

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

LBO

Support person present: No

1. My full name is LBO My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Background

2. I was born in Glasgow on [REDACTED] 1938. I was born in [REDACTED] in Bridgeton, Glasgow. I have an older brother. He is about three years older than me. My father left my mother. We went to live with my mother's sister, Auntie [REDACTED] who worked as a nurse in Duke Street Hospital.

3. My father did come back. We were staying in Townhead and he was nearby. He was living with another woman. My mother traced him and they got together again. We then lived in North Frederick Street in Glasgow. George Square was my playground and I remember roller skating there. I remember sitting between the paws of the lions. There was an abandoned church nearby in Cathedral Street and I kept about a dozen cats and four or five stray dogs there.

4. I used to climb over walls and go to an old motor yard. You could play being a taxi driver or a clippie in the old cars and buses. We pretended to be lorry drivers. I was happy in a sense but the neglect was there. There was no money.

5. My father had been in the army during the Second World War for four years. He was in the Highland Light Infantry. The barracks were in Maryhill, Glasgow. He

came home on leave and my mother would get pregnant. After the war he was demobbed and there were no jobs. He started drinking. We kids just survived. I also have a younger sister, who is now in Australia. She is about 3 or 4 years younger than me. I also had two younger brothers but they are both dead.

6. I vaguely remember that my mother was open-handed with me. She beat me a lot. She didn't explain why she did it. She broke my arm once. After I got out of Nazareth House, my Granny said that she had reported my mother for the way she was treating me. I don't know who she reported my mother to.

7. My parents did the best they could in the circumstances. It's just that Mum was a bit heavy handed with me. I was never out of hospital. On Parliamentary Road there would be big lorries which carried steel girders to go to the Clyde. I used to run across the road and once I went under one of the lorries. Both my legs were broken. I was in traction. I was in hospital for a long time. My mother once split my head. She threw one of Dad's army boots at me and it hit me. She never beat my siblings. She never said why it was only me who was beaten. When we were living in Strathyre she said that the only one who was thrashed was me. I was surprised she said that because Mum and Dad never discussed anything with us.

8. I was tall. My parents and my whole family were small. They were all four feet something. I was the big one. I was even taller than my older brother.

9. I was taken away from my family at the age of 9 or 10. I was taken away suddenly. I don't know what time of year it was. I can't remember the journey there or how I got there. It was if I was drugged. I don't know why I was sent to Nazareth House in Aberdeen and not somewhere nearer to Glasgow.

10. I was the only one in the family who went to Nazareth House. People were walking into the homes and asking the children if they wanted to go to Australia. Some of the kids said yes because they wanted away from the nuns. I can't remember being asked to go.

11. The only way for me to survive has been to think of myself as a wee waif in Nazareth House. I just accepted that. I think of her as a poor wee girl. My parents never discussed with me why I went into Nazareth House.

12. I left Nazareth House when I was coming up for fifteen years of age. I took the train from Aberdeen to Glasgow. I was told that my mother would meet me at the station in Glasgow and that I should wait for her. I sat on the cardboard box which contained my belongings and no-one came. I realised that as my family lived just up the road, I could just walk home. No-one was in when I got there. I sat on the stairs. My sister came home first from school and she asked what I was doing there. I don't think she was sure who I was.

Nazareth House

First weeks at Nazareth House

13. On my first day at Nazareth House, I woke up in a huge dormitory. I didn't know what had happened. This was the worst experience I had. There were lines of beds but they were empty. I started screaming. I was crying all the time. I was told to be quiet. I said I wanted my Mum. I had wet the bed. A nun pulled the sheet off, put it over my head and hit me. She put me in the cupboard. I don't know how long I was in there but I fell asleep in the cupboard. Now I always leave the bedroom door open at night. If it is shut, I panic. I have a fear of doors closing on me.

14. I wanted to escape. The next day I ran around all the corridors and saw a big door with a big handle. There was a nun in that room and I was beaten by her and put in a side room. Another nun then took me upstairs and gave me a hiding too.

