping he would be more forceful; I don't mean hitting. In the tent at night, I wasn't up for doing anything. He put his hand on me and I rolled over and got his hand off. He asked what was wrong? I said I was tired and then he tried again. I rolled on my stomach. Ron reached down between my legs and tried to

reach up and get my penis. I shut my legs to block his path, but he forced his hands through, he opened my legs by the knee and slid his arm up. I cupped my penis with my hand but he pulled on me hard. I then figured it had happened so many times, I just gave in. He ejaculated me in the tent.

August 1992, at Pine Acres close to the first sight, it was a remote location in the camp ground. We tented, and we got wine. Alcohol was always made available from Ron. He would give me a beer or a Manhattan. He would give me alcohol when we started going up to Maine. It was a regular thing him giving me alcohol. Ron didn't want me to run off to drink when I got older he wanted me to stick around. He wanted me to be able to drink responsibly. He believes there should be table wine on a family's table.

At Pine Acres, we had the wine, and I guzzled down a big glass of wine. He told me I shouldn't guzzle it. It went to my head and I ran off from the camp. Ron chased me down and dragged me back to the camp. H grabbed me by the torso, but I eventually walked. I was drunk though, and he had me lie down in the tent. He was lying down with me. He started to fondle, and I didn't want to. He used his hand then oral, then finished with his hand. I was just lying there and then we came out of the tent and sat at the table. I can't remember anything else at that time.

(ADA Fallon joins interview)

The conversation of me doing something to him never came up. I had never seen his penis until that time in Salem. We never showered together.

In Maine at the camper my guess is he performed 40 or more times orally on my penis.

In Haverhill and around the greater Haverhill area, I guess or estimate that Ron performed oral sex on my penis more than 40 or 50 times over the years.

When Ron was in Lincoln, we would drive around a lot. We would go to different places and do different things. When we went out, he would drive up to Haverhill. We went to the Haverhill cemetery the most.

At the cemetery we stayed in the car, in the front. He stayed clothed. He would like the seat back and from the driver's side he would lean over and do it. I would ejaculate in the car all the time. Ron had a small towel in the car. He always had something available to clear up. When I was going to ejaculate sometimes I would signal him and sometimes he would know.

I had asked Ron if he had ever done this with anyone else? He said no to that and he had never done it to anyone else. That was around 1992. He did mention that he helped [REDACTED] grow up. [REDACTED] and his wife and two girls camped up in Maine. [REDACTED] saw Ron and I sleep in his bed.

If I was uncomfortable, he would want to talk about it. He would tell me it was natural, and he knew dad's in Methuen that showered with their kids. He felt masturbation creates a bond between father and son. Being comfortable with my sexuality and having no boundaries between us. He wanted me to tell him everything.

The oral sex was something I don't remember even talking to him about. It was just part of the way it happened.

When this all came out in the newspaper, I told Ron I would be there for him. We were still close. But, I yelled at him and told him that it has to stop. He told me that he agreed. But, then he would say that he almost had me there. That he had a few more things to do.

Ron told me in the middle of our relationship he told me he was doing a sexuality study with a psychologist. He never told me who the psychologist was. I remember asking him later if he had finished his study and I told him I wanted to see it.

When I read the paper that was the first time I had confirmation that this had happened to other people. I read that other people said that Paquin did things to them and ruined their lives.

After reading it in the papers we talked about it. I went to his house in Malden. In the last two months I went over his house once and we spoke on the phone two or three times.

Ron told me over his house, after the Paquin article came out he admitted his past in the article. Ron said he saw the Geoghen case and he dreaded seeing himself up on T.V. When it did it was very tough on him. He talked about God giving you tough things to make you strong.

Ron would tell me on the phone that his name shouldn't e released because of confidentiality. He was angry the church gave his name out. He talked about himself. He was considering getting a lawyer. It was all about the pain he was going through.

Around the times the articles came out and I was reading them and developing a different opinion of him. I would discuss with my wife about the articles. I told her it was the same thing that happened to me. I told her about the sameness in the other people's story and mine.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Ron didn't want me to go. He would try and keep me with him with insurance policies and his will gives me everything. He would say that his "friends" would leave him.

Ron Paquin has done a lot good for me. But a lot more bad. The bad out weights the good by a ton. Plus, what he's done to other people brings it down to hell.

