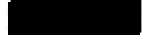




Submission to Victorian Parliamentary Enquiry into Church Sex-abuse Fiona Mary
Rose Malseed

[REDACTED]
to:
fcde
29/08/2012 02:47 PM
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To: <fcde@parliament.vic.gov.au>



Subject: Submission to Victorian Parliamentary Enquiry into Church Sex-abuse Fiona Mary Rose Malseed

This is a formal submission to the Victorian Parliament Inquiry into church sex-abuse .
My name is Fiona Mary Rose Ferguson(nee Malseed), born [REDACTED] 1967 in Heywood, Victoria.
The attached police statement dated 11th May, 1998 documents in some detail events which
occurred while i was a boarder at Monivae College, Hamilton,
commencing in year 9, 1982, aged 14 years. During the next 18 months i was regularly subjected
to molestation and sexual abuse by Father [REDACTED]
It became too much to bare and i eventually left for Portland to escape.
I believe that during my stay at Monivae College, the was a total breach of duty of care by the
Catholic Church.
I become totally dependent on Father [REDACTED] during this time as my family had abandoned me.

The events which occurred during my stay at Monivae College have had a profound effect on my
life and mental state from then

- i suffer from severe depression and panic attacks and have undergone psychiatric
counseling over the years
- [REDACTED]

- i am a woman who cannot write, spell or add, i did eventually complete a chefs course as a mature age student
- [REDACTED]
- i am a woman who is confused about the world and cannot trust anyone
- i am a woman who was "made dead" by Father [REDACTED]
- [REDACTED]
- i was a little girl who was scared

When initially i went to Portland Police station to make a statement i was told that they needed to find another police woman [REDACTED]

[REDACTED], hence eventually made a statement (attached) to Sgt Louise Bryant from Warrnambool police station.

The statement was forwarded to Hamilton Police station and several times i attended to discuss statement.

[REDACTED]

Yours sincerely

Fiona Mary Rose Malseed [REDACTED]

MALSEED, Fiona Mary-Rose

STATES: My full name is Fiona Mary-Rose Malseed and I am 30 years of age born on the [REDACTED] 1967.

When I was a student at Monivae College in Hamilton I was molested by a teacher at the school. By molested I mean I was kissed and fondled in a sexual manner on my breasts and on my vagina. When this begun I believe I was about fourteen years of age and it was after I started at Monivae Senior School in Year 9. I was in Year 9 in 1982.

The teacher who molested me was my Year 9 maths teacher, Father [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Father [REDACTED] resided at Monivae and first taught me in Year 9. Maths was the only subject I can recall he taught me in Year 9.

Initially in 1982 I was living at home but about half way through the year I became a boarder at Monivae. This was due to my parents' marital breakdown.

Early in the Year 9, school year, Father [REDACTED] called me to his office because he had located a book which he thought I may know something about. The book had comments in it about me and he spoke to me about this. At the end of our conversation he said that I could confide in him and he could assist me if I was having any problems. He also suggested that he could help me with my maths which I was having difficulties with. When he was talking with me he suggested that I did not have to speak with him in person if I didn't want to, but I could leave a note under his door with any problems I had.

I decided I would do this and began writing to him as my home life was very difficult. There had been abuse in the home, my parents were splitting up and I was not happy at home. I wrote many letters to Father [REDACTED] I would estimate about fifty in total. They were about my life, what was happening at home and how I felt. I would also go and speak with Father [REDACTED] about these problems. Initially I was reserved and did not tell him a lot, but over a period of time he gained my trust and I would tell him more about me. I found it easier initially to write to him, then later on to talk with him. I would pop the letters under his door and at first he would ask me if I would like to see him about what I had wrote in the letter. Initially I would write the letters and there was not much discussion between us over the contents. That came latter on, when I trusted him enough to sit down and talk to him about the letters. Finally I could walk in and see him and hand him the letter and discuss with him how I felt.

