

Rev. Fr. Gabriel M.M.K. Sawyer

Acting Parish Priest

Our Lady Star of the Sea

Monrovia, Liberia

August 15, 2018

Reverend Monsignor Dagoberto Campos Salas

Apostolic Nuncio,

Republic of Liberia

Your Excellency,

Peace and joy of the crucified and resurrected Christ!

Because of the numerous, consistent and persistent attacks on my personality or personhood by Bishops: Lewis J. Ziegler and Andrew J. Karnley since their ascendancy to the Chair of the Archdiocese of Monrovia, I am constrained to bring these abuses to your attention for discussion. I do believe that these actions of theirs on my God giving personality and dignity were melted out against me consciously. Whatever the case, I am left without any choice but to discuss these concerns of mine with you who happens to be not only the Pope's representative but so to speak my spiritual Father. Because of their actions against me, my medical life and psychological life, have sustained irreparable damages. Hence, from the look of things, it will take a considerable amount of efforts to repair such gargantuan damages. I have been constantly and systematically molested for over 14 years by the two clergy men mentioned above. These psychological and mental molestations, came as a result of my refusal to have sexual intercourse with the names mentioned above. Let me give you a panoramic insight of these damages sustained by me with graphic evidences attached therein. When I returned from Ghana after completing my philosophy studies in 1997 and was assigned with Bishop Karnley then Fr. Karnley(vocations' Director) who was also working with Mgnr. Gabriel Jubwe. During this period with Father whenever we were travelling for mass outside of the seminary, he will be making advances on me by using his right hand and touching my upper legs. He did this continuously and when he noticed that it was irritating me he apology and said it was a misplaced of his hand when changing the car gears. Even after his apology he continued with his advances on me. His action reached its climax one faithful night when I was in my room between sleep and awake. I felt this warm hands pressing against my chest and his mouth was reaching for mine when I woke up in dismay. Father started pleading with me to have sex but I strongly resisted him that night and told him if he did not get out i will shout and report him to Father Jubwe(Rector at the time). He quietly and calmly left my room, telling me at the same time, that he will make sure that I did not become a priest. When he got out I was still in the state of

shock and dismay about his actions. From that moment on wards life with Father became so difficult. I was constantly harassed by him even in the present of people that came to visit the seminary. He intimidated me constantly and reminded me that I was travelling on the wrong path by not allowing me to be sexed or abused by him. I was pestered so much that I wanted to tell Fr. Jubwe. They were too close a friend at that time and I was certain he will not believe or listen to me. My situation would have gotten even worse by even mentioning it. So I kept quiet in order to save my vocation. This is the honorable thing any Seminarian and even most priests will choose to do. Because of this culture of threats and intimidation from some church leaders in Liberia and Africa at large we will choose to be quiet. This culture of silence in the face of molestation cut across all facets of our society and it is prevalent most especially in the local Liberian church. I however, discuss this situation with my classmates but was also afraid to announce to them his advances. My classmates can however testify how far this priest has gone to molest me consistently. When my pastoral was over I was told by the Late Archbishop Francis that my report from Fr. Karnley was terrible but he was going to give me a second chance with another priest. I spent another 5 months with Fr. Aidoo and that report was amazing and the late bishop was pleased and he recommended me to continue my studies in Theology. A week before our departure to Ghana a party was hosted for us by the C.W.O(Catholic Women organization) and visibly among the priests were fathers Karnley and Jubwe. When there was time for remarks these two clergy men stated and I quote:” we will see to it that most if not all of you guys will not become priests”. It was so shocking to hear such comment coming from respected persons within the church. Others at the party questioned the objectivity of their statements as well. This hostility continued throughout my formation process and even now. Upon completion of my Theological studies I returned to Monrovia to start another year of pastoral formation simply because some priests such as Fr. Karnley now bishop were still bent of setting traps in front of us. I started this period with much fear because I have gone too far for anyone including Fr. Karnley to mess my vocation up. My fear turned into reality when I was assigned to a’ long time’ friend and brother of Fr. Karnley. Life I can assure you was not bearable at all. I could suspect base on the treatment I was receiving from his friend Fr. Kabba, it was clear that his actions were directed. There was even an incident when we had to settle some issues in the presence of the Late Archbishop in which I was vindicated. When I was enduring this molestation at the hands of his friend, whenever I came in contact with Fr. Karnley he was consistently threatening me that he will do everything in his power to prevent me from becoming a priest. With all the conspiracy against me Bishop Francis disregarded them all and ordained me base on honesty. My records from the seminary were outstanding. Reports from the Bishop, having spent a month living with him was mouthwatering. The evidences are there and can speak for themselves. I was ordained 15th June 2003 and thought to myself that my days of intimidations were over. But to my amazement it continued with me into the priesthood. A month after my ordination to the priesthood I was assigned at the St. Anthony’s Parish. With Archbishop Francis still around I was protected from any direct molestation coming my way from Fr. Karnley. I was enjoy his protection and there was no way he(Fr. Karnley) could harm me directly. I also thought with time this madness perpetrated against me by Father will go away some days soon. He will get tired of chasing shadows and just forget about me or he may find some other person whom he may love strongly and just disregard me for good. However, life turned for the west when His Grace got sick and had to be flown out of the country. Fr. Harry O’Brien took charge of the affairs of the diocese and was heavily guided by the Rector of the Pre Major Seminary who happened to be Fr. Karnley. My parish priest whom had always wished not to have an Associate decided to join forces with Fr. Karnley to testify against me in one of their kitchen cabinet meetings.