TO: FILE
FROM: Sergeant Robert M. Irwin

Case# [REDACTED]

SUBJECT: INTERVIEW ON MARCH 19, 2001 AT 1700 HOURS WITH
SELF AND TROOPER DANIEL REGAN OF [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

I was six years old when I started at St. Monica's in Methuen. I went to the grammar school there. Father Paquin was assigned to St. Monica's around '72-'73. The first abuse happened in the fifth grade. I was living in Methuen at [REDACTED] Methuen. That is about a half-mile from the Rectory and a quarter mile from the school. When I was in the fifth grade, Paquin recruited me to be an alter boy. I was thrilled a priest was taking special interest in me. A social relationship developed and he called me a "special" alter boy. Paquin gave me special duties as a "special" alter boy. He took me to a funeral home in Salem, New Hampshire off of Route 28. This was around December/January of fifth grade. On the way up from Methuen, in his car, he put his hand on my knee, kept sliding it up, until he was playing with my nuts/genitals. I was dumbfounded at that moment. He proceeds to say, your not suppose to favor any one part of the body over another. I didn't say anything, I was shocked, I stayed in the car. He came back after blessing the bodies and on the way home, he started playing with my genitals again. When we got back, he asked me if I wanted to come to his room. I told him I had a lot of homework. I was uncomfortable, and I started walking home. I felt I couldn't tell anybody because he was a priest. I couldn't tell my father and I couldn't tell my friends.

About two weeks later Paquin sets up conditions to get me up in his room. He asks for help writing the bulletin. This is the Rectory at St. Monica's. His room was on the third floor. There was normal conversation and somehow he got me to lie on the bed, on my back with my legs dangling over the end at the knees. This happened when I was in the winter of the fifth grade, a couple weeks after the funeral home incident. There was normal conversation, then he again mentioned that you shouldn't favor one part of the body over another. He then started massaging my genitals over my pants. Then Paquin made a comment about it feeling good, or doesn't

that feel good? He then unbuckled my belt and my pants. He got my pants down, I didn't fight with him. He pulled my underwear down and then he started playing with his hand and my penis. It caused me to have an erection, he proceeded to masturbate me with his hand. Paquin started making comments about me not being a bad size for my age, and he did it in a soothing tone. He could tell I was still tense and he was trying to soothe me. I ejaculated and he commented how far up my chest the sperm had landed like he was impressed. He then stood up, he walked over to a nightstand, opened up a draw, pulled out a handkerchief and he wiped me up. Then he smelled the handkerchief that had the sperm in it. With both hands on the handkerchief, he said manna from heaven, as he had the handkerchief held up above his head. Manna has a religious connotation to it. I asked him about the handkerchief, about if he was going to throw it out? He looked at me like why would I throw it out? I pulled up my pants and underwear and left shortly after. We didn't get any work done on the bulletin and I left by myself, he stayed in the room. On average, he would create a reason to get me up to his room in the Rectory about two-three times a month. That went on for about five years from eleven to sixteen years of age. It was all the same scenario, at the Rectory. Eventually he didn't need to tell me about favoring one part of the body over another, he didn't have to sell it anymore.

One time in the Rectory up in his room. I was fourteen years old, it was spring of '76. Me, an alter boy from the seventh grade and a third alter boy were all on our backs, legs dangling off the end of his bed. He had all three of us take our own pants down. He had us start playing with ourselves, he grabbed my hand and put it on [redacted] privates and [redacted] on mine. He had us playing with each other. At that point, he crossed the line I stood up, told him I couldn't do it, pulled my pants up and bolted. The other two stayed, but were pulling up their pants, I don't know if they left or not.

Prior to the three boys in the room, prior to the fourteenth birthday, he had me in his room and he kissed my penis up and down. He didn't actually put my penis in his mouth.

After the three person event, it goes back to the single event. Just me and that was two - three times a month.

When I was fifteen, during the summer, he took me to Hampton Beach during the week.

Paquin took me to an efficiency just off the beach, we got there later in the evening about ten or eleven at night. He went to the desk to pay for the room, he had a big wad of cash. We were spending the night and my parents said it was okay because I was going with a priest. We got in bed in our underwear, the same bed. He started to touch me under my underwear with his hand. I told him, Father I'm tire. He didn't take his hand away, but said all right, we'll finish this in the morning. He then started rubbing his erect penis up to my rear end, he was moving back and forth. All's I can remember is I fell asleep, I don't remember him getting off. The next morning we woke up before dawn, got in his car to head up to Rye Beach. We pulled into a parking lot at a public parking lot near the beach. The sun is just starting to come up, and he started to massage my genitals, he then asked me to pull my pants down. He started to masturbate me, talking softly and quoting scripture. There were other cars around and I was embarrassed and worried somebody would see, he just kept on going. As I approached ejaculation, I pulled my shirt up so it would go on my chest. When I got off, he wiped me up with a napkin and put the napkin in his pocket. We then went home, had a normal conversation back to the Rectory in Methuen, and I walked home.