These discussions would take place in his office/ come bedroom. This was the one room and was located on the second floor above the chapel at the college. This room faced

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north and overlooked the courtyard. I would see Father [REDACTED] in his room at recess or lunchtime and when I began living at the college I would also see him on occasions after school. I also saw him in class. Sometimes we had arranged a meeting and at other times I would just go up to his room when I wanted to speak with him. This went on for sometime to a point where I trusted him and I could openly speak with him.

It was during this time that he would hold my hand in his, in a comforting manner. I truly felt that I could trust him, he was a parent figure and I was becoming very dependent on him. We were very close and I felt he listened to me and cared about me. I felt this was more than what my direct family offered. He told me regularly he loved me.

After I became a boarder at Monivae I would see and talk to him almost every day in his room or around the school. This included weekends. I was a boarder when I disclosed to Father [REDACTED] that I had been sexually abused. Also present was the dormitory mistress, [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] had been present on some occasions when I was very emotional, this was towards the end of my counselling sessions with Father [REDACTED]. During the initial sessions she was not present. The sexual abuse was the hardest thing I had to tell him. I could not tell him directly but wrote a note telling him about the sexual abuse. This was never discussed in detail and I was in a bad way emotionally at the time. Directly after this disclosure I became sick, I believe I had some type of mental breakdown and I ended up staying in bed for about three days. I believe I was given sedatives, however, I can't recall seeing a doctor. During this time [REDACTED] and Father [REDACTED] looked after me and cared for me. School was on at the time and I was a boarder at the college.

Shortly after I had been sick I went with friends to the Heathcote Drags in Heathcote, Victoria. I believe this was in the latter half of 1982. This was a large event with people coming from everywhere. It was not the speedway but actual drags. I believe the drags were held all day on Saturday. I went with three friends. I can vividly recall that we camped at Heathcote Friday and Saturday night.

The first time Father [REDACTED] sexually touched me was the next school day after that weekend. This I believe was either the Monday or Tuesday following. I'm not sure if the drags were held on a long weekend but I'm positive that I was not on school holidays. Father [REDACTED] invited me to go for a drive in one of the school cars. I know it was a school day and we went for the drive after school. It was daylight when we left the school. Father [REDACTED] was driving and I was the only passenger. I'm not sure what the reason for the drive was. I can't recall which car we went in however it was

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one of several cars which were the same model which the priests used. They were Toyotas. Father [REDACTED] drove out of Hamilton past the cemetery and I believe in the direction of Penshurst. It was not a main road and we travelled for about fifteen minutes in the car. Father [REDACTED] stopped the car in a type of picnic area and we began talking about the weekend. I told him how I had met some boys from Melbourne and they had invited me to Melbourne. Father [REDACTED] became angry at me and bent over from the driver's seat and put me in a headlock. This was totally unexpected. He then held my head and pushed me down towards him. My head was pinned on his legs. I felt I could not move as he had me very firmly and it hurt. I then said for him to let me go and he said 'Try to get out of it?'. I asked him why he was hurting me and I felt scared as I thought he was going to really hurt me. I didn't know what was going on as he had never acted in this manner before. He then said, 'This would be no different if it was those two boys. They could have got you in this position, raped you and thrown you out of the car.' Father [REDACTED] was very angry and he made me promise that I would never get in a car with strange men again. I made this promise to him. He then let me go and I sat up in the front passenger seat again. Within moments he started to cuddle me by leaning over to my seat and embracing me. Father [REDACTED] then kissed me with his mouth on my mouth. He then put his tongue in my mouth and continued to give me a long kiss. I felt shocked and scared and I can remember this kiss was drawn out. When he stopped kissing me I asked him why did he kiss me and wasn't it wrong for him to be doing that. He replied that he loved me and it wasn't wrong for him to kiss me in this way.

Father [REDACTED] then kissed me several more times. I believe we were stationary at this location for about an hour all up. Each time he kissed me it was for thirty or forty seconds and in total I believe he kissed me for the whole hour on and off. The conversation took place in the first fifteen minutes and then after that we just sat in there and kissed until he finished and we went back to the school.

