



Simon Czarnecki-Sindl: Further info re: testimony.

simon czarnecki-sindl

to:

fcdc

21/08/2012 08:14 AM

Hide Details

From: simon czarnecki-sindl [REDACTED]

To: <fcdc@parliament.vic.gov.au>

Hello, my name is Simon Czarnecki-Sindl.

I posted my 5 page testimony regarding what happened to me in 1974; Being raped by a priest.

This is the testimony I gave to Brokenrites and was used in my process of achieving an apology and some compensation by the catholic church.

I dont know if I gave enough details as to who I am.

Simon Czarnecki-Sindl



I personally dislike politicians.

I feel that anybody who is in a position of power via the process of a popular vote has a possible fundamental weakness.

That weakness is to do what his or her voting public wants in order to get votes, as opposed to what really needs to be done.

Alot of critically important policy making isn't that popular.

The voting public is very easily courted by the folk who sew the seeds of anxiety and doubt.

Yes we have a carbon tax (or similar) and to my knowledge the world we live in hasn't impolded.

Mr Politican Man /Ms Politician Woman.

Do this well (regretably YOU won't get any popularity points for this work)!!!!!!

The public is so bloody busy with important stuff like, who gets voted out in Big Brother, the price of smokes, road tolls and of course The Footy.

The **RAPE** of **CHILDREN** by **F#@KING PRIESTS** is not something People have time to listen to or want to hear about.

We survivors and more importantly our Brothers and Sisters who have taken their own lives, need you to do this well.

As for **US SURVIVORS !!!!**

You need to do your job well to make a difference to US.

18/7/10

Simon Czamecki-Sindl

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]


This is my statement regarding events which took place whilst I was an Alter Boy at [REDACTED] East Bentleigh in 1974. I was an Adopted Boy of 11 years who had great faith in God. These events have profoundly affected the course and quality of my life.

I was in Grade 6 at that time. I was one of the Alter Boys assisting Fr [REDACTED] and Fr [REDACTED]. The events commenced when I was an Alter Boy by my Self on this particular Sunday. I was caught by Fr [REDACTED] drinking the Alter wine directly out of the bottle prior to Mass. Fr [REDACTED] said something to me then shut the door, raised my Gown, lowered my pants and hit me on my bare backside several times (in the room behind the Alter). He told that I was in serious trouble for drinking the blood of Jesus Christ without the permission of a Priest. He said that I was influenced by the Devil and would have to work hard to overcome that influence and be trusted by Him. Fr [REDACTED] said He would have to tell My Father, I begged Him not to. I told Fr [REDACTED] that my Father was extremely strict and that He would explode. Fr [REDACTED] said in that case He would deal with this Him Self. He grabbed me and lifted by robe, lowered my pants and smacked my bare bottom several times very hard. I became very upset by what was going on, Fr [REDACTED] began to stroke my bare bottom and then hold me to console me. I settled down then we proceeded with the Mass.

The next few weeks at Mass there were 2 Alter Boys and there was no mention of the Alter Wine incident. It was difficult to get 2 Alter Boys for all the Masses. Fr [REDACTED] always helped me and the other Boys to get into and out of our Robes. To my recollection and surprise, there wasn't the same attention given to the other lads as to me. Fr [REDACTED] liked us all to look very neat and presentable.

The next time I worked as an Alter Boy was alone with Fr [REDACTED], after Mass Fr [REDACTED] asked me if My Parents had spoken to me about my penis becoming hard, I replied no. Fr [REDACTED] then began to speak to me about how the Devil worked in Boys. Fr [REDACTED] explained how a boy's penis could become hard. He said that effect on the Penis was the work of the Devil. Fr [REDACTED] told me that all Boys and Men sometimes had their Penis's go hard. Fr [REDACTED] said that Males who were more affected by the Devil got hard Penis's more often. Fr [REDACTED] paid a lot of attention to me getting into and out of my robe. He was very touchy and affectionate to me. I seem to recall enjoying this type of attention.

