

[REDACTED] born [REDACTED]

In a few lines I will tell you about my life at St Joseph.

To begin with, I must thank God for being always there for me. It's a great day for me to be here to tell nothing but the truth and reveal some secrets about everything that everyone needs to know. I also think people have heard about, but they did not believe. From today, people should believe. Everything spoken about Michael and St Joseph is true. I, Aliston Diver, Michael has abused me. He has harassed me sexually. He touched me. He kissed me, he kissed my neck. When I am in an area with him where there is no one else, he treats me as if I were a girl. Everybody knows it is something very ugly to talk about, but I don't care. Abuse is like slavery for learned people. It was difficult to talk about that because Michael has a lot of money and power. He uses money people send to help us to buy the law. Everyone in Haiti knows the truth. We all need justice, justice also for our brothers who have been abused all over the world, especially by Michael Geilenfeld.

Thanks....



Good morning Everyone,

My name is Lexis Fignole one of the kids from St Joseph from 1997 till 2013. I am from a poor family in Jacmel. My mother died when I was 2 years old. My father used to push wheelbarrow and was also a farmer. My parents has a lot of kids and I am the last one. I have two older brothers who love me very much and were the ones trying hard to feed me where they carried me on their back begging in the streets. As they begging with me on their back they happened to meet a white person named Mrs. Moro who liked both me and one of brothers named Jean Richard. The way the white person saw us her plan for us was to take me and my older brother to an orphanage to take care of us to prepare us for the future to become someone. Mrs. Moro went to share this idea to share with my father. It was like something that my father could not wait, but he did not know the reality of it. Thereafter Mrs. Moro went to talk to Michael the Manager of St Joseph Orphanage. Next, she brought me and my older brother to Port-au-Prince. When I got to St Joseph, they let me see everything was beautiful and right, because I was only three years and some months. As they saw I was very little and could not stay in that house they were obliged to send me to another house they have in Fermathe called "Wings of Hope ". One year later they made me come down to the first house to dance and it was not easy. All that Michael saw in the kids was money. At that time to be part of the dance, you had to have sex with Michael or accept to be beaten by the teacher. I almost suffered from all of them. At the rehearsal I used to hide myself in the bathroom because that teacher always to make us break broom stick to beat us. When the teacher realized the broom stick was not enough, he/she used his/her hands and feet with a lot of slave punishments, making us hit our brothers who could not dance or lifting four tambourines tied on our heads from 9:00 o'clock in the morning until 5:00 in the afternoon without eating. After this punishment, we had to go right away to prayer still without eating. If you are five minutes late, you will sleep out of the house until noon. Before beginning to pray, you must kiss Michael, an opportunity for Michael to caress our breasts and spank us smoothly. You know when you are innocent you are happy about everything people do to you. At that age it was pleasure, 9, 10 years old when he used to do that to me I thought it was a way a father shows love to his kids. I began to understand a little bit at 13, 14 years old

when Mr. Michael asked me to suck his dick, because he realized he did not get paid yet for making me travel. Then I realized it was a different kind of love he had for me. Without thinking I said "no". He said that I had to do it. That happened in the old house behind room 9. I had to run. In the morning as I was going to eat, he began slapping me, punching me, ripping my clothes saying I did not smile in a theater that took place two days ago. At 15 years old I began thinking about him caressing my breast and spanking me smoothly. I understood it was not for male, I began behaving as a man and had a girlfriend. That caused Michael to be very mad and he called me right away in a meeting with Bill to let me know that kids over his place are not supposed to have a girlfriend. I asked them why? They thought I did not understand yet. Frankly, I was afraid to be kicked out because I did not have the possibility yet. Then I realized if I talked life would be hard on me as it used to be on the old kids. I used to suffer deep inside of me in those bad situations. By 17, 18 I exposed myself with my girlfriend to make it clear to everyone who might think I was involved in homosexuality with Michael. Due to this decision, whatsoever I did was found wrong in the sight of Michael. That caused Michael to mistreat me. I am hungry!!! Whenever Americans come to visit St Joseph, Michael lie on us saying we eat well, he opens bank account for us, he graduates us at 21 years old. That kept us from telling the visitors the truth because Michael already washed their brains. The thing that saddened us the most was he made us drink water from the pool with frogs. On top of that he wanted us to always smile before the visitors and if ever we refused, he would kick us out any time to come back at 10:00 PM if there are classes the next day. If there are no classes we will have to come back at 11:00 PM. It was at that age that I caught Michael kissing with the security as he was bringing food to him. Another time I saw Michael watching a video on a laptop and the security sat on his lap. That happened in the new house they bought by the piano. When he saw me, he asked me if I did not see a rat passing by me. I quickly understood and said no. All of those things broke my heart. The last time I saw them is when I was 19 years old. I saw the security was stepping out of Michael's room early in the morning. He saw me. They called me and asked me not to say anything and anytime. They hear about it from anybody, I will be in trouble. However they kept on doubting about me telling so. By the month of January things became much harder on me, because they would call me to meetings on a daily basis because of the girlfriend I had, which is not true but due

