


# **Attachment 17**

Letter from the Independent Commissioner to  
'George' dated 7 May 2002

Commission into Sexual Abuse  
Peter O'Callaghan Q.C

Owen Dixon Chambers West  
18/15  
205 William Street  
Melbourne 3000

7 May 2002




**Private and Confidential**

REDACTED



Dear REDACTED

I refer to our meeting on 30 April 2002, and as arranged enclose herewith the transcript of that interview.

I also enclose herewith an authority for you to sign and return authorising Dr  to provide me with a report in relation to your condition.

I confirm that I am an Independent Commissioner appointed by Archbishop Pell to enquire into allegations of sexual abuse by priests, religious and lay persons within the Archdiocese of Melbourne. That appointment was renewed by Archbishop Hart upon him becoming Archbishop of Melbourne. For your information I enclose herewith a copy of the Terms and Conditions of my appointment.

Before going further, I emphasise that provision in those Terms, and what I informed you at our conference, that you have a continuing and unfettered right to report of what you complained to the police. I encourage you to exercise that right. However, if you choose not to, whatever you have told me in our conference and as is recorded in the transcript is and will remain confidential until you tell me otherwise. In that context, I will refer to a referral to Carelink hereunder. Carelink will of course also treat any communications you have with them as completely confidential.

If I am satisfied that a person is a victim of sexual abuse, I have the right to refer them to Carelink and also to the Compensation Panel. In this situation, whilst I have not made any decision as to whether or not you are a victim of sexual abuse for the reasons referred to hereunder, I have requested Carelink to discuss with you your position and to provide such counsel and support as is appropriate. In doing this I have forwarded a copy of the letter to Carelink.

I am not in a position at this stage to make a decision as to the validity or otherwise of your complaints. First because the identity of the priest of whom you complain has not been identified and secondly, when that has occurred it will be necessary for me to provide that priest with the substance of your allegations and invite his response thereto. Once again, this can only occur if you authorise me to do it, because of my previous undertaking as to confidentiality.

I should add that I have not checked the transcript for spelling or other errors and I invite you to comment upon any such errors if they be present.

The important thing in the immediate situation as I see it is for you to receive some assistance from Carelink and for that purpose I invite you to ring Ms Elizabeth Harding on 94199118 to whom I have forwarded a copy of this letter.

Should you have any queries arising from the above please advise.

Yours sincerely,



Peter O'Callaghan  
Independent Commissioner

# **Attachment 18**

Letter from 'George' to the Independent  
Commissioner dated 9 May 2002

REDACTED

9<sup>th</sup> May 2002

**Private and Confidential**

Peter O'Callaghan QC  
Owen Dixon Chambers West  
18/15  
205 William Street  
Melbourne 3000

Dear Peter,

As per your letter of 2<sup>nd</sup> May 2002 and my telephone conversation this morning, I have now identified the priest who sexually molested me, as per my interview on 30 April 2002.

His name is Terence Melville Pidoto.

I have confirmed his identity by describing his physical features and the activities surrounding him with the help and assistance of the Broken Rites Support Group.

His behaviour with me is similar to reports that Broken Rites have heard about from other victim's experiences with Pidoto. More importantly, he was first stationed at St Bedes, North Balwyn at the time of the offence and I am therefore in no doubt that Pidoto was the perpetrator of this crime.

I would welcome you to invite Pidoto's response to my terrible experience.

I have enclosed a signed authority with Dr [REDACTED], as requested. Since our conversation, I have spoken to Dr [REDACTED] and informed him to expect a response from you. I have also told him about the event. He is very happy to cooperate.

Also enclosed are my edits to the transcript. I have only made grammatical corrections.

I have made contact with Elizabeth Harding and a meeting has been arranged for 9.00am on Thursday 16<sup>th</sup> May 2002 to meet with Professor Ball.

I look forward to your further response in this matter.

Yours sincerely,

REDACTED

# **Attachment 19**

Notes of the Independent Commissioner in relation  
to conversation with 'George' dated 14 May 2002

## NOTES FOR THE [REDACTED] FILE

[REDACTED] rang me before lunch on 14 May 2002 and said had I got his messages. I told him that the letter had gone this morning and later I told him that that included the corrected transcript. I explained that I had said in that letter that I had dictated it on Saturday and then put a PS consequent upon his advice that he wanted to report the matter to the police.

