

Saturday December 28th 2024

The following is my statement concerning Father Mathew Williams and his behavior at St. TIKHON Russian Orthodox church in Blountville Tn.

My name is Joan Moskal-Furman. I have been under the pastoral care of Father Mathew Williams since the mission church in Pigeon Forge was closed.

Approximately 18 months ago, after a situation with my family in PA went horribly wrong, I moved my disabled husband to Blountville. I called Father Mathew and explained the situation. He told me to come to the church and we would be safe. So I did.

Father Mathew was aware that I went to PA to be with my family because I am ill, and wanted to be somewhere that someone would care for me when I was unable to work. Joe and I lived in the church for 68 days. I was able to get a job and apartment. Father helped us get furniture and household items.

During this time I spent a great deal of time with Father. He was helping me learn to trust people, how to pray, how to confess, he was very attentive. Trust isn't something that I find easy. I have endured years of abuse by my drunk mom, and I was raped violently for 4 hours by my Brother Jeff Reid.

Father Mathew was well aware of my history. He had been my Priest for a while, and I have told him before that it happened.

I do not know for sure when things go so twisted around but I can try.

I started getting sicker, Father Mathew noticed the pain I was in, and my weight loss. He said I needed to take some time off work because I was so sick, and we needed a diagnosis. I fought this for a while but he insisted and he raised the money for me to take time off. He said Joan, you are sick. Please rest.

We began deeper talks, but I was so distrustful. Father was kind, loving, and very patient with me, and somehow he broke down 45 years of huge defense walls I had built. I began to open up some.

We talked about my marriage. How Joe and I had not been very close but it was getting so much better. I mean I love him, but trust just isn't something that I do well. I told him I was being treated for Depression, and anxiety, and I was also ADHD.

We had many talks about my medication... side effects, all that. He told me that the medication was evil and was doing horrible things to my body, mind and soul. He said that Depression is

Satan's work, and just a demonic attack and could be treated and controlled with Prayers, confession and repentance. He told me he was very very close to someone who has done it with his methods and he can walk me through it. So I stopped all medication. Within 40 days I was manic, riddled with anxiety, and daily panic attacks. I was totally suicidal. He knew, and said I was not praying, confessing or repenting enough. Had Raphael Platte not recognized where I was mentally, I would have killed myself that night. He called Father Mark Tyson and told him I was in a bad place and he was worried. Father Mark called me, and I was angry that he called cause I had all my meds ready and I was ready to die. Had he not called me, I would have killed myself that night. Father Mathew said my faith was weak, I needed to try harder, pray more, confess more detailed, and more often, a few times a week. He set my phone up so every service I get a text message reminding me when I needed to be there.

I had to fight with Father Mathew to go back on meds, he said I wasn't trying hard enough...that my faith was weak and remember that I am sick. Joe stepped in and figured out I was off my meds. (he was unaware) and made me go back on them. Father was pissed, but he knew Joe never really liked him so he wouldn't cross him.

About 3 weeks after I was on meds my panic attacks eased, the numbness replaced the depression and I could function. Father was still very attentive.. he would ask probing questions about how the meds were making me feel, it was weird but I figured he wanted to know for a reason. I was under weird obedience, like I had to walk in the cemetery at church for at least 30 minutes a day where he could monitor me. I could only confess to him, I couldn't talk to Father Mark without a blessing and the topics I could talk about were approved. I knew it was for my salvation and obedience to your Priest is something that has been ingrained in me since I was a little girl. I did as I was told.

I was able to go back to work, but I was so sick, I was having memory issues that were putting people's lives in danger and I talked with Father, because I made no decisions in my life without his blessing. He said I should step down from management. This involved a serious pay cut. Again I was told not to worry, I was taken care of. I was told that I must be transparent with my Medical and Financial situation. (I have the Text message) we went over our income, and bills. We picked what we would pay, rent lights, car food, phone's, internet ... basic stuff.. we let everything else go. Until the blow up it has been fine.

Please understand that my timeline is not perfect and my world has been rocked. I was at that church every single day. I did whatever I was told to do. He had no boundaries. I let it happen. I was by far his biggest supporter. If someone criticized how he did things or how he handled things I would shut it down. "Obedience to your Priest is hard. Do better..."

Everyone knew Don't complain about Father around Joan, she will call you out in front of everyone. I did it often.

The day after Unction the Bishop was serving with Father. Monique was in the church. Father had me convinced that Vincent was beating his wife and she was there to be safe. I got a text

from him saying he was coming to get his wife and children, and he would beat Father up if he tried to stop him. I went to the parking lot and waited for him. Understand this man is 30 something, an ex-Marine, and has PTSD and is mentally unstable at times. This was one of those times.

I gave him 3 choices. He could get in his car and wait for the Bishop to leave and we would talk. He could get his ass kicked by a 60 year old woman, or he could beat a 60 year old woman on the steps of her church... But there was no way he was getting in that church. Thank God he backed down. That is the level of loyalty I had. I would have taken a bullet for him. He blurred the line between himself and the church.

Father and I became even closer after I passed all of his tests of loyalty.. defending him, being available for anything 24/7, cooking, cleaning, Co-op, Family Style service at lunch on Sundays... However he wanted it done, I made it happen. AND I dared anyone to cross the line and complain about his handling of things. I need you to understand I needed him like I needed air, and now I can't breathe.