On the following occasions I worked solo, Fr [REDACTED] like usual helped me get into and out of my robe. Fr [REDACTED] told me that I was his No 1 Alter Boy. He was very affectionate when he helped me and touched me a lot all over my torso. I didn't object to this attention, I for some reason just didn't. The touching became more and more intense. I again didn't object to the touching directly onto my body under my Robe. Fr [REDACTED] eventually began to stroke my backside and then He did the same to my Penis. Much to my surprise my penis became hard by the touch of Fr [REDACTED]. I recall that Fr [REDACTED] had one hand in His gown when He was touching my penis. I too didn't object to this.



Fr [REDACTED] explained to me that The Devil made my Penis hard and that The Devil was trying to influence me. Fr [REDACTED] told me that he would do as much as possible to help me overcome The Devil's influence on me. Fr [REDACTED] told me to keep this our secret. He mentioned that he was not able to help all of the troubled Boy's. He said that if he was to do his job well he needed to have no interference from others at all. He also mentioned that my Parents would be distressed and devastated if they knew I had taken the blood of Christ and had been influenced by the Devil.

The next few weeks I worked as an Alter Boy in pairs with other Lads. Fr [REDACTED] assisted me and the other Lads in getting in and out of our robes. However there was none of the additional touching. I seem to recall that I was a bit let down by the fact that "his No 1 " Alter Boy wasn't getting as much attention as usual. During the course of the Mass I made a few mistakes, Fr [REDACTED] was furious and told me off after the Mass in front of the other lad in the room behind the Alter. Fr [REDACTED] sent the other Boy home and told me to tell my Parents I needed to stay and do some practice with him. I returned and Fr [REDACTED] locked the doors and again started to tell me how much the Devil had done his work causing me to make those mistakes. Fr [REDACTED] was very angry with me, he lowered my pants again and began to hit me on my bare bottom with great force. He told me he was telling the Devil to leave me alone by hitting me. I recall being in tears due to the hitting and due to being such a letdown to all concerned. Fr [REDACTED] again started to console me and hug me. He again stroked my bare bottom and around my penis. Fr [REDACTED] began to play more with my penis and again it began to get hard. Fr [REDACTED] then said that the Devil was affecting him as well. He undone his fly and pulled out his hard penis as well. He then began to play with both of our penises. Fr [REDACTED] used too much force and hurt my penis, I objected to the amount of force he was using. Fr [REDACTED] told me he had to use that much force on both of us due to the Devil being in both of us. I began to cry due to the pain, so Fr [REDACTED] stopped and began to hug and caress me again. I calmed down and again I recall enjoying the security and close affection given by Fr [REDACTED] I walked home for lunch after we had finished the practice.

Later on that day my Mother told me off for rubbing my penis through my clothes while I was watching the television. I didn't realise that I had been doing it. My Mother got my Father and they both told me off for what I had been doing. They told me that playing with ones penis was a cardinal sin. My Father was very strict and told me that only very bad people did that sort of thing. My Father then asked me if I knew it was a cardinal sin to play with one's own penis. I told him I was rubbing it due to it being sore. My Father then got very angry and yelled at me for being a bad boy and for lying to him. I yelled back that I wasn't lying, and that my penis was in fact very sore. He again yelled at me for playing with my penis so much that it was sore. I then for some reason told him that Fr [REDACTED] had caused my penis to be sore due to Fr [REDACTED] rough handling of my penis. My Father then erupted and dragged me to my room and hit me several times on the back of my legs with his belt. He was furious with me for making up such horrible stories about a Priest. My Father said I was living in a bad world and I was made to stay in my room until tea time. I felt completely devastated alone in my room for many reasons. I was upset for making my Parents angry, I was upset for betraying Fr [REDACTED] trust, I was upset for being such a letdown to both my Parents and Fr [REDACTED] I was most upset that no one believed a word I had said.

A few weeks passed working as an Alter boy with other lads. The situation was the same as in previous occasions when there were 2 Alter boys. Fr [REDACTED] helped us both get in and out of our Robe's. I again felt a bit let down for not getting the same amount of attention and affection as I had come to enjoy as Fr [REDACTED] No 1 Alter Boy. I asked Fr [REDACTED] if my work as an Alter Boy had improved. I was very nervous about making any further mistakes. I didn't want to let down Fr [REDACTED] or disappoint anybody. Fr [REDACTED] told me that we would do some more practice when he felt it was right to do so.