He insisted that he gun ho about going to the police and I applauded this. I told him that I would endeavour to get in touch with the appropriate police. He seems to have a strong affinity to Broken Rites and this was proven when I finally contacted Leigh Abbey who said that Broken Rites had at [REDACTED] insistence contact him yesterday. In any event I then spoke to Chris O'Connor (Leigh Abbey advising me that he was the chief) and told him that this man is stress A and that he needs to be handled carefully. I also pointed out that I was aware of the tremendous load that the Sexual Squad have. He said that what would happen is that somebody would be deputed to take a statement from [REDACTED] but these things take time. In that context Leigh Abbey said that somebody else had come forward to him, following the announcement of the successful appeal, and he said that he thought Kosoffsky in respect of whom a noily had been entered might perhaps revive his position. I doubt this.

I then spoke to Chris O'Connor at the Sexual Abuse Squad and he said that [REDACTED] should ring him at 4 pm tomorrow. Again I stressed the need to give him a bit of a nurse and he said that he would endeavour to look after that.

I had also spoken to a member of the Court of Appeal who had told me that it was with great regret that he had written the judgment which upheld the appeal on the grounds of the invalidity of the warnings about cautions etc. This was a typical TN judgment.

He also opined that having looked at the appellant, he saw him as what he had been depicted.

No doubt there will be more heard of this.

14 May 2002



# **Attachment 20**

Statement to Police signed by 'George' dated  
21 May 2002

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## STATEMENT

Name: [REDACTED]

Address:

Occupation:

Ph Home:

Ph Work:

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**STATES:**

1. My full name is [REDACTED] I am currently [REDACTED] years old, my birthday is the [REDACTED]

I was born in Los Angeles, California, to my parents; [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I have one older sister; [REDACTED] my older brother [REDACTED] (known as [REDACTED]), and my younger brother; [REDACTED]

I arrived in Australia in [REDACTED] My parents are Australian citizens. We arrived in Sydney, and stayed there for a short period, then we moved to Southport on the Gold Coast. I was there from [REDACTED]

In May, [REDACTED] all of the family (except my sister [REDACTED]) moved to Melbourne. We lived at [REDACTED] This house is a two storey clinker brick, four bedroom house on the corner of [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] I was enrolled in Xavier College in Barkers Rd, Kew. I went into form three. I started at the beginning of term two. The senior school only had form three, four, five and six. My father was also an old Xavian. It was good, it was like my father went there, I felt like I fitted in. Form three was fine, I went well at school, academically. I really enjoyed it. I loved the cold weather, the trams, I loved the whole feeling of Melbourne.

My family was very Catholic. Every Sunday we went to Mass. We did this in America, we did this at Southport and then in Melbourne. All of my family went to church. The church we went to in North Balwyn is called St Bedes. We

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all went there every Sunday. There was a Father BRODERICK who was the main parish priest. There was another priest there, called Father PIDOTO. He was much younger. This was like a big event in our house, we all got dressed up, mum put on the roast, we believed that you are sinning to miss church. On Sunday you didn't work, you went to church. I went to confession, I had done this since I was a kid. I did my Holy Communion at St Dorothy's church, Glendora, California (Los Angeles), I would have been about 5 – 6 years old. I did my confirmation whilst on the Gold Coast. As a kid you went to confession and you told the priest of any sins that you had committed. The priest would talk to you, he would talk to you about that sin then give you absolution and give you penance to do, which related to the severity of the sin. You then went out of the confession box, did your penance and then you could take communion.

Whilst at church in Scarborough St, Southport, next to Star of the Sea Convent, I became an Alter Boy. Being an Alter Boy in my mind was considered enormous respect and honour. As an Alter Boy, you are next to the priest at the Alter during mass. The proximity to the Alter made me feel extra special. I remember my time on the Gold Coast as a magic time. I went to the Christian Brothers College, called Aquinas College, Nerang Rd, Southport. I went to and participated in all of the religious festivities. Whilst at Aquinas, a Christian Brother formed a choir of which I was a part, we sang at weddings and special events. There was a lot of love, warmth, trust and friendship with the Christian Brothers. When a priest told you something, you accepted it without ever questioning his authority or word.