The past month has been Hell on Earth. Father finally convinced me that I was ready to heal from the trauma of my childhood. And I needed to tell him my story. We met at the church, and he said the walls have ears, and we should take a walk. We went to the park, we swung on the swings like kids.. He even threatened to jump off, I reminded him he wasn't 20 years old and his knees can't take that hit. It was relaxed. I felt safer than I had since my Father died. Then he said are you ready, and I thought I was. We sat next to each other at the table, and I started to give him the story of a violent rape that lasted 4 long hours, and I forced myself to remember all of it. When I started to cry he kindly put his arm around my shoulder and sat very close, I could feel his beard on my face, and I was okay, I felt safe. Then when I was done, he started asking questions. Were you a virgin? What did it feel like to give him your virginity? Every touch, every push, and the one that made me know I was dealing with a Narcissistic Predator "Was there blood on the sheet when he was done" My mind shut down, I just sobbed, He knew he crossed the line. We walked back to the church and he was several strides ahead of me. He got in his car and left. I went inside the hall, I came back out and Fred was there. I lost my mind and broke down crying.

I didn't see him for the rest of the week, this was shortly after Matuska made the report to the Hierarchy. After that original report was made, Father became distant and I was a little nervous cause he wasn't being attentive and it was clear to everyone in the Parrish that Matuska was not a happy wife and wanted changes made. We knew there were serious marital issues. At one point I even said."I have been married 35 years and I know when a wife is sick of her husband's crap, and that woman is sick of whatever you are doing wrong" He pretty much blamed me and Vincent. He said she is angry because he has a 2nd priest and he still coddles his crazies, and he spends too much time with our Pastoral care, and he had to limit my access to him at Matuska's insistence, so don't be offended or think I abandoned you, that will never happen, you are family.

Anyhow I had not seen him for several days after I had him figured out, and knew he was a predator. He totally ignored me in church, gave blessings to every single person there and turned his back on me. So I went to Father Joseph that week, the 1st time ever. And I was like, wow that felt good! Like it did in Pigeon Forge with Father Mark... I didn't feel like I was on trial, and I didn't have to answer any detailed questions, and I could commune, cause I didn't want to punch him in the face!

He was not happy with me at all, and reminded me that I was under obedience to confess only to him. I told him to f himself and walked away. He got very humble very quickly and begged for my forgiveness, which I quickly did. Trauma Bond is something new I now have to work out, while I am also dying.

I didn't really see him much after that until Friday 5th I had a doctor's appointment with the Surgeon who was going to do my surgery to remove the ruptured silicone breast implants that are ruptured and are Poisoning my lymphatic system and may be killing me, they can't give me a prognosis until they get in there and see the damage.

He was to meet me at the church at 8am to anoint me with Holy oil and give me a blessing. At 8:04 I got a text that he was not coming, and we could meet that night. I met him and we walked back to that horrible park, and sat on the swings. I told him what the doctor said. I told him it was \$8,000 up front, I have evidence of the rupture so my insurance may cover as much as 75 to 80% but I would need the rest before they would do it. He said to schedule the surgery, he will handle the money. I said Okay, he gave me a classic Father Mathew hug and said.. "so, will you be totally flat chested after this surgery"

The next day I had the [REDACTED] kids in the choir loft. [REDACTED] Paul's oldest daughter asked me if I could keep a secret, I said absolutely. I am extremely close to Paul's family and also Father's 4 youngest kids. *She said "Matuska kicked Father out of the house because he stopped taking his medication and is doing bad this to girls again"*

I knew it!! I was right! He is a predator and he got those details from me for his twisted sexual pleasure because he no longer has access to his children!!!

I went straight to Paul. He apparently didn't hear everything I said, it was a brief 15 second exchange.. He got wide eyed and said I will handle it and told me to go to work and I left. We exchanged text messages and he then understood what I said, I guess he made some calls and confirmed. I don't remember the rest of that night, I totally lost my mind and that night is a blurry dream. Some more stuff I get to work through before I die.

Sunday I came to liturgy, and Paul wouldn't serve with him. I saw him vested hearing confession and I went to the bathroom and threw up. I stayed long enough to get close enough for him and I to make eye contact, and I clearly mouthed the words to him, I KNOW AND YOU ARE DONE!!! He put his head down and I got Vincent. That man had us believing that we

were the reason his marriage was in trouble! We were in the parking lot and Mathias came out of the church, he looked at me and knew I knew. I said "How Dare he wear those Vestments, how dare his foul hands touch that chalice" John [REDACTED] was there and his wife. It was horrible, and I wanted to storm the altar and kick his ass! John said don't make him the victim, I got my husband and left. I sent Matt a text message and told him Not to test me. I told him if he was vested and serving that Monday morning I would call him out. I waited til he took his Vestments off and had Vincent not stopped me I would have hurt him. I don't regret it, ya'll dropped the ball on this. Had You done your jobs and suspended him when the woman who has been married to him for 25 years, and has 10 children with him, tells you he is having inappropriate sexual contact with his own children, He would not have had access to me or Vince or Vincent's wife.

I can forgive Mathew Williams and I have. What his idea was is orthodox Utopia, and he did many many wonderful and kind things for 1000's of people over his lifetime. He saved me when my family turned on me and my husband. He baptized my Husband, he gave me 3 beautiful God Children, he taught me great lessons, and he was the person I most wanted to hang out with. So his sins are forgiven, he is sick, he needs medication.

The Hierarchy is far worse than a sick man's sexual delusions. You with clear and convincing evidence and testimony failed to protect the Woman and children of this Parish. You put your pride before my safety and the safety of my disabled husband. You have put me in a position that I must now either Beg you to honor the man You let be here, promises to me and my disabled husband. Or I can hire the best attorney I can get and betray my faith. I am going to let you men make that choice.