

Although she does not want it, there is a publication ban on the name of the victim. Until the ban is lifted I must abide by the ban.

Victim Impact Statement by [REDACTED].
Regarding: Gabriele DelBianco
Date: May 5, 2014

I've looked at this victim impact statement from all angles and it is hard to know where to begin.

Do I talk about the obvious? The toll emotional overeating has had on my life, my health. Do I quote health studies about the damage to my body and the continued suffering I am likely to endure as a result of the extra weight I have carried since the age of 18, after being abused? How many years have been shaved off my life as I've struggled to learn new ways to cope? Or am I grateful for the fact that I didn't kill myself when I became so depressed or repress my memories so that my testimony in court wouldn't stick? I don't think that is what I want to focus on.

Do I talk about the devastating effect this has had on my mother, father and my older sister? Gabriele DelBianco was welcomed into our home, trusted and cared for- sharing our history or vulnerabilities and our celebrations. He was like a family member. I can't know how the guilt or deception my family feels for allowing him into our lives has burdened them. I can say it has aged my parents. They have sat in court to hear the stories and bear witness and carry the shame even though it has been hard. The effect of this court process over last few years has been hard to witness.

How about my family now? My husband certainly did not knowingly sign up for this ride when he fell in love with me. My husband, who prior to meeting me was considering a life as a Jesuit priest. He no longer believes in god or the church. My husband who can't understand why I sometimes react and treat him like he has done something wrong just because he loves me. I can't say how he is impacted by the sadness that he can't reach or even begin to understand even though he tries...

And my children. I don't yet know the long-term impact of my damage on them. I know they have missed out on a lot over the years because of my weight, my periods of depression, my overprotectiveness, my inability to trust, my inability to be present or present them with a world that I believe is full of goodness.

I feel that we have all been robbed of so much joy.

Uncomplicated joy that comes from a world that makes sense.

What Gabe has done doesn't make sense. And even more importantly, what god has allowed Gabe to do has left so many of us without faith.

The catholic tradition comes with a strong faith and a whole lot of crazy beliefs that give too much power to a priest. In our catholic world, God acts through these men of god. And if god can allow a man like Gabe to do the unspeakable things he has

done, how can we believe? Without faith, it feels like being in a lifeboat without a rudder or paddles. Untethered. I have no one to pray to in times of need -like the crisis of going through court for childhood sexual abuse. The abuse of the type and scope of power Gabe held should be taken into account when it is time to dole out his punishment. What does a man deserve when he hurts children in his duty as a representative of god?

I don't know how many people Gabe has robbed of faith. I know it extends beyond me and my family. I know that I am an atheist and so is my husband. I know we pulled our children out of catholic school. I know my mother who sang for 30 years in the choir no longer sings or attends church. I can't put into words how that can be measured.

It is difficult to quantify the effect of Gabriele DelBianco on my life. I don't think it is possible to capture the scope of the abuse because there is no end. I spent countless hours and money in counselling trying to sort out this mess! To me, it is like a ripple in a pond, it never ends. Every time I think I am done dealing with him, something happens to bring him back into my life.

The small something's are like the times when the world stops because a memory is triggered and I feel nauseated by a song on the radio. Or when I see a man that looks like him and I am caught staring and making sure it isn't. Or the silly fear that overtakes me when I am home alone and feel like I am being watched.

What I find fascinating is what little effect I have had on him. Except now, that he has been caught. I imagine this trial has taken a toll. What I don't think has happened is that Gabe has spent time to fully take inventory of the damage he has done. He did not have to spend time writing this letter. He did not have to get on the stand to talk about the humiliating things that he did. He did not have to answer in defense of his character, his actions, and his memory. He sat mute. And certainly, he did not stand up and take responsibility or apologize.

I think the only way for that to happen is if he has to sit alone with himself for a while. In jail.

What the court through his convictions is asking him to be accountable for is just the tip of an iceberg. I have glanced beneath the surface and seen the shadow of what lies beneath the surface. So did anyone sitting in the courtroom. I understand that the law can prosecute only what can be proven within a shadow of a doubt. I also know there is a range for sentencing. I am asking the court to consider the maximum sentence to compensate for the immeasurable damage Father Gabe has done. Without a shadow of a doubt, his time in jail will pale in comparison to the length of time his victims have suffered.

With him in jail, I believe my silly fears will be alleviated and I will feel safe. He can't hurt me or my family. With him in jail, I

will start believing that maybe there is goodness and justice in this world.

Ultimately, what I want is to forgive. I don't really want Gabe to continue in his misguided thinking that what he did was O.K or wanted or justified in any way. I want him to be forced to take the time to look at what he is done. That is punishment enough. I know he has a conscience because even when I was young he would tell me about the times he would sit and rock in a corner in the throes of a panic attack. I didn't understand back then, why. Now I do. He needs help and I would like to see that court ordered through the maximum amount of time he can be sentenced to sit in prison. I need time to feel safe and heal too. I am hopeful that with time and support he will ask for forgiveness. I would be willing to listen. Perhaps when all is said and done, we can all find peace.