Priests and the Christian Brothers resided in an area called the presbytery, which was totally off limits to everyone, except nuns and other priests. A priest for me was the word of God. I did not look at him as a man in a normal sense, he was God, full on. He spoke the word of God. This person had the power to turn bread into the body of Christ and wine into the blood of Christ. I really believed this. A priest placed the bread on your tongue and you could not touch this, for if you touched it, it would no longer be the body of Christ. As a confirmed Catholic you have the privilege of this.

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If you did something naughty, you knew that God would see you and that this was a worse sin to not confess this.

Not every boy was an Alter Boy. I chose to do it. When I came to Melbourne, I was an Alter Boy at North Balwyn. It was not as frequent as when I was on the Gold Coast. I told them that I could sing, they told me that they had a choir, so I joined that. As an Alter Boy, when priest asked you to perform duties, you did it, you would go out of your way to help. It was an honour to be asked, that the priest had chosen you to help him. I was living in a great world. I loved living in Melbourne, I loved my school, my father held a good position, I sang in the choir.

I was accepted. I felt loved. I felt a sense of belonging and a sense of purpose. Things made sense in my life. There was a youth group that was semi active. This is at the church at St Bede's. (This was in [REDACTED] I was 13 - 14 years old). The group was unstructured. I became the president, I got involved, the others were very unorganised. Father PIDOTO had asked me to become involved in this group. I was asked to organise group activities, eg. a dance. I remember PIDOTO showering praise on me.

He said things like;

"You're doing a terrific job."

"The group really like you."

He was generally showering praise. His personality and the way he spoke to me, was hip. Hip meaning that he was talking to me in language to me that most younger people spoke. He would talk about things young people would talk about. Having that dialogue with a younger priest was very special for me. It made me feel accepted and privileged. You never talked to an older priest. For example I never had a conversation with the Christian Brothers like I had with PIDOTO. There was always a divide. PIDOTO was active in the youth group. He loved being around younger people. He was young himself. He was around with us, the group loved his company, we loved him. We liked him, he was great

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to be with. By contrast, Father BRODERICK was distant, aloof and a typical parish priest. There was a distance. PIDOTO on the other hand had none of these qualities.

Things changed and "the volume was turned up", when he invited me to his room at the presbytery. That would have been in [REDACTED] For me, this was an area that all my life was off limits. As active as I was in the church, you never went to the priest's presbytery. My memory of that was excitement, fear (because you never went there), and privilege. I thought, I'm in this guy's room. I couldn't describe the layout of the building, but he had his own room. He didn't say for what purpose we were going there for, except that we would play classical records. I love classical music. I always have. I was in the Gold Coast Youth Orchestra. I played timpani and percussion. He had a very large classical record collection. That was set up in racks and rows of classical records. We played classical records. I love records, I have a record collection. He would play music and ask me to guess which piece that music had come from. (I still do that to this day. That's like a mental challenge for me.) He was impressed that I knew as much about classical music. I felt like I had formed a strong bond. We had something in common. At school and at church, you never spoke to priests about your interests, there was always a distance. I remembered this period as happy times. Here I am in this new city of Melbourne, organising events, meeting new people, it was different from the Gold Coast, I was organising things. Nothing happened in the presbytery, I never even gave this another thought. With PIDOTO, he never made me feel uncomfortable. He made me feel that I could trust him with anything. I honestly liked him. I felt happy that he liked me. He was like a friend. It was complete trust.

I have always spoken and got along well with people who were older than me, for example I would always hang around boys in my brother's year and [REDACTED] found their conversation more interesting and challenging. It was more at my level. The boys in my year, well there was only one in my year that was mature. I found their company boring. I never felt out of place.

PIDOTO was an intelligent guy. He was intelligent, he had a good knowledge of classical music. He was my friend. You never "spoke" to a priest,

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it might not seem relevant today, but it was then. Even though we were having this conversation, he was still a priest, his word was God. That's why I felt privileged. He was like a mentor. I still saw him as a priest.

It was probably about ten occasions that I went to PIDOTO's room. It wasn't a regular thing. We talked about the youth group, this was the link. It seemed normal, being the president of the youth group, that he would talk to me. On those occasions in his room, I felt very comfortable. There was no thoughts of anything untoward. There was no uncomfortable looks, talking or touching. I felt very comfortable and very relaxed. He never gave me any suspicion that he was anything other than a young priest who liked me as a friend.

These occasions would have been in late [REDACTED] early [REDACTED]

From there, one day, in [REDACTED] he said;

[REDACTED] I am going to take you somewhere special, I am going to take you where they make priests. Very few members of the public, in fact nobody, gets to go to this place. We will go next week."