Fathers Jackson and Karnley plotted to get me out of the parish since they had the ears of Fr. O'Brien. I could see their hands all over my ejection and eviction letter that was sent to me on Thursday and was told to vacate the parish house on Monday. How on earth can an Administrator be so insensitive to one priest against the other if there was not a conspiracy, I asked myself? I left the parish that Monday morning and was told to go at the Archdiocesan Pastoral Center (APC). I was abandoned, dejected and placed in compulsory solitude. I was not given any money to buy food or to take care of myself. I had to go begging in the streets to find food to eat. I can remember one faithful afternoon whilst at the APC Fr. Karnley passed by and reminded me that he will torture me until I leave the priesthood. I said to him calmly that no amount of intimidation can scar me away from the priestly ministry. I am a priest forever. We exchange those words and I left his presence. Months after this high level conspiracy Panel sent me to die at the APC guest house, it was my angel Rev Fr. Francis Lyall who challenged my enemies that they were treating me unjustly and he was moving me at his parish in Logan town. After a month or two at Logan town Fr. O'Brien the then Vicar General decided to move me into Bomi to stay with Fr. Gareth. I was in Bomi and Fr asked me to work around the various stations in Cape Mount and Gbarpolu Counties respectively. Life under the supervision of father was so amazing and cordial. I was enjoying one of the best spells in my priesthood. And the story goes on. After a year in Bopolu in my compulsory solitude, I got a call that there was an important message from the Vatican and all priests were asked to assemble. It was announced to my dismay that Fr. Karnley will administer the affairs of the diocese as Administrator. This announcement came as a shock and disappointment to me. I could not believe what I was hearing. I felt let down and frustrated with this new development. My adversary is now head of the diocese what next for me, were my thoughts? At this point I knew I was up for a rough ride.

It did not take long Fr. Karnley started to show off his authority in the show of force over me. He intimidated me on many occasions and told me in my face that he will finish off what he started some years back (meaning getting me out of the priesthood)

Putting words into actions, one Monday morning my phone rang and it was the AA. When I answered the phone I was told to proceed to Monrovia immediately. When I asked for what reason he cut his phone off. I felt molested by this action of his. I was confused and wondered what had happened? I was in the state of uncertainty. I however, mustered the courage and started the 60mile journey.

When I got to Monrovia I was shocked to hear the Apostolic Administrator telling me that he had been informed that I usually carry women around in my car. I got so angry and asked if it was for this reason I had to drive 6 hours for? He however told me that I could be expelled from the priesthood because of that. We had a very bitter argument and I told him it was not a possibility. I quoted the code of canon law to him since he had forgotten the requirements in the code. I also told him that I have been told by parishioners as well that he carries his Girl Friend to the Parish of Fr. Patrick Sawie at Immaculate Conception in Pipeline. He vehemently opposed my assertion and I also disagreed with his. After few minutes of exchanges I left with my priesthood still in tight. This event took place in the presence of Rev. Fr. Roland Biah. He can testify to this event.

Some months later, I was called again by the AA to proceed to his office in Monrovia. I drove my 6 hours only to be told that someone had told him that I was using the parish vehicle to carry out political campaign. Before I left Bopolu the AA asked that I come with some of my things because I will not be returning to Bopolu. On my way to Monrovia my brother Rev. Fr. Macdonald Nah called me to ascertain what was the problem between the AA and I. I told him that I was not aware of any problem

whatsoever. He then explained to me that he had been called by the AA and told whether he could replace me at Bopolu. Fr. Nah said to me that he suggested to the AA that it was necessary that the AA settle whatever differences he had with me for he was not prepared to take over from me. Those were the words of Fr. Nah. The AA never asked me my side of the story but had found me guilty. This had been the normal modus operandi of the apostolic administrator. Any acquisition or falsehood about me was deemed to be truthful by him. I was hunted by the AA and nothing I did was seen palatable by him. I had to endure all these tortures and intimidations at the hands of the AA. Life had never been easy under the authority of Fr. Karnley now bishop of Cape Palmas. When the journalist who came to complain me was told the truth, he immediately apologized to me. The journalist saw people singing in my vehicle and concluded that the Catholic Church was interested in a candidate in the election in Gbarpolu. He was made to know that the people he saw in that vehicle were returning from mass. Every Sunday I had three masses, one at 8 am, 10am at the main parish and one at 1pm in another station. We had just finished with mass just around the same time a campaign rally in another town had also just finished. Hence this journalist thought that my vehicle was coming from that rally. When I explain this to him he understood and apologized. When the journalist left the AA office he told me that I was lucky that I have been left of the hook. I told him caringly that it was unfortunate that he did not trust his priests. When I told him this fact he got so angry and started to use profanity on me. After our exchanges I left his office and returned to Bopolu the next day very frustrated over this frequent abuse of power by the AA. For those few years fr. Karnley was the Apostolic Administrator I lived in perpetual fear and intimidation and avoided any program that he organized and attended.

Having gone through such torturing nightmare at the hands fr. Karnley I was relieved when it was announced that Bishop Lewis Zeigler had succeeded him as Archbishop of Monrovia. I celebrated this news with great joy. I was so certain that my tribulation days were over and I was entering into a new era of peace and stability in my priestly ministry. It all turned for the worst on one tasteless afternoon when the Archbishop told me that I was looking nice and he loves me. I was sitting right by him on a bench just outside the rectory of Christ the King Parish when we went to honor our regular Palm Butter Lunch when he said those words. I thought for a while it was a compliment coming my way from my shepherd but when he added that I should make time available to visit him at his house then I realize that it was something else. I hurried away from his presence and went inside the rectory with the thoughts that he must be kidding because he must be drunk. A month after that interaction I went to see the bishop in his office and I was reminded again of his proposal. This time I told him I was not interested and cannot reduce myself to that level. I was so upset and left his office without discussing what I went to see him about. From this point on life under Archbishop Lewis J. Zeigler has been intimidating and full of tortures. Our relationship as priest and bishop had gone from bad to worse. Your Excellency, I was grossly disrespected by my Associate when I asked him to give financial reports from the parish and school that he was administering. He told me that he was not accountable to me and there was no way that he will report to me. I told him in that meeting that I was withdrawing those financial responsibilities I give him until he could settle those accounts with me. We left that meeting and he came to Monrovia and started to plot my removal. Few weeks after our meeting I got a call from the Archbishop that I was needed at his office. When I got there Frs. Gareth, Kabuna and the bishop were there awaiting me. Fr. Kabuna was asked to explain and said things that were not even related to our financial reports discussion. Father told the gathering that I forced him out of his room to host guests that came with the president on her counties visit to Gbarpolu. In that meeting I told the bishop what had happened as narrated above in our meeting but he refused to listen. He sided with my associate

and brought me down guilty without looking into the case with fairness and objectivity. I was greatly shocked and drafted into the state of paralysis briefly when I heard those words coming from the mouth of my bishop in whom I have banked all my hope of a new day. After I left his office I said to myself it has started again. I know where this high level of hatred is coming from. I could not believe that some religious persons can go so far just to satisfy their selfish sexual Ergo.