This Sunday was my last Sunday as an Alter Boy at [REDACTED] East Bentleigh.

After Mass Fr [REDACTED] told me to tell my Parents that I would walk home due to me needing to do some more practice as an Alter Boy. I returned and began to listen to Fr [REDACTED] instructions while he locked all the doors like usual. I told Fr [REDACTED] what had happened a few weeks ago with regard to me rubbing my penis and being told off by my Parents. I apologised to Fr [REDACTED] for telling my Parents, and breaking his trust. I told Fr [REDACTED] that my Parents didn't believe a word I had said.

Fr [REDACTED] became very very angry and began to pray and pray with his head raised up and hands out reached to the sky.

Fr [REDACTED] then pulled out his hard penis and poured some fluid from a silver vessel onto it.

Fr [REDACTED] grabbed me turned me around, pulled down my pants, bent me over a table then raped me. Fr [REDACTED] told me he was doing this as punishment for my sins. I can clearly recall it like it was yesterday and being in a lot of pain and crying out loud. Fr [REDACTED] stopped after I cried out and said that I had been punished enough. Fr [REDACTED] drove me home and on the way explained to me that if I made up any further stories I would never be taken seriously again by anybody. Fr [REDACTED] reminded me how angry my Father had been due to me telling him stories. Fr [REDACTED] asked me if I wanted to go on disappointing people all my life. I'm sure I told him "NO". I went inside and that was that.

The following day at school my Teacher called my Mother to school. She complained that I couldn't sit still. I was taken to the Doctors to see why I couldn't sit still. It was suggested by the Doctor I be given a donut pillow in order to help me sit still. Mum bought a donut pillow for me to sit on.

I made up my mind to not return to [REDACTED] the following week. I felt what Fr [REDACTED] did was very serious and that I probably deserved it. I was ashamed of the events that took place, ashamed of myself and didn't want my punishment to continue. I begged my Father if we could go to the [REDACTED] instead. I made up a story that I wanted to learn more of his Polish culture. Our Family went to [REDACTED] mass from that time onwards for several years.

I went on to form 1 at [REDACTED] East Bentleigh the following year. I saw Fr [REDACTED] on the odd occasion at youth group meetings in the youth group hall at [REDACTED]. Fr [REDACTED] left [REDACTED] a year or so later.

My future I feel has been profoundly affected by these events that took place in the later part of 1974. These events in my life, I feel, after 10 years of Psychiatry have had a significant effect on my future and are related to Fr [REDACTED] appalling breach of "Duty of Care" and "Predatorily" behaviour!

In the last 3 months or so I have been working closely with a Woman who was sexually assaulted. I to my dislike have identified behaviours in her that upset me and prompted some bad memories. I feel that I became more aware and upset due to identifying in me some of her behaviours. This recognition has prompted my memory to access information I haven't accessed for decades. I discussed these recollections with my treating Psychiatrist of the past 10 years Dr [REDACTED]. He explained the bodies self defence system called the suppressed memory. I have been ashamed by what has happened to me. I for so many decades considered myself to have contributed to these events. I have been ashamed about my confused sexuality because I was aroused by some of Fr [REDACTED] actions. I felt that I deserved this to happen to me. With the help of Dr [REDACTED] I realise that nobody deserves to be put through this kind of hellish treatment. I, prompted by all the recent media coverage of this vital topic have been tempted to report Fr [REDACTED]. I have been angry to the point of self harm and a danger to myself and others on occasion due to these events. Dr [REDACTED] is well aware of these noted events.

The media interviewed a man outside a court house on television a few weeks ago about being a victim of sexual abuse by a Priest. I felt that I identified with this man very strongly. I heard on television the mention of the "Brokenrites" organisation and what role they played in this despicable mess. I looked up their telephone number and rang to report my situation. I need to get this out in the open move on and begin the healing process. This has hurt me so much. I can't deal with this anymore by myself.

