

Name Redacted 4 Part 2

Submitted 12/13/2020

As I mentioned in Part 1 of my account, I began what I thought was a consensual relationship with David Haas around 1996. Not long into the relationship I realized something was terribly wrong with David's thought processes, behavior, and personality. He was very sexually focused and very intent on always getting his way and getting a payoff/release during each encounter. David's behavior was sometimes bizarre, cruel, and abusive and I wanted the opportunity to tell more of my story in greater detail with examples of this behavior. These examples also included a couple of negative encounters with Lori True.

As I mentioned, he approached me and pursued me at the NPM conference in Toledo, Ohio. David asked a lot of questions during our first few meetings during that conference. He asked about previous relationships, my job and family, my church choir, and my volunteer work in Art & Environment. I realized in hindsight that these questions were to determine my mindset and malleability. Also, I believe he wanted to determine my currency – what my passion was and how he could manipulate me and keep me on the hook. He seemed extremely impressed to learn that I was an experienced seamstress and that I designed and fabricated custom vestments as well as custom clothing. (I had also provided the art & environment for the Seagate Convention Center for that NPM conference.)

David varies his approach/grooming according to victim. With some victims he promised to advance their musical careers. With me, he talked of expanding services and bringing me on board with the Emmaus Center (which he founded) as a liturgical art & environment specialist. David told me he has a lot of contacts in high places across the country, that he could hook me up with other parishes and that I could grow my on-the-side design business exponentially with his help. He said he could help me transition from healthcare to becoming a liturgical designer full time.

David wanted sex within hours of our meeting. When I resisted having intercourse with him, he became verbally abusive by saying that if I would not have sex with him then there were plenty of other women who would. He said I was just a tease and he had no time for teases. He said even though I was pretty, there were plenty of other women prettier and younger than me who would jump at the chance to be with him. When I asked him why he wanted sex with women whom he did not know, he said that because of his lifestyle and the fact that he travels extensively, he needs to accelerate his relationships by jumping right into physical intimacy. He said, for him, emotional intimacy comes last in a relationship, only once trust is built through physical intimacy.

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David asked me to drive him to the Toledo airport after the conference so that we could “spend a few more moments together”. While I was driving, he kept complimenting me and then started talking dirty, graphically describing what he wanted me to do to him and asking me what I wanted him to do to me. He started placing his hands on my thighs and breasts. At one point I pulled over to ask him to stop and to not distract me while driving as that was both inappropriate and dangerous. As soon as we reached the airport parking lot, David instructed me to pull off to the side near the parking garage so we could say goodbye before I dropped him off. After I stopped the car I looked over and David already had his penis exposed over the top of his elastic-waist chinos and it was fully erect. He began pulling my head down to his lap. I resisted and so he just started masturbating. I was mortified and I also feared someone would see us as it was daytime, and we were out in the open. When he was through, he put his penis back into his pants, looked down at the large wet spot on the front of his chinos and just shrugged his shoulders, saying, “It will dry. I will just keep my shirttail out to cover this up. Well, goodbye.” With that he got out of the car and walked to the concourse.

Several weeks later I became terribly ill and was diagnosed with mononucleosis. I knew David was my only contact (kissing) so I reached out to him through the Emmaus Center office to ask if he was sick and to advise him to be tested. I feared he was the vector, although he denied having any symptoms and I so could not prove I caught this disease from him.

To my surprise, 5 weeks later David started calling me at home again. There were a series of phone messages over the next weeks as he was calling at times I was not home. He never left a return phone number, and this was before Caller ID. The first couple of messages were upbeat and he said he was traveling. He kept saying my voice turned him on, that he missed me and wanted to see me again. By the next to the last message, he seemed angry that I was not home to pick up the phone. He tried to paint himself as the victim and tried to make me feel guilty. He asked if I was just blowing him off by not answering the phone and said that I was just trying to punish him. He told me that I was really a mean person who was manipulating him by being a tease, getting him all worked up and then rejecting him. The last phone message was an apology and he told me he hoped to connect with me soon.

During this same time when David did reach me by phone, it became evident that his motive was to solicit phone sex. He would try to get me to talk dirty to him, wanting me to tell him everything I wanted him to do to me while he listened and masturbated. He told me my voice turned him on, that he wanted to come all over my tits, or that he wanted to crawl up inside of me. I was not comfortable

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with this and felt used. At the times I tried to resist, David would become abusive and say that I was an uptight prude and not any fun to be around. He said phone sex for a man who travels like he does is perfectly normal. He said I would never find a husband if I continued to act like this as men wanted women who were open to sexual relationships. This last comment would often make me tear up as it hit a nerve and hurt. (David and I had discussed previously that I was fearful of never finding a soulmate and he threw this up in my face sometimes.) Sometimes I just gave in and said what he wanted to hear as it was just easier and the fear of losing the one person who expressed an interest in me took over. Always, once the sex act was completed on his end, David made an excuse to get off the phone. He always had somewhere else to be, other people to meet with and other things to do. (BTW, this pattern was always repeated when we were intimate in person as well. As soon as the sex act was over, he made an excuse to get me out of his room ASAP.)

Jumping ahead several months, David said repeatedly that he wanted to commission me to design and fabricate a couple of vests for him to wear during his concerts. He asked me to meet him at a parish in Michigan where he was giving a workshop and concert. He asked me to bring my measuring tape to take measurements for these vests. At that time, we discussed materials and costs. He agreed to pay me for my work.