There was nothing said about father's gross insubordination towards me. I was condemned and disgraced in that meeting in the presence of my Associate. Before I left the office of the bishop I was told that he will get back to me soon. I knew it was over. My mission to the people of Bopolu has come to an end and there was nothing that I could do to rescue it this time around. Father was told to wait in town by the bishop so that they could finish up their conspiracy plans. He stayed in Monrovia whilst I returned to Bopolu. After a week of planning I was called back to Monrovia by the bishop. When I entered his office I was told that I have been transferred to Clay, St. Muggaga parish. The bishop thanked me for my time in Bopolu and hypocritically wished me well in my new assignment. I thanked him for the new appointment with heavy heart and left his office. We met in his office on Thursday and I was told to pack out of the parish on Sunday. I did not have to be a rocket scientist to see the high level of witch hunting being carried out against me by a bishop who dislikes me so much. I was molested on all fronts. I was so frustrated with his continuous violation of my dignity and personality. Life as a whole has been very difficult under the stewardship of Bishop Ziegler.

I travelled from Bopolu to Clay Sunday after mass with the Vicar General who over saw my turning over to Father Henry Somah as pastor of the parish whilst father Kabuna remain the associate pastor and principal of the school that he was fighting so badly for. Mission was accomplished by my adversaries by seeing me out of a mission that I fought to establish. There was no respect shown me after all those years of work in getting the Bopolu mission up and running. I was uprooted and sent away. I was stabbed in the back by the Bishop who should be the shepherd of all the priests. I felt so hurt, and it really destroyed my ability to work hard for God. There was no sign of encouragement for me to keep on working in the vineyard of God. I said to myself enough is enough. And it was time to take the back seat and avoid coming into the way of the Bishop.

I arrived at Clay that Sunday and started my ministry immediately. I tried to put that Bopolu experience behind me but it will always pop up now and then. I was really disappointed in myself that this continued to happen to me. I became a loner and decided to keep to myself. After some months at Clay in November 2011 my family and some friends called me to have me informed that they were coming to celebrate my birthday which was to fall on the day of the election. They insisted and I gave them the thumbs up. They came for mass that Sunday and we celebrated the day. Just after mass I informed the church that my family members and my friends had come to celebrate my birthday and the church was invited after mass but they should come with gifts. I said that jokingly and the whole church laughed about that. Few days after my birthday I saw few members from the hierarchy of the church arriving at the parish and informing me that they were to have a meeting with me. I was shocked and told the vicar general that I was not aware of any meeting scheduled for today. Whilst the vicar general and I were conversing I saw some of the parishioners arriving on the mission. When I asked the purpose of their visit I was told that the bishop had invited them to a meeting with me. I was shocked to hear that. I immediately told myself that this bishop has not let go of me yet. He is still after me. I was too disappointed. I could not believe that the bishop will plan a meeting between his priest and parishioners and will not alert me about such a meeting? I was disappointed. The bishop finally arrived and we moved

to the church to start their conspired meeting. After brief prayer the bishop asked one of the two parishioners whom had come for that meeting to explain what had happened at the parish. I could not believe that this meeting was all about me and I was never told about it. She started explaining by saying that I disrespected the women of the parish by bringing people from Monrovia to cook on my birthday. This was unfair to the women of the parish because it speaks to them not knowing how to cook. My head went crazy when I heard those words coming out of that parishioner mouth, I was disappointed and shocked. After her explanation the bishop asked me to say my side of the story. I told him what I have mentioned earlier and he said to me that I was wrong to have invited my family members and friends to come and cook on my birthday. I was so disappointed in Bishop for being so naive and making those frivolous remarks. Is it the parishioners who are responsible for the priest birthday? Or can I stop my family from coming to celebrate my birthday with me? I invited them and if they wanted to cook just how my family members brought their food from Monrovia they should have gotten theirs and prepare it themselves and bring it to the party. For the bishop to have brought me down guilty was not a strange phenomenon. He had his plan and whatever the case, he was executing his plans about me. Whatever and however he just did not care. I was disgrace in the faces of my parishioners and was asked by the bishop to apologize to them. I knew where this was going and I did the humiliating thing by going down on bended knees to ask for mercy from my two parishioners. I knew if I did not do it my priesthood would have been threaten and that would had been the end. The bishop had been looking for a minor excuse to have me removed from the priesthood. I was aware of this fact and had to play to the gallery. Fathers Mombo and Boyce are witnesses to this event and if they are not afraid of the bishop they can testify to this fact.

After I was disgraced in the church, the bishop asked that we went to the rectory for another meeting. In that meeting I was told to vacate the parish because it had been given to the SMA fathers to be administered. I could not believe what I was hearing. Has it come down to this? The bishop wants to continue this fight at all cost. He wants to embarrass me to the point that I just leave the priesthood? He had tried to find fault against me and since there are none, he is intimidating me to leave on my own? I was so much aware of his scheme and did my best to remain calm. I however told them that it was not my duty to refuse the SMA from taking over the parish. It was the bishop's call. But I needed to be informed time ahead to prepare myself in turning the parish over. I told them that I had activities planned for December and if they could permit me carried out those activities. They finally agreed after discussion amongst the bishop and his entourage. I continued until the end of December and turned the parish over to the SMA on the 1st of January after my Sunday mass. I left clay that Sunday feeling very let down by the bishop and return to Monrovia for reassignment. I reported to the bishop that Sunday evening and I was told to stay at the cathedral in residence until the house at Unification town was renovated. The bishop told me that I was to go to All Saints as the parish priest when the place was reconditioned. I stayed in the cathedral for several months and growing frustrated by the days because nothing was being said to me when I could go to All Saints Parish. After sometime, news went roaming around that the bishop had also promised Fr. Baido the Parish at Unification town. Father himself later on disclosed that to me. It was not long when that news came to past. Fr. Joseph Baido was assigned at the parish the bishop had earlier promised me without hinting me about the change in plan. I was left in the cold and abandoned by the bishop again. What a life I say to myself when I look back?

