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Mr. Chairman and Members of the Committee,

Although this letter brings back many memories that I have been able to suppress for decades, I feel it is in the best interest of all concerned to explain the impact my brother's experience had on myself.

I was happy to learn that the Kansas legislature was considering removing the statute of limitations on child abuse cases. My brother, Rodger, told you what happened to him. I will tell you what happened to me.

My brother and I were not very close growing up. Although only 16 months apart, I was two years behind him in school and we had our separate circle of friends. I was the quiet second son, and I didn't get into any serious trouble. The Catholic Church was a good portion of my life. Church on Sundays and meatless Fridays. I was an altar boy and sometimes served at three masses a day during the week while on summer vacation. I had attended 3 parochial schools. Because of my parents work with the church in Chicago, Davenport, and Kansas City, I knew many priests and nuns.

One day when the monster was at our house, he was talking to my parents about counseling sessions for my brother and I. I remember lying on the floor of the family room while he gave me a message, clothes on, nothing untoward happening. My parents were present. I don't remember exact words, I was around 12 or 13. When he was done, someone asked me if I wanted counseling sessions with him. My brother had already said yes. For whatever reason, I said no.

I don't know how much time passed before the next significant event. I don't think it could have been more than a year. My brother and I were changing the oil on the family station wagon. I couldn't loosen the drain plug, which was unusual. I was fairly strong and had done this before. I passed the wrench to my brother. I could tell he was straining but it didn't loosen. The my brother said something I will never forget. He said, "Like Finnian says, 'from the balls'." He pulled one more time, and the drain plug spun free. It was such a strange thing to say. I don't think I've ever told anyone up to the writing of this letter. Years later, after I was told what happened, I thought to myself what if I had told Mom and Dad what he said. It all might have stopped then. But I didn't and it didn't.

As time when on, Rodger pushed the boundaries. This happened mostly when our parents were gone for a Beginning Experience weekend. Many people who I didn't know came to the house. Always with alcohol and sometimes with drugs. This was when I was 14-16 years old. Underage drinking and sex were common. I was 15 when I lost my virginity to one of the girls. I never saw her again. I learned early that sex really meant nothing; just a physical act. I think it was at that point I was beginning not to care. I lost all feelings of sympathy. I started to not care about what happened to other people. I became very cold-hearted.

Entering high school, I joined the Naval Junior ROTC. I liked the structure and I didn't have to take gym class. During my sophomore year, I was walking down the hall between classes. My brother was a senior. I didn't usually see him in school because he was either skipping classes, in the principal's office, or out smoking just off campus with friends. This day, however, there he was. He had grown a

mustache and beard. Today however, he had shaved off half; half of the mustache on one side, and half of his beard off the other. He walked up to me, opened his mouth, and stuck his tongue out. I could see a quarter tab of acid (LSD). How did I know what it was? I wasn't the first time I had seen acid paper. And Rodger had told me about some of his acid trips. It didn't surprise me, I knew he was doing drugs since I was in 9th grade. We went to the same school that year, and we carpooled. It was more common than not that he and his friends would smoke marijuana on the way to school. I still didn't tell my parents about it. Rodger told me often that I shouldn't 'narc' on him. Which I found ironic later because if I told him about any rule I broke, my parents would know about it before the end of the day. I was always punished. Maybe he was trying to stop me from going down the same path of destructive behavior.

It seemed to come to a head on the day my father and I were driving down the highway. There was a car in the median and a light pole was on the ground. I said that was Rodger's car. We took the next exit and turned around. Yes, it was Rodger's car and he was walking along the side of the road with a Jack Daniels bottle in his hand, closely followed by a police officer. If memory serves, Rodger had his the light pole and then tried to hide the liquor, but someone had seen him and call the police. I think it was shortly after that when I saw my brother pull a knife on my father in our front yard. It seemed to be a good-sized hunting knife. I remember it was a clip point with a large handle. Rodger was yelling and Dad was trying to diffuse things. I was told to go inside. During that time, Rodger had moved out of the house. He stayed wherever he could. I remember my parents would buy him groceries. I didn't see him much.

Because he left, I guess I felt it my responsibility to be on better behavior. Or at least that is what I showed my parents. As time passed, I became less and less compassionate. I would make friends, especially with girls, get what I wanted, then leave. I behaved this way for many years, well into my twenties. I became so cold that I could walk away from someone crying and begging me to stay without a bit of remorse and go along my way.

The Prodigal Son is a well known parable. The biblical story of forgiveness and homecoming. Identifying with the prodigal is easy. I'm the other son. When Rodger started coming to grips with his problem, or rather the symptoms of his problem, my parents welcomed him back. They didn't let him move home, he was a grown man by this time. But all was forgiven. And then there was me. The son who stayed between the lines, who joined the military, who didn't threaten, who didn't need the help my brother received, who hadn't caused my parents heartache on a daily basis. The son whose misunderstanding of the situation turned to white hot hate with a big side of bitterness. Feelings I directed toward my brother. I hated him for a long time...years really. I hated my parents, too. They welcomed him back. I didn't understand. And I got nothing but feelings that I would let control me for years; and I got it by the truckload.

During those years, I called upon that anger whenever I wanted to. It likely sounds silly now, but after graduating high school and before enlisting, I got into a fight. There were four boys, my age, trying to throw me into a pool. They had me on the ground. All I had to do was reach down to the ember of anger I kept within me. I fought them all off. I had learned I had a powerful weapon and I kept it ready anytime I needed it.

I don't recall the year I was told, but many, many years passed before I learned what happened. Even then, it took me years to begin to forgive. It took longer for me to forgive myself for wasting the time I lost that I should have been spent re-building my family. Now I learn that my brother has a serious medical condition. And I don't know how much longer I will have with him. I've lost so many years

already because of one pedophile; who I need to believe has gotten what he deserved. 'It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones.' (Luke 17:2 KJV)

I don't know how many cases would be filed if the limitation were removed. I do know that my brother was unable to confront this issue for those first seven years.

I didn't find out what happened until well after those seven years. If the monster were alive today, the law would prevent the courts from administering justice. Being dead, he escapes. What about the ones who are alive and breathing and protected by the current statute of limitations? Where is the justice for the wounded? It's true, nothing will reverse time and nothing will eliminate the pain, but what does it say about our society if a calendar has more authority than a judge and jury?

I urge you to pass House Bill 2306.

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