

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

David SHARP

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is David Sharp. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1959. I am 58 years old. My contact details are known to the inquiry.

Background

2. My father was called [REDACTED]. He told me, when I met him as an adult, that my mother, [REDACTED], died of tuberculosis when [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. This was in the late 1950s when I was one year old. My father was an alcoholic and couldn't cope. [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. I was taken to a children's home in Kilmarnock first, I think. My father told me he used to turn up there.

3. I have found out as an adult that I had [REDACTED] [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

I have never even seen a photograph of my mother.

4. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

Life in Care

5. I spent the first sixteen years of my life in institutions. I know I was in four institutions because I have been told in later life. I was in Nazareth house in Kilmarnock, Lasswade, Bonnyrigg and St Ninians in Falkland. I have been led to believe that Lasswade and Bonnyrigg are one place. I don't know which institution I was in first, or what age I was when I was moved between institutions or even why I was moved. I know that the institutions were all Catholic run. I was always brought up by nuns or men in long robes.

6. I think I was placed in Kilmarnock first because my father later told me that he used to turn up at the home in Kilmarnock, drunk, as late as 10 pm. He told me that one time he turned up and the nuns wouldn't let him in. They told him at the gate that I had been taken away by a rich couple with horses and a big farm, and it would be better if he just left me. My father told me that he made the decision then to just leave me alone. I don't know if that is true, but it is what he told me. I still doubt it to this day.

7. Kilmarnock must have been the first institution I was in because I was there when [AFA] was there. [AFA] was there between the ages of one and eight and she is the exact same age as me. We don't remember each other but we established, as adults, that we were there together.

Nazareth House Children's Home, Kilmarnock

8. It was a three or four storey building with turrets. It was straight across the road from the Johnny Walker whisky factory. My memories of Kilmarnock are as clear as they can be at that age. It was huge to me as a child. There was a playing field out the back. We would play football and put all the hay together to jump on it and fight. I have mainly good memories. I think there were about 100 children, both girls and boys.

Memories of life at Nazareth House

9. My first recollection of the home is of playing football in the fields with the nuns. I remember it was a very regimental lifestyle. Clothes were laid out for you for when you woke up in the morning. We would get our uniforms on in the morning then march down to the town of Kilmarnock to school. It was like an adventure. I liked it.

10. I was in a large dormitory with lots of single, steel beds in it. It was partitioned quite a bit. It was a bit like a hospital room. Each dormitory had about ten beds in it. I can't remember if it was mixed or not. Sister [REDACTED] LHU had a room next to the dormitory. I assume there was a nun in each dormitory.

11. I don't remember any of the eating or washing facilities.

12. I remember being out in the summertime. I don't remember much about winter time. My favourite game was playing outside in the man holes. I got lost one night and got in serious trouble. I remember I got a beating and I think I got the belt. Nobody was worried about me, but just because I was out of bounds. It was dangerous down there. There were rats and mice down there.

13. I broke my arm once. We were outside playing. I think we'd watched a James Bond or Bruce Lee film and we were acting out moves and I broke my arm. I don't remember seeing a doctor. I can't remember how it was dealt with.

14. I don't remember anything about the actual schooling. We had to wear blazers with our uniform and I didn't like that because I felt like a snob. I took it off and threw it in a hedge one day and when I went back, it was gone. I remember getting a beating for it. I lost my tuck money for that.

15. I remember a nun telling me I was going to die if I bit my nails again. Then I bit my nails again and thought, *oh no, what have I done*. I walked outside to

the graveyard and lay down in the graveyard thinking I was going to die. Then it started raining and I went back inside. I didn't die and that was a relief.

16. There was an old nun who came one time and called me 'Smart.' I told her my name was Sharp. She beat me really bad with a stick even though she had gotten my name wrong. I just put it down to her being some old woman having dementia. She was really really old. Maybe she had a bad day.

17. I remember getting in trouble and getting beaten up, and getting the strap. I don't remember any sexual abuse or any excessive physical abuse. I must have been a normal, rowdy five to ten year old. I was probably no different from anybody else craving attention and would do anything to get it, including fighting with other children.

18. I have no real bad memories before the age of ten that I can think of. We got tuck money on a Wednesday. I think it was a shilling. You didn't see the money, but you would go to the tuck shop and take the equivalent of the amount in sweeties.

19. In Kilmarnock, I remember going out on the odd Saturday. Taxi drivers used to turn up every so often with their taxis covered in balloons and would take us out for the day to the zoo. That was really good. That's probably the only good memory I have of my young days.

20. I think I was in Kilmarnock from the age of one to about seven or eight. Then something happened after that because things are blank in my mind after that.

Another home – Nazareth House, Lasswade or Bonnyrigg

21. I have a memory of driving up towards gates. The big gates opened up and there was a little gate house. I don't know where this is. I don't even have a memory or picture in my mind of the home. This is where it gets dark in my mind as

I'm going up this road. When I say it goes dark, I see fire and darkness. There is fear, and something in my mind is saying that I am not going in there because something bad happened. It goes satanic. It means that I saw or heard something at that point. It doesn't necessarily mean something happened to me although it could have. It is complete darkness. This may well be the start of my abuse but I can't know this until I get some clarification.

22. My thoughts tell me I was abused in this place. I think this because the picture of Nazareth House, Kilmarnock is clear in my mind and I know that I am not at St Ninians yet. There are phases of darkness at St Ninians but I remember things from there. I have no picture in my mind of this place

23. I don't know how long I was there for. I see flashbacks of it and it has big walls that you can't see over. This place must have been Lasswade or Bonnyrigg.

24. I think it was Lasswade. There is a story that the place was called Lasswade because a young girl fell off a bridge next to the home, and people ran over and shouted to her: "Lasswade, swim Lasswade." I remember the bridge next to the home.

St Ninians List D School, Falkland

First Day

25. I went to St Ninians aged ten or eleven. I remember the day I arrived there. I have no idea how I got there or who took me. It was like walking onto a movie set. The place was frightening just to look at. I remember walking through huge doors into a big hallway with imposing twenty to thirty feet portraits on either side. I think they were of people who owned the place before and they were very imposing. I was taken into a room with all these men wearing robes. It was the staff

room. They were talking and I didn't understand a word they were saying because I was so overwhelmed. I don't know if it was with joy or fear.

26. Brother LHC was the first person I spoke to. He was the [REDACTED]. He was very old and is dead now. I was shown around the school but I don't remember who by. After that, I was left loose.

27. A group of boys came up to me and asked where I was from. I said: "I'm from here." They asked where I had just come from and I didn't know. I had been in homes all my life so I had no idea. They asked where my mum and dad were and I said I didn't have a mum and dad. That is when I got beaten up and my nickname became '*the orphan*.'

28. There was a communal room where the TV was. When I reached there, the boys who had beaten me were already there. One of the boys had told the priest that I had hit him. I remember saying that it wasn't true and the priest told me to sit down. I think it was Brother MCY or Brother LMZ. That was a turning point in my life when authority suddenly took over my life. That moment triggered something and was when I became frightened.

29. I was bullied from then on. All the young bucks who wanted to impress the gangs used me to do it. A lot of them had gangs. Boys from certain areas would hang about with each other. There were Glasgow, Aberdeen and Dundee gangs. I have met people from St Ninians as an adult and they don't remember it this way, but that is how I perceived it to be.

The home and staff

30. I think there were between six to eight brothers running the home. I think they were all Christian Brothers. I sometimes call them priests because it doesn't sound as severe. I think most priests are nice, but I have never met a nice Christian Brother. My subconscious tells me to avoid saying Christian Brother.

31. Brother LHC was in his 70s so only turned up at assemblies. He was very strict. I remember being reprimanded by him once or twice. I don't remember any beatings. He didn't take an active part in the day to day running. Brother LNA was the [REDACTED] as far as I was aware and he had a free run of the place to do what he pleased. There was a Brother LMZ who was lower down the pecking order of staff. There was a Brother MCY, but he was more interested in the women in the kitchen as far as I can remember. Other people from the home have said this too. There was also civilian staff. There was a man called Mr BHB who was in charge of [REDACTED]. He would also take us swimming. There were two cooks downstairs with long black hair. There was also the matron who had a massive room. I don't remember their names or what they looked like.

32. I always thought there were over 100 boys at St Ninians, but I have been told recently that there were never more than fifty in there at one time. I don't know if there was a turnover of children. I know new people came and went but I don't remember any friends. I remember [REDACTED] with blonde hair being there. I remember [REDACTED]. They weren't my friends. I remember at one time, I had been in there the longest.

Daily routine

33. When you woke up in the morning, your clothes were there for you. When you took them off, they were taken away to wash. You didn't have a choice about what you wore. It was the same with the bedding.

34. I think we wore a uniform. I know I was always in shorts. I think it may have been all khaki at one time. I know we wore all brown at one time in the early 1970s. I have a vague memory that it got more casual towards the end. I think the clothes were just put on your bed. I don't think we were issued them.

