

Project Truth Victim Statement:
File Number : 9911-17346

The following pages will detail to the best of my ability and memory, what it was like for me at the age of fourteen and fifteen. to be dominated by me who were authority figures in my life.

The exact dates I was introduced to Mr. Richard Hickerson, Mr. Nelson Barque and Mr. Ken Seguin are exactly clear to me. A lot of time and has passed and I've endured many life experiences since these occurrences took place. This is not to say I don't recall when these things started, my age at the time, nor does it impair my ability to recall the numerous events over the many years. Also, it would take at least a hundred pages to detail all the incidences that took place with these three individuals, therefore I will try to streamline my involvement with them.

Some time in 1976 I meet Mr. Richard Hickerson who at the time was a special needs counselor at Manpower (Employment Center) in Cornwall Ontario. My father at that time worked on the third floor of the same build that Manpower was stationed in, for Canadian and Indian Affairs. Our family was very much into the church and things that revolved around the church. The church was on the same block, next door to the Employment Center, so often I would meet him there or in the lobby of the Federal building that my father and Mr. Hickerson worked out of. I cannot remember the first encounter I had with Mr. Hickerson, but I was of the impression that he was a very smart man and I thought many of his interest were very cool. He also had a motorcycle and to me that was really cool because I never had meet someone of this age who drove a motorcycle.

I grew up on the outskirts of Cornwall and in looking back, I now realize how sheltered a life I lived. My parents never told me anything about sex, let alone about homosexuality or child molesters. They (my parents must of thought that they had everything under control. My father was the Cub Master and Boy Scout Leader, and coached every hockey and lacrosse team I was on. My mother the was Brownie and Girl Guild Leader. They must have believed that they left no chances open to people like Mr., Hickerson.

At fourteen and fifteen I was permitted to come into town with my parents and hang out at the mall video game store for a couple of hours while they (my parents) while they went about their business around town. I talking with Mr. Hickerson, he learned of this and asked me to come over to his home which was only a stone throw from the Zellers Mall. I don't know why I never considered that he may have had ulterior motives for the invites, but I didn't. The first time I was at his home he play yough peoples music of that time and also played several musical instruments. During those first few visits to his home, in hindsight I recall him being very touchy, buy not really in a bad was. He seemed sincere and said that when I turned sixteen he would get me into a really good job.

It was during this period that I began to lose interest in and want to get a job and car and all the things we believed made us men. The summer Before I started high school I spent much of my time within the city limits and with Mr. Hickerson. He treated me like an adult (so I thought) and let me drink beer at his home. He didn't talk to me like I was a kid, and made me feel intelligent. Once alcohol was introduced the sexual advances began and I became very submissive towards Mr. Hickerson. I didn't become submissive because I enjoyed it, because when he preformed oral sex on me, it wasn't enjoyable, it tickled and felt weird. The submissiveness derived from a feeling of thinking that he was doing what all adults do for youngsters.

At some point after that, I remember asking Mr. Hickerson about religion sex and God. In that conversation Mr. Hickerson informed me that he had previously been a priest, and that God loved all forms of love, and the important thing was the love and the expression of it. He got emotional and I recall tears running down his face. I let him know that I didn't really like the things he was doing, especially when it involved me having to touch him the way he wanted me to. He told me that everyone feels that way at my age and that was why it was important for me to explore and

experience love then, while I was young. I asked him why some of my friends and my older brother were always dating girls and he said it was a thing all young guys do to hide the fact that they were having sex with men, that all young men have sex with men. I also recall him explaining something about young Greek men regarding man -to- man sex as a "rite of passage", Therefore I didn't believe I was doing anything wrong even though I had heard all the names like faggot, queer and Homo. At that time I had not yet had sex and I was late reaching puberty.