to the truth I knew regarding their privacy. They were pulling the wool over the eyes of the kids so they could use them. Michael would beat me and kick me out for three days with no food. When Americans send stuff to help us, Michael share them with his gay friends. Then, we, the kids, are suffering receiving nothing. I was trying to possess something for myself, as well. He had a boyfriend who used to get stuff from the Americans' room, whenever he saw him he congratulated him, but he heard I got something, he got mad at me. He called me one morning at 4:00 as I was going to sweep the yard. He asked me to have sex with him to suck my dick, otherwise he would kick me out. I said to him people only suffer once. A few days later, he called to me in a meeting saying that I stole stuff from the Americans. That did not really shock me, because I knew the reality. I didn't know for the kids. On April 6th, 2013, they kicked me out with two others kids named Aliston and Joseph. He didn't give me my passport and he also kept all my documents and the money I made learning how to dance and play theater and got beaten by the dance teacher. I was obligated to live in a tent. He thought by holding my passport and my documents, life would become too hard on me and would go back to him to accept his conditions, but God held my hand. I spent two years in the tent hoping the Lord to help me with my life, and I am positive.

Fignole

Good morning!

My name is MervilusMichelton. I am one of the kids who were raised by Michael. So to begin, I went to Michael keeping into thinking I would have a better life, but I never thought about the kind of person Michael was based on the way he welcomed me. It was a few months later I happened to see that both Michael and his staff were a bunch of murderers. Michael is gay and the reason why I say so is because he attacked me sexually many a time. And I live over his place. He used to have sexual intercourse with his employees who are also gays.

He has established a principle in the house for all kids to hug him to make sure to press the kids' buttocks and their breasts. I am one of the victims that he has abused every time I hugged him by pressing my butt and my breast. Even other Americans who came to the house used to do that too. Example: Rob, Patterson, Bro. Win. Michael used to tell me to come to his room to have sexual intercourse with him. He used to force me to do so. He told me if I have sexual intercourse with him he would send me to the United States, he would help me get a big job or make me manager in his house, but I never accepted. Nevertheless, he kept on insisting for me to have sexual intercourse with him.

I was living in the orphanage that Michael has in Jacmel, but in that orphanage the managers treat the kids as slaves, beating them, making them suffer, giving them dirty water with bacteria to drink, feeding them with bad food without oil. In the orphanage at Fermathe where they keep handicapped kids, they feed them with food filled with worms. They would leave the food for a long time until making worms. I am part of the abused kids eating food with worms. At times as punishment, they would lock the kids inside very smelly bathrooms. They used to punish the kids kicking them out from three up to six months with no food. People in the neighborhood had to feed them poorly. Sometimes they would give us very big boilers to rub and very smelly bathrooms to clean from 2 up to six months. I did suffer all of those things by the managers.

To tell you the truth, those people are nothing but murderers. They receive money to send the kids to learn profession, they keep the money and lie about the kids. They say the kids eat healthy, they have a bank account, they are living well, they are happy while they are making the kids suffer living as slaves. When we do not like the way they are mistreating us, then they make us more miserable especially when refusing Michael to abuse us sexually. There is a boy named BrinelEscarmen who used to have sexual intercourse with Michael. Michael put him in the house. He used to make jealousy for Michael. He bled me with knife in my chest and my lungs were injured He did that for Michael. Michel was not there. When they called him up to let him know. When came, he saw a lot of blood on the floor. He asked if they slaughtered a pig there. Because Brinel committing that crime by bleeding me with a knife and because the kids would not Brinel to stay in the house, Michael got mad at all of them and hated us. On Saturday after the crime of Brinel, he was put in jail. ON Monday he was bailed out without my knowing.

To me, what Michael has done to me is very wrong. I am asking you to help me get justicewith all of my other brothers. I am asking you to understand me with other brothers explaining to you what Michael has done to us. Please understand what I mean.

