May 17, 2016

The Most Reverend Anthony Sablan Apuron, OFM Cap., D.D.
Archbishop of Agana
The Archdiocese of Agana
Chancery Office
196 B Cuesta San Ramon
Agana, Guam 96910

Dear Archbishop Apuron,

When I was 12 years old and an altar boy, you molested me when you were the pastor of Agat. After a movie, you drove all the altar boys home; I was the last of the altar boys in the van. I thought you were going to take me home like the others, but instead, you asked if I could sleep at your house (the priest house) so I could help you at the church in the morning.

You insisted I sleep in your bedroom even though I told you I wanted to sleep in the living room. I felt so uncomfortable being alone with you in your bedroom. Moments later, I felt your hand squeezing my penis and testicles through my pants. I was trying my best to push your hand away, it was painful, I used both hands and my legs to try and block you from touching me and squeezing my private parts because it was painful, and extremely uncomfortable.

I remember I didn't sleep that night, I was too afraid to move because, I thought you would do more things to me, so I just curled up. I cried then, and I've never stopped crying. I felt a lot of emotions, I was scared, angry, sad, alone, embarrassed, and humiliated. I didn't know what to do.

Sometime later, I told Fr. Jack Niland what you did to me, he was the first person I told until many years later. I needed to say something to someone, because I was so confused, I held on to so much resentment; I thought of killing myself, and whether it mattered to anyone if I died.

I believe God gave me my down syndrome brother so he could give my life meaning by taking care of him, keeping me grounded, and in return saving my life.

Throughout my life whenever I read your name, I associate your name with resentment, bitterness, phony, hypocrite, liar, and coward to name a few. I hope someday, you will be sorry for what you did to me. I am still trying to forgive you. It's been a long time since this tragic experience and I feel like it just happened yesterday. I want closure.

I worry there might be others like myself who perhaps pushed this experience in the back of their minds, hoping to never have to deal with it, and in hopes of getting closure for this traumatic experience.

You might not remember me, but I definitely remember you. I have been silent for almost 40 years, mainly because I thought all this time that I was your only victim and because I was embarrassed, humiliated, degraded, and terribly confused about what to do. I thought if I said anything that people would not believe me, or that people would retaliate against me for coming forward. Archbishop Apuron, I will not be silent anymore.

Roy Quintanilla
Honolulu, Hawaii