

Statement of: Dr. Rosemary Eileen McHugh, M.D.

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Date of Birth: July 10, 1944 in Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

Occupation: Family Physician and Grad Student in the Institute of Pastoral Studies at Loyola University Chicago

Today's Date: Wednesday, August 18, 2010

Place of making the statement: Wheaton, Illinois (a suburb of Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.)

Statement made to: Detective Sergeant Michael J. Smyth, Sexual Crimes Management Unit, Division of Sexual Assault, National Bureau of Criminal Investigation, Harcourt Square, Dublin 2, Ireland

I hereby declare that this statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and that I make it knowing that if it is tendered in evidence I will be liable to prosecution if I state in it anything which I know to be false or do not believe to be true.

Body of Statement of Complaint of a Sexual Assault by Fr. Desmond McCaffrey, a Discalced Carmelite Priest based at St. Teresa's Catholic Church on Clarendon Street in Dublin, Ireland:

I wish to lodge a formal complaint of sexual assault by Fr. Desmond McCaffrey against me, which occurred in Dublin in the mid-1970s, when I was thirty years old.

Although the incident occurred many years ago and I am now sixty-six years old, I believe that the Church is finally willing to listen to the victims of clergy sexual

abuse, so that we can face the problem, and work towards ending this scandal in our Church, for the good of our Church.

To give you some background on me, I was born and raised in Chicago, Illinois. My parents were born and raised in County Mayo, Ireland. They met at the Irish dances in Chicago, married, and had a family.

I went to Trinity College Dublin to do medicine, after graduating from Loyola University Chicago in the honors pre-med program with a bachelor of science in biology. Then, I went to England for five years to do further medical training. When I returned home to Chicago, I completed my training to become a family physician.

At present, I am a graduate student, part-time, at the Institute of Pastoral Studies at Loyola University Chicago, in the Masters in Divinity and Masters in Spirituality dual degree program.

This is what happened to me, sometime between 1974 and 1975, as far as I can remember.

I had graduated from TCD in the summer of 1972. I finished my internship at one of the Trinity Hospitals at the end of June, 1973. I then worked for a year in hospital, working in casualty and in obstetrics.

From July, 1974 until June, 1975, I worked as a medical director for the blood transfusion service, before going to Birmingham, England in July, 1975, for further medical training.

In my last two years of medical school, I felt the need for spiritual guidance and started to have a regular confessor. Since Opus Dei priests were available to give spiritual direction to any student that was interested in receiving spiritual direction, I started going to confession regularly to Fr. Richard Mulcahy of Opus Dei.

After a time, Fr. Mulcahy assigned Fr. Oliver Powell to be my regular confessor. After medical school graduation, and before I left to do further medical training in England, I continued to have Fr. Powell as my regular confessor.

At times, Fr. Powell was not available and I went to confession at one of the churches near Trinity College. On a few occasions, I went to confession to Fr. Desmond McCaffrey, in the confessional in St. Teresa's Church, off Grafton Street.

The only time that I ever met Fr. Desmond McCaffrey outside of the confessional was the one time that the sexual assault occurred.

As far as I can remember, at the end of confession one day, Fr. D. McCaffrey invited me to an evening devotion that he was giving for lay people and nuns at a convent in Dublin. I was off work that evening and was able to attend the convent prayer service.

After the service, Fr. D. McCaffrey needed a lift back to where he lived off of Clarendon Street at St. Teresa's Church in Dublin. He asked me to give him a lift and I agreed to do that.

I might have mentioned to him that we would pass by my flat on the way. As I remember, he suggested that he would like to see my flat and have a cup of tea before I would drive him back to St. Teresa's Church. I agreed to that.

I never had any problem with a priest before that day. My own brother, Tom, was ordained a priest for the Archdiocese of Chicago in 1967. Also, my first cousin from County Mayo, Fr. Michael Brady, S.M.A., has been like a brother to me.

As far as I can remember, Fr. Desmond McCaffrey and I came into my flat and I started getting the tea ready. When I turned away from the tea pot and towards him, Fr. D. McCaffrey had dropped his pants and was masturbating into his handkerchief as he was standing in front of me. Then he sat down on the couch and continued to masturbate into his handkerchief and in front of me.

I was stunned. I had lived a sheltered life in a close-knit Irish Catholic family and had never seen a man masturbate before.

The doctor part of me said that I should pay attention to what was happening, since I was a doctor and should learn what this was about. From reading scripture, I had pictured the seed to be a single entity and did not know before then that the ejaculate was all of that milky stuff. I just looked on in silence.

Fr. D. McCaffrey told me that he regularly saw a young woman for spiritual direction and that they would go into her bedroom and take their clothes off and go to bed together. When she married, he said that he baptized all of her children and kept more of a distance. He also told me that his favorite book was *THE LITTLE PRINCE*.

Although Fr. D. McCaffrey could see that I was shocked at his masturbating in front of me, I was surprised that he showed no guilt and made no apology to me.

He finally pulled up his pants. To my memory, we never did have the cup of tea. I did drive him back to St. Teresa's Church off Grafton Street in Dublin. I do not believe that I said anything to him in the car nor when I left him off.