I didnt like him kissing me as I knew he was a priest so I knew it was wrong and I felt confused. I went along with him kissing me as I knew he wanted to kiss me. I remember being very stiff and just not believing what was happening. I recall he said I was a good kisser and that it was nice. When he finished Father [REDACTED] just drove back to school. It was still daylight when we drove back to school.

After this incident it became a regular occurrence for Father [REDACTED] to kiss me in this way. I would describe the frequency of this type of kissing as daily. Whilst a boarder at Monivae I can recall several incidents where Father [REDACTED] molested me. I am unsure of the sequence of these incidents.

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Statement interrupted at 1.00p.m. on Saturday the 11th of April, 1998, at Portland Police Station.

Statement recommenced on Monday the 11th of May, 1998, at Portland Police Station at 9.50a.m.

One of the incidents where Father [REDACTED] assaulted me occurred in the chapel of Monivae college on a Sunday evening.

On Sunday's the chapel would be opened for about an hour in the evening. There was soft music played, the lights were dimmed and people could reflect and meditate. Father [REDACTED] also conducted confessionals for students.

On this Sunday evening I can remember going to confession and after I had been Father [REDACTED] asked me to stay back. Father [REDACTED] took me for this confession. I waited in the chapel until everyone had gone. He then took me into the back room where the priests' get changed. He was in his robes and the he changed out of them in front of me. He had clothes underneath. He then tongue kissed me for sometime. I spoke to him and told him that I didn't think it was right, to be doing this in the chapel, however he reassured me that this was fine. I estimate I was in this room with him for about fifteen minutes and he kissed and embraced me throughout that time. This was the only time Father [REDACTED] assaulted me in the chapel area. At the time this occurred I was a border at Monivae.

Another incident I can recall was when I was in his room cleaning. I was allowed to go into his room when he was not there in order to clean it. I recall I was doing some cleaning and he walked in through the back door (not the balcony side). We started to talk about some of his books. This was a star signs' book. I can recall this as I was surprised he would have a book about star signs. Then Father [REDACTED] grabbed me and started tongue kissing me as we were sitting on his bed.

His bed was a single bed and I was sitting towards the head of the bed and he was sitting beside me. After he kissed me we layed down together on the bed. We were both fully clothed. I'm not sure what we were wearing. This was on a weekend day as that is when I would clean the room.

We lay on the bed and kissed for fifteen minutes to half an hour. I then just got up and left the room.

This was not the only time Father [REDACTED] kissed me in his room, but I can recall this incident as being different to the other times, as this was the only time we talked about the star sign book.

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The next time I can recall him assaulting me in his room was when I went into see him early in the day. I believe it was about 9.00a.m. Father [REDACTED] was in bed when I entered the room. I believe it was a school day as it was strange that he was still in bed. The door was unlocked and I went into the room via the balcony entrance. When I went into room he called me over to the bed. He asked me to lay down with him on the bed. I went over and did this. He then kissed me several times. I was wearing my school dress and he had on his pyjamas. Both of us were under the blankets when this occurred. I was in the bed with him for about half an hour. I had a free period that morning so I wasn't missed. I stayed with him for most of this. I think a 'period' went for about forty minutes.

This was the only time I went into the room to find him in bed and in his pyjamas.

It was either on this last occasion or the occasion before where we had talked about the star sign book that Father [REDACTED] also fondled my breasts with his hands. This was skin to skin. I know it occurred when we were laying on the bed but I'm not sure on which of these occasions that this occurred.

Another occasion I can recall was when I was on a school excursion to the Grampians. Instead of going by bus with the other kids, I went in a car with Father [REDACTED]. There was only him and I in the car. Before we got to the meeting spot in the mountains Father [REDACTED] pulled into a bush track and stopped the car. This was one of the priests' cars.