15. The building looked beautiful. It was built in granite. There were grounds at the front and it was surrounded by a big high wall.

16. I tried to escape a number of times but I never got out of the grounds. I planned to scale the wall. I was good at climbing walls having come from Glasgow. I would get caught, beaten and sent to the room at the far end of the dorm and shut in

there. I was sometimes shut in there all day. I think they forgot I was there. I was very upset at the time and was crying. I would run around crying and shout: "I want my mammy!". I would be wailing like a banshee. I was put into cupboards on more than one occasion. When I first went there I was put in a cupboard regularly. A few weeks later I was doing it less and less. Once I ran round the inside of the wall and came to a door and couldn't open it. I asked myself what was the sense in escaping. It dawned on me: how could I get back to Glasgow? There was no way I could. I gave up trying to escape.

Mornings

17. We would have to get up early in the morning. We would get dressed and go straight to the Chapel for Mass. Then we would go for breakfast. After that we would go to the classrooms in Nazareth House.

18. It was very strange in between times. We didn't play. We wandered about but couldn't get friendly with others. The nuns had strange ideas. Before I went into the home, I used to skip in the street. We would steal washing lines. When I was in Nazareth House, I had a bit of rope that I had found at the back of the yard. We were skipping and enjoying ourselves. A nun came barging out the door and grabbed one of the girls from behind and began punching her. She hit the rest of us with the rope. The nun blamed this one girl. I felt sorry for her but didn't have the guts to say it was me. The girl never blamed me but maybe she never knew that I had found the rope.

19. I remained in the same dormitory the whole time. There were rows of beds in a huge room. I think there were about one hundred girls in the dorm. I don't know if there was more than one girls' dorm. We regularly had to polish the floors and we would get skelfs in our knees. We would be in lines with a cloth and would wax the floors. We also had to scrub the dark red stone tiles. I don't have knowledge of other girls who were there as I did not make friends.

Medical care

20. Life in Nazareth House was unbelievable. We were so cowed. The neglect was terrible too. There was an enclosed yard. When the nuns were in evening prayers, we would be locked outside in the yard in our cotton clothes. There was a pile of old ladies shoes lying in a corner of the yard which we had to put on. We would put on odd shoes. This happened the whole time we were there.

21. I ended up getting chilblains in my hand and heels. They went septic but I never got medical treatment. The pain was awful. There was a pharmacy upstairs in the home but we used to get beatings in there. I never saw a doctor when I was in the home.

22. I used to faint a lot. In Mass I would be so cold and I was possibly anaemic. If I fainted, two girls would pull me out and would leave me in the corridor. I would come round, stand up and just get on with things.

23. Once a month we would stand in line and be given Epsom salts to make our bowels move. This happened the whole time I was there. It tasted vile and was made with hot water. I vomited and the nun gave me more and more as she hit me. I was the only one left and I hoped that the nun would run out of it. I was sick every time I was given Epsom salts. Once or twice she didn't notice I had vomited because she was distracted by something.

Food

24. We used to get stew for dinner. There were lumps of fat in it which I couldn't eat. There was a fat girl in the home called [REDACTED]. She used to eat everything. I used to slip the stew to her and she would eat it. [REDACTED]. There was something physically wrong with her. Once a nun called Sister [REDACTED] LDY must have seen me swap plates and she cracked me over the head with a wooden object which was like the leg of a stool. My chin hit the table and was split. Sister [REDACTED] LDY had a bad temper. I saw her hitting other girls. She was probably in her forties or fifties at the time. The majority of the nuns seemed elderly. Sister [REDACTED] LDY was like a time bomb. Her face would go bright red when she lost her temper. When she was angry she spat all over you when she was speaking to you.

25. Once I didn't finish my food. Sister **LDY** told me to put it all in my mouth. I did and I vomited. She hit me and tried to make me eat my vomit. I wouldn't do it. She put me in a cupboard which was not big. It was pitch dark. I was left for quite a long time. I would sometimes panic and think they had forgotten about me. I was made to eat my food a quite a few times and each time I would vomit.

