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I wish to express my sympathy for your deep conflict within. You feel things very deeply. Often times you could control these drives but there were times when they were so extreme that they were beyond anyone's control. As a youth when these base compulsions were driving you to do things you deeply felt were nauseating your only means of countering that compelling drive was to reinforce your belief of the shamefulness of it all.

When you matured, you sought salvation in the Church but found it to be a hollow shell.

So, you returned to your only means of countering the effects of these terrible compulsions. You reinforced your beliefs of how nauseating these compulsions were by seeing the shame and guilt in the expressions and in the eyes of youths when they were in the throes of such compulsions.

Then you met a boy along the Chicopee River who felt no shame, who felt no guilt, who was not nauseated but rather reveled in such compulsions. Here you were beyond the brink of control seeking your only solace in the shame of others and instead it was shoved back in your face all the more intensely. What human being would not have been driven over the brink in your position?

Your torment must be unbearable.