When the car stopped he reached over and began kissing me. We were only there for about ten minutes and then we met up with the others on the excursion. On the way in the car Father [REDACTED] had held my hand. At the end of the day I returned to Monivae on the school bus.

There were several times when Father [REDACTED] and I would go to the Hamilton Lake in a car to talk. We would go there to talk and I can recall parking at different locations around the lake. It would always end up with him kissing me and sometimes touching my breasts.

On one of these occasions, I can recall Father [REDACTED] driving me to the lake area after we had been out in the car and we were on the way back to Monivae. He pulled from the highway into a park beside the lake. It was dark on this night. This was on the highway end of the lake. We sat there talking for awhile and then he kissed me. I can recall this time distinctly, from the other times at the lake, as it was the first time we had parked at this end of the lake.

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Another occasion at the lake was after we had been out and we were returning late at night. On the way back to school we pulled in to the top park, on the Monivae side of the lake. It was dark and we sat and talked in the car. Then he kissed me and he touched me on the breasts. His hands went up my jumper and fondled my breasts skin to skin. I did not wear a bra. After we had been there for about half an hour to an hour we went back to Monivae. This was a spot I hadn't been before and we had to drive over the grass to get to the area we parked. This was the only time we drove this way to that location.

The incidents which I have detailed to this point occurred prior to the first time Father [REDACTED] touched my vagina.

The first time he touched my vagina occurred in the [REDACTED] [REDACTED] room during school holidays in late 1982 to early 1983. Father [REDACTED] and I were staying at the school. The place was quite empty. I'm not sure who else was staying at the school but on this night Father [REDACTED] and I had dinner alone in the teachers' dining room. After dinner he asked me to come and sit on his knee on the chair in the dining room. He then kissed me and I made a comment to him that I thought the teachers would be shocked if they could see us now and he laughed. I was concerned that someone would walk in.

Then later that night we went down to [REDACTED] room in the girls dormitory to watch a movie. I sat on the floor and he lay on the couch behind me and he spent quite a bit of times with his hands down the front of my top touching my nipples. This was skin to skin.

At one stage thought I heard a noise, as if someone was coming or watching so he closed the curtains and told me that no one was watching us. Occasionally he would kiss me. He then asked me to come and lay on the couch with him. He then put his hand down my pants and touched me on my vagina. This was his bare hand onto the skin of my vagina. He touched all over the outside of my vagina but he did not put his finger or fingers inside my vagina. He touched me for what seemed like a very long time. This was uncomfortable physically and I was scared at what was happening. This was the first time he had touched me on my vagina. He stopped doing this when I said I had to go to the toilet. I felt wet in my pants and I thought I was getting my period. When I returned from the toilet I told Father [REDACTED] that I thought I must have been ovulating because of the wetness. There was no blood, however, I thought that this wetness must be due to my period coming.

After this we stopped watching T.V. and we both went to the room I was staying in.

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(A) I wasn't staying in the dormitory during the holidays. I was staying in a flat under the school dining room. When back in the flat I changed into my pyjamas and got into the bed. Father [REDACTED] then sat on the bed and then kissed me several times and then he said there was an intercom if I needed him during the night. He then left the room and locked the door on the way out. He then said good night over the intercom.

(B) There was a further incident that occurred in a flat on the top floor of Monivae. I had heard that students had been using a phone that was in an office on the top floor. I told Father [REDACTED] about this and I went up to the office with him to check if the phone was working. This was during a school day. When we were in the office he began kissing me. I was wearing my school uniform. We were in there for about twenty minutes to half an hour.

(C) The last of the occasions I can recall being assaulted whilst I was boarding at Monivae was in a little office which was located off the main entry. When you come into Monivae there is a large foyer and the room was just off this foyer and was used for family discussions and parent/teacher meetings. On this day there had been a meeting with Father [REDACTED], my mother, [REDACTED] and I. The meeting was about mediation between my mother and myself as things were not really good between us. After the meeting took place Father [REDACTED] and I stayed behind in the room and he gave me a smoke. It ended up with him kissing me in the room for sometime. We both then left the room.

