

INCIDENT NUMBER 65865-8

DATE AND TIME OF STATEMENT

DATE

TIME

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STATEMENT TAKEN BY

BADGE NO.

NAME OF WITNESS

DATE OF BIRTH

SILMSEY DAVID

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24 | 03 | 88

ADDRESS

(STREET/P.O. BOX)

(CITY/TOWN)

(PROVINCE)

1210 ST. FELIX ST.

BOURGET

RESIDENCE TELEPHONE NO. | BUSINESS TELEPHONE NO. | OCCUPATION

487-3560

782-5255

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COPY #2 4/2/94

In 1969 at the age of 11 yrs old my family moved from 1213 Leonard St in Riverdale to 444 York St Center town. That year I started grade five at St Columbian School. I finished the year with excellent marks. When I started grade 6 at the age of 12, I joined the altarboys at St. Columbian Church. At that age I worshipped the priests my religion and thought that God was always in my presence. I was one of the most faithful altarboys at the church. Monsignor MacDonald at the time announced in front of myself, four or five altarboys and a few priests, that he thought that I would be the next priest at the parish. I was very proud of this and was full of self confidence, my marks at school also showed great confidence, straight A's. After four months of serving faithfully as an altarboy, Father Charles MacDonald took a great interest in me, told me that I was someone very special.

SIGNATURE OF WITNESS

David Silmsey

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and that I was also very good looking kid. I thought nothing abnormal about this, in fact what I did was had my confidence level even higher. After an evening mass Father Charles MacDonald asked me to stay behind for a few minutes so he could talk to me. We were in the Church sacristy, this room is where the priests hung their vestments and put their sacred vessels. The altar boys hung their vestments along the east wall where there also was a wooden bench. I can remember Father MacDonald closing the door which was on the north wall which led into the church. I can also remember that there was a little washroom in the corner of the east and north wall and the door was open with the light on. Father MacDonald had asked me to sit down on the bench where he had sat first. I sat down and I remember him complimenting me on a good job serving the mass. Then he started to touch my leg moving his hand up my inner thigh. First he squeezed my knee then slowly he moved up my leg to my personals. I felt very uncomfortable and wanted to go home. I can remember him laughing and I got up; put my jacket on and went home. This disturbed me, but I did not understand sex or anything to do with it so I just tried to forget it. I finished grade six with flying colours, again all A's, top of the class. That summer June 2, I was invited to a retreat in St. Andrew. There were around 40 kids

My sister, Donna Simms also attended the retreat, it was her birthday, June 2. We were there Saturday morning and the retreat would end Sunday Afternoon. Saturday night all the boys were taken to a big room upstairs in the main building. This would be our sleeping area, everyone had a little private area to sleep, dividers were set up in a U shape with the main wall facing each cubical. My bed faced the north wall which was <sup>situated</sup> closer to the east side of the room. I remember undressing and putting on my flannel pajamas and getting under my blanket. The blanket was grey. The lights went out and I can remember that I forgot to say my prayers so I got out of my bed and knelt down next to my bed facing the west. Once I had finished I climbed back into bed and could hear talking and laughter from the other boys. I was very quiet, then I saw Father MacLeod quickly walk towards me and was down on my bed. He was in the nude. All I could feel was shock and being so uncomfortable. I can remember him laughing and him putting his left arm acrossed my chest. I've tried to remember what he said to me but I guess I was so scared that I didn't listen. With his right hand he put under my blanket and felt my penis under my pajamas. All I can remember that I

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all I could remember was saying. I have learned from my sister Donna, that she remembers that Chris Buxley who now is a police officer in Cornwall, said that Father Mac Donald was running around in the nude, telling dirty jokes. This information I heard a few weeks ago, this is when I also told her what happened to me.

COPY #2 4/2/84

At the age of 14 in grade 7, my self confidence fell my marks were under average and I became very insecure. I attended Bishop MacDonell in 3rd D in Cornwall. I was still an altar boy, but I wanted to quit. I just didn't know how to tell my Mom since she was a very strict catholic.