26. The food was terrible. I was able to consume the mashed potatoes and vegetables. But the stew contained lumps of fat and was swimming in grease. I think back to during the war and when we were on rations but I cannot remember my mum serving anything like that.

Schooling

27. On my first day in the classroom I sat at the back. The teacher asked: "Who can spell ambulance?". I was the only one to put up my hand and I spelled it correctly. At school, they realised I was clever and artistic.

28. I liked the school and learning even though the nun came up and would crack you one. At first I attended classes in the home and at about the age of twelve I went to a secondary school outside Nazareth House. It was called St Peter's and was a good bit away from the home.

29. We didn't mix with girls who were not from Nazareth House. They knew we were from a home and I was embarrassed. I didn't form friendships. They knew my name, but I thought it was wrong to use my name.

30. I was quite clever. When I was about twelve or thirteen I would do my homework in a classroom at the home. The nun who had the key to the classroom would unlock it and let me in. I would pretend I had more homework to do so that I could get away from the nuns and other children.

Visits and reporting

31. My parents did not visit me at Nazareth House. Sister LDY used to tell me that my parents did not want me. Another nun told me that my parents were dead. I can't remember her name. I believed her in a sense but hoped that it was not true. I couldn't ask anyone what had happened. I thought maybe they had been killed.

32. I never told anyone about my treatment in Nazareth House.

33. I don't remember any inspectors coming into the home. There was a Lady who came at Christmas time. I think she gave donations to the nuns.

34. A teacher once asked me about the home but I just clammed up. I realised I had to go back there. The teacher had asked me about a girl from the home who was in my class and hadn't turned up. She had disappeared and I was asked where she was. I said I didn't know. I was asked if I was alright and if the nuns were good to us. I couldn't say anything. I was scared what I said would get back to the nuns.

Bath time

35. We would be bathed once a week with Jeyes Fluid which is a disinfectant. There were two baths in one room. There would also be a tin bath where your hair was done. It also had Jeyes Fluid in it. Two girls would be kneeling by the bath and would pour the water on your hair. It nipped when it got into your eyes.

36. When you bathed, the nuns watched. The girls would hold up a sheet so that no-one could be seen in the bath. Each girl had a bath on her own. I think we used the same water. There was a big queue waiting. You would have to wash yourself with red coloured carbolic soap.

Night time

37. At night, when we were all settled in bed there was a nun who would pick on girls. She would drag them out of their beds and beat them. I would hope that the nun wouldn't pick on me. There was a wall up between each bed. You would hear her walking up and down. If someone else was being picked on I would thank God it

was not me. I remember once being dragged out by my hair by her and beaten. I remember her wee pointed black shoes and she was kicking and thumping me. The beatings were regular and there was no reason for it. I cannot remember that nun's name. The children were so cowed and wouldn't do anything to annoy the nuns.

38. We wore long white smocks at night. We knelt at the side of our beds to say our prayers. In bed, we had to lie with our arms crossed over our chests. I used to wake up lying on my side. The nuns would walk about at night in between all the beds. If you weren't in the right position you would get beaten. I was never caught but some girls were. They would be taken out to where the toilets were. You would hear them crying.

39. I didn't wet the bed, but there were children who did. They were made to walk with their sheets on their heads all day. They would be mocked by everyone in the dorm and downstairs. We had to laugh at them. The nuns expected it. It was so humiliating for those girls. Those girls did not get into the dining room for breakfast. I suppose they wouldn't get breakfast. This happened a lot.

Physical and other treatment

40. The physical cruelty was terrible. I remember a nun called Sister LTZ. She would grip you with both hands under your arms and nip you. It was so painful. You just froze. This happened often. You would be black and blue under the arms. Some nuns used a belt to hit us.

41. Physical abuse happened daily. It would happen for no reason. There were quite a few nuns who did it. Some nuns looked after the younger ones and the nuns also swapped around. I did not know all of them. Quite a few of nuns came in and out again. Some weren't so cruel; they would just give you a skelp. You knew who was really bad and who was not so cruel. There was no need for what they did to the children. The other nuns must have known what was going on.

