

# STATEMENT OF COMPLAINT

I, AC  
(Please Print Full Name)

Date of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_

OF \_\_\_\_\_

(Please give sufficient details of how you can be contacted, including any special arrangements for safeguarding your privacy.)

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Mobile: \_\_\_\_\_ Email: \_\_\_\_\_ @ \_\_\_\_\_

WISH TO MAKE A COMPLAINT TO THE APPROPRIATE CHURCH AUTHORITY AGAINST:

FR McALINDON  
(name of the person)

WHO AT THE TIME IN QUESTION WAS WORKING IN AN OFFICIAL CAPACITY FOR THE CHURCH AS:

ASSISTANT PRIEST at OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY PARISH

(give title or description of the church position held by the person at the time in question)

MATTLAND DIOCESE

on 1955 or 1957 at ST JOSEPH'S SCHOOL TARCE

(years or precise date/s if known)

(city, town or suburb, or name of parish, school or church agency)

## NATURE OF COMPLAINT:

(Please give details of the behaviour that is the subject of this complaint)

I went to live with my grandparent BR at Tarce when I was approximately aged three. I commenced school at St Joseph's Convent where I took part in all school plays and musicals and church celebrations.

I have a vivid memory of FR McAlinden being at the parish from early on. He used to drive the young children home after rehearsal. I'm sure he drove an FJ Holden because my grandparent had the same model car. Father used to leave me until last when he took the children home. He would invite me to sit closer to him. He would put his arm around me and cuddle me much differently to how my family cuddled me and he would kiss me passionately. As a child I thought of them as wet kisses, they were so different to the kisses my grandparent gave me. He made me feel special and his job. I just remember very wet kisses - no I think I would recall if he tried to put his tongue in my mouth. It was cuddling and I can remember his hands holding my hands. (See attached page)

I WISH TO INCLUDE THE FOLLOWING ADDITIONAL COMMENTS IN MY STATEMENT OF COMPLAINT:

In the context of his confessional with authority and under privilege leading a vulnerable person to speak of secret confessional matters - be it thoughts or actions - these can no doubt not Father McAlinden through his suggestive questioning lead me into a premature sexual encounter, and there is no doubt he did the same thing with those wet kisses. I do not see myself as a victim but this behaviour along with my already vulnerable disposition as a only child of separated parent contributed to unfortunate experiences in

my later teenage life; the most important of which was a pregnancy at 16.

AC  
i. l. ad.

AS A RESULT OF THIS COMPLAINT, I EXPECT THAT:

I want it to be addressed and whatever the procedure I want  
to be part of it.  
It seems it has been an affecting episode in my life and if  
people in their fair mind think that compensation is warranted  
I will be part of that.

I HAVE BEEN ADVISED THAT IF MY COMPLAINT INVOLVES CRIMINAL BEHAVIOUR  
 I RETAIN THE RIGHT TO MAKE MY COMPLAINT TO THE POLICE AT ANY TIME.

- Q. Have you notified the police? A <Yes  No (please tick appropriately)
- Q. Do you intend to notify the police A <Yes  No *see addendum #*

THIS FORMAL STATEMENT OF COMPLAINT IS MADE BY ME THE UNDERSIGNED ON THIS  
12th DAY OF THE MONTH OF JUNE IN THE YEAR 2002

AC  
 (Signature of Complainant)

BEFORE ME Signed

(Signature of duly appointed Contact Person as witness)

ADRIENNE CONNAGHAN  
 (Please print Name of Contact Person)

If you were not the actual victim of the matters(s) above, please give the name and address of the victim.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Is he or she aware that you are making this complaint? Yes:  No:

Does he or she agree with you making this complaint? Yes:  No:

Is he/she prepared to talk to someone about this complaint? Yes:  No:  Not known

Interpreter: (If applicable) LANGUAGE USED: \_\_\_\_\_

I attest that the translation of this statement is as an accurate and complete record:

\_\_\_\_\_  
 (Signature of Interpreter)

INTERPRETER'S NAME: (Please Print Full Name)

\_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS:

\_\_\_\_\_  
 PHONE NUMBER: MOBILE: E-MAIL:

The Contact Person is charged with delivering this Statement to the Professional Standards Resource Group, 276 Pitt St Sydney 2000 that will in turn ensure that it is brought promptly to the attention of the appropriate Church Authority.

AC

It was so continual I don't remember the number of occasions when this occurred. It was constant, there would be so many rehearsals before an event.

I am not aware if this happened to anybody else. The other kids called me FR McAulindin's pet.

I can't be certain if it started in second class or fourth class. If FR McAulindin was in the period in that year then it was second class, 1955.

because it started to happen almost as soon as he arrived in the period. He was a very handsome and charming man.

I had a break from the school in third class because I became sick so my grandparent sent me to my mother in Sydney and I spent almost the entire year in bed.

I returned to St Joseph's in fourth class. In fifth and sixth class I was involved in all those school activities. Whenever he was there he took me home - I cannot be more specific but it happened while ever I was a day pupil and he was there.