35. There was a big laundry room with rows and rows of clothes and shoes. Downstairs on the ground level, was the sports room, which was full of playing strips and shorts.

36. I have no idea how many boys were in the dormitory. That changed all the time. The smallest, weakest and most vulnerable boys ended up in the single rooms. That is where I started. I believe that you were cherry picked as an orphan. If you had brothers and a family who visited regularly, I believe you weren't touched at all. I had no visitors and never went anywhere. I don't know if I was put in my situation because of social exclusion from other boys for being an orphan, or whether Brother [LNA] put me in that position to exclude me. I have often thought about this because I don't remember having any friends.

37. I can picture some things and not others in St Ninians. I remember playing football and rugby, and can picture being in the field outside. When I try to picture anything inside the house it goes dark or just comes in flashbacks and sounds. I don't remember who was in the bed next to me in the dormitory. I was in a bed next to the door. I don't remember anything about school or lessons. When I try to picture a classroom, I just see black. I know that soon after being there I had no friends and I was alone and in a dark place. I remember more of the dark periods of abuse than anything else.

Brother [LNA] - Abuse

38. My whole life was run by Brother [LNA] from the moment I woke up to the moment I went to sleep. He told me when to breathe. He told me when not to breathe. He had total control.

39. There were twelve showers down each side of the shower room and boys would queue to get in. He would put me in the shower at the end and keep the cubicles next to me empty. Then he would expose himself to me because he knew nobody could see him. I don't know if that was the beginning of the abuse or not.

40. As an adult, whenever I became sexually aroused, I had flash backs to the grooming process from [LNA]. The first flashback is being in his room. It's a small room with a double bed. There is a little armchair next to the bed, and there is a lamp

in the room. He sat me on his knee and I fell asleep. When I woke up, we were both naked and he was stroking me and saying: "it's alright, you're safe now."

41. I have no recollection at that point of anything bad or dangerous, like sex. This is what I call the grooming period. He is like my father, my mother, my aunty, my brother, my sister, boyfriend, my girlfriend, my local counsellor, whatever you want. He is everything. He is giving me affection, which I have never had. Bearing in mind that I had never had a family and had never been loved before. I don't know if that was the beginning of the abuse.

42. The next flashback I have is that I am giving him oral sex, but for some reason it is pleasurable. I am presuming this is because I have been groomed. Thinking back, the only pleasurable time is when I was performing oral sex on him. I think it was jokey and I was naïve because he had me in a place where I thought it was nice. I must have been in this state of mind that he had put me in. I often wonder if it was a good time, but it is dark when I look back.

43. Something happened in the shower. I am guessing it is something like he has come into the shower and tried to do something to me and I have pushed him off. I don't know if he done the grooming thing first in his room, then he's progressed onto trying something in the shower and I've rebuked him, and he's taken offence. I was beaten in his room.

44. Then it changed because I'm in the land of darkness. All the dark things are flashing. I think he's done something to hurt me but how it happened I don't know. Once he'd hurt me, I knew I was in danger. I have dark periods where I am in his room and the lights are flashing in my mind. I see flashes of being hung, being in LNA room, and in the hall. I don't know what made him go from being so nice to being so destroying and a devil. That's where I felt guilty and wondered if I had done something wrong, but obviously it is because I didn't comply with what he wanted to do. I think as a victim, that I must have done something wrong.

45. I recall being ogled by LNA in the shower room. All the memories of sex seem to be in the showers. The code to this happening was when everybody was lining up in silence because nobody was allowed to talk in the bathroom. Then all of a sudden he'd shout: "Sharp, what did I tell you? Get out." He would single me out and I would have to get out of the line and stay there. He would then march everybody upstairs.

46. The shower room was in a dungeon with no light or heating. All I had was a towel and he'd leave me there all night, cold and wet in the dark. It was terrifying. This happened more than once.

47. Other times, I'd hear his keys rattling in the door and he'd come down and do horrific things to me. He has me bent over the sink and has a big belt. I remember he used to hold his hand over my mouth to stop me screaming and put me under the shower. It would be violent. He'd beat me then rape me.

48. The other shower thing he would do is to take a cord and tie it up. He'd tie it round my neck and also tie my hands behind my back. He would have a cloth and blindfold me with it. Then he'd beat me. I remember being pushed up against the wall of the shower so that I am hanging by the cord, and my feet are not on the floor. He'd be holding me, so if he was to let go, I would hang off the cord. Then he'd rape me. The only sex I remember with him is violent. As far as I know, the place he raped me was in the showers. This happened many times. I don't know if it was once a week, once a month or once a year.

49. He told me at that time that if I ever told anybody that he would kill me like he had killed ██████████. ██████████ was a boy in the home who disappeared, and LNA told me that he had killed him. I carried that around with me for 45 years.

50. I get flashes of other men but it is only a flash. I can't say for certain other men were there because I don't know. I see the whole six years in there as flashbacks and I question whether I really saw that. I also hear sounds of whips and screams.

51. LNA would leave me in the hallway overnight also. This was the scariest. Like any old place, there were stories of ghosts and scary things. I would stand there the whole night, in total darkness with my ears totally attentive for any slight noise. It would be freezing cold. This happened to me when I was alone and also with other boys. I have a clear recollection of standing in the hallway with two, three, four, five other boys. He would tell us to stand in separate corners and different places. In the morning, he'd turn up and tell you to go and get ready for school. This happened regularly. I often think about the cruelty of this. I can understand the pleasure of the sexual act but this was just cruelty. There is no way the other Christian Brothers in the home couldn't have known. It is impossible that they didn't know. I then think they must have been abusing boys as well but I can only stick to what I know.

52. The next flashback is that I am lying in my bed. My bed is behind the door in the main dormitory. I know that [REDACTED] was in the same room as me at some point. I remember his name was [REDACTED], but I have been told in later life that his name was [REDACTED]. I don't know if his name was actually [REDACTED] or [REDACTED]. I am lying in bed and thinking that I don't want to be picked tonight. When LNA started to wander around the room at night, I knew he wasn't coming for me. I am guessing and thinking that maybe this guy had different boys he used for different levels of his pleasure. I don't know. I have tried to make sense of it my whole life.

53. I know I wasn't getting picked certain nights, but my mind won't tell me if other boys were also being abused. At the time, when it was happening, you want to block it all out. Maybe I was fighting not to see it. It is like knowing there is an angry Alsatian in a building so you don't open the door because you're terrified. Other boys start to be picked and I hear things. I know they were being taken out. I can quite often close my eyes and hear other people screaming. I found out years later that they were being abused.

54. This is where the guilt comes in everyday of my life. I feel guilty for hoping that somebody else got picked and not me. This is when the feelings of guilt, fear, shame and darkness take over. Everything I remember thereafter is abuse. I

couldn't give dates or names because it all comes to me in flashbacks. I do my best not to guess or assume.

55. I regularly got twelve of the belt on each hand from LNA when I didn't even know what I had done wrong. That was the psychological abuse because you weren't even allowed to ask what you had done. I remember playing table tennis once and I won the game. I got twelve of the belt the next day because I had won it too easy or something. I don't know why. It was like I wasn't even allowed to enjoy myself. I was caught stealing once from the tuck shop. It's in my records. I don't even know what happened. The abuse was so bad that I don't even remember what punishment I got for stealing, but it must have been huge. He had total control of everything and my every emotion.

56. I have pictures in my head of times when he would take us all into his room and he would openly have an erection. There are other boys in the room. I don't know if it was a jokey period, part of the grooming process or sex education. He did it in the showers too. He would frequently expose himself. He seemed to be free to do whatever he wanted to anybody.

57. I remember all the boys standing in line waiting for punishment. My mind says they were all waiting to be abused, but I don't understand how that could have happened. It couldn't have been that easy.

58. LNA used to take me and this another boy to a clothes shop in Glasgow called 'Krazy House.' He used to buy us the most absurd clothes, like yellow flares, and dress us in weird outfits. I remember being taken to this shop in Glasgow once with a boy who I think was [REDACTED] and we got identical outfits. I was also taken with another boy. This routine of buying us new clothes seemed to be in preparation for us being abused.

59. I know I was abused by LNA I firmly believe he was taking me out and trafficking me out in the Glasgow area and certainly to Ireland. I know I was

taken places in Scotland by him. I think only [REDACTED] LNA [REDACTED] abused me in St Ninians. I am kind of clear on that, I think.

Taken to Ireland by Brother [REDACTED] LNA [REDACTED]

60. I remember being taken in an aeroplane to Ireland with [REDACTED]. I have a clear picture of being taken out of the car and [REDACTED] LNA [REDACTED] taking us to an old couples' house, who I assume were his parents or some relative. I remember [REDACTED] LNA [REDACTED] sitting there drinking tea like the master of the castle. Looking back now, I think this was his cover. Then we went to a street with a sweet shop and we got sweets. There was a house right next door to the sweet shop. It was a two or three bedroom house. There were a lot of men in there. One of the men was older and there were four or five who were younger. I know there was another boy from the home with me. He had blonde hair and I think he was called [REDACTED] but I am not certain.