I stayed at the cathedral for months later and there was no sign of me being appointed to a parish. At this point in my priesthood there was nothing serious I have done for me to be treated the way the

bishop was tossing me around. I waited and waited and there was no assignment in sight. I visited the office of the bishop on many occasions and it seems he was not prepared to appoint me in any parish. I could see the hate in his face whenever he saw me at his office. I told my classmates what was obtaining between the bishop and me. They told me to have courage and keep the faith going. From that moment I decided not to go to his office again, or to even ask him about my assignment. I continued to stay at the cathedral doing nothing but sitting around abandoned. Few months later I was told that he had finally decided that I joined Fr. Biah my classmate at Holy Martyrs parish. I was shocked and this was the most laughable and naïve thing I have heard in blessed memory. This fight has gone below the belt and this bishop is bent on disgracing me. From a parish priest to an associate pastor with my classmate for no reason whatsoever was shocking and unbelievable!

At Holy Martyrs I was asked to start the process that will eventually take me to the UK to study at St. Anselm formation center. When I returned from Ghana on my first trip in preparation to leave for the UK the bishop called me a liar and a thief. He shouted at me in his office and disgraced me in the presence of the current bursar. When I left for Ghana it was agreed that I pay for my visa with the money that I was given by the bishop's office. Things however did not go as planned so the money intended for the visa was used to pay the fees for an English test that was required before proceeding for the visa. When I was returning to complete traveling arrangements back to Ghana and ask for visa fee, the bishop said he gave me visa fees before and he was not going to do it this time around. I explain to him what I told him a month ago concerning this issue he decided not to listen and started shouting at me and calling me a criminal. I got angry with his unguided and baseless comments toward my high earn character that I had built over the years and told him it was unfair for him to shout at me. I told him that I was not a child and deserve to be treated with respect and trust. As I try to get him to understand the issue at stick. He got hold of his phone and called father Varvee to witness what was happening between us. Father came and was able to understand the points that I was raising. He calmed me down and we returned to the office of the bishop where he was brief on what I have made him to understand. I was then given the money for the visa and transportation to Accra. Monies intended for allowance that will facilitate my stay in Ghana the bishop refused to let me have them. I had to credit money from business men in Monrovia in order to make the trip. I later got to know that he refused to give me my allowance because of the argument we had in his office. When I finally got the visa I wrote him and had him informed. He however did not reply to my email. I wanted to know whether it will meet his approval if I left for London from Ghana. I called his phone but to no avail. I finally called Fr. Mombo the Cathedral's Administer to get my concern to him. Fr. Mombo called back and told me to come back to Monrovia because the bishop did not respond to my concern. It was better I return and settled whatever scores with the bishop. I took his advice and returned to Monrovia. I got in town and went directly to his office that morning and was told that the bishop was not coming to his office that day. I went immediately and inform father Mombo. I also asked for the way forward. He suggested that I sit around and wait. May be the bishop could come to his office than we could address the matter with him. I waited almost the whole day and he was still not coming. Somewhere around 3:45 pm, Fr. Boniface Tye(current Rector of the Major Seminary) came by and asked when did I returned from Ghana and why I was at the cathedral? I told him that I was waiting for the bishop. He told me that he just left the bishop at his residence and he is not sure the bishop will be coming to his office. He however, encouraged me to meet him at his house. I monster the courage and went to see him nevertheless. My experience at his house was so despicable. He told me that I was not welcome at his house and he did not care about my trip to the UK. If I had the money, I should make the trip on my own. He was no

longer interested in my travelling to the UK. I was shocked and dumbfounded as it relates to his behavior towards me. I left his presence with the feelings of overwhelming dejection and bewilderment. I was speechless and left his house let down once more. After disgracing me at his residence, the next day Fr. Biah told me that the bishop visited the parish and asked him to inform me to get quotation from the airlines concerning prices for tickets to London. I immediately left everything I was doing and went ahead to execute the bishop's order. When I got the quotation I called his phone and asked whether I could bring it at his house but he refused to let me come at his place. He angrily demanded me to see him at the office on Monday morning the day before my departure. Monday I got at the office and spent the whole day waiting for the bishop to sign the cheque but he wasted all the time in doing so. He finally gave me the cheque very late in the afternoon and without monies I needed to buy winter clothing and transportation from the airport to central London and onwards to the campus in Kent. When I asked about those monies I was shouted upon and told to leave his office. As I left his office the bishop told me that it will be better for me not to come back to his diocese upon my departure. That Monday evening, I was all over Monrovia looking for money to credit in order to make the trip to England. I was left on my own by my bishop simply because he hated me. I had to make my own arrangement with the SMA fathers to facilitate my movement from the airport to Kent of England. Thanks to the SMA fathers who were so generous to me and made it possible to get me on campus from the airport in a country that I have never been before. I am also grateful to them for buying me some winter clothes that my bishop refused to buy.

For most of the period whilst I was away I wrote the bishop on numerous occasions through email and he never replied to any of them. I was left on my own and no one to look up to for material support. I had to beg friends that I had on campus to help with my academic needs because there was practically no support coming from my father the bishop of the diocese. He had virtually abandoned me in the UK. What hurt the most was when priests were discussing greetings from their bishops and superiors, I felt that I was an orphan in their midst because there was not a day that I said anything about my bishop sending me greetings. I was honestly abandoned by my bishop who has a temporal and spiritual responsibility towards his priest (can.384). The longer I stayed in the UK, the more frustrated I became due to this don't care attitude of my bishop. Hence, I held my peace and continued enduring my exile of pains and abandonment. I also thought to myself that after six months of such massive punishment that the bishop had put me through in UK his anger will cease when I return. I endured the rejection and abandonment for the six months and returned to Monrovia with great excitement in moving forward with my priestly ministry.