42. I still have lumps on my skull because of being hit. I was hit on the head a number of times. You might be hit when you were in the corridor or for talking at the

table. Sometimes you would be hit for no reason. Sometimes a wooden implement of some kind would be used by the nun. Most of the times you were hit it would leave bruising.

43. When I was beaten, the nuns would use their hands and feet. Most of the time I would be beaten while I was lying on the floor. I remember when Sister **LDY** took me up to the pharmacy. She banged the sliding door shut and grabbed me. I was so taken aback I fell down on the floor and she was kicking me with her pointed shoes. I was crying.

44. We were put into sections. There would maybe be about fifteen girls in each section. An older girl would be in charge of each section. We would line up and the girl in charge would stand at the side of us. This girl would clipe on the girls in her section. If she did not like you or you wouldn't give her something, she would tell on you to the nun and you would get a beating. You weren't allowed to make friends. If you were friendly with other girls, you were told to stop it.

45. I never became a section leader. Girls were chosen to be section leaders. These girls became cruel themselves. They were bullies and would hit the other children but maybe the nuns expected it.

46. Other children got the same treatment as me. I remember thinking: "All these poor children.". You could recognise the ones who had been there since they were babies as they were like robots. When I was older, I got beatings now and again, but I was flyer by then.

47. One thing sticks in my mind was when a new girl had just came in to the home and was shouting at a nun. I had never heard anyone should at a nun. The nun started hitting her and the girl backed up. She toppled over a railing on the stairs. She was taken to hospital and never came back. There was a rumour that she had died but I don't know if she had.

48. I remember Sister **LDY** would say that the devil was inside me when she was hitting me. I was told God was everywhere and watched my every move every

minute of the day. When I got home from Nazareth House, the toilet was on the landing and there was no light in it. Mum would give me a candle but I would blow it out because I didn't want God to see me do the toilet.

49. While one nun was hitting me, she said that my parents didn't want me and that it was no wonder. You didn't know what to believe. Sister **LDY** would say different things to hurt you mentally.

50. Once a nun, I think it was Sister **LDY**, was beating me and I fell. She was punching me on the back. I tried to get up to run away from her and I fell. My leg went underneath me on the stone floor. I fractured my right leg. I can't remember going to hospital or getting a stookie on it. I do remember sitting in the playroom with my leg up on a stool and I couldn't walk about. I don't know how long that was for.

51. About halfway through my time at the home, there was a girl who ran into the toilet as she was being hit by a nun. I can't remember which nun it was. I saw the nun shouting and her habit fell back. She pulled it forward and raced after the girl. The girl stopped and the nun slammed the door. The girl's thumb was cut off by the door. There was blood everywhere. We heard the girl scream. The girl came back later without her thumb. She told one of the other girls what had happened.

52. There was a playroom but there was no real play as a nun watched you. There were wee wooden steps up to a statue of Our Lady. At night, the statue was lit with a neon halo. A punishment was that you had to kneel on the steps and look at the statue for hours on your own. The lights in the playroom would be put out and the neon light would flicker. It was as if the face was moving. I was scared.

Other activities

53. I met Sister **LKC** one day when I came back from school. She was in charge of the baby boys at the home.

54. The nun in charge of us had found out that I had spent my bus fare to school on sweets. She got hold of me and slapped me. Afterwards, Sister **LKC** who

had been waiting at the side asked me if I would like to help with the baby boys. I said yes and helped her for one or two hours a night in the boys' nursery. I did that nearly every evening. I was happy to do that. I was thirteen at the time.

55. We were never encouraged to be part of daily life. We just existed and that was it. We never formed opinions and even if you did, you'd never tell anyone.

56. I remember we went to Duthie Park for a walk on a Sunday. We'd walk in two's. There would be a nun at the front and one at the back. There were peacocks in the park.

57. We didn't have toys. There were books but pages were missing from them.

Holidays, Birthdays and Christmas

58. We did not have any holidays. We didn't go into the city and we were not allowed out on our own except when we went to school.