61. I think there was more than one boy who came to Ireland with me. I have always seen another boy in the flashbacks too and I used to think of him as looking Germanic, sort of Aryan. He had blonde hair too. I know I was taken over to Ireland with [REDACTED] but I also remember this other boy. It may have been a separate incident.

62. When I have the flashbacks of that house. I can picture the room that we were in. The door opened straight into the living room. There was a long settee and a corner unit. It seems pleasurable then turns satanic. I don't know if I am introduced to the party and it is fun, then it changes. I don't know at what point it changes and whether it is after alcohol and drugs. They are giving me drink or drugs. They've given me something. I am on the older man's lap and he is having sex with me, while everybody else is touching me. I am naked and I am being passed around. I feel drunk. I remember being in the corner and there is a lot of red wine. There is a red light and either strawberries or tomatoes are being thrown at us. We are being attacked. Then we are bent over and they are raping us. There is another old guy wearing a dog collar and this is satanic now.

63. These men were playful, grooming then violent. Just as [REDACTED] LNA was playful, grooming then violent. I don't even know if Brother [REDACTED] LNA is involved with this incident of abuse, but I remember him taking me to this old couple's house beforehand.

64. I don't remember there being any grooming at this stage. I think [REDACTED] LNA had me conditioned by this point. I don't see me resisting or fighting. It seems that any survival mechanism has just gone. He told me when to breathe and when not to breathe. He had complete control.

65. I remember being taken to Ireland on the plane. I don't remember what kind of plane or where we flew from. When the story in the Daily Record newspaper came out a few years ago, at least two other boys came out who had also been taken to Ireland. It's such a relief. That told me that this stuff really happened because you always doubt whether it really happened. You don't want to believe it. We are all left in doubt of the real facts until the whole picture came out. For the rest of my life I am going to think that I must have been drugged up because I wouldn't have done all that on my own accord. That's where the guilt riddles you.

Threats and control

66. I recall being in the toilet area crying after [REDACTED] LNA had just abused me and threatened me to tell nobody. He has made this clear. My next step then would be to get away and hide, but there is nowhere to hide because there are lots of boys and priests there. I know that I ran away on one occasion to the Jay Woods around that area, but I came back because I didn't know where to go. I don't know if anyone had noticed that I was away. I may have run away more than once because it was an open door. We weren't locked in.

67. I also have a flashback of me crying. I don't know if I am in a cupboard, under a bed or in a corner. What I believe is happening is that people are trying to be friends with me. This is when I start lying, because people would come in and ask what's wrong with me and I would lie and say I just got a letter to say my mother

died. I couldn't say what had really happened. Then people would show me sympathy. It worked. I realised that lying got me out of things. I then developed a pattern of using this as a defence mechanism.

68. I read recently that swimming was once a week in the home, but it felt like once a year to me. I don't remember going once a week. I wonder if I was kept away from that just in case I told anybody what was happening. I believe there was total control over where I went and who I spoke to. I couldn't make any friends because I wasn't allowed to talk to anyone.

69. I remember doing the Christmas play in the home. As soon as the play started, there is a rush and I get knocked over and die. I didn't even have a speaking part. I think maybe that was to shut me up. I think about how he could have kept me in his grasp and out of the public eye, and away from inspections for five years. He must have kept me aside. These people must go to a certain school to learn to keep you entrapped and keep your mind at a certain stage where you don't think of anything else.

70. There was nobody to talk to. I feel that I was segregated because I was an orphan. I read recently that it was the small ones and the orphans that were picked out to be abused. I feel that happened to me. There was a separate area in the dormitory that was a free for all. I have heard other guys say that they had their brothers in the home with them and they fought back. I feel that this guy and his associates kept me out of a lot of things. I can see now, looking back, why I was put in a bed in the dormitory next to the door. I can see now why me and [REDACTED] and the boy who came to Ireland were in the same room.

71. I am eighty per cent sure that [REDACTED] came to Ireland with me. I don't know if he is the boy who was in Glasgow with me. I know something happened to him at a swimming pool but I can't remember what. I remember him being troubled and that he was picked on. I don't remember any conversation with [REDACTED]

72. When I went for the STV thing this year, the flashbacks were incredible. I could hear and see guys at the window screaming. They were memories of everything that went on.

Contact from other survivors

73. A guy called me a couple of years ago. He said that me and him were taken to a house in Glasgow and taken into the back garden. He said there was a coffin dug into the back garden. He told me that I was put in that coffin and that they put stones on top of the lid and left me there. Somebody else called me after that and told me that exact same story. I started having flashbacks about it a couple of days later. I can picture it in my mind and see the place that I think it is, but how do I even know if it's fictional or real.

74. I got a phone call a few years ago from a guy who told me I was taken out of the home by Brother LHI and another person, and that the other person was not always Brother LNA. He told me I was taken by Brother LHI and another priest to this man's mother in law's house. Two people have mentioned Brother LHI to me in recent years, but I have no recollection of him. I am quite convinced it is not true. I don't know if he was abusing me. I don't want to guess. My truth is hard enough.

Religious instruction

75. I remember being an altar boy. I remember there was a room in the back but that is dark.

Inspections

76. I now know about the grooming process and I think now that there must have been some sort of grooming to keep a person like me on an even keel for that length of time, or that there really were no checks. I have done a lot of research into St Ninians and in the 1960s, checks were supposedly done quarterly. That later

changed and they were done yearly. I think that is outrageous. I don't know if the brothers kept certain boys back during checks, or just presented certain boys to the people inspecting. I don't remember seeing anybody carrying out inspections. I don't remember appearing before a committee. I don't remember any medical checks.

Trips and visits

77. I remember being taken out at weekends to a family in Bathgate when I was a teenager. They were called the [REDACTED]. When I was there, they started asking questions about my family, but the only one I could remember was [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

78. I remember boys would come back after a weekend at home. I remember one particular guy called [REDACTED] who was from Maryhill. He had platform shoes, flares and the whole shebang, whereas I just had my clothes issued by the home.

79. We got tuck money but didn't actually see the money. We just had that amount to spend in the tuck shop. I didn't actually see money until I was sixteen. I also didn't wear long trousers until I was sixteen, except for the weird flares that [REDACTED] LNA would buy me in Glasgow before the sex parties. It was just an existence of confusion.

80. I remember the abuse happened all the time. I was an orphan and I belonged to Brother [REDACTED] LNA. I was on a production belt and I was going to leave the home and go to a hostel so he knew he was free to do what he wanted. I don't think anybody knew that I had family. I don't know if the abuse carried on until I found out I had family. I have no idea, but the control lasted to the very end.

Leaving St Ninians

81. Every so often a probation officer used to come in. His name was Kelly and the first time I spoke to him was when he came to tell me that I was going to be taken to a hostel when I left the home. I asked him if he could find out if I had any family. As far as I knew, I was the only orphan in the home, although other boys stayed in the home over holidays too. A couple of weeks later, my name was called on the 'tannoy' for the first time ever. I was just like a piece of furniture in there that had no friends or weekends away, and nobody to speak to. When I went up, they told me that I had a father [REDACTED] who lived in Possilpark. I found out my family was from Glasgow and I was happy because that was the biggest gang in the home. They asked if I wanted to visit. I remember running back down telling everyone that I wasn't an orphan.

82. There was an Asian woman called Miss Lobo who was really nice. She came for me to take me to visit my family. I remember she was driving about twenty miles per hour and I wanted her to hurry up. I will never forget that day as long as I live. I got in the car and I wasn't with any of the priests anymore. I was so excited. We got to this place called Glasgow and to Possilpark and into the house. It was full of people. There was my granny, [REDACTED] aunties and uncles, and my father in the corner. My mother was dead. I remember all these people putting money in my pocket and it was quite emotional. I got my first pair of long trousers and I went back to the home looking like a million dollars.

83. There was a meeting afterwards and Miss Lobo was there and they asked me how I got on with my family. I said it was amazing and they asked me if I would like to go and live with them. I was overjoyed.

84. I spent a weekend with my family and went to my first Rangers match and got a Rangers scarf. The whole weekend was amazing. I went back and got a beating for the scarf so the boys weren't treating me any different.

85. I have no idea if I left St Ninians with any qualifications. I was only at the home for about two weeks after meeting my family. Then another nightmare started.

Life after Care

86. I was reunited with my father and family when I was sixteen. He had been told that I had been adopted out to a farm where there were horses.

87. I was in this house and this man, my dad, used to go out in the mornings and he'd come back at night time. Most times he'd come back late at night and he'd be shouting and swearing at [REDACTED] for his dinner. He'd shout at me telling me to go and get a job. I had no training and didn't understand.