I immediately reported to the house of the bishop with great joy to inform him of my return. My joy was however short lived when we met and was told that I was welcome but should go to my parents' house to stay and he will see me the following week. I could not believe what I was hearing. I was very disappointed and confused over those remarks from the bishop. There was no iota of empathy in what he had just said and I was deeply disappointed. I had been abandoned for six months in the UK and on my return the phenomenon of abandonment is continuing? This was unbelievable. I was deeply shocked and broken into pieces. I left his house disappointed and without uttering a word. I could only recall his words that he said to me on my way to the UK, 'it will be preferable for me if you don't come back.' He has continued from where we stop, that was my thinking. I left not knowing where to go because my room at my parent's house has been occupied by one of my relatives and there was no room to house me. I had to put up with a friend who was not a priest. Due to this instruction from the bishop no priest

was prepare to take me in. I had no place to stay and no money to spend. My life was turn upside down. There was no end in sight to this madness perpetrated by the bishop. I could not believe that he was taking this fight far below the belt. The following week I made it my duty to see him at the office hoping that things will change and I will be given a space in one of the parishes but my hopes were dashed that day for it proved futile. I left his office without him saying much to me. I was very disappointed and promised myself not to go to his office unless I was called. I return to my abandoned life and started begging friends and family members for my livelihood. I was sent away without a cent to sustain me whilst I was away from the parish. What have I done to be treated like this? This was the question I asked myself often. I was so frustrated about life. There were many days I had to sleep from one place to next because my friend had a friend visiting him. People started to ask questions why I was not in the parish and this brought me greater frustrations. I did not know what to say and how to even say what I had to say. I became speechless and avoided the public space for fear of been asked why I was out of the parish and staying with a friend? I had to endure this for a while struggling on my own until I was told by the bishop that he had assigned me at St. Anthony as an associate priest. This was again humiliating. What have I done to be treated in this way, from a parish priest to an associate again? For me this was non canonical and total abuse of ecclesiastical power. For I am aware that a priest who had ascended to such position can be relieved of his post for a grave or graver reason(s)(can.190). Hence as far as I am concern I have not committed any of the followings. So to be treated as if I was nothing was a violation of my God giving dignity and rights as safe guarded by the church's canon law and the constitution of Liberia.

Knowing fully of what the bishop was up to I decided to take up the challenge and accepted the appointment. I was however told by my inner source that Fr. Francis Johnson the pastor of the parish then refused to accept me at the parish but he was eventually arm twisted in accepting me. He Fr. Johnson had always wished that he stay alone at the parish. In the midst of these controversies I pick myself up and went to the parish with an open mind and prepare to accept what came my way.

My first disappointment came when I was told by father to use a very narrow room that was previously used as store room as my dwelling place. I accepted the room with reservations, hoping that with time I will be relocated to the room that was meant for the associate pastor. I humbly approached him and asked whether I could occupy the room since no one was using it. For some weeks he refused to give a direct response and so I kept asking until he finally agreed unwillingly. Life was very difficult at the parish. Father refused to accept me as a priest and treated me with disrespect. He refused to take care of my temporal and material needs. Things that should be provided to make my pastoral life less challenging were withheld by him. Allowances for my personal up keep were held back by father. Life at the parish became so unbearable for me. I had to go begging friends within and outside of the parish for my temporal needs. I approached father on this matter concerning my upkeep and he turn a deaf ear to mine pleads. I had no one to turn to and no one to come to my assistance. I knew I could not count on the bishop whose responsibility amongst which must foster brotherliness among priests(can.550p2). He had started this fight and he will be very happy that the tension and intimidations were on going. I decided to finally inform Fr. Mombo who I perceived was closest to the bishop. He assured me that he will take the issue up with him and get back to me. I was told by him later that the bishop has been informed and will be joining us at the parish for investigation. The bishop came and we were called to the meeting but father told the bishop that he was not attending the meeting. We however proceeded without the parish priest who had told the bishop in his face that he will not attend. I was asked to

explain my conditions and I did. The bishop told me that I should not cause problem for myself this was his response. I should stop making problems and going on doing my pastoral work. How could I do my pastoral work when I did not have even food to eat or a moving vehicle to do what I am expected to do? Those were my remarks to him. From the look on his face I could deduce that he was happy with my current situation and very grateful to father for the level of ill-treatment he had meted out against me. There were many days I had to visit Parishioners houses to find food to eat. He had the refrigerator full with food and only he had the keys. He prepared his own food from what was bought from the parish's income. I was left to make life on my own. My priesthood was reduced to the least. I was the most vulnerable priest in the world. My rights were frivolously violated by the day and there was no one to complain to. The rift between father and I deepened one Saturday, the eve of Palm Sunday when he called the bishop and told him that I had threatened to kill him with a cutlass. Not to my surprise the bishop hurried to the parish to investigate. When he got at the parish I was not there since I had to leave the parish the night before to take my sick father to the hospital. When the bishop got to the parish he called me and when I answered there was no sound coming from his side of the phone. When I could finally hear him, he started to accuse me of not wanting to answer him. We had a bit of a mixed up conversation on the phone and then he asked where I was. I told him and he asked me to see him at the Cathedral parish. I eventually left my sick dad and went to see him as demanded angrily. When I got at the Cathedral before I could even explain to him what happened, he threatened me with excommunication. As we walk towards the cathedral Rectory I told him that it cannot be the case. I cannot be excommunicated based on lies and deceptions. He however, kept quiet until we got into the Rectory. There I explained to him what had happened but he was not satisfied with my answer. He decided that we go back to the parish to investigate the matter. We drove back in separate cars to the parish. We sat down for the meeting then I saw the security guard called to explain what had transpired between me and father. I was shocked to see such a thing happening. If Fr. Johnson said I threatened to kill him why are you asking a security guard to say what you said I told you? That was my point but the bishop said he was a witness due to their clandestine plans. The bishop asked the security guard to explain Fr. Johnson's version of the incident because the security guard was not around when I spoke with father. After he explained I told the bishop that the security guard was nowhere around to know what transpired between father and I. If anyone needs to testify to, it should be the catechist because he is aware of the conspiracy. He finally allowed the catechist to say what he knew. When the catechist had spoken the truth about the matter the bishop got angry and questioned the credibility of the catechist and said that I was wrong. He demanded that I must take my things out of the rectory and leave immediately.

Father Johnson for some months has not been feeding me in the parish and that faithful Friday I was asked to officiate a funeral mass and decided to take the collections from that mass for my temporal upkeep. To my surprise whilst celebrating the liturgy of the Eucharist, Fr. Johnson came and took the offerings. After the mass I went to him with the catechist to ask him why he did what he did. He started raining insults on me and told me to leave from the front of his door. We had few exchanges and I told him that his plan to see me dead had failed but God will judge the two of us some day soon. We will get our pay for the way we treat others. After I said those remarks I left to eat my food a friend had prepared for me. Just after eating I got a call that my dad's condition had turned bad. I got myself ready and informed him about the news coming from my house and I was leaving to take my dad to the hospital but he did not say a word.

