

it felt like just what I needed. That feeling of being cared for, loved. And he was a Bishop of the Church of England.

24. Climbing into my bed, it seemed also very natural to him to do this, although I flinched as his arm went around me he did it in such a way and with complete confidence that I did not feel awkward for more than an initial couple of seconds.
25. After about a week of these visits and him getting in to bed I became aware that he was now touching himself, masturbating behind me whilst he laid in the bed beside me. I could feel the bed shaking and his breathing changing with him making small soft moans and I could hear him exhale when he ejaculated and his knees knocking against my legs. When he got out there was always a small wet patch on the bed beside me. When interviewed by the police I was told to only state what I could clearly remember, I managed to recall five separate and specific occasions during my stay at the Rectory, it may have in fact been many more.
26. One of these specific times he said that I had been naughty and this was when I had taken some wine from his office room with the intention of getting drunk. He said "you've been a naughty boy" and he referred to the fact he knew I had stolen some wine. This time he briefly touched me, by giving a little grope of my penis/genitals over the top of my clothes, what I would describe as a little "tweak", which was whilst he had his arms around me as before.
27. On another occasion I started sobbing whilst he was masturbating but he didn't stop. This was the second to last time that he abused me.
28. I had really had no issue at all with those early cuddles and although now many years later it is hard for me to assemble my feelings at that time I undoubtedly went to bed fearful I retained a forlorn hope that just maybe the next visit to my bed would be like it was at first when he didn't touch himself or me. When he started to touch himself, I did not enjoy the hugs or cuddles. Our relationship changed of course I no longer had the admiration or trust I had felt on first meeting him and coming under his 'care' it felt awkward and shameful for me when I was around him and the others. I began to withdraw at this point in my stay finding myself reluctant to be in the rectory, whenever the opportunity was there I would go for long walks spending hours sitting by the river or walking in the nearby woods. More often than not ending up in tears and getting angry at some inanimate object.
29. I was hurt, scared, confused and sometimes deeply traumatised, frequently taking wine from the house. I recall many days of my stay heading off on my own away from the house with the sole intention of drinking the entire bottle, before I had to return. Crying to myself and angry about my situation and of having feelings of such helplessness and isolation. I didn't feel hate towards him. I did however hate myself. I would think, what can I do, this is the Bishop of Lewes. I've been told I'm not wanted at my school of 5 years, the place where I have lived, and gone from child to adolescent. Cut off from friends, my parents appear not to be interested, who do I call, who do I write to, who do I talk to, I was 15 years old. And I not only felt alone the reality being I was indeed totally alone. The person I had believed when they said, they would look after me is now abusing me. All I could think was 'What is wrong with me'.

30. The nightly visits by Bishop Peter spanned over around three months. As I became more and more morose and unresponsive within the house I was eventually sent down to one of the communal rooms below and slept on a mattresses on the floor. At that point the sexual abuse stopped. I couldn't have been happier about that. However what I failed to realise at that time was that I had now been so damaged that I was now set adrift on a course of self-destruction. My move downstairs coincided with the arrival of the next resident of the single attic room another young lad that wasn't part of the scheme, similar to myself if a bit older at 18-19. I didn't get to know who this person was.
31. The house itself was a three storey house and the attic room that I was in about 8' x 8'. The Rectory is a very old large house, being the Bishop of Lewes primary residence it was known as a Palace. It is situated in the River Cuckmere area of East Sussex and with the South Downs all around is a very scenic area.
32. I do not know the circumstances of how I eventually came to leave the Rectory but one day my Mum and Dad turned up in their car and drove me home. I cried on the way home, a mix of relief, happiness, and shame. I believe my parents thought that it was because I was sorry about the trouble I had caused them. I didn't tell them about the abuse I'd suffered.
33. I was deeply traumatised by the events that took place during my time in the care of Bishop Peter. And so the weeks after I left were spent with recriminations, self loathing and anxiety about what my immediate future was. I felt victimized by the experiences and this manifested itself in anger at those I felt had abandoned me. My parents became the focus of my negativity and in the following weeks I decided to leave home and start a life on away from them. I was 16 years old.
34. I moved to DPA even though I was only 16. I got myself a job in a fast food restaurant at DPA Airport. I lived in a single room bedsit and got the train to the airport, my first job.
35. I found it difficult to assimilate myself into work and although I initially got on well with all my colleagues, I struggled with giving the appropriate levels of respect to the supervisors and managers. I also quickly developed a very promiscuous and disrespectful attitude with the girls and women that worked there. I was only employed there for 4-5 months before being asked to leave as I had upset a few too many people and was causing disharmony between the staff. With a poor reference I was unable to find re employment immediately and so was forced to claim government benefits for my rent and living costs. I remained on benefits for about 6 months sinking deeper into a depression. In a strange town and with no spare money I stayed in my room most days. I had never been depressed before.
36. Eventually I realised that I had sunk so low that I if I didn't get some support or help I was in serious trouble mentally as in my depressions I was contemplating suicide and ways I could kill myself. I found the courage to ring my parents to see if I could come back home. I never told them how low I had got I just needed to feel safe again. My parents told me to get myself enrolled in the local college as I hadn't done very well in my O levels results that I sat whist with Bishop Peter Ball, so I went back to sixth form college to do a few of my previously failed O' levels again.