Sometime that same summer I was with a public school friend of mine, Keith Fields, and he asked me if I wanted to meet a friend of his. This friend turned out to be Mr. Nelson Barque, a Probation and Parole Officer in the Cornwall Office. At some point Mr., Barque took me out to his home in St. Andrews, to do some work with him on a shed. His wife was away, and after working on the shed, Mr. Barque and I went into the house for supper. We had some of his homemade wine with supper and after our meal we continued to drink in the basement recreation room. I was very intoxicated and since it was over twenty years ago I don't really remember what happened sexually that night, however, we did sleep together in the basement bedroom. The next day I wasn't feeling very well, but we continued to work on the shed and drink homemade wine.

Time passed and these sexual encounters continued with Mr. Barque and Mr. Hickerson. I continued to drink and eventually I got myself into trouble by way of losing my temper and becoming verbally and physically aggressive with everyone. I don't know if I thought I had to portray myself as tough or what. Nevertheless, my legal problems began.

I lived outside Cornwall and had a court appearance in some small town in the country. Mr. Barque was at the courthouse and I received a jail term plus probation. Mr. Barque was not assigned as my Probation Officer, however, I saw him more often at the Probation Office that I did my assigned Probation Officer.

I had just turned 16 when charged and had also left home. My parents didn't understand why I had turned sour as some dogs do, completely out of the blue. My mother had always called me the golden link between my older brother and younger sister. My grades were always better and I was always doing something to make her proud. To this day my parents don't know why my entire life went south.

I was not very street-wise back then, and I had a lot of trouble surviving on the streets and hanging my hat anywhere I could. There were a few times I wanted to go home, but my parents thought that tough love was the answer and denied those requests. Mr., Hickerson and Mr. Barque knew how I was struggling and this gave them a great opportunity to indulge in their lust over me. I wanted to get work because, back then at 16 years of age, individuals were not entitled to social service assistance, without a letter from a parent or guardian that stated why they couldn't live at home. I couldn't obtain such a letter because my parents did not approve of welfare and told me to get a job.

Mr. Hickerson proved fruitless in fulfilling his promise to get me a good job when I turned 16. Moreover, he never got me a single days work outside of his own home. Both Mr. Barque and Mr. Hickerson continued to have sex with me on a least a weekly basis. They would give he a couple of dollars, cigarettes, alcohol and at time gifts. They both claimed to love me.

Again I continued to drink, live on the streets, and get into trouble. My life had spiraled out of control. Much of the time I was feeling depressed and suicidal. I attempted to kill myself twice before the age of 18. Once by slashing my wrists and once by an overdose of pharmaceutical drugs.

I was also introduced to another individual by the name of Mr. Ken Seguin, who also happened to be a Probation and Parole Officer at the same office as Mr. Barque in Cornwall. It was Mr.

Barque who introduced me to him. A few months after meeting Mr. Barque, he took me over to Mr. Seguin's home in Cornwall. It was located off Brookdale Ave. towards the 401 highway. It was much closer than Mr. Barques house in St. Andrews, and this enabled Mr. Barque more opportunities to have sex with me. Mr. Seguin never had sex with me. He just provided the location, pornography, and alcohol. Mr. Seguin had petted and kissed me, however, he seemed more interested in watching Mr. Barque have sex with me and interject commands such as faster, harder and so on, while he masturbated over in a chair or at the foot of the bed.

The sex that took place between Mr. Barque and I and Mr. Hickerson and I varied in nature quite a bit. The sex with Mr. Hickerson was limited to oral sex (him performing on me), touching and masturbation. With Mr. Barque there was oral sex on each other, intercourse and other things classed as hardcore sex. I recall times when Mr. Barque would ejaculate in my mouth and it made me vomit. That usually insulted him or something and he would get really up-set. I remember telling him that it was the alcohol that made me sick, that it wasn't him.

These occurrences with Mr. Barque, Mr. Seguin, and Mr. Hickerson went on for some years. By the time I was in my late teens I really began to feel desperate, depressed and reliant on these three men.