59. We were not given anything on our birthdays.

60. At Christmas there was no happiness. Once a year a Lady visited, who I think gave donations to home. There would be excitement. A wooden cupboard was opened and tablecloths put on the tables in the dining room. We'd have a bow put in our hair and given dolls to play with from the cupboard. The Lady and her husband would stand there and watch us play with toys. We were also given books and jigsaws but these and the dolls were taken back off of us when the Lady left.

61. The meal at Christmas time was a bit better than usual.

62. We did nothing at Easter. I was made a little child of Mary and had to go around the corridors singing to Our Lady. At the end of it I was presented with a medal.

General

63. The boys were not looked after by the nuns. They were on the other side of the building. It was the Brothers who looked after them. I never saw the boys in the home or the Brothers. We went to Mass separately. I only saw priests at confession. There was nothing you could confess to, so I made it up. The priests would have known how the girls were treated by the nuns. I can't remember the name of the Mother Superior. She kept away and we seldom saw her.

64. I was given the number [REDACTED] This was used by the nuns and I was never called by my name. The girls would sometimes call each other by name if a nun wasn't there. If a nun was present we would call each other by our numbers.

65. I remember one of the nuns died. Out in the enclosed yard was a crypt. I saw them carry the corpse to the crypt on a stretcher. The wind blew off the cover. I thought that was to do with me because I was watching. You had to go down steps into the crypt. All the children had to line up and kiss the dead nun. I couldn't do it. I don't think the nuns noticed. The crypt was lit by candles.

66. When I left the home, I was fourteen coming up for fifteen. It all happened suddenly. They came and told me to put my things in a cardboard box. It was tied up with string. A nun put me on the train. She told me not to leave the station until my mother came to get me. No-one came.

67. I felt humiliated by the nuns. I vowed never to go back there as an "inmate". I have never been back.

Life after Nazareth House

68. No-one asked me where I had been, what it was like or what happened. It was hurtful. No-one wanted to know. I couldn't approach my parents about it. They were very short tempered people. I couldn't raise it with them.

69. On my return, I went back to secondary school. I went to St Roch's in Glasgow. People were leaving at age fourteen or fifteen. I got my exam results and I was the first person allowed to stay on.

70. My dad then got a Forestry Commission job in [REDACTED] in the Highlands. We all moved there. It was wonderful. There was a castle and part of it was a youth hostel. There was a loch, a rowing boat, a tennis court and we could fish for salmon. There was so much freedom. I went to Tain Royal Academy. I would cycle from [REDACTED]. I would leave my bike there at the local station and get a van to [REDACTED] and then a bus to Tain. I did that every day to go to school and back. It was a horrific journey in winter.

71. There was still conscription so my older brother, [REDACTED], was in the army by then. He was in Korea and then Aden. I still keep in touch with [REDACTED]. He is back living in Townhead, Glasgow.

72. There was a shortage of money. When I was at the shop I saw that [REDACTED] wanted someone to work in the kitchen. Also [REDACTED] wanted someone to clean for two hours. [REDACTED] also needed someone too. I got the three jobs and did them at the weekends when I was at school. I then had to leave school when I was fifteen. My dad wasn't paid much. I was expected to get full-time employment.

73. We later moved to near Aviemore. I would cycle for miles past Rothiemurchus. One day I stopped at the shop in Aviemore and there was a card on the door which said an elderly lady was looking for a companion. I applied and got the job. She wanted me to live in with her but I only did that for a couple of nights. Instead I cycled back and forth from home. It was five miles each way. I was sixteen at the time.

74. The lady was called [REDACTED]. I remember once she had her friends over and a lady was telling fortunes from the tea leaves. She told me not to cycle home that night as I would have an accident. I got [REDACTED] organised and cycled home. On the way back about halfway was a graveyard at the bottom of a hill. I'd build up

speed to get past as quickly as possible as the telegraph wires would make a noise. That night a big stag leapt on to the road and I cycled right into it.

