

December 6, 2017

RE: Joseph Layton Bishop II

Statement of the facts:

I, McKenna Denson, previously known as [REDACTED], entered the Missionary Training Center in Provo, Utah on or about the 4th of January 1984 to serve a mission call in the Colombia, Cali Mission.

The first day I arrived all the missionaries were asked to meet in an auditorium. I was singled out in a crowd of 12-1500 missionaries by President Joseph L Bishop and asked to bear my testimony.

The following day he singled me out again and asked me to give the prayer. I don't recall if it was the opening or the closing prayer.

I was called out of my Spanish class on multiple occasions to go to the President's office.

One instance included 3 other sister missionaries. We were asked specific questions about our childhood and our family's activity in the church. We each spoke of childhood trauma. We all seemed to have that commonality. Each of us had endured sexual abuse.

On another occasion President Bishop called me out of class and only one of the 3 other sisters was in the President's office. Her name was [REDACTED]. She told a story about going to the prom with a boy and she fell asleep on his shoulder and drooled on his shoulder. I remember this because I was mortified. I would have never told that story out loud!

[REDACTED] & I met with President Bishop on a couple of other occasions but I don't recall any conversations that were not centered around our childhoods.

I had a baby out of wedlock and gave her up for adoption through the church. President Bishop gave me special permission to go to the temple and write her a letter.

One a separate occasion in the President's office he told me (we were alone) that he and his wife were in a sexless relationship. He shared that he liked her to fix a candle lit dinner and wear a blouse that had elastic. I pictured a peasant blouse. President Bishop said he liked her to wear it pulled down over her breasts so she was bare breasted at dinner.

On a separate occasion President Bishop said that he and a few other leaders liked to go the hot springs or hot tub in Wyoming. He told of an incident where a young woman was there with them and she took off her bikini top and exposed her bare breasts.

The most serious incident occurred one afternoon. I was called from class to meet with President Bishop in his office. He told me he wanted to show me a special room where he did his "preparing or preparations".

He escorted me out of his office and we turned toward the reception area. We went down a hallway and he opened a locked door that lead..... I don't remember if there were any stairs or not but I think there might have been. He escorted me through the first locked door and towards another small storage room which was also locked. He unlocked that door, escorted me in, turned on the light and closed the door.

There were no windows. This was like a storage closet. In this room there was a twin size bed, dormitory style, not with a headboard and footboard. This was on the right as we entered. Across from that was a small table, the kind used in Relief Society or any classroom in a church. There was a chair, a metal chair with something on the seat. Lots of something, couldn't sit there. In my mind I see books and magazines but I do not know if that is accurate. I just know the chair was occupied by stuff.

We sat on the bed. I sat near the door, he sat next to me. He told me that he liked to go to that room to get away and because it was quiet. We chatted generically for a bit. Then he leaned in to kiss me. I pushed him away and I think he apologized but I got up to leave and he leapt in front of me and locked the door and stood blocking it.

He took my by the wrists, not hard and not gentle. He sat me down on the bed. There wasn't a lot of room between the bed & table.

The next thing I remember is he grabbed my blouse and tore it open. It was my favorite blouse and though he didn't tear it he ripped 3 buttons off of it. He squeezed my breast really hard and bruised my chest bone. The padded bra kept me from bruising in the tender tissue (I assume).

The next moment he had my skirt and was trying to pull it up. It was a red A-line skirt and he tore the seam from the intended slit in the back to just below my fanny. He pulled down my pantyhose and garments with one pull. He grabbed them both at the same time.

I don't know how he became exposed but his pants were down, between his ankles and knees. He forced himself on me and forced my legs apart and penetrated about 1 ½ to 2 inches. He was not fully erect so he could not fully penetrate.

He was grabbing at his penis and I pushed him off. He forced me back down restraining me with his palms on my shoulders. I kicked up at him and hit him and somehow he let me go long enough for me to begin to sit up. I pulled on my garments and hose enough to get out the door. As I was leaving he said no one would ever believe me. "Look at you...look at me!" I don't even really know if I took my shoes with me. I imagine that I did but can't swear to it. I don't remember leaving or how I got to my dorm. I went to bed and pretended I was sick. I didn't speak to anyone except when a female came in, an MTC employee I think, to ask if I needed anything.

I did not report this incident.

