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CLERK  
U.S. BANKRUPTCY COURT  
DISTRICT OF DELAWARE

May 2, 2021

SA - [REDACTED]  
Justice Lauri Selber Silverstein  
BSA Bankruptcy Case  
824 Market Street  
6th Floor  
Wilmington, DE 19801

Dear Justice Silverstein:

I never thought I would be writing a letter describing the two attempted sexual assaults that I had experienced as a member of Boy Scout Troop [REDACTED] at Camp Lejeune back in 1975 when I was 12 and 13 years old, to anyone, let alone a Federal Judge.

I had only spoken about the incidents once to my Mom back in 2007 when a report about sexual abuse in Boy Scouting aired on a news channel over the radio. She turned off the radio and looked directly at me. "Did something like that happen to you when you were in Boy Scouts?" she asked.

"Yes, that's why I suddenly stopped going on camping trips with the troop," I replied.

I still feel regretful and cry whenever I think of that moment and the look of anguished horror in my Mom's eyes when I made that admission after over 30-years of fearful self-imposed silence.

Tears were brimming in her eyes. "Why didn't you tell us?"

"What would you have done?" I asked as gently as I could.

Mom didn't hesitate with her answer. "I would have killed him. Or Dad would have, depending on which one of us got to him first."

"And I would have lost both my parents," I said. I told my Mom that I didn't want to talk about it anymore and that I didn't want her to tell Dad.

I did tell my sister once years later about what had happened years later after Mom and Dad had passed away.

Justice Silverstein no teenage boy is going to write in a journal: "today Scoutmaster [REDACTED] smacked me on my behind and started trying to tear off my clothes." I can tell you that it happened in early 1976, but I can not tell you the exact date or the exact time except to say that it was in the middle of the afternoon on a weekend. I can tell you that I was luckier than probably most of the other boys he probably did the same thing to – my Mom had taught both me and my sister on how to fight and how to fight "unfairly" by using anything as a defensive weapon when necessary.

Sargent [REDACTED] attempted rape me in the Quartermaster Room in the building on base where Troop [REDACTED] met and stored its camping equipment. [This building wasn't far from the Lejeune Golf Course and near the Officer's Club.] As Sargent [REDACTED] was trying

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to pull off my pants, I grabbed an axe handle and hit him on the head. He backed away and I started swinging. Somehow, I got out of the room and building, hopped on my bike and raced home through a path in the woods. I stopped only long enough to make it look like I had gotten my pants leg caught in the bicycle chain and that I had fallen off my bike to explain my torn clothes and bruises. I can't remember what I did with the axe handle. I told my parents that my pants leg got caught up in the chain and I had fallen off my bicycle.

Justice Silverstein, please keep in mind that this was the 1970s. Rape victims were still blamed for being the cause of the crime back then – I had seen enough on television to know that. I also knew that if I said anything, my father's military career would be over. Back then, an officer's family had to be perfect with no problems, otherwise it showed that the officer was unfit to command – especially if his children were troublemakers who did drugs, drank alcohol, and got bad grades in school. I also knew that my parents would have killed him if I had told them what happened. I was scared. I didn't want to lose my parents or their love.

I stopped going on camping trips with Troop [REDACTED] and anyone else for this matter back in late 1975 because a group of my fellow Boy Scouts began prancing around naked one night around a camp fire and tried to force me to perform oral sex on them. USMC Staff Sergeant [REDACTED] was the Scout Master who encouraged this. [REDACTED]

– the camping trip was at a state park in North Carolina along the ocean. I lied and said that I had gotten lost in the woods while hiking at night. Dad picked me up from the ranger station and was upset that I had done something so stupid that could have gotten me killed. I couldn't tell him the truth. He would have killed [REDACTED]

Justice Silverstein, I am told that you want to know how this affected me. My refusal to participate – willingly or unwillingly – in the above-described events almost prevented me from earning the rank of Eagle Scout. During the Board of Review to see if I was qualified to hold the rank of Eagle Scout it was noted by several parents that I no longer went on camping trips. I replied that I had to concentrate on school because I was in an honors college prep program. I couldn't say the truth then. Now I can.

My closest friends will tell you that I am the warmest, caring, and most personable person they know, but for reasons they don't understand that I have built up a wall around myself that no-one gets through, over, or around. I created this wall to prevent myself from being harmed, hurt, and it's why I don't have anyone to grow old with.

Justice Silverstein, I know what I experienced doesn't begin to compare to the horrors and abuse other young scouts experienced. I was able to prevent harm to myself while others weren't as fortunate or lucky. Please don't let this happen again to anyone else. Those who let it happen so long ago should be held to account.

[REDACTED]