88. I would wear the same clothes for days and days. I would wear the same soiled underpants. [REDACTED] would tell me off and tell me to change my clothes. I would wait for [REDACTED] command. I didn't feel like I could do it myself.

89. I was out and into the crazy world of Glasgow in the 1970s. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] would come up to the house and I'd be really thankful [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] was really kind and nice. [REDACTED] walk me over to Springburn to sign on the dole. That's a good memory. I remember getting a job as an apprentice welder. My first wage was eleven pounds and tuppence I spent the whole lot in one shop because I didn't know what to do with money. My dad hit me when I got home. Then he started getting violent.

90. I started looking out for my dad so that I could run away and hide in the street when I saw him coming home. Everybody used to gather together every night in our close and put their money together to buy drinks and drugs so I joined my first gang. I got introduced to lager, cigarettes and then cannabis. One time I drank vodka and went home drunk, and gave my dad cheek. My dad hit me and knocked me out. I then left the house and stayed on the streets. I slept behind the bins for three days.

██████████ found me and took me home. It's a blur after that. My father would come in drunk and play Perry Como full blast every night. He'd grab ██████████ and dance. It was very confusing for me. I saw him drunk more than I saw him sober. I was terrified of him.

91. One day, something happened and he beat me up. I think he broke my nose. Maggie, the next door neighbour came in and told me that my dad was sorry and just wanted to talk to me. My dad came in with a brush and whacked me with it, and stabbed me in the back with a knife. I ended up in hospital, but I loved it because I was being cared for and fed. I ended up on the red light twice so all of my uncles and family were there. I don't remember any police being involved.

92. I left my dad's house after that and stayed at a mate's. I had discovered heroin by this point and every drug going so I was taking what I could get. In those days every gang had its own night club. Possil Fleet gang would go to Joanna's nightclub on Sauchiehall Street in Glasgow. There were ninety of us in there one night and the Maryhill Fleet came in. There were twenty of them, but they had the element of surprise. They came in with baseball bats and I got stabbed in the back. I ended up in hospital again.

93. I became a bit of a celebrity after getting stabbed because I had a scar. It was strange behaviour. Everybody wanted to know me. I got my first girlfriend called ██████████ I was only with her for five weeks. We went to a party at number ██████████ Street. I was sixteen and ██████████ was seventeen or eighteen. We were all drinking and smoking, then fell asleep. When I woke up in the morning, everybody was screaming. ██████████ was lying there and she was blue. She was dead. A chicken bone had caught in her throat during the night.

94. My drug intake increased after that. People tell me that I was acting strange at the funeral but I can't comment on that. I don't think I did anything morbid. I was probably in shock. I had drug dealers chasing me and decided that I needed to leave. I had only been out of the home for six months and I had the equivalent of

what would be a hundred pound a day drug addiction in today's terms. The whole thing was a disaster.

95. I had [REDACTED] who would come up every month or so from Northampton. [REDACTED] had long hair and tattoos. [REDACTED] take me out and tell me that if I wanted to leave then I could go to Northampton, so I fled to England.

96. People would ask me where I was from and I wouldn't know what to say. I wanted to save confusion and didn't want to depress people by telling them about my childhood so I would make stuff up. I'd say I went to Possil High, but then inevitably you'd meet people from there so I'd get caught all the time. I ended up getting on the motorway with a suitcase and got as far as Leeds. I remember sleeping in this bush. I have a memory of freedom in this field. I thought it was great because nobody was hitting me, shouting at me or abusing me. I needed to move on for food and money so I went on to Northampton.

[REDACTED]

98. [REDACTED] got me a bedsit in Northampton. It was one small room with sixteen other people in the building. It was full of drug addicts so drugs were readily available. I started stealing and shoplifting. It was great and I loved it. The only thing that spoiled it was that a man wanted money for my rent every month. In those days you got your dole money for the month all at once. I would just keep moving, and then I went to London.

99. I ended up in squats in London. It was cardboard city in the early 1970s. I kept getting in trouble. I was a thief and a liar. I had multiple personality disorders and was intolerable to be around. I found myself in Kilburn in a shopping

precinct. I found a skip and there was a little space beside it. I lived there for three years and got myself a wee dog. I would wear a Newcastle scarf and the dog would follow me everywhere. I'd go down to cardboard city. I was a shark. I became an expert shop lifter and would take watches and jewellery. I was streetwise. I would steal from drunken men and old women. I used to target old ladies and steal their handbags. Even in the depths, I couldn't think of doing that now, but I know I'm forgiven.

100. For a long time, I avoided people. I'd just buy my drugs and leave. In the winter when the weather became intolerable, I'd have to buy myself in somewhere. I'd get a big batch of drugs and try to find the best squat I could. One time I went into a place with a lot of drugs. I went into the squat and passed them around. I fell asleep and woke up in a hospital. Someone had robbed me and hit me in the head with an axe. I became more withdrawn and unsociable. I became a depressed loner and weighed five stone. I wasn't a hard man. I was a small, weak, bad, nasty and angry man.

101. I have been stabbed three times and hospitalised many times. At one time, I knew all the nurses in Northampton by name. One time I tried [REDACTED] [REDACTED] I had to crawl back up and get to hospital. One time I necked a whole bottle of Librium outside the Swan and Helmet pub in Northampton. I went blue and was frothing at the mouth. The guy who found me was called Jack Frost. That's a true story.

102. There was only one night shelter in Northampton that opened in 1986. I was banned from it but I could change my name and go in every night if it had different staff. If not, I would find squat. That was my life.

103. [REDACTED] had a weird way of always knowing where I was and turning up. I used to drink in the biker's pub in Northampton. In those days you could just go in to use drugs. I could easily go into the toilets and fix myself up. Many times, [REDACTED] would come in with a lot of Scottish guys. The pub would be full of bikers and [REDACTED] would come in with a big knife and kick the jukebox. [REDACTED] shout

and swear [REDACTED]
really cared about me, but I let [REDACTED] down so many times. I'd borrow money and not give [REDACTED] it back and I'd steal [REDACTED] never let me go. No matter how many times I moved around, even in London, [REDACTED] find me and I don't know how. As long as I knew [REDACTED] was there, that was my comfort. [REDACTED] was my saviour. I didn't have a faith then. I saw darkness whenever I saw a priest or a church. I had shut all of that down in my mind.

104. I remember [REDACTED] showing me a letter from [REDACTED] telling me never to go back there because of the way I left. I was fine with that and so was [REDACTED]. Eventually [REDACTED] left my life. I was jumping between Northampton and London. For ten years my life was drink, drugs and squats. I met so many teenagers and kids in squats with their lives in rucksacks. Then they'd leave and never come back. I don't know what happened to them. That happened in London. Sometimes I surmise about that and have trouble keeping that out of my head.

[REDACTED]

106. I was a drug addict for twenty to 25 years. I had over a hundred pound a day habit. At one time my nickname was 'Dave the neck' because I had no veins so I used to fix myself in the neck. My body burnt out so I was taking less drugs, or even just drinking vodka, but waking up in fields twenty miles away or in someone's garden. I was doing things I wouldn't normally do even though I was taking less

drugs or just drinking. I checked myself into a place in Northampton called The Yellow House. It is basically a night shelter. I couldn't mix with anyone because I had a bad relationship with the Scottish community because I was a junkie. They felt I had let them down.

107. A cockney man owned The Yellow House and he was also building a rest home at the edge of town. He gave me a job. He was a slave driver but I loved it, I was finally like a normal person. The guy took money out my wages and I would get breakfast in the morning and dinner at night. This meant I couldn't spend all my money on drink and drugs. I slowly started to fit back into society. I got a bedsit and then I met a Scottish girl called [REDACTED] in Northampton.

108. I had relationships during all of this drug taking period but they were all drug related. I didn't like peoples' company but I could get it because I always had money from shoplifting. Drug addict girls would hang out with me because I had money. I didn't like sex. I have only slept with about four women in my life. When I get sexually aroused, I get flashbacks of the grooming process. As soon the relationships got personal, I left. This is until I met [REDACTED].

109. I had been a drug addict for over twenty years when I met [REDACTED]. She was ten years younger than me and she clung to me. She was funny and she just worshipped me. She started coming back to my bedsit. We'd drink and she'd sleep at the bottom of my bed. We became best friends. Then a sexual relationship started. I never told her about the abuse. The previous thirty years I had been running from something, but during this period I was in love. You can call it love but I don't know what love is. [REDACTED] got [REDACTED] a job at Ladbrokes and so we were both earning. She became pregnant and I cried when she told me. I was ecstatic and we decided to get married. We got married on [REDACTED] 1993 in a registry office and had the reception in [REDACTED] pub. When we were leaving, the Scottish guy who ran it stopped us and told us that everyone had chipped in to pay for us stay in the honeymoon suite at the Moat House Hotel, which was the main big hotel. It was the happiest period of my life.

