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2021 MAY 10 AM 9:31

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US BANKRUPTCY COURT
DISTRICT OF DELAWARE

Justice Lauri Selber Silverstein
BSA Bankruptcy Case
824 Market Street
6th Floor
Wilmington, DE 19801

Ref: [REDACTED] Case No. 20 - 10343 (LSS)

Your Honor,

When I started high school I was recruited by the school drug counselor and school maintenance person namely [REDACTED] to join the boys scouts. My Mom had recently remarried and I was new to the area. It seems like a good idea to get to make new friends. [REDACTED] and his wife [REDACTED] became fast friends with my parents, they would constantly tell my parents the great things they were doing with the youth of our area. My parents were impressed initially. It all started on the first overnight camping trip to Tahoe. Somehow my sleeping bag got soaked and I was forced to share a tent and sleeping cover with [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] was so ashamed and frightened to tell my Mom and new stepdad because they were all friends. [REDACTED] knew this and used it to entice me to his house, his wife was a [REDACTED] and worked [REDACTED]. I realized later he was giving us alcohol while showing xxx films.

This abuse continued for years, I was [REDACTED] on every overnight trip. His assistance [REDACTED]. They would threaten to tell my parents lies about me to keep me quiet. I felt blackmailed and desperate and so I turned to drugs to ease my pain and cope. The police came to my school one day and arrested [REDACTED]. I knew I was one but was terrified to admit it because of what my new stepdad would think of me. My parents immediately cut all ties with the [REDACTED] when the arrest was on the local news on tv. These two people ruined my life and yes they went to prison for 8 years. They took from me my childhood, my innocence and ruined my life forever. I have been through too many drug rehabilitation programs to keep count. I take drugs to ease the humiliation, pain and shame I live with on a daily basis. I have tried through years of therapy to overcome my addiction but the sober nights bring on the nightmares of the abuse over and over again.

When I was seven making my first holy communion I remember I wanted to be an altar boy and say Mass with the priests. My Mom told me sometimes bad things can happen in the church and we did not talk about it again. Ironical to think I was [REDACTED] who was my [REDACTED] and my scout master.

I turn 50 next year and nothing to show for my life except my addiction to drugs to help me forget the pain so I don't take my own life because that would kill my Mom. It has been excruciatingly painful to write this, I was a child and this should never have happened to me. This must never happen to another child.

Sincerely,

[REDACTED]