I left Monivae for good in 1983 during the second term. The reason why I left is that my relationship with Father [REDACTED] had become intense. Kids at school were starting to suspect something was happening between us and were teasing me about this. It had got to the stage that now each time Father [REDACTED] and I were together he would usually touch my vagina and breasts. I was under a lot of pressure because I knew what was happening was wrong. I was starting to feel bad about myself. I was depressed and took an overdose and my behaviour was getting out of hand. I knew we were getting close to having sex and I didn't want to and didn't know what I could do to avoid this except leave.

After I had taken an overdose I was counselled by Father [REDACTED]. He was a very big man, tall and solidly built. He belonged to the [REDACTED] and was a marriage counsellor in the [REDACTED] area. He had an office in the main business area just near the main street. I went to Father [REDACTED] about three or four times. During one of these visits I told him that Father [REDACTED] had been kissing me and that I was worried about it.

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I didn't tell him about Father [REDACTED] touching my breasts or vagina as I thought Father [REDACTED] would get the sack or be sent away. He listened to me and I made him promises not to tell anyone. He didn't seem concerned about it. I didn't want him to tell anyone as I thought Father [REDACTED] would get into trouble. Father [REDACTED] assaults on me continued after this. Father [REDACTED] never mentioned that he knew I had told Father [REDACTED].

It was decided, during the first term in 1983, that I would go to Lisa Lodge Girls Home in Ballarat. I stayed at the lodge for two weeks before staying with [REDACTED] [REDACTED], a foster care lady, in [REDACTED]. I was away from Monivae for about two to three months.

When it was arranged for me to go to Lisa lodge in Ballarat, Father [REDACTED] drove me there. We left Monivae in the morning and he and I were alone in the car. On the way he pulled over the car just out of Ballarat on the Hamilton highway. We pulled over into carpark where he started kissing me and cuddling me goodbye. He did not touch me anywhere else. He was upset that I had previously taken the overdose and he felt this had put pressure on the school to transfer me. He then dropped me off at the Ballarat diocese at the counselling services division of the Catholic church. Father [REDACTED] then left me there and I was introduced to a counsellor named [REDACTED].

I never told [REDACTED] what had occurred.

I had been at Lisa Lodge for about a week when Father [REDACTED] came to visit. He took me to a drive to the beach and to visit his relatives in [REDACTED]. We walked up the beach hand in hand and talked. We then went back to his car where he kissed me several times and then he drove back to his families house. We had lunch at his parents' house. His mother, father, grand mother, sister and her husband were there. Then we went to his sister's house in Geelong and stayed there the night. I slept in a spare room and Father [REDACTED] slept in another spare room. When I went to bed he came and kissed me goodnight. This was passionately but not for long. I was in the bed and he was sitting beside me on the side of the bed.

The next morning he came in and woke me up. He was still in his pyjamas and he got into bed beside me. We were both under the covers. He said his sister and her husband were at work and he was kissing me. He then fondled my breasts with his hands and touched the outside of my vagina. He was touching my breasts and vagina skin to skin. He did not put his fingers inside my vagina. I was wearing either a nightie or pyjamas and he was wearing pyjamas. He was touching me both through the clothing and then skin to skin.

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He also was pressing his body against me and I could feel his hard penis against my groin area. I could feel this through our clothing. He was pushing and rubbing his penis against my body. I started to get really scared when I could feel his erect penis against me and I told him I wanted to get up. We then got up and got changed and we went back to Ballarat where he dropped me off at Lisa Lodge.

After I was at Lisa Lodge for couple of weeks I moved to the foster care home of [REDACTED]. This was in [REDACTED] just [REDACTED]. Father [REDACTED] came to visit me there and we went to a drive into Ballarat and spent the day having lunch and just driving around. In the afternoon as it was getting dark we went to the lake. He parked the car and then he kissed me and touched me on the breasts whilst in the car. Each time this occurred it seemed to be getting more intense, the sexual encounter. I estimate we were parked there for about an hour before he drove me back to [REDACTED] home.