110. Exactly five weeks after we'd been married, we were out drinking on a Saturday night. This was around the time mad cow disease first came on the scene. We were running up the road on our way home, tagging each other with mad cow disease. We were just a young couple in the honeymoon period. We got home and I went to my bed because I had work the next morning. I woke up the next morning with the alarm at 7am. [REDACTED] was freezing cold in my arms. I put the light on. Her face had stretched because of the way she was lying. She was a million shades of blue. I ran and got the guy from downstairs. He came up and told me she was dead. I said she couldn't be because she was moving. I now know I was in shock. The police and doctors came. I don't know if they gave me an injection but that was it. She was dead. She had died in her sleep and so had the baby. That was it, my life had gone again.

111. My family came for the funeral and I remember my dad saying that I had better not have given her drugs. I remember having a big breakdown. I had taken every drug known to man, but I had never been in a place that I went at that time, and I never want to go to that place called insanity again.

112. I was admitted to St Crispins Psychiatric hospital. After [REDACTED] died I was in a room with many doctors and one told me that I would be there for a long time because of what I had been through. I was placed in a padded cell and was on suicide watch. I couldn't socialise with the people in the hospital because I wanted to kill everybody.

113. I had to wait for a long time for [REDACTED] autopsy. I had to know what happened. I was invited to Northampton General Hospital. I was expecting a lot of information but they took ten minutes to tell me she died of natural causes. I went mad and wanted to kill everybody. I had to be carried out. I went on a binge after that and anger took over. I still used to drink in the same pub where we got married. It was called [REDACTED] I was praying that somebody would nudge me so that I could bottle them. I saw a girl called Rachel who was an old drug addict pal. She was with a guy who was a drug dealer who I knew dealt drugs to kids. I went to talk to her and he swore at me and told me to get out of his way. As soon as he left the pub, I

followed him out and banged his head against the wall and glassed him. Then I put his leg up on the windowsill and jumped on his leg and broke his leg. I went back into the pub covered in blood. That was a lesson for me. He was told to shut up and there was no police involvement.

114. When I would go to [REDACTED] for a drink, people would see me coming through the windows and when I got to the door, the music would be off and everyone would be silent and staring at me. They'd be whispering that I was the guy whose wife died after five weeks. That was another reason I had to get out of Northampton.

115. [REDACTED] who is a Glaswegian guy who ran [REDACTED] pub and other pubs in Northampton, helped me get out of Northampton soon after that. The Scottish guys in Northampton helped me get a bedsit in Daventry. When I was there, all the horrors of my abuse came back over a period of twelve months. I don't know if that was before or after being in St Crispins. I felt dirty and unclean. It wasn't the horrors, it was the nice things. It was me and other boys in a party. It could be in Ireland or Glasgow. I was riddled with guilt because it was as if I was involved in a free for all drug going around that we were all taking, which made everything great and alright. Inside I felt dirty. I think I had missed two appointments at St Crispins so the doctor, and I think also the police, turned up at my flat. I had tried [REDACTED] and the floor was covered with vodka bottles. I had gone into a relapse because I was ashamed. I was taken back into St. Crispins again.

116. I was taken into a room with five Psychotherapists. They said that this was the fourth or fifth time I had been in St. Crispins and that I would be there for a long time. Then I did something I'd never done before. I prayed.. When I woke in the morning, my asthma had gone and every time I closed my eyes, I seen a clear blue sky. I felt at peace. I went out to have a cigarette in the garden and put it in my mouth and didn't like it so threw it away. I never had a cigarette again. I had a bottle of vodka hidden in the garden, which someone had smuggled in for me. I found the bottle and the smell was horrible to me so I gave it away. I never drank again for many years.

117. I saw a South African doctor called Dr Bach. I told him what happened and he told me I had been born again and my life would now change. I was out of the hospital within two weeks after that. I didn't drink or smoke. I spent twenty years completely turning my life around. I went to tertiary college. I did psychology and sociology. I got in touch with my family in Scotland. I moved up to Bathgate for a while. I couldn't keep still so I ended up in Theology college in Dingwall, Inverness for a while then Brazil, Peru, Aberdeen, Manchester and back to Northampton.

118. When I was in Brazil, was taken on a helicopter and spoke to a crowd of 200,000 people at an all day Christian event. I couldn't speak Portuguese so my friend had to interpret for me. It was an eight hour event and there were other speakers there. I became very spiritual out there. When I came back, there were bills to pay and reality kicks in.

119. After I became a Christian, I gave it all over to god, which is why I can talk about it openly and freely now. I feel like I have a dark life from before and light life after becoming a Christian. I wake up every morning and praise god. I thank god looked after me and put me through all that to prepare me to serve him. I learned to forgive my abuser. I totally forgive him for what he has done to me. I seriously hope that when I go to heaven, that he is in the room next to me and I will go and play table tennis with him. I just want to serve people now and help other people, and I was doing that until I decided to go to the police.

120. Over twenty years ago, I went to a hypnotist in Northampton. I thought I would find something out. It was a Hare Krishna man with a Scouse accent. He was a nice guy. He laid me down and knocked me out. When I woke up, he was terrified and told me I had to go. I don't know what he seen but he changed from a peace and love man to treating me like I was the devil. It was weird.

121. I first spoke to the police properly in 1998 but I know I had walked into police stations before that. When I spoke to them, they confirmed that lots of boys were being abused. The first thing I felt was relief. Then when I found out six years ago about the other stuff, then my memory becomes more open. The more I learned

the more was coming out of me. That is when I started drinking. After giving my original statement to the police, I went to INCSS and found the strength to talk about it. Then it transpired that it was all a lie.

122. It wasn't until three or four years ago that I told the Daily Record my story, as well as Christine at INCSS. That is when I told them that I thought there had been a murder. After that, I got phone call out of the blue from a boy that been in the home. He told me that I had it wrong. [REDACTED] wasn't murdered; he had committed suicide when he went home for a visit. He was twelve years old and he had been telling his family and everybody that he was being abused. I felt guilty, but wondered how LNA could have been so cruel to do that. It affected the rest of my life and every relationship I ever had. Whenever people would try to get close, I would think about how I had this deep, dark secret. I can see now why I behaved the way I did, because it was stuck at the back of my mind. It has only been through the confidence of INCSS, who stuck by me the way they did, that I have been able to talk about it. I couldn't even tell the police about it in my original statement.

123. When all the Saville abuse stuff was coming out in the press, I started hearing about the sex parties in London and that the MPs from Scotland were involved. I was having flashbacks at the same time. I also started hearing all these stories after the Daily Record story about me came out. People were telling me I was taken out of the home and trafficked to people in Scotland. I started drinking vodka. I tried my best every week to speak to the police. I told them my mind was going bananas about whether I was part of this, because people were telling me things.

124. When I have heard other boys tell me things after my story came out in the paper, it makes sense to me. These things happened to others who were in there at the same time. The only way I can get answers to this is if the police piece the jigsaw together and join the dots for me.

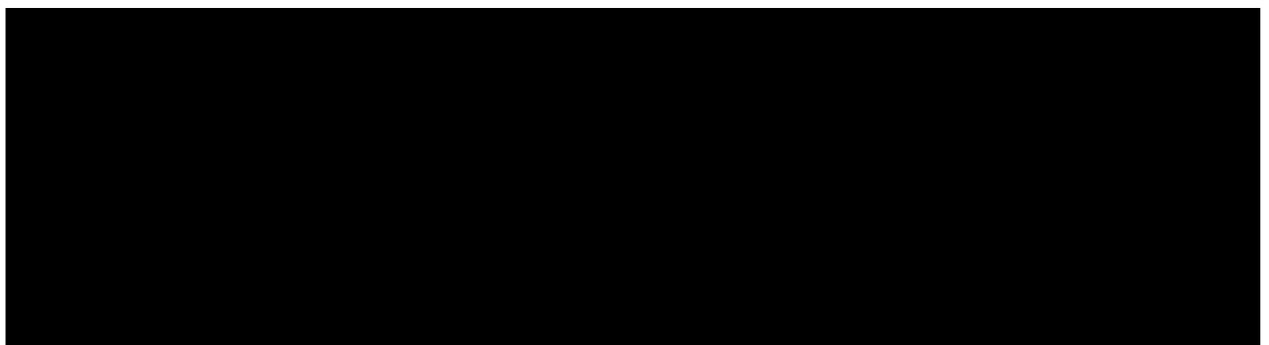
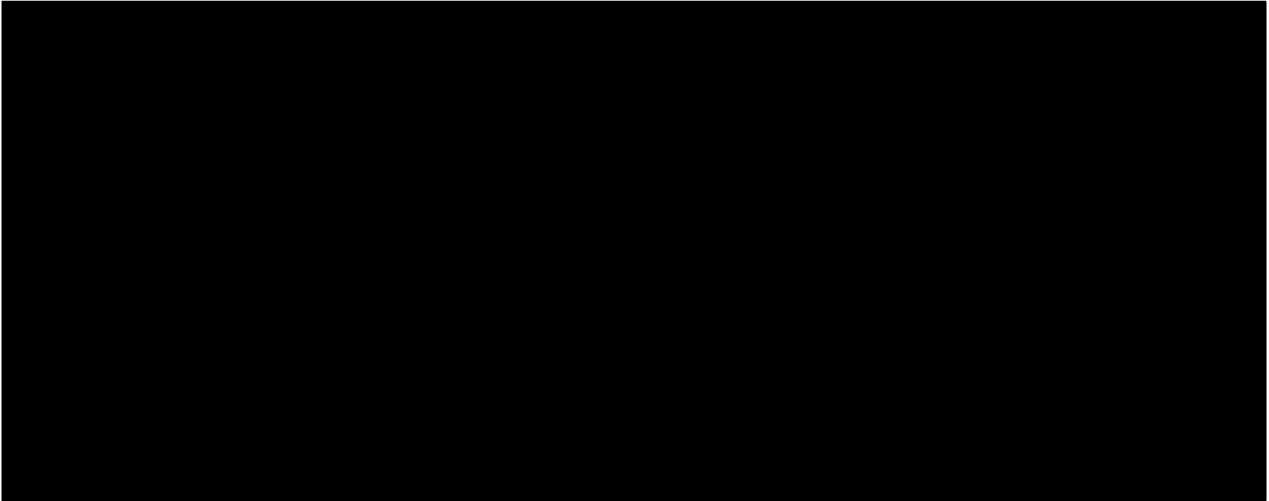
125. A man from Dundee did a paper on St Ninians in 1993. He painted the place to be like Harvard University where people left with diplomas and degrees. I have tried to contact him, but he is avoiding me.