This would have been approximately May or early June, [REDACTED] It was cold night during the week and I was in form 4.

I told my mother that Father PIDOTO was taking me out. My parents never questioned it. You never questioned a priest. I remember that I was to meet him at the parish and we had made a pre-arranged time. This was about one week after he had invited me. I caught the tram down to the church. It was early in the evening, about 6.00 p.m. or 6.30 p.m. I would have had dinner, got dressed and gone down. (My recollection is that my parents did not communicate with PIDOTO.) I think we met outside the perspiratory. We went in a car.. He drove, I was in the front passenger seat. I cannot remember the car. There was just to two of us. I remember it was a long drive. I remember the evening was cold, it wasn't raining. I remember driving up and seeing the big building and remembering this building. I didn't know the name of it at the time. I now know it to be Corpus Christi, on the hill in Glen Waverley. I won't forget that building.

He parked the car and we entered the building. I remember the rooms were small. There was a hallway with individual rooms. We entered the first room that was open. When I walked in there was three seminarians sitting on the bed in their "y" front underwear. My first reaction was shock, excuse me, sorry. I've never seen a priest in anything in other than fully clothed. I know that the place I was in was where men become priests. I would have viewed these men as priests. The room would have been about 3 meters x 4 meters. It was a bedroom size. There was a single bed, a chair and a desk. These three men were sitting on the bed in their underwear. They were sitting there, side by side, leaning back, talking. The door was a bit in from side. The bed was on the left as you faced it walking in, the desk was on the right.

My first reaction as I walked in was, excuse me. They said, "come in, sit down." I sat down on the edge of the bed. I was uncomfortable. I was sitting there, tense, I felt that I was in a situation and something was going to happen. I was scared. There were ogling me. They said words like;

"What's your name."

"Aren't you cute."

I looked at PIDOTO, the person I trusted, my friend. I looked at him, looking that I wanted to go home. PIDOTO had a proud expression, like the cat who got the mouse. His face turned, like he was proud. I felt like he was showing off the young boy he had with him. I looked at him and I immediately knew that there was no trust.

I looked at him and said;

"I want to go!"

I was feeling scared and felt that they were going to do something to me. I thought I was a long way from home, had no money, didn't know where I was, I knew I was at the seminary, but I didn't know where that was in Melbourne. The

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fear that these three men in their underwear, were priests, leering at me. It was terrifying and more terrified when I looked at PIDODO and asked to leave. He said;

“No, no, relax.”

I knew that he wasn't listening to me. He was showing me off to the others. They were talking to me, but I wasn't paying any attention. I clammed up. I wasn't responding to them. They didn't care. I was terrified.

Then, two more men walked past. Also in their underwear. As they were walking past, they saw me sitting there. Their eyes just lit up. It was like,; “who are you?” They stopped, walked into the room . PIDOTO said something like;

“This is [REDACTED] isn't he cute.”

There was five of them, PIDOTO and me. I was thinking, how could I get out of here. My mind was racing, wondering what was going to happen to me. I was fearful of all of them. I thought that they were all going to have a go at me, in a sexual sense, not a fighting sense. The two that had walked past had a gay lisp in their voice.

I was looking at PIDOTO, begging to go. PIDOTO told me to relax. They all knew PIDOTO. That's when it was total fear. I was numb. There was voices in the room and I couldn't hear what they were saying. Nobody did anything, they were aroused that I was in the room. All I kept thinking of was how did I get into this situation and how am I going to get out of this. My heart is racing now, thinking about this. I'm sweating talking about this. To this day I cry in the church, it's like, they are all the same. I can tell now that PIDOTO is not my friend. I've asked him for help, and he was enjoying this. It's like they were all in this together. I thought I was going to meet priests, the shock of seeing them in their underwear and they were ogling me. I was thinking how was I going to get out of this. I was hoping that nothing would happen.



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After a while it became obvious to PIDOTO, that it was time to move. My protests were becoming obvious. He said;

“Lets go”

He offered to show me around, I said that I wanted to go home. He said;

“We’ve only just got here. Let me show you around.”

His voice and demeanour had changed, he had become more demanding, more authoritative. I kept saying;

“No mate, I want to go home.”

He said; [REDACTED] just relax.”