There was a parishioner who heard the conversation between father and I. She came to the meeting and testified that she was at the funeral mass. She had overheard father and I conversation but never heard me threatening to kill father with a cutlass. Having heard all these evidences from people who were close to the conversation, the bishop refused to believe them. He shouted and even insulted me at that meeting in the presence of those seated. I was so ashamed of what was happening and told the bishop that he was unfair in his dealing with me. He shouted back and told me that the world was unfair and I will not force him to be fair. He had made his decision and I must leave the parish at that very moment. I was thrown into the street again to live all by myself and outside the protection of the walls of the catholic mission. On the eve of the holy week for the bishop to be so heartless towards me shows the level to which his wickedness has become vicious and obnoxious. I was thrown into the streets the eve of the Holy Week with nowhere to go. I was abandoned by a man who should be a shepherd but whose angry inclinations had turned him into a beast.

For a while I refused to leave the parish for I insisted I had nowhere to go. He kept on shouting at me and he was not leaving the parish unless I got out. Fr. Mombo encouraged me to leave. He took me to my room to pack few things and I left for the streets of Monrovia again. Whilst I was in the streets the bishop never cared about how I was living and what I was doing to sustain myself. He is truly a heartless and a wicked man of God I said to myself. We live in a world where the code of canon law is violated and disrespected on a daily basis. This bishop feels that I am stupid and do not know my rights as protected by the canon law. He treats me as if I am not a priest and even a human being. My suffering under this bishop has been unprecedented. My classmates approached me few months after my kicking out of the parish that they were going to see the bishop on my behalf to ask him the problem between us. I give them my blessing and requested them to ask him to launch a comprehensive investigation into the matter. My brothers told me later that they convey my concern to him but he was silent on the matter. Most of my friends including my parents had always asked what is there between you and the bishop. I have always told them that one day the truth will be told. And this is my truth I am telling with tears of joy. Some of the priests that went to see him said to me that the bishop proved to them that he just did not care about me. They were also shocked and told me to be strong.

I was left in my frustration and abandonment again. I had to go into seclusion in order to avoid the many questions that came my way from parishioners. How could I even inform my sick Father about my condition? This might lead him to his grave I said to myself. Months later my Father got to know what my bishop had done. He asked to see me and when went to him, he started to cry and was begging me to forgive him. When I asked why he was asking for forgiveness; he told me that he regretted what the bishop had done to me and he was very sorry for encouraging me to take up the priesthood. He told me that he had hope before he died that my priesthood become an enjoyable one but it was not going to happen. He had seen me suffered unjustly at the hands of those in authority for no reason whatsoever. I told him not to cry, that it was the will of God. I stayed with him that day talking about lots of issues that made him laughed and then I left for the streets.

After some months not hearing from the bishop on my status, I called Fr. Gary to greet him and he asked my condition and I explained what had happened. He however promised to get back to me soon. Few days later I got words from my bishop that I have been assigned to Bomi County as associate pastor to Fr. Gary. I took up that assignment immediately. I stayed in Bomi for one month and a week before the death of my father on the 11 of August 2014. I had just given him communion that Monday morning and left the house to give communion to one of my aunties. I was away when my mother called to inform

me that my father's condition had deteriorated and I must return home immediately. On my way back I asked a doctor friend of mine to accompany me at my parent's house. When the doctor examined him he found out that he had died few minutes before our arrival at the house. Everyone started to cry including my mother who was wailing uncontrollably. We managed to call the funeral service and my father's remains were taken away. Tuesday of the same week my father died, mass was offered on church radio station for the repose of my late father's soul. Few hours after the mass, I got a call from my Ordinary asking me if it was true what he just heard being offered during the mass. I told him it was true and we want to bury him as soon as possible, not beyond Friday of that same week he passed. The bishop told me to keep him posted as regards happenings on the funeral arrangements. This I did after our family meeting. The bishop was told as regards the time and place of the funeral mass of my late father. After our conversation the day after my father's death, the bishop never spoke with again until the day of the funeral. There was no representative from the archdiocese of Monrovia to even express sympathy to my family. My house was never visited by the bishop or anyone that represented him. My family continued to ask me about the presence of members from the archdiocese of Monrovia but no one was there. When things were very difficult financially, the diocese never came to my rescue in laying my father to rest. I was let down again by my bishop and my institution. The only time I saw the bishop was on the day of the funeral. His presence on that day realistically meant little to me. I needed him most, days leading to the funeral and not when all have been done. I was still confident that my bishop was going to remove the shame from my face and his by stopping by the house after the burial but that did not happen. One may argue that it was Ebola time and people were careful with their interactions. But it is sad to note that during the heat of the Ebola before my father passed the bishop was visiting the Ebola centers to check on priests and religious who were affected by the Ebola virus. On the other hand, the bishop was told long time that my father was suffering from stroke and was in bed. Hence the issue of Ebola scaring him away should not be the case. Beside if it was the issue of Ebola he should not have attended the funeral mass. I felt let down and disappointed in my bishop who must be the father to all his priests. I was very much surprised and scandalized that one's angry drive could lead to such high level of animosity and hatred. Other priests lost their parents in this Archdiocese and the bishop is all over the place taking responsibility. But when it came to father Sawyer he does not care. I have experienced this on many occasions and know what it means to be abandoned by your spiritual father. As I was nursing my loss, I had to deal with my state of abandonment going forward.

Few weeks after the burial of my father, I returned to Bomi to continue my pastoral work. It was after some 24 days that I returned to Bomi in order to satisfy the Ebola protocol. Nevertheless, when I returned I was met at the door of the rectory by my parish priest, Fr. Gary whom I suspected was not happy with my returning. He told me we had a meeting under the palava hut at the parish compound. When we sat for the meeting I was told by father that I had just buried my father and he is not sure what he died from. And it will be okay if I return to Monrovia and attend to my pastoral work from there. Let me be clear here, when my father died and father Gary was informed he never made any effort to visit me and never attending the funeral mass of my late father. Hence, asking me to return to Monrovia was no surprise. I told him to inform the bishop about his decision and hear what he the bishop had to say about his proposal. He placed the call to the bishop and the bishop accepted the proposal immediately. Due to no fault of mine I was marginalized and thrown out of the parish through the collaboration of the parish priest and my bishop. I left frustrated and dejected. My father had just died and there was no one to give me solace. I came back to Monrovia that night because father Gary was not prepared to have me under his roof for fear that I had the Ebola virus and may transmit it to

him and the other students on campus. I left Bomi that night very disappointed and frustrated. I cried like a baby on my way back to Monrovia knowing that I had no one to turn to. What a shame! What I have done to His grace to deserve this malicious treatment? Life was not worth living anymore and the Priesthood meant nothing to me at this point.