126. I have tried to trace [REDACTED] for years. I went back to St Ninians about ten or fifteen years ago. The woman there said they keep getting men who were abused coming to the home. I asked if I could pray in the church. She said it wasn't there anymore but the tunnel leading to the room for the altar boys at the back was still there. There was a door at the back where the altar was. Something went on down there because it's dark so I've shut it off. It was next to where the priests got ready. I know that LNA took over as [REDACTED] soon after I left the home.

127. I got a job on 101 call line for NHS. I'd been there for about a month and the manager would always tell me I was good on the phone and good with people. They asked me to do a Criminal Bureau Check, which I'd never done before. One day the manager attended with two security guards and told me I had to leave. I was taken into a room and shown my criminal record. I had done three prison sentences. I could only remember one. That is how confused my life was. I have not done anything that bad. The worst I done was to pick up a knife and stab a guy when he tried to stab me. My record showed mainly shop lifting and getting into fights.

128. In 2011, I was working for Northampton Borough Council. I would wear a suit and was a meeter and greeter. I dealt with the Mayor, politicians and homeless people. In November 2011 I was awarded employee of the year. I then contacted the police and I lost my job because I had a breakdown due to the way the police were treating me. In the last three years, I have had two breakdowns due to the way the police have treated me. I was in St. Crispin's psychiatric hospital last year. I have been in there four or five times. I don't know when I told them about the abuse. I think it was after [REDACTED] died.

129. I live in Northampton now. I have lived there for nearly ten years, which is the longest I have been anywhere. It feels like home when I get to the village. I did a lot of homeless work in Northampton and ran a football club for homeless people. I lived on the streets in Northampton for many years so I know the scene.



132. People think I am mad because I love my wardrobe, but I never had one in care, up until the age of sixteen. Sometimes I get up in the night and hug my coffee table because I have never had nice things. I have been in hundreds of bedsits so it's nice to have nice stuff. Sometimes I sit on the three piece suite and don't even have the television on. I can just sit and feel at peace. I can go a day or two without even leaving the house. It is slowly getting better.

Reporting to the Police

133. I know that I have called the police about my abuse over the last twenty or thirty years. I know I called them when I was in Glasgow, Northampton, Bathgate and London. According to police records, that my supporter at INCSS helped me get, I first gave the police a statement about my abuse in 1998 over the phone. This was to Fife police. They laughed in my face. A policeman said to me that there were other boys who had come forward.

134. I don't know why nothing was done when it came out in 1993 at St. Crispins, after [REDACTED] died. I was psychologically damaged but surely it would have been normal procedure for them to tell the police. I remember phoning the police between 1993 and 1998, when I was in Daventry, about my abuse. They never got back to me, but that might be because I was moving all the time.

135. After the Pope's visit in 2010 and my meeting with David Gibson from the Christian Brothers in February 2011, I contacted the police again. I phoned them two or three times. Eventually I spoke to DC Gilmour in the middle of 2011 who told me that nobody else had come forward to talk about St Ninians. This is where the cover up comes in. It snowballed from there.

136. After I gave my statement to the police, two other guys came forward and the police started Operation Winterton, which I was told was about a paedophile ring that was going on from 1976 to 1979. The police focused on that because it was so big. This meant me and so many other men were discarded. I have never met any police from Scotland. They sent a local police officer from my area to talk to me called Pete Long, who has been at my house four times now. The police in Scotland still carried on phoning me for two years after I reported my abuse to ask me questions. DC Gilmour or DC McGinnis from Fife would call me every so often and ask me questions about who and what I knew. I would ask for updates about my case, but they'd tell me they couldn't tell me anything and they would then hang up. This happened many times. Nobody was answering any of my questions. It was really affecting me and I lost my job in November 2012.

137. I started making my own connections. I was hysterical and drinking and couldn't connect the dots. I went to London and to the police station on Paddington Street to report the abuse. This was when all of the Saville stuff was coming out. They said it was valuable information. They told me they knew there was a connection with Tam Paton from the Bay City Rollers going into the Catholic churches and Catholic schools. They mentioned the [REDACTED] who wears [REDACTED]. They had their own paedophile ring in Scotland. I don't know if they were

the guys going around in the mini buses with the priests around St Ninians and the Catholic churches.

138. I got a phone call from Fife police one day and they said they were sending DC Long from Northampton again to show me some photos. This was nearly a year since that last time I saw DC Long. He said that I would never be treated like this in England and he wasn't happy doing this but had to show me a photograph. I described Brother LNA and I saw the photograph and it was him. I said it was him and I was 99 per cent sure that I was the boy in front of him in the photograph. Then I think I went into shock. My doctor, Dr Williams, from Earls Barton was called around to check on me. DC Long told me somebody would contact me in two days. I waited for three days and heard nothing. I went to the shop and bought two litres of vodka and drank the lot. When I came round, everything was destroyed in my kitchen. My landlord is a police officer and I got him in and told him everything. He punched the door at one point and said the way I was being treated was not right. He helped me get my house back together.

139. In January 2014, then found out that there had been a lot of arrests and told me. I don't know why I hadn't been told by the police, who were still calling me and asking questions but not telling me anything. I didn't know if I was going to be called as a witness. On I was sitting alone on my birthday with a bottle of vodka crying my eyes out. My life had been destroyed by the police. I wasn't working and was on the dole and drinking. I received phone call from DC Gilmour who had some questions. I told him I knew there was a court case and started shouting. I said I was coming to Scotland to see them and wanted a meeting. He hung up.

140. I phoned the police in July 2014 and said I was going to travel up to Scotland to Pitt Street station in Glasgow to see them. I said I had things I needed to show them. I had pictures in my mind of the men in Ireland and stories I'd been told about myself by others. I had told the police about the story of me being locked in a coffin. The guy who told me said he had also gone to the police but nothing happened. I also wanted answers. I went to Pitt Street and a man called DC Ireland

came out. I told him I was Dave and wanted to speak about my child abuse and wanted an update. He left me waiting for at least half an hour. He knew I was coming. When he returned he said: "leave this with me. I'll contact you in a couple days. I'm going to make a few phone calls and I'll get back to you." I left. I received a telephone call from DC McGinnis half an hour later and his first words were: "what's your game?" and asked why I was reporting them. I said because it had been over a year and they hadn't done anything and I was losing my mind. He said he couldn't tell me anything. I was crying my eyes out on the phone. He was telling me I shouldn't be asking questions.

141. The next day I got a call from DC McGinnis' Inspector from Fife. I think his name was Chief Inspector Anderson. He wanted to talk to me and work this out. I said it was wrong that he was calling me after I'd made a complaint about them, and what they were doing to me was wrong then I hung the phone up.

142. DC Ireland never called me back. After a few months, I started my campaigning. The second time I went to the police in Scotland, I phoned DC Anderson and said I was coming. I went to Stewart Street police station in Glasgow and there was a little female police officer who was about three foot and four inches tall. I think she was called Davis. She knew who I was when I arrived and told me to sit down. She then came back and said I was to contact Chief Inspector Anderson. I went outside and called him and he said that I had missed him. I had come all the way from England. I told him to book me a bed and breakfast because I was on employment support allowance and had hitch hiked up. He said there were none available. I went back into the station and said I wanted to report historical child abuse and had new evidence. The female officer told me to take a seat then came back and told me that nobody could see me.

