

Your Eminence,  
Thank you very much for your  
letter of June 30. It was, for the first  
time more personal & less clinical, albeit  
somewhat ambiguous, but all of us ex-  
pect that from you.

You mention the fowled old  
nature of the policy of the Archbishop. Please,  
Your Eminence, you are the policy. It has  
life only because you gave it & any power  
that Fr. Higgins has comes from you &  
can only deduce that all of the pain &  
suffering that I have endured these last  
ten months have come ultimately from  
you.

What would you think,  
Your Eminence, of a father who horsewhipped

his son because he came home late for supper. I should imagine I hope you would be outraged by the severity of the father's actions. Yet I have received worse from you. A horsewhipping would have been more preferable. It would have lasted ten minutes & the sting at least ten days. My ongoing pain has been ten months.

You may assuage yourself & think there has been no punishment, but I see it differently. I have lost everything; My good name, my two parishes in New Mexico, the people I came to serve & love & who love me, my friends in Santa Fe & Albuquerque, the work I did with the poor Spanish natives, the relations to the priesthood &

discernable that men being forced,  
etc., etc. All of that gone with me  
scores of your pen; and all because  
someone said I did something seven-  
teen years ago. Sometimes I have  
denied, but cannot prove otherwise.

So here I am, off to see  
another psychologist at the direction  
of Fr Higgins for at least six months.  
The president of Soudown said that  
six months there was equal to five  
years of outpatient therapy from which  
I received a highly favorable analysis,  
copies of which were sent to you. Did  
you have a chance to read them? Now  
six more months & what after that?  
What does it say in the Psalms,  
"How long will you attack me man?"

Write Christ may give up  
on me, though I know He is not  
entirely responsible, but I will  
not give up on God. He is my stay,  
my love, my desire. I think of Him  
always & long to please Him. May He  
be praised for ever & ever.

In the love we share,

Jim Foley

July 8, 2000

65 LONDON ST.  
E. BOSTON, MA 02128