I went to St Joseph's college boarding school from first to third year 1960-1962. During that time he wasn't there a lot but if he was then he would seek me out. Girls would come and say FR McAulindin is looking for you - he would show me extra signs of affection more than other young girls would get - like holding my hand, stroking it asking what I had been doing. Let me say ordinarily these displays of affection wouldn't be unseemly however in this context it was a reinforcement. There were no occasions when I would be alone with him other than I was at boarding school. It could have been on the playground. There was an area we called the weather shed and girls might say he was there looking for me - Sometimes

16/02  
 other girls might be around. There were numerous occasions where father McAlinden would take the opportunity to seek me out and pay me special attention.

He had gone away at some stage, he came back and was limping using a stick. He told me he had been to New Guinea.

I moved to Sydney to live with my mother in 1963 when I was fourteen. Redacted at Commissioner's direction

One day I was at home sick from school. My mother was at work. He lived at Revesby. There was a knock at the door, I looked out the window and saw Father McAlinden's car parked in the street with children in the car. It was a small H/C house + I slept on a divan in the living room.

I put on my dressing gown. It had slits in the side for a belt to tie at the front, letting the back fall loose.

When I opened the door he came in. In this small room crowded with furniture father McAlinden made a very determined approach to be physically intimate beyond passionate kissing. He kissed it was still a wet kiss and I was frightened it was unwanted. I think it was his urgency that frightened me. I was a teenager it was very different to the paternal affection and the sexual kiss which gave me comfort when I was younger. This time it was urgent, it was predatory and it was unwanted.

I remember his hands through the slits in my dressing gown. One slit was broken so the hand

could get through. I remember his hands trying to fondle me through the slit. I remember the feeling of being frightened and I remember his small - maybe of his clothing. I can't remember any awareness of him having an erection and I certainly would not at that age have had any awareness or experience of

7/1/62  
an erection

I remember the children remained in the car. I asked if he would like to visit them in but he said no, that they were his nieces and nephews.

I would have offered him a cup of tea because I was brought up that way. It was quite ironic that he made this approach to me. It was my first experience of ~~feeling~~ wanting to extricate myself from unwanted sexual advances, barely being able to cope & get rid of him but I didn't cope mentally and psychologically because he was a priest. I'm not certain but I think I may have begged him to go because I was upset. I think all of this took place over a period of an hour.

He must have visited me again because he sent me a letter on a small piece of paper. Over the years I had forgotten about it until my mother died four years ago when I was clearing up her and my things. He mentioned in the letter visiting again but I wasn't in. I'm sure I can remember him coming again but I didn't let him in.

I have tried to locate that letter. I was looking for it last night. It may be in another box.

I did not have contact with him again until 1966 when I sought him out with my underage fiance to ask him to marry us. He was at Greta at that time but he declined our request because he couldn't marry us without signed parental permission.

At the time the above events occurred I did not discuss them with anyone. 910

I became pregnant at sixteen and the child was

AC

5

NSWPF37

4/6/02  
admitted out.

In the course of a conversation with my mother when we were discussing the past and I was told I had brought shame on the family by having an illegitimate child, in angry resentment I told my mother ~~of~~ about how from the time I was in second class Father McAlindin was "passing me off". She responded ~~it~~ with disgust that I was a liar.

I have also discussed it with friends over the years who are all Catholics.

I have tried over the years to understand this in the light of the rules this man had tried to adhere to and that his sexual frustration must have been significant in his preying on me.

addendum re: Criminal behaviour

If other serious complaints are made about father  
McAlinden, if the Professional Standards Office is made  
aware through other complaints ~~that~~ ~~that~~ of  
other (criminal) behaviour by him, then  
I would like my experience to be used in  
consideration.

2/6/03

AC

copy

Typed and corrected copy of handwritten deposition taken on 12<sup>th</sup> June 2002.

Corrections are in bold and italicised. They are, on the whole, corrections of nuance of meaning which tone carries, and ones of precision where indicative pronouns leave the meaning less than clear. *Spoken*

I went to live with my grandparents ( *BR* ) at Taree when I was app. aged three. I commenced school at St Joseph's Convent where I took part in all school plays and musicals and church celebrations.

I have a vivid memory of FR McAlinden being at the parish from early on. He used to drive the young children home after rehearsals. I'm sure he drove a FJ Holden because my grand parents had the same model car.

Father used to leave me last when he took the children home. He would invite me to sit closer to him. He would put his arm around me and cuddle me much differently to how my family cuddled me, and he would kiss me passionately. As a child I thought of them as wet kisses; they were so different to the kisses my grandparents gave me. He made me feel special and his pet. I just remember very wet kisses, and I think I would recall if he tried to put his tongue in my mouth. It was cuddling and I can remember his hands holding my hands.

It was so continual, I don't remember the number of occasions when this occurred it was constant; there would be so many rehearsals before an event.

