

Submission from [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

I first met Grant Ross C.SSR at [REDACTED] early 1960's - 1962. He went to New Zealand sometime in 1962 and spent some time there.

He visited our home [REDACTED] for the very first time in 1975 (Christmas). We had all our [REDACTED] children by that time, with their ages ranging from 4 years to 10 years. I was nursing [REDACTED] night shift from 730 pm to 730am. He seemed to make himself available to visit our home when I was on duty. We as parents were stunned and shocked as to what happened to our children in our home by a person we trusted. One who takes vows of the Catholic Church could stoop so low as to interfere with a child.

In November 1986 our son [REDACTED] took his life and I have no doubt that [REDACTED] carried that shame till 19 years of age. He could not talk about it, he had carried that shame and pain until it got too much for [REDACTED] to face life. [REDACTED] was a great artist and chef as well as a talented sports person. His loss to us as parents and [REDACTED] siblings can never be replaced.

The inappropriate behaviour by Grant Ross was never reported to police or any other Catholic Clergy at the time, it would have been too traumatic for the children at such a young age. But as more incidences have been reported and it is out in the open our children wish to make statements as to what happened to them when they were innocent little children.

As a father I feel ashamed and devastated that I could not protect my children when they needed me the most. This feeling will never go away. It is a life sentence for the children and we as parents. A letter was hand delivered to the monastery by myself for Grant Ross to make a time and place as to our concerns. But he failed to reply either by phone or mail.

I feel for my children to this day when their innocence was shattered. And their bodies violated, which has destroyed the family unit we cherished but lost. Because of that vile creature we will suffer forever. It rips my heart out when I think of the fear and pain these filthy scum bags inflicted on their poor little victim's bodies, and their silent cries for their mum and dad. How many tears soaked their pillow every nights when they should have been sleeping, and the fear they must have felt each time they were confronted by these evil monsters. We must unite to bring these callous, evil monsters to justice.

  
20 September 2012