I completed the first vest and mailed it to the Emmaus Center office address. After not hearing from David for a couple of weeks, I called the Emmaus Center office and Lori True answered. She said David was not available and she wanted to know how I knew David and what I wanted to talk to him about. All I said was that I was a friend and was checking to see if the package I sent him had arrived. She told me the package had arrived and that David had the vest. Lori asked again what my relationship to David was. My response was to ask her to have David call me. Lori said, "Well, we'll see about that!" then she hung up the phone on me. It should be noted that Lori and I had never met.

When I finally connected with David later, he asked me to meet him at another parish where he was performing, and so I asked David to wear that vest so I could take a photo of him wearing the vest for my portfolio. He wore the vest and posed for the photo.

I completed the second vest and mailed it to David. We spoke shortly after the second vest arrived. He asked me to meet him again and I again asked him to wear the second vest so I could get another photo for my portfolio. He promised he would.

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I was sitting in the second row at this concert. When the concert began, I saw that Lori True was in concert with David this time. And David was indeed wearing a vest – only not the vest I made for him. He was wearing a yellow cotton print vest that did not fit very well. While he was bantering with the audience, he made eye contact directly with me and he asked what the audience thought of his new vest. The audience started clapping. While still making eye contact with me, David said that Lori True had made that vest for him, that she was an exceptionally good seamstress and that she was making several other vests for him as well.

I was absolutely crushed! Since David made eye contact with me while delivering the message about the vest, I knew he was doing this purposefully. He was intentionally being cruel and sending me the message that the vests Lori made were more valuable to him than the vests I made. I decided to leave right after the concert without talking to David. As I was exiting the church after the concert, Lori True came up to me and asked me what I was doing here. I was stunned as we had never been introduced. She said she knew who I was and warned me to stay away from David.

Also, to add insult to injury, David never paid me for the vests.

David called a few more times after this vest fiasco. I broke down and agreed to meet him again at another parish where he was performing. Afterwards, I returned to his room with him, where we were intimate. As I was getting dressed to leave, David said, "I have some good news to tell you. I'm getting married next week in Hawaii." I did a double take and inquired who he was marrying and asked why he did not tell me months ago that he was engaged. David told me he was marrying his former housekeeper, Helen Fang. He said Helen was "the plump Chinese-looking woman who was at the concert that afternoon who he was talking to". David went on to say that he was marrying Helen because she did not have her own career, unlike I did. He said he could never marry another woman who had her own career and blamed the failure of his marriage to Jeanne Cotter on competing careers. This was the last time I interacted with David in person.

David was two-timing Helen while carrying on with me. Plus, I always suspected there were many other women besides me. When I went to David's concerts at different locations, I always watched and listened when I could. I watched to see who and how many women David engaged with. I listened to snips of conversations when I could to determine if David was arranging a hook-up. There were times he asked me to come see him, then would tell me after the concert that he would not have time to "visit" with me after all.

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There were times I was sure a “better offer” was placed in front of him by another woman I witnessed him being touchy-feely with after the concert. I knew logically, in my head, that I was not David’s only hook-up. It was my heart that I was having trouble denying.

Two weeks after his marriage to Helen, David started calling me again for phone sex. I asked David not to call me anymore. When I would hang up the phone on him, he would sometimes call back while he was masturbating, crying out during his climax .If I would let the call go to voicemail, he might also masturbate and come to climax before hanging up the phone. I finally had to change my phone number and moved a short time later.

This was the time I emotionally fell to pieces and developed depression and a panic disorder. I felt like I had been touched by something evil; like I had become entrenched in someone’s festering illness. I felt dirty, stupid, and used. After all, I had allowed this consensual relationship and then failed to break it off because I was fearful of losing the attention. I also quit my church choir and stopped going to church. I just could not sing David’s music anymore because it felt hypocritical. I had talked to my parish priest about what happened with David. Unfortunately, I just got a shrug of the shoulders and encouragement to move on with my life.

Turns out the bad feelings I had over the relationship far outweighed the moments of elation and happiness that came from the flattery and attention I felt sporadically during the relationship. I did not listen to my head and trust my instincts and that was my ruin, emotionally.

I started a regimen of medication and talk therapy, which helped me to become strong and step aside from my pain so that healing could begin. I wrote David a 3-page letter as part of my therapy, telling him exactly what I thought of him.

Interestingly, a couple of months after I wrote David that letter, my friends cajoled me into attending another NPM conference. It was a big conference and I hoped I could attend without having to see David. I was walking down the concourse at the facility and I suddenly saw David walking in the opposite direction with Lori True. Lori spied me at the same time I spied them. Lori tugged David’s arm to stop him and she was talking to him, gesturing, and pointing at me. David looked at me and put his arm around Lori’s shoulders in what appeared to be a gesture to compel her to just keep walking. A couple hours later as I was entering a room to attend my next workshop, Lori True suddenly appeared as if out of nowhere and she confronted me. She said, “What are you doing here?”

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You are not supposed to be anywhere near David anymore! I read your crazy letter to David. David says he never had a relationship with you and had no idea what the letter was about." I said nothing and just turned and left the room. A short time later I left the conference and have never attended another liturgical music conference again.

Why did I ignore my instincts to stay far away from David Haas and why did I continue to engage with David when I realized he was an abusive sociopath? Because I was so unhappy with my life and lacking in self-esteem. I felt unloved, unlovable, and so very lonely. Instead of looking to create happiness within myself, I turned outward to fill that void. The biggest lessons I learned from my experiences with David Haas are 1.) never give your power away, 2.) there is no reason to ever give anyone benefit of the doubt, 3.) trust my intuition absolutely, and 4.) if it seems too good to be true it absolutely is.