Your Excellency,

It is late to be writing to you about an incident that happened in early July—but back then we never thought it would become necessary to go this length.

We are members of St. Francis parish and have recounted the story to Monsignor Billigan, who expressed his regrets and said he wanted to contact you in the matter and may have done so by now, but we want to expedite it by putting it to paper. We hope not to offend Monsignor in writing you, but we felt such a sense of urgency about it that we must do it now.

About the last week in June, Father Jerome Kien of St. Mark’s visited. The visit seemed routine enough—Father had met Mr. The Temaker, a source of our children’s fun during previous occasions of the kind. Taking of Father’s offering of Tally. Father
I was expressing an interest in shopping
than we was encouraged to do so.
At one of our friends' children that day
- most of whom attend St. Marks-
and we did some more playing or
puzzling, which Father seemed to
enjoy.

On a very hot Thursday or Friday
of 4th of July week, Father
 telephoned, spoke to Mr. Heathcote
and asked if he might take some
of our children swimming with him.
My husband rounded up 2 of
our children and 2 of their friends
- our son, James, 14, a freshman at
Columbia this fall, his friend, Charles
Turner, 13; our daughter, Susan
and her little girlfriend, 12.

On returning home that
evening, our daughter was gushing
with enthusiasm, and our son
was very quiet. Late in the
evening, his older sister heard
James' his friend Charles
singing, suggested to Mr.
Kratzmaker that he had


Talk to Jamie. He did, and the head
sadly, in his office, the following
account of the afternoon:

Explaning that the beach was
with life guards were too crowded
Father took them to a private
spot not marked you accounting
at Lake Robinson. The two girls
were happily left to swim lay
themselves, largely ignored
and Father devoted most of the
afternoon to wrestling with the
boys. On land, he would stand
my son, dare him to "pin" him.
But in the water, it was a
kind of wrestling — in the deep
water Father's hand slipped
under Jamie's suit and over his
genital area — after which the
boy spent most of his time
trying to avoid him. Three or
four other times, Father's hand
slipped into the trunks onto
the abdomen, but Jamie said
hit squirm away, as he
showed me, stuck Father's arm
away. Pull it out. He pleaded a cold

I tried to rest on the beach. Father would drag him by the neck out into the water again, or straddle on land. There was one good try. Father on the outside of his trunks, but Jessica says that really could have happened accidentally as he thought there was nothing ulterior in that one instance.

She found Charles, he had one chance cut in the water alone to compare waters. Charles had had the same thing happen to him - his trunks, little guy, and his clothes fit him tightly - only Charles had on jeans, cut off, a belt and underwear. In the course of 'wrestling,' Father's hand had slipped inside over Charles' genital organs. He is a strong

) summer and he spent all his time way out in deep water after the incident.
To Jamie, who wasn't a strong swimmer, stayed on the beach with his cold, said he couldn't look at Father's face anymore when he straddled him. He thought seriously of gathering his young sister & his friend & just walking off.

His sister, who had to be told something after that day, cause she said Father had said after his vacation he would take them again, cried out when she told her something of the problem. "Oh another day, why you'd see poor Jamie trying to come in and Father taking him by the neck and carrying him off into the water again!"

She also said when Jamie would close his eyes, Father would move his towel over next to him. She finally understood why, when they both came in the house after being trapped...
off, when she said, 'Wasn't Father nice?,' I had answered, 'Oh, yes.' So ended an afternoon which was our own and his friend, after he'd poured it out to us, our ordeal began. The disillusionment, the delicacy of the matter, the position of the man in the Church, the necessity to be sure of what had happened that day, we proceeded cautiously.

What followed is too detailed to get into a letter, although it is not a circulate to our intelligence — Father Kun's attempt to explain away the incident. He had a three-week vacation by then, and though it is known for his excellent memory, it failed him completely on the events of that day. Mrs. Tunney and both of us were not to him, indignant and I'm sure, offensive. He never took umbrage, never expressed serious for the hours, if he.
rather that we would allow ourselves to "get to know" him, what he thinks, (let the keys go swimming agin in time) he could make us understand. He did not deny the incident. He said he was a very strange man. Before that evening, I think our hope was that he would be most regretful and offer to seek help for himself.

In the three long months that followed, we carried this secret burden with us, to one, to another, we received regrets, advice, and, because of the type of incident, a reluctance to deal with it. It is a most unpleasant matter. We could leave him to Heaven or call in the civil authorities, and decide seriously considered both.

Father Kern has, in spite of knowing our feelings, called us once to invite to join his Adult Education Class & sent us the enclosed letter, and
continues to believe, as if our
problem is insufficient knowledge
of him. The truth is we have all the knowledge of him we
want and more.

Our sensibilities are assaulted at the sight of him dispensing the Eucharist, we try to miss his arrogant sermons, his efforts in beguiling us to "get together" is becoming intolerable. Not the least consideration, to our minds, is the welfare of the Children of the Parish — we would not wish them to experience what our son has.

We know there is no address for our son — but your earliest possible attention to the matter would give us some small solace.

Sincerely,

Mr. & Mrs. J. B. Heidner
1767 Oakland
St. Paul, Minn. 55104