75. After I left school my first job was in the Nature Conservancy at [REDACTED] [REDACTED] I loved being in the middle of nowhere and being on my own. I was a laboratory assistant and prepared the slides. We were working on challenging the midge that year. We sprayed and took samples from the bogs. I used to go home once a month. Mr [REDACTED] would drive through from Edinburgh to bring us our wages once a month. He would take me to Inverness and then I'd get the train to Aviemore.

76. By then my sister was a nurse in [REDACTED]. Mum and Dad bragged about her being a nurse. I saw an advert for a nursing post in [REDACTED] Sanatorium [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. The sanatorium was run by nuns. I applied and got the job. I became an auxiliary nurse.

77. I have had lots of different jobs. I also ran a children's home out at [REDACTED] [REDACTED] in Glasgow. [REDACTED] There were eighty-six children. The matron was retiring so I took over her job. I have always had a job. My last job was looking after people with dementia.

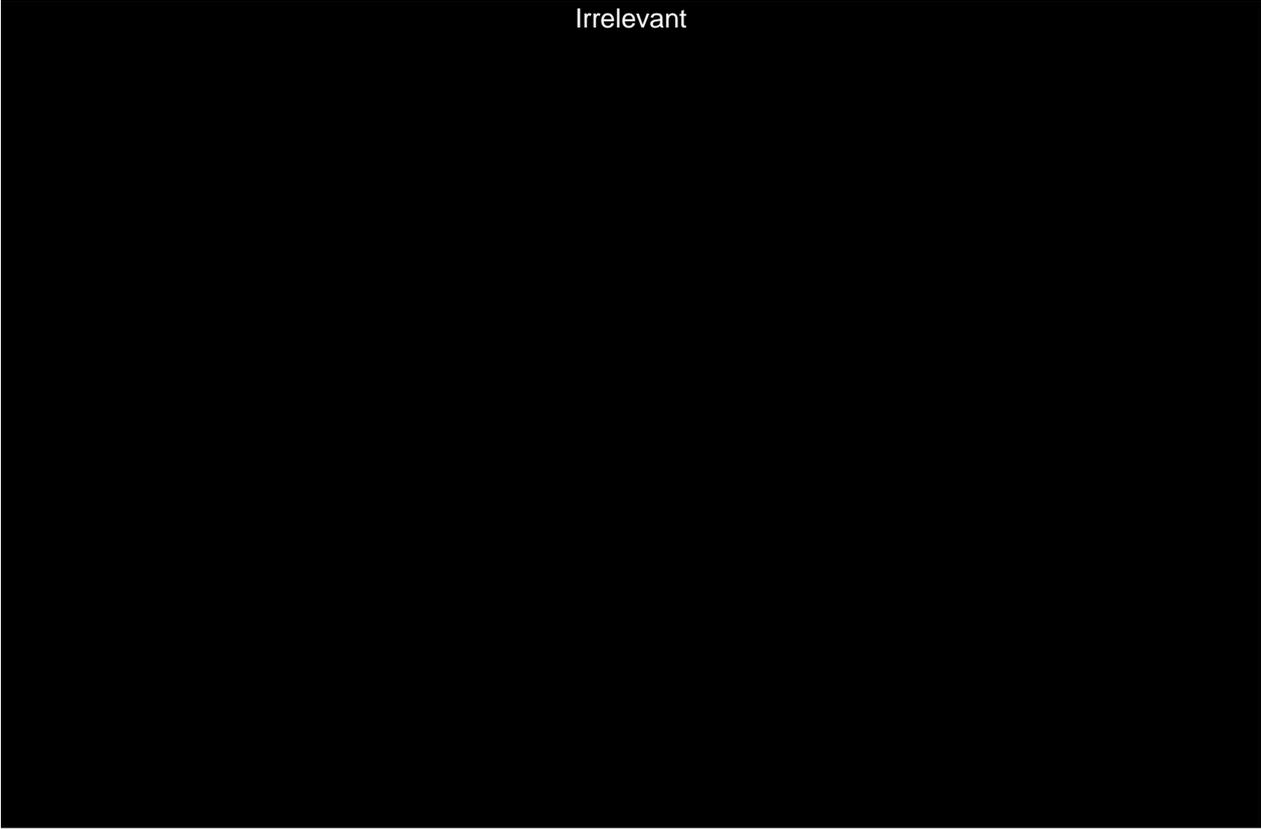
78. When we lived near Aviemore, I met and married a man called [REDACTED]. He was from Inverness. I got married when I was seventeen and a half. He was much older than me. We were married for about 10 years. We had three boys and one girl. He didn't keep in touch with the children. He was a heavy drinker and died quite young. I nursed in [REDACTED] for a while. I was going to take my exams but my husband and I split up then so I didn't. After my marriage broke up, I went to college in Perth and passed my Higher English.