At some point in my late teens two men who said they were from internal investigations at Probation and Parole approached me. They wanted me to admit that Mr. Barque was having sex with me, but I was more concerned about what Mr. Barque could do to me if I revealed what was going on. They never asked me about Mr. Seguin. I denied that there was anything going on. Mr. Barque quit his job at Probation and Parole but continued to pick me up for sex at least once or twice a week, but we never got together with Mr. Seguin again.

Some years later, by the time I was 21 or 22, I was filled with rage, despair and totally out of control. One night when I was intoxicated I went to Mr. Hickerson's home and used the spare key which he had been allowing me to use since several years earlier. He was not home so I let myself in and helped myself to alcohol. When Mr. Hickerson returned he didn't mind me being there, but he sure wasn't very happy about me opening a certain bottle of wine. I got very volatile at that point and demanded the keys for his car. I also took his stereo.

The police were called and informed that I had broken into his home and robbed him. I believe Mr. Hickerson broke a small basement window to indicate that I had broken in, which I had not done. I was arrested, charged and sentenced to three years in a federal institution.

Once sentenced and awaiting transfer an individual who I did not know came to visit me at the jail. The purpose of his visit was to convince me that I should not have pleaded guilty to the charges and that I should expose Mr. Hickerson. He claimed he knew Mr. Hickerson had been having sex with me since a young age, as well as with many young guys. I admitted what was going on, but told him I wasn't bringing any of these things out in the open. I was very ashamed of my involvement and I felt it would only do me more harm than good. I also told him that both my parents had been awarded citizen of the year and I could not put them through any more shame. I went to prison and served two thirds of my sentence and decided upon my release that I wasn't going back to Cornwall. I wanted to escape the life I had before my incarceration.

Once released I continued to feel alone and depressed. Until that time in my life, mid twenties, I still had not had a girlfriend or boyfriend. I had no interest in either sex sexually. I was very unhappy and felt despair most of the time. Suicidal thought continued to plague me.

By the early 1990s I still had nothing and was going nowhere fast. My life was full of turmoil. I decided to stop drinking because I realized it depressed me even more. Without alcohol I began to experience even more emotional psychiatric problems. My employer, who wanted me to get treatment, dismissed me. I was experiencing periods of delusions and psychotic episodes where I would not go out doors, so I missed a lot of work days. I would not leave my apartment nor

answer my 'phone or door. I feel suspicious and in fear often. I ended up in the London Psychiatric Hospital for eight weeks due to serious depression. After my stay in hospital I have continued on as an out-patient. The symptoms I suffer have been discussed, but never the possible reasons for them.

Presently, I am on disability for these psychiatric problems. I take an anti-psychotic medication (Risperdal) as well as and anti-depressant, double normal adult dose of (40 mg Prozac). I remain single and have not yet had a short nor long term relationship, outside the one I share with my 10 year old and 4 year old cats.

A couple of years ago, at the time of the Ontario Provincial Police Investigation called Project Truth", I was contacted and asked to consider giving statements about Mr. Nelson Barque, Mr. Ken Seguin and Mr. Richard Hickerson. This took me right off guard and my first response was no way. I had buried those thoughts and instantly felt shame and fear again. Then an Officer told me if I wouldn't do it for myself, to do it for the other victim and possible future victims. I said I had to think about and I would get back to them. The investigating officers called numerous times but I didn't return their calls. Then I realized I was finding myself getting very angry and wanted severe justice. So I made the call, had a very nervous interview that I hadn't really given much thought to and gave a pretty simple account of my involvement with these three men. I felt really confused and I wanted to put all of it behind me again. I did not nor do not want my elder parents to find out about it because it will probably kill them.

I never discussed these men with any professionals, however, I did briefly tell a few friends over the years. After giving my video taped statement I began to discuss this situation almost daily for some months with my closest friends. I dug so deep into my heart and mind to figure out all the implications over the years, that I got more and more upset. I was getting so mad inside, that I wanted to give a more detailed statement. The police said if there was anything more I could recall just contact them again.