[REDACTED] asked me the next day if Father [REDACTED] had ever molested me but I said 'No'. I was very dependent on Father [REDACTED] and we would be in contact with him each day. He was acting as my guardian and any decisions about my welfare and schooling he would make. I know my parents were not paying school fees but I'm not sure how this had come about.

I had stayed at Lisa Lodge and [REDACTED] in total for about two to three months. Then it was decided that I could return to Monivae.

When I left [REDACTED] to go back to Monivae, Father [REDACTED] came to pick me up. This was in the morning and I had made a picnic lunch of chicken and fresh rolls to have on the way home. He was driving and pulled off onto a side road about an hours travelling time from Ballarat. There was little picnic area at the end of the road and we had lunch at a picnic table. Whilst at the table he kissed me. He kissed me and talked me for about an hour. We then continued back to Monivae.

I was concerned about going back to Monivae as I knew he would see me more often and that he would want sex with me and I did not want this to happen. However I felt there was no way out of it. I cant recall the details but his assaults on me continued when I got back to Monivae. He would at least kiss me every day and sometimes touch me. Kids were teasing me and saying that I was in love with him and that they thought something was going on between the two of us. I felt enormous pressure and I was worried for him if we got caught together.

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I started asking if I could visit my brother in Portland. I knew if I could do this I would take off and not return to school. I had to beg the Principal, Father [redacted] and Father [redacted] to give me a weekend pass so I could go. I believe it was the second weekend after returning to Monivae that they gave me the pass. I went to my brothers in Portland and rang Father [redacted] at 1.00a.m. on the Sunday morning to tell him that I would not be coming back. He replied that it was okay.

When I left Monivae to go to Portland I never returned to the school. This was mid way through the second term of 1983. I had been living at Portland for about two months when I celebrated my sixteenth birthday with friends at the Richmond Henty Hotel.

Father [redacted] did try to contact me after I left and the only contact was initiated through me after this.

When I have spoken about Father [redacted] kissing me throughout this statement I am referring to passionate kissing and tongue kissing. This was definitely inappropriate in my view for a child my age at this time. There could be no mistake that the kissing was the kind such as in a parent/child relationship.

I moved to Sydney during 1994. I was seeking counselling in Sydney that I decided to ring Father [redacted] to challenge him to explain why he did these things to me. I also told him that I felt it was wrong what had happened and that I was concerned for other girls. I got a telephone number from Monivae College to contact him in Adelaide. One night I rang him and a woman answered the telephone. I asked for him, asking for Father [redacted]. He spoke with me and told me he had left the priesthood. He agreed with me that he should not have done the things he did back at school. I asked him if there were any more children and he said 'No.' I then asked him what he was going to do about his problem. I then told him if he wasnt going to do something about his problem that I felt I should report the matters. He said that he had been receiving counselling and that his grandfather had molested him when he was a boy. He gave this as the reason why he had molested me. He then reassured me that at the time he was receiving counselling. He then said he was very sorry for what he had done to me. He said he was glad that he had not had full sexual intercourse with me as that would be worse. He said he was with a woman and that the woman who answered the telephone was helping him through his problems. He also said he did not molest any other children besides me. The conversation went for well over an hour as I needed to be convinced that he was not presently assaulting children. He seemed very remorseful towards me. I have never spoken to him since.

MALSEED/Fiona

Statement taken and signature witnessed by me this 11th day of May, 1998, at Portland Police Station at 2.49 p.m.

Louise BRYANT Sgt 23803

I hereby acknowledge 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.

Acknowledgment made and signature witnessed by me this 11th day of May, 1998, at 2.55 p.m. at Portland Police Station.

Louise BRYANT Sgt 23803