143. Other people were sitting there and I asked them if they could see what was happening; that I was reporting child abuse and they were refusing to see me. She then started laughing. She was really nasty to me. She laughed in my face and told me to get out because nobody was there to speak to me. Another guy came out and said they'd been told they couldn't talk to me. That was the most hurtful thing.

144. That is when I threw away all the emails and evidence I had because I was so angry. Then I went public through the Daily Mail newspaper. I then had a panic attack when I left my house and my drinking got heavier. I was still trying to contact the police.

145. From the middle of 2013 to the middle of 2015 was a very troubling period for me. More and more memories and flashbacks were coming back. The secret about ██████ was troubling me. I phoned ██████ and told ██████ about ██████ murder. ██████ told the police, but they didn't even contact me. I asked DC McGinnis as late as 2015 if I was going to be called to give evidence and he said they couldn't say anything or tell me anything.

146. It took the police two and a half years to say that they couldn't take my case further because my main abuser, Brother LNA had died. I have an email thread of my conversation with them. I kept asking them when it was that the Procurator Fiscal had told them that there was no case to answer. They avoided the question for ages and then eventually told me that the Procurator Fiscal had told them this one month after I gave my statement to the police. Why didn't they tell me that from the start? Why did they keep phoning me so many times over the years to ask me questions but not tell me that?

147. I was at St Ninians until 1976 so many of the things I was saying were overlapping with their investigations for Operation Winterton, and so they needed me to verify things, which I was happy to do. I would have still answered their questions if they'd told me that my case was over. It is not right. I could have carried on with my life and had a job and still be helpful to them. Instead they were stringing me along.

148. Whenever you mention Ireland to the police or the Christian Brothers, they clamp up. They say they're not allowed to say anything. Even ██████ said many times that what was happening wasn't right. ██████ then disappeared. I honestly thought the Catholic Church and police were going to kill me because I was completely shut down by them. I started putting bin bags on my windows and

padlocking doors, and I'd keep baseball bats with me. At the same time men were phoning me telling me things that had happened. I completely broke down.

149. In the last three years, I have had two breakdowns due to the way the police have treated me. After I had hitch hiked all the way to the police and they turned me away, I went home and had an enormous breakdown and ended up in a mental hospital.

150. There are so many men who have drug addictions and are in prison and have not spoken about their abuse. They are too alone or too ashamed, or maybe their mind doesn't let them. When they do find the strength and tell the police and the police do nothing, these men don't find the strength to go on.

151. If the police had connected things and shown me pictures of men when I went to them two or three years ago, I am sure I could have picked the people out who abused me in Ireland and Glasgow. I was getting flashbacks then and could picture them. I know I could picture these men even now.

152. I made two complaints about the police and they didn't go anywhere. Then I got a big long letter which was full of lies. It is wrong. I am not anti-police and I don't want a penny from them. I know the police were inundated after the Saville stuff came out and they were out of their depth, but they should listen to me so that they can stop making the same mistake.

153. I think Operation Winterton was a smoke screen for what really went on there. I am not saying what happened there didn't happen, but they ignored so much other stuff. What about the minibus of priests going around Scotland, Tam Paton and the Ireland connection? They refused to discuss Ireland. I think there was a large paedophile ring and whether it was connected to Scotland may never be found out. More went on there than is being allowed to be disclosed. Operation Winterton ended up with six charges, of which two or three were sexual. There were another sixty or so boys who were just turned away. How many of them were sent to Ireland and tortured? LNA must have been involved in that paedophile ring. You couldn't

have a paedophile ring and then him working as a loner at the same time in the same home.

154. Nicola Shepherd who was in charge of Operation Winterton spoke to me on the phone when Operation Winterton was over. I told her I knew she was inundated but the way the police force in Scotland treated me was wrong. The least they could have done was listened to me. I think that is why I got the criminal injuries money.

155. I have spoken to over a dozen people who have said that they have gone to the police and nothing has happened. There was another boy aside from [REDACTED] who I know committed suicide on home leave during the 1970s. I know this from discussions and investigations. I don't know who it is and I am working on this with someone else. I am still so angry with the police. They have left me in tatters.

Other action taken

156. I contacted every solicitor firm in Scotland to take up my case. They all said they couldn't because of time bar. I then contacted Leigh Days Solicitors in England and a Scottish girl called Catriona gave me a list of the firms in Scotland that deal specifically deal with child abuse. One of them was Digby Browns Solicitors. I contacted them and they said they couldn't help me. Then out of the blue they phoned me and said they'd take my case up and I was awarded criminal injuries. I don't even remember making an application. I might be wrong but as far as I know, I didn't. I filled out some papers. I waited for ages then they said I was being awarded criminal injuries compensation. I have emails, even from just a few weeks ago, where I am asking them what the compensation is for but nobody will tell me. My main abuser is dead and there is no court case so why was I awarded injuries? The tariff in Edinburgh is 22 thousand pounds and Digby Brown took 25 per cent even though there was no court case and they didn't do anything. This makes me angrier. They paid the money into my account. Two of the conditions of the compensation were that I must not contact the Christian Brothers, which I broke

straight away. Nobody came back to me to tell me I shouldn't do that. Digby Brown disappeared straight away after the payment. They were really unhelpful.

157. I had never even thought of a figure until Digby Brown phoned me and said I was getting paid fifteen thousand pounds. I was on the bus when I got the phone call, and I wanted to get off and jump in front of the bus I was so angry. That is a quarter of a man's life. That is a quarter of my abuse. I told Christian Brothers I am not going to settle with anything less than a six figure sum. I would have ten years ago, but now I am older and wiser. I have discovered more about them, myself and the damage I caused my family. I am now determined.

158. Slater & Gordon in Manchester are doing my mediation with the Christian Brothers, because I don't want to touch any law firm or anything in Scotland. My solicitor is Richard Scorer who is a well-known child abuse Solicitor. He told me that I should get 100 per cent of the award and the perpetrators, in this case the Christian Brothers, will pay all legal costs if I win. They were shocked that Digby Brown took a 25 per cent for a child abuse case.

159. Everything changed in 2010 during the pope's visit. He didn't make a full public apology and I got angry. Everybody did. Within three months, I had a telephone conversation with the then Cardinal, Keith O'Brian. On 14th February 2011, they sent over a man called Brother David Gibson, to meet me. He is the liaison officer for the Christian Brothers. We met in a Chinese restaurant in Northampton surrounded by couples holding hands. It was so sinister and creepy. He leaned over and said to me with an evil look on his face: "you won't get anything from us. Nobody does." He gave me the strength to carry on. I remember asking him to confirm that [LNA] was dead, which he was. I have feeling that I knew this already but I don't know why. I asked him to confirm that [LNA] had other victims, which he confirmed. The meeting lasted twenty minutes because I started asking questions. I hadn't even finished my spare ribs.

160. Seven years ago I first heard about [REDACTED] He was an orphan boy who was apparently killed in a boxing match in 1960 and he is buried

there. The same connection keeps coming up, that the orphans were picked out. Ten years ago David McDermott, the counsellor in Falkland, Fife, started asking questions. He told me on the phone a few weeks ago that he had been told to shut up and drop it. There was no inquiry. He said it's been killing him and the people of Falkland that so many things aren't being allowed to come out. There are lots of other stories.

161. I have heard many stories from other men. One man told me that he and his brother were in Catholic Church run homes in Scotland from the age of seven to twelve. He told me that they had to go and work in brick factories six days a week. I have some recollection of people going to work in brick factories, but I never went. He told me they were being abused by priest when they got back to the home. He phoned the church when he was eighteen, after he left, to get some answers. A meeting was set up in a hotel in Edinburgh. The man pulled out two envelopes. One had plane tickets to Canada and the other had a lot of money. He was told to go to Canada and that he would be killed if he ever returned to Scotland. This was in January 2014 and the guy said his brother died without ever seeing Scotland again. He asked me to get justice for them. I felt such a burden. The next day I sold my television and I got another banner and protested outside parliament.

162. I stood outside St. Andrew's Cathedral on Clyde Street in Glasgow for twelve days in a protest campaign. The Catholic Church put a notice up in the church saying that if anybody had any questions about me then they were to contact Catriona O'Conner or Ronnie Coldray who is the press officer for the Scottish Catholic Church. The Herald covered my protest and then the Record came out. The Catholic Church issued a statement saying they'd offered me loads of help. I had contacted them before the protest and they'd ignored me. Nobody from the church came out and spoke to me during the protest. People from the church were walking out of the services. A man came and told me that the church told him to ignore me because I have mental health issues. Of course I have mental health issues, because they caused it. We told them that the victims wouldn't get anywhere without the support of the people of the church and people of Scotland, because they'll continue to decry us, deny us and shut us off.