Below in pointform are a list of events in my life that I now consider to be directly linked to my sexual assault and rape at the hands of Fr [REDACTED].

- A lack of respect for authority figures.
- A lack of respect for my Teachers (this is clearly noted in my school report).
- My school marks dropped to the point that I failed form 4 and 5.
- Major issues with intimacy
- Relationship problems, unable to get close to anybody except for [REDACTED]
- I was terminated from my apprenticeship leaving it unfinished. *reception*
- I have had over 25 menial jobs, well below my potential I feel. *casual welder*
- I got into trouble with the police twice and went to court on both occasions.
- I had a drug and Alcohol habit for 12 years requiring supervised medical rehabilitation
- I have had 26 addresses unable to live with people for long.
- Unable to trust people, I carry a knife all the time, I cannot be cornered.
- Sore's around my anus and my mouth when I'm stressed (treated by doctors for years).
- I have moved states to get away from what's behind me (WA, NSW).
- Several break downs, 2 on workcover with 15 months off work. The breakdown a few years ago required 2 weeks in a Psychiatric hospital.
- 10 years of Psychiatric treatment requiring medications for Anxiety and depression.
- Sexual confusion. Unable to get physically close to People.
- I have changed my name 3 times. Ashamed of who I was/am. *my past*
- I have started 4 T.A.F.E courses and finished 1 with the help of the Special Education Unit.
- Lost wages due to an inordinately large amount of time of work.

- Unable to plan for the future.
- Financial planning difficulties.
- Spending money that I didn't have via credit cards then, struggling to repay them. *camera 201*
- Starting my own business, failing and becoming insolvent. *Bankrupt 19*

I have been treated by 3 psychologists and 1 councillor for problems I at the time could not even begin to get a grasp on. 2 Of the psychologists and the councillor were paid for by myself. My cost estimate is for these visits is (9x psychologist visits \$75each. 24x Councillor\$ 60each) \$ 2115.00

I have been treated by Dr [REDACTED] Psychiatrist at [REDACTED]. Dr [REDACTED] is happy to be contacted regarding this matter. As a part of my treatment for Anxiety and Depression, I have been on a several medications in the last 10 years, and still am on 2 medications. Some have been paid for by Workcover. However the majority have been paid for by my self. My cost estimate for these medications is (84mths x \$40.00 p/mth) \$3360.00

I don't know where to begin to place a cost on the time I've had off work. My cost estimate for lost wages is ( 27 years work, 35 days off/year @\$50per day) \$25,515.00  
100 50,000  
 Total ~~\$20,990.00~~ *80+*

With these tangible figures above I can only begin to mention to profound and wide reaching cost of what has happened to me. This Man-this Priest- Man of God-someone who was given the task of caring for and guiding Children. This Man who decided to seize on Me and intimidate Me, emotionally destroy Me, play with my genitals then place His erect penis into my adolescent anus! That bloody hurt Me in so many ways you Prick [REDACTED] I hope you are rotting in Hell now you Bastard!

I drive a School Bus for the transportation of Disabled Children. I look after these Children as if they were my own. I treat them with the highest respect and care that they deserve. I have intentionally broken the cycle because I'm an intelligent Man! I on a daily basis care for my passengers with 5 star care , it's what they deserve. I see the trust their Parents put in me every morning, and I repay them with exemplary duty of care and service. That's how you care for kids!

And now I have to mention the Hell I gave my Father, Mother and Sister. I was a very angry and out of control young Man after [REDACTED] finished with me. My Mother died nearly 3 years ago, and I almost daily Pray to Her and apologise for the grief I caused her. My Dad has dementure and now lives in a Age Care Facility. He can't recall much, but He does sorrowfully recall my harrowing adolescence. Sorry Dad. The good Mates I've lost, the Bosses I've let down, the People I have directed my unfortunate anger/bloody rage at. I'm starting to sound like Kevin Rudd. Sorry to you all.

This is my Testimony Simon Czarnecki-Sindl