That Spring still at the age of 14 I walked past the St. Columbanus church house since this was the way home for me. Father MacDonell saw me walking past and called me into his office. I remember

SIGNATURE OF WITNESS <i>David Simser</i>	<input type="checkbox"/> OVER
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feeling unsure about going in, but I was still a good kid  
 and was taught to respect my elders, especially priests,  
 police etc. As I entered his office, which was  
 the last office on the east side of the house. His  
 desk was against the north wall, he faced south  
 as he sat down. He asked me how everything was  
 going, I told him everything was alright. He then  
 looked out his window which was on the east wall. I  
 also remember something smelling very strong in his office  
 a smell I didn't recognize at the time. He told me  
 that he watches the girls walk past and that he  
 masturbates himself watching them. I can remember  
 him laughing then. He went on and said that his  
 secretary would wonder why there is so many tissues  
 in the garbage can. I remember looking at the  
 garbage can which was on the floor on the west side  
 of his desk. And I can remember that there was  
 a lot of tissues in it. Then he got up and sat  
 beside me, there were two chairs in front of his desk,  
 I was in the chair closer to the door and he sat on  
 the east side of me. He grabbed my leg and with  
 one finger rubbed my inner thigh up and down  
 and then he grabbed my penis. I can remember  
 being very frightened and got up quickly and ran down  
 the hall and out the front door. I still at this time

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D M Y

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COPY #2 4/29/94

some sensation, it was very confusing and disturbing to me. I knew what he was doing was wrong but I didn't know how to tell anyone. A few months later I passed the front of the church again like every day on my way home. Father McCord would yell out to me and I would stop. He asked me if I wanted to go for a ride, I remember saying no and then I can remember him walking towards me and he said that my Mom + Dad had phoned him and told him that I was not doing well in school and that if I wanted to talk about it I could. I wanted to talk to someone, even ask him why he was doing these strange things to me. So I guess I thought if I went for the ride and we talked my whole life would straighten out and I could feel normal again. So I remember getting into the passenger side of his car, it was a small car.

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ACCIDENT NUMBER _____	DATE AND TIME OF STATEMENT			DATE	TIME
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The whole time I sat there I remember feeling very nervous and uncomfortable. All I can remember was riding out of the city into the country. I am sure we were travelling north through some back roads where there was no traffic. I had I remember it being very isolated from anything, there were no cars or houses anywhere. He had stopped the car and said that we would go for a walk. The car was on a little hill so I remember walking down towards the bush. The next thing I remembered was looking upwards and seeing Mac Donald with his pants down and his penis in his hand, he was masturbating himself. He was around 15 ft away from me. I turned around scared out of my mind and ran as fast as I could. I remember running up the hill and past the car. I just kept running as fast as I could and then I was tackled by the feet. I can remember screaming at the top of my lungs. The bar

COPY #2 4/12/98

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pulled me over onto my back. He was laughing and  
 grabbing me everywhere. I just kept on turning my head  
 side to side screaming. That's when he unbuttoned my  
 pants, he was sitting on my stomach, all I can  
 remember was the pain as he tried to push his penis  
 into me, I cried and yelled and then I went blank.  
 I think I must of passed out because I remember nothing  
 after, how I got home or even how I handle everything  
 afterwards, everything as a black. My youth at the  
 time was finished, I hated everything, authority, school  
 my parents everything. I remember breaking into the  
 parish centre and stealing \$40.00 from the cash box.  
 I had sneaked into the Church house without anyone  
 seeing me and stole the master keys when I had  
 used for the break in at the parish centre. I was  
 caught and Detective Dept had charged me. I  
 was placed on probation at 14 as just the beginning  
 of 15 with Ken Leguin. Later Leguin repeatedly  
 sexually assaulted me also as I learned he was  
 Mac Donald's best friend. I from then on led  
 a life of crime hating all authority which ruined  
 20 yrs of my life. They say this is a healing  
 process talking about it and bringing all of it out  
 but it still hurts like you wouldn't believe. It  
 today my mood changes from crying to anger. X S.

COPY #2 1/21/91 4/2/91