I went on my mission to Washington D.C. and was placed in a trio. I was waiting for a visa. One evening I began to feel agitated. I became very agitated and told the sisters I had to go get my camera out of the car. They didn't want me to go alone but I went anyway. I had a full blown panic attack. I didn't really understand what I was experiencing. I told them someone tried to rape me. They called our Mission President, Swinton. He sent me to live with a family ([REDACTED]) in Provo. There I was sent to a therapist. I don't

remember his name but he talked about himself the whole hour and kept telling me I had a secret.

I had to meet with Elder Thomas S. Monson before I could be released back into the mission field.

I went to Wisconsin to complete my mission.

I reported the incidents of President Bishop to my Bishop in about 1988. His name was Ron Leavitt. He reported to the Stake President' who called and reported to church headquarters in Salt Lake.

Elder Carlos Asay visited me in Provo or Orem and interviewed me. I reported everything except the rape. I didn't think of it as rape as he didn't have a full erection.

Elder Asay said he would investigate the incident and let me know the outcome.

About a year later I was married and living in Taiwan. I had two daughters that were born there. Life moved on and the MTC incident became further removed from my mind.

I returned to the US about 3 years later and divorced my husband.

I have, over the years tried to find out from my bishops and stake presidents the outcome of the investigation. Was it taken seriously? Was there a church counsel held? Was he excommunicated or did he deny the incidents?

In the spring of 2010 I was in Utah and called church headquarters myself requesting information. I was transferred several times and finally a man told me I was not entitled to know if there was a church court, if there was an investigation or the outcome of any investigation. I told him I had a gun and knew where Joseph Bishop lived and I would shoot the bastard myself. It wasn't but 10 minutes when 2 uniformed officers showed up at my door. I told them that Joseph Bishop has sexually assaulted me at the MTC and that Salt Lake invalidated my claim and refused to give me any answers. Since I had no gun with me they didn't charge me with anything.

Last year around this time I spoke with my stake president (Bertaldo) about the event in the MTC. I didn't explain details but told him he had sexually assaulted me. President Bertaldo was very upset that that happened and promised to contact Salt Lake and look into it and get back with me. It has been a year and still no word.

Around the week before Thanksgiving this year I called the MTC and asked for information on the whereabouts of Joseph Bishop. They referred me to the Mission office in Salt Lake at church headquarters. I eventually was able to speak with Jordan Kessler at [REDACTED]. I told him Joseph Bishop was my mission president and I was hoping to get in touch. Mr. Kessler gave me Bishop's address in Chandler, Arizona and name of his wife, [REDACTED].

I looked online and found Bishop's ward and there was a number for the missionaries serving in his ward. I dialed the number [REDACTED] and spoke to an Elder [REDACTED]. I told him I was looking for my former mission president and hoped I had found him. I told him President Bishop had served as mission president of the Argentina Buenos Aires North Mission as well as the MTC in Provo. He asked his companion who said that the same brother Bishop was the one who served in both of those missions. I thanked Elder [REDACTED] and asked for any contact information he could offer. Elder [REDACTED] gave me Joseph Bishop's cell number [REDACTED].

Not long after I called the Provo PD and explained a little about what had happened to me at the MTC. I soon received a call from Sergeant Robert Nelson and we talked for a bit. He checked on a few details and called me again. I believe we spoke two or three times on the same day.

When I learned the detectives had taken me seriously and wanted to come to Colorado to interview me I booked a flight to Phoenix, a rental car and a hotel.

I then called President Bishop on his cell phone and told him I was writing an article on high ranking LDS officials and since he had served 2 missions I was really interested in speaking with him. He corrected me saying he had served 5 missions. He said he felt special because he hadn't been contacted by anyone in a long time that had any interest in him. We agreed to meet on the next

Saturday which was December 1, 2017 at 2:00. He gave me his address (although I already had it) and we agreed to meet there.

I flew to Phoenix on December 1st. On the morning of the 2nd I called his cell phone and told him that President Gillespie, the Temple President from Taiwan, was running a bit late and would he mind coming to my hotel at 3:00? He asked if he could bring his wife and son. I said absolutely, I'd love to talk with them but that part of the meeting would be conducted alone. He agreed to meet me at 3:00 at the Hawthorne Suites at 5858 W Chandler Drive in the conference room.

He was early