I am not aware if this happened to anyone else. The other kids called me Fr McAlinden's pet. I can't be certain if it started in second class or fourth class. If Fr McAlinden was in the parish in that year then it was second class - 1955 - because it started to happen almost as soon as he arrived in the parish. He was a very handsome and charming man.

I had a break from the school in third class because I became sick, so my grandparents sent me to my mother in Sydney, and I spent almost the entire year in bed.

I returned to St Joseph's in fourth class. In fifth and sixth class I was involved in all school activities. Whenever he was there he took me home - I cannot be more specific, but it happened while ever I was a day pupil and he was there.

I went to St Joseph's College, a boarding school, from first to third year, 1960 - 1962. During that time he wasn't there a lot, but if he was there, he would seek me out. Girls would come and say 'Fr McAlinden is looking for you.' He would show me extra signs of affection, more than other girls would get - like holding my hand, stroking it and asking what I had been doing. Let me say, ordinarily these displays of affection wouldn't be unseemly, however in this context it was reinforcement. There were no occasions when I would be alone with him when I was in boarding school. It could have been in the playground. There was an area we called the weather shed and girls might say he was there looking for me - sometimes. Other girls might be around. There were numerous occasions when Father McAlinden would take the opportunity to seek me out and pay me special attention.



He had gone away at some stage; he came back and was limping, using a stick. He told me he had been to New Guinea.

AC I moved to Sydney to live with my mother in 1964 when I was fourteen. Redacted at Commissioner's direction. One day I was at home - sick on ~~holidays~~ - my mother was at work, we lived at Revesby. There was a knock at the door. I looked out the window and saw Fr McAlinden's car parked in the street with children in the car. It was a small Housing Commission house. I slept on a divan in the living room. I put on my dressing gown. It had slits in the sides to tie at the front letting the back fall loose. When I opened the door, he came in. In this small room crowded with furniture, Fr McAlinden made a very determined approach to be physically intimate beyond passionate kissing. He kissed me; it was still a wet kiss and I was frightened; it was unwanted. I think it was his urgency that frightened me. I was now a teenager, and it was very different to 'the paternal' affection and the sexual kiss which gave me comfort when I was younger. This time it was urgent, it was predatory, and it was unwanted. I remember his hands through the slits in my dressing gown. One slit was broken, so his hand could get through. I remember his hands trying to fondle me through the slits. I remember the feeling of being frightened, and I remember his smell, maybe of his clothing. I can't remember any awareness of him having an erection, and I certainly would not, at that age, have had any awareness or experience of an erection. AC

I remember the children remained in the car. I asked if he would like to invite them in and he said no, they were his nieces and nephews. I would have offered him a cup of tea because I was brought up that way. It was quite soon that he made this approach to me. It was my first experience of wanting to extricate myself from unwanted sexual advance - barely being able to cope. I got rid of him, but I did not cope mentally or psychologically because he was a priest. I'm not certain, but I think I may have begged him to go because I was upset. I think all of this may have taken place over a period of an hour.

He must have visited me again because he sent me a letter on small paper. Over the years I had forgotten about it until my mother died a few years ago. I found it when I was cleaning up her and my things. He mentioned in the letter visiting again, but I wasn't in. I'm sure I could remember if I saw him again at Revesby - *perhaps* I didn't let him in.

I have tried to locate the letter. I was looking for it last night; it may be in another box.

I did not have contact with him again until 1966 when I sought him out with my under-age fiancé to ask him to marry us. He was at Greta at that time, but he declined our request because he couldn't marry us without signed parental permission.

At the time the above events occurred I did not discuss them with anyone.

I became pregnant at sixteen and my child was adopted out.

In the course of a conversation with my mother when we were discussing the past, and I was told I had brought shame on the family by having an illegitimate child, in angry reprimand I

told my mother about how from the time I was in second class Father Mc Alinden was 'pashhing me off.' She responded with disgust that I was a liar.

I have discussed it with friends, who are all Catholics, over the years.

I have tried over the years to understand this in the light of the rules this man had tried to adhere to, and that his sexual frustration must have been significant in his preying on me.

Addendum re criminal behaviour.

If other serious complaints are made about Fr McAlinden, if the Professional Standards Office is made aware through other complaints of other (criminal) behaviour by him, then I would like my experiences to be used in collaboration.

I wish to include the following additional comments in my statement of complaint.

In the context of the confessional with authority and under privilege, leading a vulnerable person to speak of secret carnal matters, be it thoughts or actions, there can be no doubt that Fr McAlinden, through his suggestive questioning, led me into premature sexual awareness *for his own purposes*, and there is no doubt that he did the same with his wet kisses. I do not see myself as a victim, but his behaviour, along with my already vulnerable disposition as an only child of separated parents, did, *I feel*, contribute to most unfortunate experiences in my later teenage life; the most important of which was a pregnancy at 16.

As a result of this complaint, I expect that:

I want it [*the complaint*] to be addressed; whatever the procedures, I want to be part of it. I know it [*these experiences at such an early age*] were a *psychologically* affecting episode in my life, and if people in their fair mind think compensation is warranted *and just*, I will be part of that [*process*].