

Michael Jackson 'had stash of violent porn'

By **Tom Leonard**
in New York

MICHAEL Jackson stockpiled violent and underage pornography which investigators believe he used to desensitise young boys to sexual abuse, a long-withheld US police report reveals.

Police made the discovery during a 2003 search of the pop superstar's Neverland ranch after he was accused of child molestation. It included images and videotape of sado-masochism, animal torture, naked children and pornography in which images of children's faces were superimposed on adult bodies.

The evidence, which police and prosecution experts believed Jackson used to 'groom' his young victims, was never made



Allegations: Michael Jackson

public but was passed to lawyers on both sides in the legal case against Jackson.

The singer was cleared two years later of all counts of child

molestation and giving alcohol to a minor. His accuser was a 15-year-old cancer survivor who claimed Jackson repeatedly got him drunk and molested him.

The star, who admitted taking children to bed with him but said he never sexually abused them, died in 2009 aged 50 after taking a lethal dose of painkillers.

An investigator in the raid told Radar Online: 'The documents exposed Jackson as a manipulative, drug and sex-crazed predator who used blood, gore, sexually explicit images of animal sacrifice and perverse adult sex acts to bend children to his will.'

'He also had disgusting and downright shocking images of child torture, adult and child nudity, female bondage and sadomasochism.'

Dr Mark Dooley



MORAL MATTERS

Time passes... but memories will not fade

THE older I get, the more I realise just how transient all things are. 'Nothing lasts forever' is such a trite saying, yet it contains a vital truth we cannot afford to forget. It tells us to savour and appreciate everything before it is too late.

Time passes and with it special people and precious things. What you took for granted is suddenly whisked away. Then, you must adapt to a new reality without the old certainties.

Deirdre O'Mahony and Margaret Price are two committed grandmothers. They are ladies of enviable energy who shine with pure goodness. They also run the little pre-school which two of our sons attended.

Each morning, as the tiny tots parade into Deirdre's school, she and Margaret welcome them with warmth. As the year progresses, our children are schooled in the virtues that are so integral to the Montessori system. And then, at Christmas time, we have the Yuletide concert, which concludes with a party for the children and their proud parents.

My sons have thrived in this wonderful setting. Deirdre and Margaret have, in so many ways, become part of our lives. That our boys have never once complained about going to pre-school is a testament to the caring, safe and enjoyable environment created by those wonderful women.

Now, however, our time with Deirdre and Margaret is coming to an end. On Friday, our youngest will bid them farewell, before heading to 'big school' in September. Somehow, it feels as though a major phase in our lives has drawn to a close.

Time passes and with it those experiences which make it all worthwhile. Deirdre and Margaret have given my children a great start in life. With dignity and love, they have treated them as their own.

Such people are the bedrock of community. At a time when they should be carefree, they continue to devote their time and energy to people like us. Running that school is, for them, much more than a job: it is something approaching a sacred vocation.

In an age when so many people exist only for themselves, those like Deirdre and Margaret are becoming ever more unique. They show us what it means to live and sacrifice for others. They show us why, in caring for children, we exhibit the better angels of our nature.

I can't imagine beginning each day without my little chat with Deirdre or Margaret. I can't imagine not having any association with their school. And yet, sadly, we have reached the end of that beautiful stage on life's way.

Our time with Alan Griffin and his wife Lois is also at an end. Alan and Lois have lived in our neighbourhood for some 40 years, but the burden of

age has forced them to downsize. Like Deirdre and Margaret, they exemplify the virtues of neighbourliness, of community spirit and personal sacrifice.

For many years, Alan has undertaken the often thankless job of running our Residents' Association. It is primarily thanks to him that our neighbourhood is immaculately maintained and kept safe for our children. As we go about our daily tasks, it is very easy to take such work for granted.

It is very easy to forget that without the personal sacrifices of people like Alan, communities simply could not flourish. In giving of their time so willingly, they ensure that this place we call 'home' is a source of peace and pride. They are the unsung heroes who labour in the vineyard so that we may enjoy the fruit.

I can't imagine life around here without Alan keeping his steady eye on things. And yet, within days, he too will be gone. Another gaping vacuum in our lives.

Deirdre, Margaret and Alan would certainly claim no credit for themselves. For them, duty to others is second nature. However, without the example of such people, society would finally succumb to the 'dust and powder of individuality'. That is why, when they depart from our lives, we feel acutely their loss.

TIME passes, and with it goes our certainties – those people and things whose presence provides constant reassurance in the midst of our trials. No matter what each day brought, Deirdre and Margaret always had a kind word and a friendly smile. As I walked away each morning, I knew that my little boys were not only safe, they were about to reap the benefits of grace, courtesy and wisdom.

Similarly, in seeing Alan out and about, I always knew our common home was in good hands. I knew I could go about my business without having to worry about its upkeep. If that is something we should never take for granted, it is because without such selfless commitment, communities have nothing to bind them together.

Time has passed and now I must say goodbye to three people who have made an enormous difference to our lives. Deirdre, Margaret and Alan have shown my children the true nature of responsibility and sacrifice. They have shown them what it means to share and care, to give without seeking any reward.

At a time of such self-obsession, it is vital that children have such role models, and I am so grateful that our lives were touched by those three special souls. Time may separate us, but what it cannot take away is their legacy of humble goodness.

For that is an eternal monument which survives in memories that are simply too strong to fade.

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