I obey the instructions of the bishop as always and travelled from Monrovia to Cape Mount every Sunday morning. I had to travel 5 hours for mass to Cape Mount and another 5 hours back to Monrovia after mass each Sunday just because Fr. Gary thought I had Ebola. Nevertheless, I was the black sheep of the diocese and I had to endure it because there was no one to complain to.

After enduring those painful travels to Cape Mount every Sunday for three months, I was called by my bishop one Monday morning in November of the first week that Rev. Fr. Washington was to call me on that very day and discuss an issue with me. And if I like what he was to discuss with me it was up to me to take it or leave it. These were his words. I did not receive any call from father that day. I also forgot to call him. Sometime later around 10 pm that very night I called father to inquire what was obtaining from the bishop's office. Father told me that he had asked for sick leave and bishop had told him that I will replace him at the parish. But he was concern about situation that was why he went at the bishop's office to inquire what was obtaining because he was to leave that very week. He had not seen me for him to turn the parish over. He further said that the bishop told him that very day that he was going to call me and explain the situation to me.

After my discussion with Fr. Washington, I called Fr. Gary the next morning to ascertain from that whether he was aware of such arrangement from the bishop? Fr. Gary told me that the bishop had discussed this with him a month ago. I was so shocked to hear this and the manner in which the bishop was treating me. This arrangement was totally against the canon law that speaks about the manner and form of transfer (can.190 and can. 522). I was so much frustrated of the manner in which I have been toss around by the bishop without any level of respect. When it came to me the canon law had been blatantly disregarded by the Ordinary. Since the bishop does not want to see me he left the transfer to be done by ourselves. I thereby sense that animosity had reached an unimaginable level that the bishop did not want to see me face to face. Regardless of all my misgivings I took the challenge and accepted to go to Immaculate Conception base on the arrangement between Fr. Washington and I.

Since I took over the parish in November of 2014, I have strived to let go of all that I have been put through by my bishop but he has not been prepared to let go. My greetings have been met with hostility by the bishop. Whenever I try to get close to the bishop he treats me with disdain and insults. Whenever the bishop sees me and he was happy, my presence changes his mood and he will refuse me admittance into his presence.

I have been treated with disrespect and humiliated by my bishop. I am the black sheep in his diocese and he wants me out by whatsoever means. I have been molested, ill-treated, abandoned on many occasions, frustrated, rejected, suppressed, depressed and left to make it on my own on numerous occasions. Having served the parish for few years the bishop started a scheme to take over the parish without my involvement. He had an arrangement with the SVD without my engagement just to perpetuate his hatred towards. I however decided to bear the humiliation. I welcome the SVD priest and brother and was told to stay with them for a while and show them around the parish. This I can assure you I did with heavy heart. The bishop and I agreed in principle that I was going to be assigned to Bopolu and was returning soon for us to pay the parish a visit before moving in. This he never delivered on and

was asking me to move in at his house. Hence base on the numerous inconsistent discussions we had regarding this matter I decided to remain put at ICP until my bishop live up to his commitment with me this time around. How on earth can I move in with a person whom it has been proven hits me so badly? I am deeply afraid of the bishop and cannot see myself living with him. Just by seeing the bishop's car can lead me into paralysis and shock. The bishop has made me so afraid of him that just by hearing his voice I am in shock. This intimidation has made me so much afraid of him. How can I live with a man who had made advances on me? What a life? When these issues are not resolved between us it will be very hard to stay under the same roof. I do not know what I have done to bishop that he hits me so strongly It was so shocking to read a letter written by him to the parishioners and me copied that talked about he been looking for experienced and qualified priests to mend the parish. This insulting letter had to be read by me at my three masses. These events had brought me untold sufferings and mental disorders. These experiences from the bishop of the Archdiocese of Monrovia had caused me serious medical conditions and psychological breakdown. Periodically I degenerate into the state of paralysis due to the intense trauma I have suffered from bishops Ziegler and Karnley. Medically, I am faced with acute gastrointestinal disorder. For a period of time now I have been experiencing such conditions and have visited the hospital and my doctor had encouraged me to seek further medical attention probably in Ghana since my conditions seems not to improve.

On this back drop I wrote my bishop to allow me seek medical attention in Ghana for no more than 10 to 15 days and I was denied by my Ordinary. I was told that there were better ways in asking for a permit than writing for one. I immediately reply him and asked for the better ways to be explained but he never replied me up to present. Here are copies of my letters written to him and his reply as attached therein. There was a time that I also received a very hash letter from the bishop accusing me of leaving the parish without asking me of my side of the story. He came down so hard on me and stated that if that happen again I should not return to the parish. Here is a copy of that letter headed first and final warning. For the past time his treatments and threats towards me had been verbal but he has taken his threats further by putting them into writing. I can see how desperate the bishop is in finding faults against me that could give him the ground to invoke the Latae Sententiae clause within the canon law. truly believe since the bishop has not gotten me out of the priesthood through intimidations he is convinced that this will happen when he denied me medical treatment. This is a violation of my right to health and medical treatment that he himself is entitled to. I strongly believe by preventing me from seeking medical treatment bishop wants to see me dead which will bring joy to his heart. His behavior towards my health is tantamount to first degree murder. The diocese has no policy as regards how one can apply for medical treatment. I challenge the bishop to produce any.

Your Excellency check my records, there will be nothing in their files that I have done unethical and deserved sanctioning in this negative form and manner . Take your time and also ask around the parishes that I have served, you will realize that I served those places with distinctions. My impeccable legacies are there. There is nothing dishonorable that I have done to be treated rudely and without respect. Hence to be treated in this way by these two bishops is unjust, undignified and something needs to be done immediately before someone gets hurt. Your Excellency I need a new era of peace and respect in my interaction with the powers that be. I am convinced that the continuation of my priesthood rest on your laps. And since I have brought it to your attention you will do the honorable thing to bring this intimidation to an immediate end.

Your Excellency I am not asking for Sympathy but Empathy.