79. All children need their mum and dad no matter how they are treated. I decided it was because of the circumstances and conditions we were in. I wasn't their fault. They didn't choose to live in those conditions. I nursed my parents until they died. My sister didn't help. I did this on my own. I would see them every morning before work. They were my mum and dad. I had feelings for them.

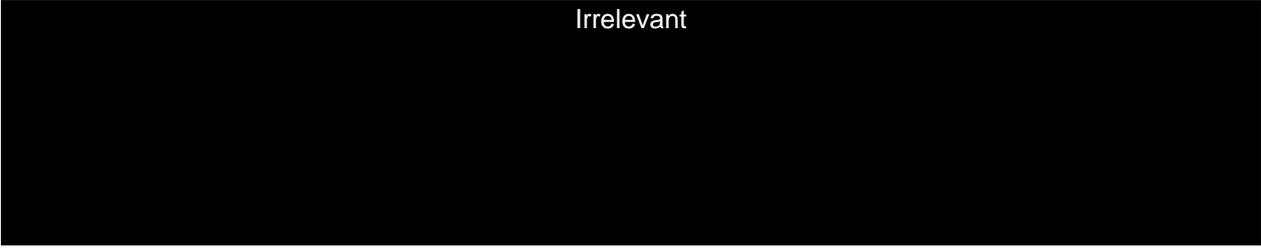
80. When I got back from Nazareth House, my brothers and sister were there. I adored my younger brothers and had missed them. They were toddlers when I left and now were at school. The youngest brother, [REDACTED] couldn't read and wasn't going to school. I would pick him up from school and take him for reading lessons. I didn't realise that he had a terrific memory and once memorised a whole book. I thought he could read.

81. The other younger brother, [REDACTED] was very clever. He was always reading. Once I was away, they didn't have me to keep tabs on them. My sister said that Mum and Dad were never there. I think it took its toll on my brothers. [REDACTED] was tragic. That part of my life was horrifying.

Irrelevant



Irrelevant



Irrelevant

87. [REDACTED] is dead. He was found dead. I loved my wee brothers. I wanted to get back from Nazareth House for them. They didn't have much of a chance in life. My sister is embarrassed by our childhood. She used to throw it back in my mother's face. I remember that Mum said to her that I was the only one who got hit by her.

88. I have had very a tumultuous life. The things I've done would astound people.

Effect of Nazareth House

89. I have been trying to analyse myself. I want to find out how you can become two people. How you can have intelligence and can become something yet the other part of you holds back. One part of me is the waif. I buried her. I kept her in the background. I don't think I'll ever change. I'm hoping that by speaking to you today I might find the answer.

90. I get flashbacks about what happened at Nazareth House. They can be very scary. I didn't want to be the girl in the home. She was a waif; it is not me. I cry for her sometimes but she is not me. I dreamt the other night that there was a nun leaning over me.

91. I wrote a poem about lying in bed at night in the dorm hearing the rattle of the rosary beads and swish of the long black skirt when they were coming towards you. The fear of the nuns is still with me. It happened and I have got to use it to help other people. It mustn't happen again.

92. It was like something out of a horror film. It was the atmosphere of the place too. These women who were looking after us couldn't fit into society and were using religion. I'm suspicious of people who speak to me about religion. I don't believe in religion at all but I was brought up a Catholic. I don't know if Nazareth House caused

me to not have a religion. I may have come to the same decision about it anyway. Religion was the first law on Earth and still has control over people.