After I had left him off, I remember being very upset and shaken as I was driving back to my flat. I wondered why the incident happened? I wondered what I had done to cause it? I wondered why Fr. D. McCaffrey, a Discalced Carmelite priest, seemed to have no care for my feelings nor insight into the wrongness of what he did to me? He never apologized.

I felt a very heavy weight in my heart, as I thought about - how could I repair my relationship with God? I had no one to talk with about it. I lived alone.

After much prayer, I decided that the best thing would be for me to go to confession to a different Church in Dublin, to a priest that I did not know, and confess that I had sinned sexually with a priest. I decided to confess it as me being totally responsible, because I did not know what responsibility was mine before God.

The next time that I met Fr. Powell, who was my regular confessor, I told him what had happened. He offered me absolution. I declined the absolution and told him that I had already been to confession and had received absolution.

I told Fr. Powell that I wanted him to be free to speak to whoever he needed to about it without the seal of confession being a hindrance to him in my regard.

Fr. Powell asked my permission for him to talk with Fr. Mulcahy about my experience. I agreed.

On several occasions, Fr. Powell told me that Fr. Mulcahy wanted me to give them the name of the priest involved, in order to give him what is called "fraternal correction". I was naive and held back for a long time from giving out the name of Fr. Desmond McCaffrey to anyone, since I felt that I had no right to openly accuse anyone other than myself. After much prayer, I finally gave the name of Fr. D. McCaffrey to Fr. Powell.

At some point later, Fr. D. McCaffrey phoned me at work and was interested in getting together with me again. There was no apology in his voice and he did not seem to have any sense of guilt about what had happened. I told him that I did not wish to see him again and I hung up.

Fr. Powell did make an appointment and did see Fr. Desmond McCaffrey about the incident. Fr. Powell said that Fr. D. McCaffrey seemed annoyed that he was found out. He also made Fr. Powell feel bad for presuming to give fraternal correction to a brother priest, even though the content was of serious matter.

Fr. Powell told me that he was surprised by the less than humble reaction of the Carmelite priest. Fr. Powell told me that he recognized the priest as someone who studied in Rome at the same university and at the same time that he did several years previously.

Nothing further was done at that time. Soon after, I left for England to continue my post graduate medical training.

2006

In the summer of 2006, I had the opportunity to do a 36 Day Retreat on the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola at a Jesuit Retreat House in Los Altos, California. My spiritual director was in transition from being the Jesuit Provincial of England, Scotland, Wales, and South Africa and was on his way to a new position in South Africa.

During the retreat, I felt that I should open up and share my story of what happened to me in Ireland. The Jesuit priest was a psychotherapist from London. He told me that I had experienced a sexual assault. That was the first time that I was able to put a name on what happened to me in my experience with Fr. D. McCaffrey.

THE PRESENT

I was in Ireland this past May, 2010 to attend a family wedding in County Mayo. After my flight from Chicago to Dublin and after I checked into the Westbury Hotel, I went to the lunchtime Mass at St. Teresa's Church nearby, with the intention of thanking God for my safe flight and for my joy at being back in Ireland to see my relatives again.

To my surprise, I saw the name of Fr. Desmond McCaffrey. It brought back sad memories. After Mass, I went back to the hotel and phoned Fr. Oliver Powell. He remembered me and my experience with Fr. D. McCaffrey. I told him that I thought that I would share my story with Archbishop Martin. Fr. Powell said that he was happy to speak on my behalf as needed. Fr. Powell is a very kind person.

As I had been reading over the internet about the priest sex abuse problems in Ireland, I have been impressed by what I am reading of the honesty and courage of the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Martin, in standing up for the victims in cases of clergy abuse, even at the expense of his own fellowship with his fellow priests and bishops, who have not wanted to deal honestly with the issue.

I felt led to write a letter to Archbishop Martin to let him know of my personal experience.

I am very grateful to Archbishop Martin for actually making time in his busy schedule to meet with me for an hour on the only Saturday morning that I had left before leaving Ireland.

Dr. Martin listened to my story with compassion and understanding. I praise him for actively addressing the problem of clergy sex abuse in Ireland.

Of most concern to me at the time in the 1970s, was the apparent lack of conscience by Fr. Desmond McCaffrey about what he did to me, with no apology and no apparent remorse. He was exhibitionist in his behavior towards me.

Fr. D. McCaffrey acted as one who felt invulnerable and protected by the power of "Holy Mother Church", with no need to be accountable for his actions.

I have forgiven Fr. Desmond McCaffrey from the time that I was able to repair my relationship with God and speak with Fr. Oliver Powell about it in the 1970s.

The reason that I have the courage to talk about the sexual assault at this time is because I know that there are some leaders in our Church now, in particular Dublin's own Dr. Diarmuid Martin, the Archbishop of Dublin, who are willing to listen to the victims, to understand the personal trauma that sex abuse can cause, and who have the desire and authority to make the necessary changes in our Church to end clergy sexual abuse as much as possible.

Thank you for your consideration.

Sincerely yours,

Dr. Rosemary Eileen McHugh, M.D.

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