He was showing me around. It was a big building. It seemed like it took forever. I wasn’t paying any attention, I wasn’t interested.

Then he showed me that this is the Chapel. We didn’t see anybody. It was very quiet. There was nobody else around. Then we went into the dining room. There was one light on at one end of the room. He took me into the serving area, which was dark. You could see, but it was darkish. I remember the smell reminded me of the borders dining room after the borders had eaten at Xavier College. The area is clean, but the food smell still lingers. When I smell it now I remember what happened. The kitchen was dark, but the serving area was dark but had a light at then end of the room.

He said, “This is where we eat.”

We were standing behind the counter, where the cooks would serve the food. It was like a stainless steel bench top. That’s when he grabbed me from behind. Initially he grabbed me like a tickling kind of grab. I was standing facing like we were walking back out. He grabbed me like a fun grab like he was

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playing. He had his hands around my waist. Because it was like tickling, I'd sort of bent over.

He said, "Come here [REDACTED]"

I could feel behind that he had an erection in his pants on my bum. So immediately, this wasn't play. He was wanting something sexual to happen. Then he put his hand on my penis. This was on the outside of my pants. He grabbed my penis.

I said, "I want to go home."

He said, "Come here [REDACTED]"

I said, "I want to go, I want to go."

He said, "It's alright [REDACTED]"

He was reassuring me. I was like terrified. This was what I was dreading.

When he grabbed me on the penis, I was asking him what he was doing. He said something like;

"C'mon [REDACTED] we're friends, it's okay."

It was like he was saying, he had to do this and it was going to be okay.

I said, "I want to go."

He said, "We're not going to go until we've had some fun."

I said, "I want to go."

He said, "You're very pretty."

I just froze. I started to cry. I was standing there thinking, he's going to do what he wants to do. I was just standing there. At my age at that time I had had no sexual experience with another person. I was only 14. I was a good Catholic virgin. He undid my pants. I wasn't aroused at all, I was numb. Then, all I could feel was his mouth on my penis. He was sucking my dick. He was

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licking me in the groin area. I was crying and he wasn't concerned. I went blank. He was talking to me. He told me that we were not going to go until he'd finished. He was obsessed that he wanted to do this thing. I thought to myself that if I co-operate, we can go.

There was like a bench area. It was dark, there was no-one around. He asked me to bend over. I was closing my eyes, I bent face down over the bench. I didn't want to scream or yell, I wanted to run away. I didn't run away. I could feel his mouth on my bum, specifically my anus. He was liking my anus. Then it was like this pain, I screamed out "Ahhhhhhh", there was this tremendous pain in my anus, I nearly passed out. I could feel him thrusting behind me. He was putting his penis inside my anus. He had his hands on my hips and he was pulling me in towards him, back out and in again. I screamed. It was like constant pain. It seemed like forever. I thought that somebody would catch us. This was like a big poo, it was like constipation. It didn't go for long, like about 7 - 8 strokes. All I remember was this pain in my bum.

He said, "It's alright [REDACTED] lets go now, it's over."

I pulled my pants up. I didn't say another word to him.

We went to his car. I remember sitting in his car. We went straight out, we didn't speak to anybody. I felt used. I felt dirty. My mind was racing like 100 miles an hour. It was like shock what had happened. A priest that I held in high regard had fucked me up the arse.

When I got into the car, I remember that it was painful sitting down. We didn't talk in the car. He didn't say anything, nor did I. The drive seemed like forever. As we drove home, another fear came over me. This was that my mother would find out. I knew that if she saw my face, she could tell that something was wrong. I had this enormous fear. Coming home was the fear of my mother finding out. I was fearful that other people would know about it. This was a priest. I grew up in an environment where you do not talk about things. You did not talk about certain things. I was told no sex before marriage. My father belted me with a belt when he caught me masturbating at about ten years of

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age. He told me that it was a sin to masturbate. Homosexuality was illegal, it was a sin. I thought that if any of these things happened, you went to hell. I honestly believed this. Coming home, the fear, when I walked through the back door, I was hoping mum would not see my face.

PIDOTO stopped at the North Balwyn presbytery, I got out of the car and walked home. It was painful – the whole time, in the car, walking, my anus was hurting. When I sat down, it was like “Ouch”. We never said goodbye or exchanged words of any kind.

I knew that if my mother would see me, my father would scream and yell, I feared my father. I wanted to go to bed and tell no-one what had happened.