93. I am sure that my time in Nazareth House broke up my marriage. I was drinking at the time and had depression. I had flashbacks to Nazareth House. That is why we split up. My husband was also a drinker. He drove a Land Rover and would drive home drunk. There wasn't much traffic where we were and no police on the roads.

94. I developed my drink problem whilst I was married and it had an impact on our relationship. I sorted it out after we split up. I felt guilty when I looked at my children. I still feel guilty about the time I was drinking. I drank for a good few years. The drinking crept up on me. It gave me confidence and I felt good. It would wear off and I would drink more. I was an alcoholic. I can take a drink now and it is no problem.

95. I became very depressed and my husband wasn't helping. I had no-one to turn to in my family and we were living in the middle of nowhere. I had no-one to talk to.

96. If I'm busy, I don't dwell on things. If I have quiet moments, especially at night, I'll think of the past. I cry and get emotional for this wee waif. I try not to let it affect me but it has affected me throughout my life. When I worked at the sanatorium in [REDACTED], I couldn't bear the nuns coming near me. I stopped going to Mass in the morning and I was reported. The Mother Superior sent for me and told me that I was the first nurse who had stopped going to Mass (even though not all the nurses were Catholic). I told her I'd rather sleep in my bed than the Chapel.

97. The treatment of children in Nazareth House should never have happened. To treat children that way is horrific. I'd love to tell the nuns what I think of them. These people couldn't fit into society and maybe wanted to be bullies. People do hide behind religion.

98. I often wonder what kind of life I would have had if I hadn't ended up in Nazareth House. I feel guilty about having been in there. Why was it just me who

went there? I don't know. I never found out. Maybe it was because there was over-crowding in the single ends at the time. They were taking kids off people and also sending kids to Australia to ease the over-crowding. Maybe it was because my Granny reported Mum for breaking my arm.

Support

99. I didn't tell my husband about what happened in Nazareth House. It was only when I saw INCAS on TV about fifteen years ago that I thought I should speak to someone. I was living in Alloa at the time. I thought I was the only person who had suffered. I never thought it happened to others. I phoned Frank Docherty.

100. I'm like a closed book. I haven't opened up to Frank about my experiences at Nazareth House. We talk more about Townhead because we come from the same area.

101. INCAS have been very helpful. I am a member. Helen Holland is super but I haven't opened up to her. I phone her sometimes. I go to some meetings. I took my boys once to a meeting in Glasgow. I met a man who was at Nazareth House at the same time as me. We only talked about St Peter's School.

102. I have not discussed Nazareth House with others. I am in touch with my children. They have all turned out very nice people. I am very close to them. I have three grandchildren. My daughter knows generally but not the detail of it. She came with me to the erection of the memorial at Smyllum for the deceased children. We brought plants. I told her then that I had been in Nazareth House.

103. I am a very antisocial person. I can't make friends. My sister-in-law is my friend. She is a wonderful person. I have never spoken to her about this.

104. I tried to speak to Open Secret twice but I felt I couldn't talk. They had an office in Falkirk. This was a few years ago. I felt desperate at the time. I have not sought any other support. You are embarrassed about being in a home. I felt that

with my children too. I once mentioned Aberdeen to my daughter when she was younger. I then made up an excuse about my being in Aberdeen.

105. I don't rely on my children. I stay on my own in a high rise flat at the moment. I want to be independent and do things for myself. Most of the time I want to be on my own. If I feel like mixing with people, I can. I sometimes write poetry. I love poetry and like to write.

106. I was looking forward to giving my statement to the Inquiry. I have to get it done and have wanted to talk to people about it. I didn't know how. I have found it a lot easier than I thought. This is something I had to do. I want help stop any future occurrences. These people have to be accountable for what they've done.

107. I haven't gone to the National Confidential Forum.

108. I have never asked for my records relating to my stay at Nazareth House. There are bound to be records.

109. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

LBO

Signed.....

Dated..... 15-9-16