

Letter to Supporters of Skotek



In a powerful, deeply felt manifesto that is a voice for all who have been abused, below are portions of an open letter to family, friends, and supporters of Audrey's abuser, Thomas D. Skotek. It recognizes the pain felt by everyone involved, and one that calls for sensible, equitable handling of pedophilia by both church and state to put an end to the silent suffering of victims around the world.

"And this is to those men and women who think they know the truth about what happened because you know him personally. Did he tell you how in his words, "our relationship" began? Did he tell you about how he came to St. Casimir's Church to help save the parish? Did he tell you that the building was beautiful and needed work? Did he tell you that he started bringing people back? Did he tell you that he started youth groups? Did he tell you that people loved him? Did he tell you how old we all were when we were asked, only girls, to be volunteer money counters? Did he tell you how he talked to each girl's parents to ask their permission? Did he tell you that he learned some things during those talks that would help guide him in making his choice? Did he tell you that it was at that first meeting with all of us that he started deciding who he would pick? Probably not. Did he tell you that the money counting room was directly across from his bedroom? What was his reasoning, if you were in contact with him then, about getting the security system put in?"

But I digress. This man who is your family member. This man that is your friend...did he tell you of the first time when I was 13 that he held my hand in the car on the way home, playing a love song and telling me this is how he felt? No? Did he speak to you of the next time that I saw him, and I told him that holding my hand was wrong, but then he kissed me instead? No? Hmm."

Let me ask you this: did he tell you about the first time he ever touched my vagina? Well, let me tell you about this, his first time to sexually violate my body. He sat me on the corner of the bed and knelt eye level to me. I remember that I was on the corner of the bed sitting. I remember him looking for my reaction. Fear. I remember him touching me through my panties and watching my face. Fear. Scared. I remember him reaching behind my undies and his hand touching my skin and then my vagina. Are you okay? No. I don't like it. You will, he replied. I remember the uncertainty of what was going on. I remember him touching my vagina when I was a young teenage girl. It's a movie reel that played over and over in my head for almost forty years. Did he tell you about that first time with me, when he took my true innocence away? No? Maybe you should ask him about that and all the other times that he had sex with me. Maybe you should ask him about how he taught me how he liked his penis held. Maybe you should ask him about how he taught me to put his penis in my mouth... because you know, if you put your teeth on it too hard, it would hurt him.

Maybe you should think and talk to him about all of these things... and then think of your sister, your daughter at the age of thirteen and her living through this. Perhaps you need to think about how you would feel knowing that a man thirty years older mounted a young girl and never stopped until she left and went to college. Perhaps you should ask him about the others in between and after me. Perhaps you should ask him about all of the ones before me, because I wasn't his first nor was I his last.



Letter to Supporters of Skotek ...continued



My family grieves through the process. I acknowledge the pain that your family feels as well, but I ask you to please, please see this for what it was and is, pedophilia. I understand the anger. My family is angry as well. I understand the confusion and trying to piece it together. We are feeling this as well. I understand the shame that all of our families feel. What I do not understand is how you can justify a supposed man of God claiming that it was all right to molest a thirteen-year-old girl. That is never, ever all right nor okay.

I am more than just the girl who had the abortion that the church paid for. I am the girl who went to therapy at the Victim's Resource Center by herself. I am the girl who went to the bishop by herself. I am the girl who implored the bishop not to put him (Skotek) back into the church with a school. I am the girl who told the bishop not to put him back anywhere. I am the girl who wasn't listened to by the bishop. I am the girl who went to the district attorney. I am the girl who took proof. I'm the girl who did this all by herself. I am the girl would not let it rest just because his (Skotek's) brother died. I am the girl who faced my abuser head on... and nothing came of it. I am the girl who, because nothing came of it with a district attorney, went back to the bishop on her own to see what else could be done. I am the girl who thought of a number, was told to get an attorney, and in turn was told that the number was too much... because the diocese didn't have that kind of money. The number was \$90,000.

I'm the girl who followed and knew where he was and in what church. I am the girl who heard one day about another girl and her Mom having difficulties at that church. I am the girl who wrote a letter asking him to be moved, because I didn't think he was going to do it to anybody else (even though I didn't believe it). I am the girl who finally was able to get him moved by saying I didn't think he was going to do this to anyone else, all for the sake of helping another girl and not out of believing it. I tried through the years to have him taken out. (Bishop) Timlin never listened. He even told me one time that I said that it was okay to have him (Skotek) in a church again. I never ever said that. I am the girl who faced her abuser with a "Hi, Tom" while at a church bazaar... twice.

I am the girl that wrote Pope Francis in hopes that some-how I could help stop the pedophile epidemic within the church. I am the girl who was never given a response by the Vatican. I am the girl that married three times and was in relationships. I am the girl who was hospitalized, has triggers, PTSD. I am the girl that has held a full-time job within a school system for twenty-seven years. I am the girl who never let her girls be cheerleaders because of the stupid cheerleading uniform she put on and was not ever a cheerleader. I was the overprotective parent who was fearful because of deep-set fears from her own childhood. I am the girl who doesn't manage money

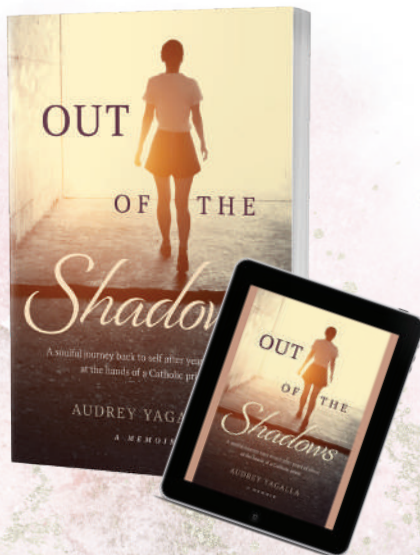


Letter to Supporters of Skotek ...continued

well even though I learned to keep a ledger in high school and even though I paid the church's bills and kept track of it all. I am the girl who hates cleaning house though I cleaned the rectory. I am the girl who hates shopping. I am the girl who gets frustrated in the weaknesses in herself... and can see the light in others, but sometimes not in herself. I am more than a survivor. And it's time for me to speak my truth so that mine, amongst many, will be heard finally.

I write this out of my love for humanity. I write this because I know that the Diocese of Scranton has attorneys and therapists that review cases even now. I know that they see the atrocities that come upon children. I can imagine that they, too, often wonder why the pedophile priest is not removed, but have no say in the papal doctrines that they are paid to follow. I know that this cycle will not stop until the institutions are made accountable to society's laws. One can contemplate society's lack of moral code. I believe that it is from lack of moral codes and ethics within religion that are creating the wave of allowance. Society sees it within the lawmakers, although not all, of our country as well. It permeates society. I believe it is the hundredth monkey theory in action."

Excerpt From: Audrey Yagalla. "Out of the Shadows." iBooks.



CONTACT AUDREY NOW:

Representation: Francine Raften, new72media management
francine@francineraften.com
(503) 720-2034
Website: audreyyagalla.com

Audrey Yagalla