When I did make the call I was informed that there wasn't going to be any trails or court dates because the three individuals involved in my case were all dead. They all died by way of suicide. The reason I called was no longer relevant.

I wanted to expand on what I had mentioned about Mr. Seguin, because I said there was no sexual involvement with him, but after thinking about all the events that took part at his home he played a roll. He was in a position to put a stop to it. He was as guilty as Mr. Barque. He was there, he watched and he provided opportunity. He should have put a stop to it.

Recently, I have concluded that these three individuals set the stage in the theatre of my starting way back in 1976 when Mr. Hickerson, this stage was being set. I don't blame all my life problems on them. I do, and I have, taken all responsibility for all my actions. The question I have now is; why have these individuals gone unpunished? I realize they are not on this earth now, but why did twenty years have to go by without charges or prosecution for these crimes? Obviously the authorities or superior officers at probation and parole knew about Mr. Barque and Mr. Seguin. And people knew about Mr. Hickerson also. Yet these individuals continued living their comfortable lifestyle. They never had to pay the price and be accountable for their actions.

What bothers me most now is that no justice was ever served in these cases! These individuals were in positions of authority and trust. The pay cheques they received were covered by my parents and other tax-paying citizens. These men were supposed to help me build a life for myself and act like professionals. The only thing they aided me in was alcoholism and going down a destructive path.

Some of my anger lies with the governments departments that signed the guys pay cheques, especially Probation and Parole Services. Why was Mr. Barque allowed to resign? They had enough evidence to charge him without my testimony. Back in those days I believe they didn't

want this sort of scandal getting out. How would it look if a probation officer were found to be fuelling teens with alcohol, sodomizing them and then letting them know that he would have them incarcerated if they revealed the events?

I often wonder what life would have been like if I had not met these individuals. Would I have started drinking at age fourteen? Would I have quit school at age sixteen? Would I be living near my family today? To these questions I don't know. But things happened the way they did and these professionals walked me down a destructive path rather than directing along a positive one. They didn't want me to live at home, get a job or straighten out my act. They needed me to stay in the despair mode I was in so they could continue getting their sexual thrills.

Up until the Project Truth investigation I didn't consider the fact that I was a victim of sexual assault. I began to believe that everyone had this sort of thing happen to him or her at some point in their life. Once the police officers contacted me and I started to reflect on my teen life, I wanted these men charged and I wanted them to serve time behind bars. I wanted Mr. Hickerson to experience what I experienced when he called the police on me and I received the federal sentence I did. I wanted him to experience the fears I did.

Looking back now I question whose crimes were worse? My crime against Mr. Hickerson amounted to him losing his car and stereo for a few hours, then it was over. The crimes Mr. Hickerson committed last me a lifetime and without doubt altered the path of my life.

When I thought these three individuals were going to get the punishment they deserved for their actions, I was looking forward to receiving a call letting me know they were in jail. When I found out there was not going to be any trials or court appearances I felt these guys stuck it to me again.

I am much older now and realize that my name would never have been published, because I was a minor when these charges occurred, however, back then, I didn't know that. This is the most important factor that helped me decide to go forward with my statement. Back then I believed my name would have been revealed, which deterred me from telling people.

Upon being contacted by the investigator, it was obvious that I did not have to prove what had been going on, because the police already knew and acknowledged it. Apparently other victims supplied my name to investigators. To this day I have no idea who these victims were. It wasn't really a matter of whether they did these atrocities, but how they should be punished. There were enough victims that I was confident prosecution would follow the charges.

Now where is my justice? There is no justice! As I had done for years, I have to stick it in the back of my mind and get over it. I can't hold their family members responsible for civil action. They didn't commit these crimes. How could I ever afford to take on the governmental departments that these individuals worked for?

