

“My Father was a pedophile”

I'll start out by saying that my father was a GREAT father to me. He was a GREAT grandfather to my 5 boys. That being said, here's my story, I was born in 1956:

I was 14 when I found my dad's hidden Playboy magazines. Score! Nothing unusual for a lot of kids my age. Months later I discovered a more explicit magazine hidden in his workshop. Way more explicit. It made Hustler magazine look like Playboy in comparison. Some weeks later I hear my parent's best friends, who lived across the street, yelling and screaming at my dad. I heard them ask him to produce the magazine that he showed their 15-year-old daughter. He told them he had no such magazine and they could go look in his bedroom. They went searching for it but didn't find it. He told them their daughter was lying and he never had any magazines like that. I knew different. They left. They also never talked to him or my mom again. Two months later their house was sold and they moved away.

I was young and really didn't understand what it was all about, only picking up bits of the conversation with my ear pressed against the door. I went back to being a kid and enjoying the father that raised me with love. I have a sister, but my father never really had much to do with her. He loved her, but no strong connection ever developed between them. As I grew older I never gave what had happened any further thought. At times, it would bug me but I would dismiss it and move on. I probably dismissed it because I didn't want to press it and know the truth. I may have just been afraid to know the truth. Ignorance is bliss so they say, right?

We'll fast forward to 2007 when my father died. This memory still haunted me, but I didn't bring it up to my mother. It wasn't until 2016 that I asked her what she knew about it. She was surprised I knew anything. I told her that I had heard pieces of the shouting through the door. She asked if I was sure that I wanted to know the truth, as she knew how close I was to my dad. I told her that I already had my suspicions, but yes, be honest.

She said that until 5 years later she didn't really know what had actually happened. She was mainly upset that her best friend had moved away and quit talking to her. She ran into her friend at a mall and asked what her daughter told them had happened, and if they believed her. Her friend said she wouldn't discuss it, but told my mother where her daughter worked. It was a retail store. She stated, "if my daughter wants to discuss it with you, that will be her decision."

My mom found where the young lady, by now, was working. She approached her in the store and asked if she would share what had happened that day between my father and her. She said she would tell her and they arranged a time to meet. When my mom met with her, the young lady said to her, "he told me he had some candy in the house if I wanted some. This wasn't unusual as he had given me treats before. As I went into the house, he said it was in the bedroom. That is where he kept the good candy so his son wouldn't eat it all. I followed to the bedroom where he told me to sit on the bed and I did. I had sat here before with nothing happening, except now his hands were on my leg and he was touching me more than he had in the past. This time he asked if I had ever seen pictures of naked men and women. I told him no and he said he had something to show me. He got up to get a magazine and when he sat down he sat close beside me putting his arm around me. He opened the magazine and I was in shock. The pictures were very close-up pictures with people having sex. He asked if I liked it and I just

smiled because I was afraid. Then he ran his hand over my bra and said that my breasts were almost the size of the lady on the one page. At that point, I screamed and ran out of the house!”.

Fortunately, this young girl told her mom, who waited for her husband to come home and that is when they came over to my house beating on the door. Unfortunately, the police were never notified. Herein lies the problem with way too many cases like this. This happened in 1972. My mom has never told anyone, both of my dad’s brothers knew but never talked about it. My aunt knew and never talked about it. My parent’s friends and their daughter never talked about it to the police. I never talked about it. As I typed that last sentence, I quivered. I quivered because I don’t know if there were other instances, and if there was, how many, and how much worse were they??? I highly doubt this was the only one, because in a pedophiles life, it is never just one!

I do have self-guilt with the knowledge that I may have been able to stop my dad from preying on other young girl’s years ago. At fourteen it would have been unlikely, but I could have reported it before the statute of limitations ran out. I could have confronted my dad on it. How many other young girls could I have protected had I broken the silence??? I could have said *something to someone* before now!!! I didn’t. That I will have to live with.

My purpose in writing this for this site is to spare others from having to live with lifelong regret, and lifelong guilt. All I had to do was to BREAK THE SILENCE! My Aunt feels the same. MY cousins were shocked when I told them the truth. I had decided to tell my five boys about the grandfather they adored and put on a pedestal. They needed to know who he was, and they needed to know that this horror doesn’t just happen in bad families or broken homes. It also happens to good homes and families. Pedophiles do not just exist in one demographic. They are everywhere, and most are highly liked and respected. Like my dad.