I got home, mum was watching T.V., her back was to me. She asked if that was me when I walked in the door and I said yes and told her I was going to bed. I did not want to know the consequences of what would happen if they found out. I was in shock.

I remember getting up the next morning, there was no questioning from my parents. I just shot out the door and went to school. I was in form 4. During the morning, I felt that I wanted to break wind. (This was in class). I soiled my pants as a result. By this I meant that I had like a diarrhoea. I had to ask permission to leave class. I felt that I was going to get caught. They were going to know what had happened. I was very embarrassed. I caught the tram home, it was uncomfortable. I walked into the house and mum asked me what I was doing home. I told her that I'd pooped my pants. She told me to go and change. She was angry that I was pooping my pants at my age. Luckily she didn't question me or find out the true reason why I pooped my pants. I went upstairs and got changed and went back to school.

From that day I never went to church. I never went back to the North Balwyn Parish.

I never spoke to PIDOTO, I never heard from PIDOTO. I feared that I would see him one day. The tram passes nearby the North Balwyn church.

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My mother died in 1980, I was fearing that when I went back to the North Balwyn church, for the funeral service, he would be here. He wasn't there, I remember crying in the church. Ever since that day if I have to go to church, I cry.

One day, I was called a poofter from a bully at school. That made me react. Once I reacted, I was called this all throughout High School. One day it was so bad I just ran out of school. I told my dad, he told me to go back and fight. I did, but that made it worse. They kept picking on me. They called me poofter [REDACTED] I have a real fear of authority. I want to speak back, but I can't.

I look at priests and think that they are all the same. I don't trust them. It's very emotional.

PIDOTO made me feel like I was his prisoner and that I could not leave until he'd finished with me.

Whenever I drive past that building, which I was told it was the Police Academy. I knew that was the building. I didn't know the name of the building. It was about three to four years ago, that I asked and found out that it was previously a seminary.

Today, at age [REDACTED] and looking back over my life since that event, I can now see the damage and pain this has caused me. I suffer from thoughts of suicide, depression, fear of authority, questions about my sexuality and have definitely suffered in the later years of my schooling which undoubtedly have affected my career prospects.

.....

[REDACTED]

Statement taken and signature witnessed by me

[REDACTED]

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at 5.15 PM on 21/05/2002 at Sexual Crimes Squad

[REDACTED]  
Det.Sen.Constable [REDACTED]

I hereby acknowledge that 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.

.....  
[REDACTED]

Acknowledgment made and signature witnessed by me  
at 5.15 PM on 21/05/2002 at Sexual Crimes Squad

[REDACTED]  
Det.Sen.Constable [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

# **Attachment 21**

Notes of the Independent Commissioner in relation  
to conversation with Senior Detective Constable FJ  
dated 24 May 2002

## NOTES

RE: REDACTED

I was rung by FRED J RED of the Sexual Crimes Squad at about 10 o'clock (24 May 2002) she told me that she had interviewed REDACTED and then asked me whether I had interviewed him etc. – which of course she knew.

She then asked me whether I believed that it was to me that REDA had first made a complaint. I said that is what he told me and she said in that situation you'll be first to whom he has made a complaint and we will have to get a statement from you saying that you met him on such a such date and describe what occurred.

She asked me whether I had the tape – I told her I did but I neglected to say that it is on two tapes. I'm going to make a copy of the tapes and when that has been done I will ring her on 98652543 and she will come and take a statement from me.

24 May 2002

Fare



## **Attachment 22**

Letter from Independent Commissioner to 'George'  
dated 6 June 2002

Commission into Sexual Abuse  
Peter O'Callaghan Q.C

Owen Dixon Chambers West  
18/15  
205 William Street  
Melbourne 3000

6 June 2002

**Private and Confidential**

REDACTED

Dear REDACTE

I write to confirm what I have told you in my recent telephone conversation, and to advise you of other matters.

I have received the application for compensation, but as I have endeavoured to point out previously, because your complaint is now the subject of police investigation and probable prosecution, it is my invariable practice to take no further step pending the completion of the investigation and proceedings emanating there from.

In those circumstances I will take no action in relation to the application for compensation which can remain on the file pending the above.


I have written to Carelink explaining that it was really inappropriate for them to provide you with an application at this stage, when I have not made a relevant decision.