This application for criminal compensation is the only recourse left open to me. I know financial compensation will not take back anything that has happened or erase any of my problems, but God only knows where I might be today if not for these three individuals. I've lived at or under the poverty line all my life and still do.

If these men would have been doing their jobs in a respectful manner, I could have taken a much more positive direction in life. It's obvious to people that know me, that these men had a great impact on my life. The low self-esteem, the alcohol abuse, my anger problem and my aloneness, are all symptoms of something deeper. That something deeper was and is Mr., Richard Hickerson, Mr. Nelson Barque and Mr. Ken Seguin.

In considering my case, I would like you to reflect on the situation. Here you have an individual fourteen and fifteen years old, not only sexually abused by one individual for a number of years

but by three individuals, who were entrusted to see that I received a fair chance and given every possible opportunity to succeed in life. That didn't happen in my case.

Even in the case of my incarceration, but for Mr. Hickerson, I would never have been sent to jail for such a long period. I did the crime, but why did I do the crime? His job was to advise me to stay in school, think about a career and work towards it. He didn't do that. He put in my head that he was going to get me a good job at sixteen and that I didn't need to stay in school. Of course now I realize this advice was bad and only served his purpose, as did Mr. Barque and Mr. Seguin.

It was poor leadership by men that only cared about fulfilling their perversions, and it added up to destroying a young boy's life, right into manhood. My teen years were not like 90% of other teens. My teen years were turned into growing up fast and surviving the best way I could. There would be no graduation from high school or post secondary education with the people I grew up with. All that changed when these men took me under their wing.

05 (b) Details of Injuries
File No. 9911-17346

The injuries that I have sustained have all been psychological and have had a great impact on my life. The pecuniary losses over the years have been enormous.

In recent years I have been diagnosed as having affective disorder, depression, psychotic episodes and a long history of unaddressed psychiatric issues. I've also realized, I have a serious substance abuse problem that only adds to my other problems. I've suffered inability to express my feeling, difficulty with anger and conflict in relationships (friends & family), problems dealing with sexual orientation and expression abuse towards others, organizational developmental problems and emotional intelligence.

In my teen years while involved with these three individuals, these issues should have been addressed. It was their jobs to refer me for treatment and so on for these problems that they alone had created, but that wasn't done. Mr. Hickerson and Mr. Barque especially knew about my suicidal feeling and despair but did nothing. I didn't receive the treatment I needed.

Contrary to common there is no treatment in the penal system either and none of my problems were addressed there either. I was only subjected to more sexual assaults and much of the time felt in fear. I stopped trusting anyone.

My psychiatric problems are a direct result of the abuse, misguided nature and the unprofessional conduct of these individuals. I am an intelligent individual who had the potential of making something of myself in life and was not aided in doing so. I was guided and directed down a path of destruction and did not receive the professionalism required for the positions these men held.

The long term results of the actions of these men are very prevalent in my life today, and I still suffer from the abuse that went on for years, instead of getting the help and the treatment I should have received. They created the emotional problems and turmoil in my life then assured that it didn't get addressed by keeping it going.

01 Details for late filing

There are many reasons for my late filing of this application. These Numerous occurrences were never reported when I was a teenager and I had buried most of these thoughts, not really wanting to think about them. It was only when the investigators of the "Project Truth Investigation officers approached me that I started thinking about how much damage these individuals did to me, and I started considering all the implications of their actions.

I was of the belief that charges and prosecutions had to have been brought or what proof would I have that these events ever took place. It was only after being contacted by the Ministry of the Attorney
Generals, Criminal Crown Law Office in Toronto, that I realized I was being considered a male sexual abuse survivor, and that this recourse was now open to me.

Upon receiving a letter from the Crown Counsel in September 1999, I then called their office and talked with someone who informed me that I should file for victims compensation and that old sexual abuse cases are often left unreported for years, as it is common for victims to keep it to themselves for years, and that should not interfere with my application, as there are late filing provisions.