Your Excellency I have treasured these abuses in my heart for so long with hope that this madness will come to an end but this is not the case. Hence, through prayerful reflections I have decided to bring it to your attention. I will be very pleased if you could use your kind heart to save me from dying. It has come to my realization that my bishops are interesting in me dying and do not care about me. And since all the various outlets to address my concerns have been compromised due to the imperial power of their offices that I have gotten so use to, I am left with no options but to write you and face you with this detail Epistle of the shocks and suppressions these clergy men brought into my life for readdress.

In conclusion Your Excellency, I hereby respectfully request the followings:

1. That your office will see reason in asking my ordinary to permit me and support me financially to seek medical attention outside the country since my health seems not to improve.
2. That a penal be established by your honorable office to investigate these abuses against me.
3. Since this is a highly sensitive matter that my security and protection be taken care of by your office

Your Excellency due to all that my bishops(Karnley and Ziegler) have caused me, I am so scared of them and believe that this situation may degenerate further in the nearest future if nothing is done immediately. This situation I believe may stress beyond its elasticity and it may lead to something that may cause me to violate canon 1370p2 and incur a latae sententiae excommunication. Please look into these requests and save my life. Tomorrow when all is said and done God will say to us ‘in so far as you did it to one of these little ones you did it to me”

From the facts presented in this epistle you will realize that I have been holding this information for so long your excellency because I love the priestly ministry and can go whatever length to protect it but I think for the purpose of preserving my life, I just want to throw in the towel and regain my peace and dignity. My life has been broken, scattered and thrown in the streets to dogs. Peace and stability had eluded me for so long and discussing this issue with you is like taking a heavy load off my shoulders. Thanks ever so much for hearing this frustrated voice and trusting that you will surely do something meaningful about my situation.

May God who is full of compassion and mercy bless you and save the Church.

Many regards

Yours truly

Rev. Fr. Gabriel M.M. K. Sawyer
Acting Priest
Our Lady Star of the Sea Parish
West Point, Liberia

N.B: Please find attached letters to support some of my claims in this Epistle and summary of most of the points discussed above in their bullet forms.

Summaries:

Fr. Karnley(now Bishop Karnley)

Due to my refusal to have sex with him, he has

1. Molested me in the presence of guests visiting the Seminary by calling me a fool and stupid.
2. Putting me through mental and psychological stress and depression when he conspired with Fr. Jackson to have me removed from the parish. The trauma I had to be put through when I was abandoned at the APC for months without temporal and financial supports.
3. The constant and persistent intimidation melted against me whenever he hears something about me without investigation but jump to conclusion. His constant habit of entertaining hearsay and putting me through the stress of driving long distances on bad roads simply because he has been told a gossip. This is frustrating and intimidating.
4. Bringing my Evangelical counsel into question by falsely accusing me of having affairs with ladies and driving them in my car without doing justice to the principle of fair play(giving people their day in court). Every person is innocent until proven guilty in a competent court of jurisdiction.
5. His deliberate and willful disrespect for the Canon Law and Statue of the Dioceses of Liberia which have made him lord and gospel. Due to the culture of silence, he intimidates, molest, abuses and he walks away with impunity. He is the king of this jungle.

Archbishop Lewis J. Ziegler

Due to my refusal to have sex with him;

1. He is in the constant habit of molesting me. He will never investigate any accusation about me fairly but with some kind of ulterior motives, simply because he wants to find me guilty. He is in the constant and persistent habit of shouting and insulting me as if I am nothing. For instance regarding cases with Fr. Kabuna and two ladies from St. Mugaga posing to be representing the ladies of the parish.
2. Not showing any act of kindness towards me when acquisitions are brought to him in the case of Fr. Johnson. I was as nobody and was kicked out of the Rectory without any mercy and any sign that justice will be served. He jumps to conclusion willfully when matters about me are brought to him. When it came to Fr. Sawyer he is pro social and hyper- reactionary but with his kitchen cabinet he is that humble Bishop. What a double standard! One standard for Fr. Sawyer and one for others. This form of leadership is scaring, alarming and disturbing. It has caused me so much pain and mental stresses.
3. Not showing any form of empathy and sincere sympathy when I am facing challenges. In the case of the death of my Father. He intentionally and willfully decided to turn a blind eye to my loss. When other priests relatives die the Archbishop sees it as his personal responsibility

to identify with that priest family but when it is about me he will deliberately choose to attend only the funeral mass. When relatives of his Kitchen Cabinet passed he will go all out to bury that relative notably among such was the burial of Fr. Kabba's mother, peace be to her soul.

4. When it is Fr. Sawyer he will agree with Fr. Gareth to kick me out of the parish house and drive from my Parents house in Monrovia for 10 hours every Sunday to go for mass in Grand Cape Mount County, Robertsport. I had to endure this for more than two months. If this was any of his friends and those he called his sons this would not had happen. Any priest or lay person can take advantage of me and he will side with them. It means nothing absolutely to him. He wants to get me out of the priesthood and if someone is willing to help him achieve this he will play along.
5. When it came to parish visitations, Fr. Sawyer parish is a no gone zone. My Archbishop had never visited my parish for any official visit. He is constantly visiting parishes where his Kitchen Cabinet is residing. Whenever he is at those parishes, he is all in smile and enjoying his time. My archbishop, will only visit my parish when he hears from one or two parishioners that they are having problems with me then he comes running with his fist to lash at me. He never has resources, strength and time to visit my parish but when he hears gossip, those things mentioned above are in abundance. Simply because his motive is to come and join those few aggrieved parishioners to molest and disgrace me.
6. Whenever I am desperate to see the bishop and attempt entering his office he usually and constantly resent me so vehemently. He will shout at me and tell me he does not have the time to see me. But when it comes to his friends he will always have time for them. What a Shepherd who has become so selective with his time for me simply because I refused him sex!
7. My Bishop has constantly and systematically violated the Statue of the dioceses of Liberia and the Code of Cannon Law deliberately and willfully when it came to his interactions with me. Due to the systemic and widespread nature of the Culture of silence in our Country and our world, many priest like myself will appreciate remaining silence in the face of such abuses because our Bishops are seen to possess absolute power that they abuse most often than not absolutely. "Power corrupts, absolute power corrupts absolutely".
8. There are visibly no structures in the Archdiocese to address my situation and hence your office is seen as the only perfect platform to have this delicate and for others in Liberia a "god forbidding" conversation with.