In October or November of my sophomore year, 1977. Paquin had me jerk him off. He said it was his turn after all these years. Up in his room he ejaculated me with his hand and then he asked me to ejaculate him. So I masturbated him with my hand. He lay on the bed, and when I wiped up his sperm, he made me get a separate handkerchief than what he used for me. There were a couple other instances like that. From that point on, it was a mutual masturbation between him and me. May or June 1978, we had mutual masturbation in his room. There was a knock at the door. It was two eighth graders, they were alter boys. When the knock happened we were not dressed, but before the door opened we were. He asked me if I wanted to stick around and do the two eighth graders. He wanted to know if I wanted to get them off with him. I was disgusted, I said no, and when the door opened, I bolted.

When I got to the bottom floor, Father Roache was sitting in the TV room. I told him he better get upstairs, something bad was gonna happen up there. Father Roache said. "What"? I made the jerk off motion with my hand and wrist. Father Roache immediately knew what I was saying and he asked how did I know. I told him because it just happened to

me. He got up and said he knew there was something funny going on up there. He said that as he headed upstairs. Father Roach got to Paquin's room and was pounding on the door. When Paquin opened the door, Roach separated Paquin from the kids. When Paquin came downstairs he had tears in his eyes, and he asked how I could do this to him. I had almost tears in my eyes and I said because it's wrong. I left the Rectory and planned to never come back, but I did.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] When I got out, my brain was wiped clean, I didn't remember. Things slowly come back after you see places and people. During the early summer, late June/July 1980 Paquin called me. He asked me to call him at the Rectory at St. Monica's in ten or fifteen minutes. He had me come down to the Rectory and when I got to his room, and told me he was surprised I came. He said he hadn't had anybody to his room since the incident with me. I didn't remember what he was talking about. He got me to his room, jerked me off and got the handkerchief from the drawer, wiped me up and said Manna from heaven. He lay next to me, said he had taken care of me all these years, now it was his turn. Paquin had me take his pants and underwear off and played with him. He wasn't getting aroused. He put his hand gently behind my head and had me perform oral sex on him. When I went to spit the sperm in the barrel, he stopped me and got a handkerchief for me to spit into. That was the last sexual contact with him.

When I was fifteen I asked about his behavior compared to his celibacy, isn't he in violation by doing this? He told me that all's celibacy means it that he can't get married.

Since the incident when I was eighteen, ten years later, I was about twenty-eight. I went to Bon Securs Hospital, now Holy Family. I knew he worked there. I confronted him and asked him how he could be a priest and do that to me. He said, well it felt good didn't it? He was a cold-hearted bastard, he then changed the subject.

He also would (masturbate [REDACTED]) numerous times in the car. From eleven to sixteen years in age. Almost every time I was in the car something would happen. It averaged about once a month. He would masturbate me with his hand, this happened at Rye Beach and down the

Cape. He would get me excited in the car and then would finish off up his room.

There were two trips to Cape Cod he took me on. I was twelve the first time. We stayed overnight. There were three alter boys there. Paquin and one alter boy were in one bed, me and the other alter boy were in the other. Paquin and the other boy were having fun, I could hear it. I could see it though. Me and the other alter boy didn't touch each other. The next morning one alter boy was in the shower, the other going to bathroom. Paquin asked me into his bed with him. He was nude, he played with me with his hand and he performed oral sex on me. As I was beginning to ejaculate, he removed my penis from his mouth and I ejaculated on my chest. The other alter boy came out of the bathroom but didn't look directly at us. He knew though, he was probably embarrassed. It was the alter boy who slept with me. It was one of the few times I wiped myself up, without a ritual.

There were numerous other incidents, the same M.O. But the just oral sex was 1980.

I asked [REDACTED] if any of abuse happened in New Hampshire. [REDACTED] said he didn't recall any in New Hampshire, but he said twice in Maine.

Since the articles about Paquin appeared in the paper, seven people have contacted me, or my family. They wanted to talk about things that happened with them and Paquin. A couple of the guys didn't want me to tell the police their names. But, [REDACTED], [REDACTED], and [REDACTED] called. There are potentially three or four more names.