My name is Loudens Noel and I am 28 years old. I was born in Jacmel. I came to Michael on December 23rd, 2000. Cardinal ShiblyLanglois introduced me. When I joined St Joseph I felt it was paradise, but it was not so. Both mom and dad passed away and Cardinal Shibly used to help me. He was ordained Archbishop and was transferred to Fort Liberte. This is the reason why he took me to the hell over Michael. It was the worst experience I have ever made in my whole life, which is regretful memory. Michael make believe he liked me giving me candy all the time, which was his cunning way to become my friend so he could abuse me sexually. March 12th, 2002, Michael invited me into his room telling me he will send me to the United States with his troop if I accept to suck his dick. I refused categorically to do it. He began to mistreat me , slapping me hard, punching me hard, isolating me in the house , pressing my dick and my buttock. Then in June 2004, he invited me again to his room and forced me to suck his dick. He said he would kick me out because I did not agree. So I was obligated to suck his dick. He came in my mouth. Wow! Life began smelling bad in my nose. I felt living below a human being. I was never happy because I had nobody to tell about what happened to me. He told me not to tell anybody about it. On September 13, 2005, he asked me to put his dick into my anus. I did not agree, because I understood life in another way. Then he sent me to Jacmel where I spent three months. Thereafter, he took me again. I spent five more months over his place. Then he put me back on the street. Michael is a devil and should not live among people. I ask for justice and repair and for all of the other victimized kids from him, this "gay", sexual abuse and abuse on all other forms. He is a professional liar on the kids. He says he feeds the kids with good food, which is not true at all. If he sees you are smart working well in school, he stops you and sends you sell patties in the street and juice (sapibon), while he says all the kids graduate and gives party to them to cover his lies. God says in His Word let the children come into my kingdom for my kingdom is for those who look like it. To me , I don't remember when I was a child because I was never happy in my childhood. My goodness! Michael is devil in person. He clothes himself with sheep skin while he has a devil inside of him raging.

Finally, I am asking Justice to take our case into consideration, we the kids who have been victimized by Michael today, with another group. Let us stand to

refrain the Haitian kids from being abused. It is a shame for Haiti that a foreigner coming to triumph over raping the boys. Wow!!!

Thank you Minister of Justice and the Court of Cassation that will take our complaints.

Thank you very much.

Noel Loudens

Pierre Cottolengo, May 18th, 1994

I am one of the victims. My life is really bad. I am suffering a lot in all manners. I remember when I was at St Joseph, Michael used to beat a lot, slapping me hard and punching me hard as well. He used to rip my clothes. I was too young to be slapped and punched that hard. That left a negative impact in my life, in my chest causing me to suffer. At times I feel dying. I remember I was 14 years. One day Michael said he was going out with me. He took me to a hotel and when I got there he said that he wanted to help me offering me money and telephone, but I could not understand why for the first time he was offering me all those things. Then I saw coming another white man and his name was Mr. Bill. Michael told me that this white man loves me and wants to send me to the United States. I was a child and was afraid when they entered into the room with me. They pressed my buttock and played with breast. They asked me to suck their dicks. I was rebelling and they began sucking my body. They were forcing me and when they realized I did not want and would make noise. They made me put in my clothes and left the hotel. Since we got home Michael began hating me. Sometimes he pretended being mad to find a way to beat me, slapping me hard. That white man I have been talking about is now in prison due to homosexuality. Everything I have h telling is all they do only wrong, living wrong. It is sad that my life is so miserable as a young lad. Not only I am suffering from chest pain, but I am also thinking about what they did to me. Sometimes I happen to cry because of this matter for nothing else. I am thinking why I should not die, I even feel like suiciding, but my friends tell me not to do that that life is not over and there is still chance in life. I used to live things that saddened a lot me when Michael beating the kids. I used o see him also pressing some men's buttocks. I spent more than half of my life suffering, living miserably thinking as a young man of 21 years spending more than half of my life suffering, living miserably.

Pierre Cottolengo

My story

Well, when I joined Michael I was 11 years old. I joined Michael's house in 2004. When I lived at Michael's house I used to go to school. I used to do the dishes, sweeping as well. When we did not do it on time he would slap us hard, putting us in punishment behind the gate outside until 11:00 PM. Sometimes, they kicked us out for many days without knowing what to eat without sleeping. Sometimes some kids used to take the advantage to escape. Some Americans would try to adopt some of us, Michael lied on us to cause them to hate us.

I am both fatherless and motherless. There was an American who lost his money, Michael asked me for the key to my suitcase. I had many keys which he took from me. After a little while, he made stay on the balcony. Thereafter, he said that my key unlocks the American's door that I am the one who stole the money. He kicked me out. At that time, I was 19 years old. I did not know which way to turn out and went to sleep here and there over people's places. As I was sleeping over people's houses they asked me to steal a laptop for someone. They beat me and forced to say I did steal the laptop pulling gun at me. When they released me I went to live at Cite Soleil. So as to live, I went to a church and told my problems. A priest gave me a place to sleep at times when the saints could not help me.

Used to load public transportation to feed myself, but when other guys doing the same thing put pressure on me, I would take my bag and look for iron in garbage so I could find something to eat. Michael told our sponsors in the United States that he graduates us, he buys house for us and we are working while it is not true.

When people know we have no parents, they make us more miserable. I can tell you that I really feel humiliated.

At times, when we are fed up, we go by the gate. They do not mind us. The securities show us their weapons so we can be afraid. Being afraid, we stop going by the gate.

They used to tell us we have money in the bank when we dance. Now we are out, they do not give it to us.

I would be very happy if you could help us in this situation. As we are out, Michael has friends who are trying to harm us. They are spying us for Michael.

Jean Michel Junior