I also reiterated to Carelink which I do to you also, namely that you are entitled to the continuing services of Carelink, of which I strongly recommend you avail yourself.

I have received from Carelink a copy of your statement to the police and I have been contacted by Det Sen Constable [REDACTED]. She has asked me to make a statement in relation to my meeting with you and conducting the interview of 30 April 2002 and to provide her with copies of the tape recordings. (She already has transcript.) This I will do.

Should you have any queries arising out of the above or indeed in respect of any other matters do not hesitate to contact me.

Yours sincerely,

  
Peter O'Callaghan  
Independent Commissioner

Following my dictating the above, you will recall we had a lengthy conversation in which you expressed disquiet at the situation because of what you had observed on Sixty Minutes. Let me emphasise that I deeply respect whatever decisions you consider you should make in relation to ongoing situations. You are and you should treat yourself as numero uno.

Having said that, I confirm that Dr Pell is the Archbishop of Sydney and has no current control over Melbourne or indeed any other diocese than that of which he is the Archbishop. Naturally as you will have observed there is still a great of co-operation and interaction between the two dioceses because of his past involvement in establishing the innovative and unique appointment of an Independent Commissioner, Carelink and the Compensation Panel. Archbishop Hart is the current Archbishop of Melbourne and he is responsible only to the Pope.

I also confirm that you are free to nominate your own psychiatrist and to have the fees met by Carelink, to whom I have provided a copy of this letter. I am happy to discuss any of these matters with you.

## **Attachment 23**

Letter from the Independent Commissioner to  
Senior Detective Constable FJ dated 7 June 2002

Commission into Sexual Abuse  
Peter O'Callaghan Q.C

Owen Dixon Chambers West  
18/15  
205 William Street  
Melbourne 3000

7 June 2002



**Private and Confidential**

Sen Det Constable [REDACTED]  
Sexual Crimes Squad

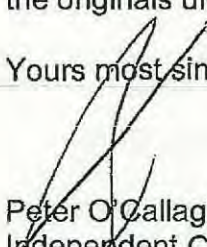
Fax No. 9865 5016

Dear Detective [REDACTED]

I refer to our recent conversation and now enclose herewith a draft of a statement I have prepared in response to what I understood was your request. Naturally, I am happy to amend or qualify the statement as to its form if you so desire.

I have also copied the tapes, and reception is not bad. I will post them to you. If you consider it should be better I will try doing it again. Naturally I will retain the originals until they are required.

Yours most sincerely,

  
Peter O'Callaghan  
Independent Commissioner

**DRAFT STATEMENT**

I, Peter John O'Callaghan of 205 William Street, Melbourne, one of Her Majesty's Counsel state as follows.

1. I am a barrister at law having practised at the Victorian Bar since 1961. I was appointed Queen's Counsel in 1974.
2. On 30<sup>th</sup> October 1996 I was appointed by Archbishop Pell to enquire into allegations of sexual abuse by priests, religious and lay persons within the Catholic Archdiocese of Melbourne. The Terms and Conditions of my appointment were in writing and I annex a copy. When Archbishop Hart was appointed in succession to Archbishop Pell my appointment was renewed.
3. On or about 29 April 2002 I was rung by **REDACTED** who told me that he had been to Carelink which is an agency set up by the Archdiocese to provide free counselling and psychological support to victims of sexual abuse. He told me that Carelink had recommended that he contact me. I arranged to see him on 30 April 2002 in my chambers at Owen Dixon Chambers West.
4. I taped the interview I had with **REDACTED** on a Lanier recording machine. I used two cassettes. The first was one which also

contained the taping of an interview with another person. At a point in the conference my telephone rang and the tape was switched off.

Because I believed that it would be necessary to have a further tape I then switched to a second tape. Consequently, there is blank tape on both tapes.

5. As is normal practice, the tapes were transcribed by Ms Helen Perry, and by letter of 2 May 2002 (copy enclosed) I forwarded a copy of the transcript to [REDACTED] [REDACTED] made some grammatical and spelling alterations to the transcript and Ms Perry incorporated those amendments into the final transcript.
6. [REDACTED] also wrote to me on 9 May advising me that he now knew the identity of the priest in respect to whom he complained, namely Terence Melville Pidoto. The letter of [REDACTED] is annexed hereto.
7. I have made copies of the original tapes and have provided same to Sen Det Constable [REDACTED]

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P.J. O'Callaghan