163. I met dozens of people who are all drowning in a sea of neglect because they are sitting in bedsits and in prison or have breakdowns. The system ignores them. They are trying to do what I am doing but they can't. Nobody trusts the police because they don't do anything and the politicians aren't interested. Everybody knows it will cost the government and the Catholic Church too much money and too much shame so there is nothing we can do. Talking to the inquiry is all we can do. We have to have faith in the inquiry, but where are the police, the Catholic Church and the religious institutions coming out and offering support? Politicians are hiding and doing what they can to get bad publicity out there to avoid people coming out, just like in England.

164. When a voice comes forward and become prominent in the media, they soon disappear.

165. The Christian Brothers have agreed to mediation with me now. I believe that the Catholic Church have turned around and said to the Christian Brothers that they need to shut me down after my protest. They knew I wouldn't stop, and I can't stop, so that is why they are now meeting with me. I met with Edmund Garvey, the head of the province leader for the Christian Brothers, and his safeguarding officer in a hotel at Manchester Airport in September 2015. I have correspondence in relation to setting the meeting up, which I have passed to the inquiry. I have hundreds of emails. I have been speaking to Brother Garvey for about six years now. He's done nothing. Gerry Mullen was the principal man before Edmund Garvey.

166. I went to the meeting with Edmund Garvey alone and spoke for an hour about my case. They talked rubbish and gave false promises and told lies. At the end of it he said I had to go through lawyers. It was a horrible meeting and I ended up walking out. I picked up what I thought were my records that they had brought me. When I got on the train and looked at it, it was a piece of paper with some dates typed on it. It wasn't even my original records. When the Christian Brothers spoke to me about mediation, they sent me an email that was about fifty pages long. It

detailed every conversation and every meeting I have had with them over the last ten years, yet when I asked them for information on me and my records, that's what I got. That's what makes me angry. All I wanted more than anything else is was my records of entry but they couldn't even do that. All they want is to find out how much information you have on them. It feels like being raped again. People had warned me against them, saying that they were going to shut the door on my face. You know they are going away to cover up the things you've told them. I purposely held things back.

167. Two women also came all the way to Northampton to see me. They were a psychologist called Tina Campbell and a woman called Sheila Irvine. I asked what they were doing in respect of offering support. They said they were thinking of setting up a helpline. They have nothing in place and are just interested in covering thing up. Afterwards I felt like I had been raped. I bought a bottle of vodka and sat in a park with it. I sat for an hour then threw it away without drinking it.

168. I have given evidence to the National Confidential Forum.

169. When the Macmillan report came out early, the Catholic Church got wind of it and Archbishop Tagliatari stood up at St Andrew's cathedral and made a public apology on behalf of the church. I phoned him two days later. He knew who I was because of my campaigning. I had a two hour meeting with him in summer 2015 at St Andrew's Cathedral, and he apologised. I said the same thing to him that I had to Edmund Garvey, that he had a responsibility to the children of this country. I told him I was going to heaven and St Peter opens the door, if there is only one space and he is standing next to me, I would put on a bet at Ladbrokes that I'd get in. I told him I wanted my records, justice from the Christian Brothers and I wanted him to invite me to a service of the Catholic Church. I am a Christian but the Catholic Church stops me being the Christian I want to be because they have a hold of my heart. It is like a concrete slab in my life that is holding me down. A lot of survivors will tell you that. Some call it anger but I call it a drain. It stops me being the person I want to be. I told him that he knew they have a hold on our lives and they are the only ones who can release it. He made promises and never even got back to

me. I waited a year, and then I did the protest. I am glad I have dealt with the anger but it stirs up emotions.

170. They ignore you and think that you will just go away, and some of them do. I have a list of up to fourteen people who I know have, or who I believe have committed suicide or died. For some reason nobody wants to work together. Until I get answers, I will carry on because it did happen.

Treatment and support

171. I have been on up to eight different types of anti-psychotic medication in my life. As soon as the guilty verdict came out, I found a peace. It was an amazing feeling that these guys were found guilty. So many people were expecting a not guilty. I think only six out of seventy were found guilty. Those that didn't get justice got no support. I came off the drugs and had no come down. My doctor did say to me that because I had been on medication for so long, that I would have a period of about a year or so where my mind will be confused. I still do take Zopiclone for insomnia because they help me sleep. I ask my doctor for the lowest doses because I am trying to be completely drug free. Years ago, I would have abused the system and gone to my doctor for anything, but this time I am desperate not to do that and am trying to keep my prescription to a minimum. People tell me I don't need it but I think it is all in the mind. I am also currently on Sertraline, Quetiapine and Amitriptyline.

172. Eighteen months ago, before I had my breakdown due to the way the police were treating me, I contacted every rape crisis place I could find to get help. They would say they couldn't help me because my abuse happened in Scotland. The other thing they'd say was that they were either only open for a few hours a week. I contacted Rape Crisis in Northampton and had to wait four months for an appointment. I was in there for two minutes when they said they couldn't help me because my abuse happened in Scotland, although they saw people from all over the world there. I think I was anxious and she found me overpowering. I am a rape

victim and she should be trained for this. They are now trying to deny that this happened. I really lost it with them.

173. I contacted many places in Scotland and got the same response until I contacted INCSS. I spoke to the head person, Janine who said they wanted to help me. Then Christine Grant from INCSS, who was an ex-police officer, got in touch. Over the following year, Christine phoned me every week with updates. She would call the police for me. She knew something wasn't right. I now see Sandra and she is my lifeline.

174. I used to see a Community Practise Nurse every week and did so for two years. I stopped seeing her in January 2017. I also went to a group thing every fortnight, which I hated with a passion but my CPN wanted me to go and connect with these people. It was part of the programme. I didn't want to hold their hands and connect with them or with anybody. I wanted it to finish but it was also a life line for me. I had mixed feelings. When it finished, I got three bank sessions that I can take when I need them. Part of me was pleased because I had my family, but part of me is scared of being alone again.

Impact of abuse

175. I have flashbacks to St Ninians and Nazareth house, Kilmarnock and then another place and another place. That's been my whole life, jumping from one place to another trying to figure out what happened in which place. You spend years pretending it didn't happen and then more years for it all to come together. My head is like a big dirty washing machine.

176. I was a drug addict for twenty to 25 years. My life was about drugs and drinks. As a result of that, I lived on the streets in London and in homeless shelters or squats. I have been stabbed three times. My health was affected. I became asthmatic, developed stomach ulcers. I was on Zantac and Tagamet for years. I had multiple personality disorders. I had made at least four attempts on my life.

177. My Doctor, Dr Flynn, was an alcoholic when I was seventeen or eighteen. I found out where he drank and started drinking there then asked him for Valium. The system gives out prescription drugs too easily. I have had them all and abused it. I have had Librium, Valium, Mogadon, Barbiturates. There was a time I got something like twenty Ampitines a week, as well as 500 millilitres of methadone a week. I always took uppers. Heroin was nice and everything it is said to be, but I needed to be alert because of the abuse I had. When I was taking heroin, I would also have what I called '*speed balls*.' I'd mix the heroin with Cocaine, Amphetamines or Barbiturates or Physeptone to get the balance back so I could stay alert.

178. I worry now about whether I am drinking too much. The doctor has told me my drinking levels are not a concern but I am worried that I will start drinking every day again. I haven't drunk vodka for over a year now. I have banked sessions with my CPN so I can arrange a session if I want to talk.

179. Whenever I have been faced with any kind of authority, I have hit people. Even if they're trying to be nice to me. I have hit people for just trying to be nice to me, but I have learned to deal with that.

180. I have had anger issues. I don't know what period of my life it was, but I went through some sort of anger management thing where they just let you smash things up. I don't know if it worked but I am here.

181. My criminal bureau check shows that I have been in prison three times. I can only remember going to prison once. That is how confused my life was. I lost my job at NHS because of this. When I read my criminal report, I saw a desperately sad, lonely young guy. It really annoys me when I see programmes about murderers and rapists and they say he done it because he was abused as a child. I think that is not right because I never done any of that stuff. If that were true then I would be a mass murderer by now after what happened to me.

182. My memory is so bad now. Prior to the guilty verdict from the St Ninians trial, I was on medication for the best part of three years. I was on Sertraline,

Quetapine, Amitriptyline, and Zopicone. I have been on up to eight different types of anti-psychotic medication in my life. As soon as the guilty verdict came out, I found a peace.

183. The abuse has affected my whole life. I can't work in a small environment because I have the attention span of a hyperactive chimpanzee. I have been told that by many people. I mainly get jobs in Barclaycard or Tesco call centres where the introduction or training programmes consist of twenty or thirty people so I can fit in. the biggest problem is when people start asking me what school I went to and where I was brought up. Straight away I have to lie and start making stuff up to fit in. One lie leads to another lie and you lose focus on what you are supposed to be doing at that time. Then you become less effective and inferior. Your true potential can't come out.

184. When I lived in squats, I'd blow it by stealing money or clothes from someone. It was because they were getting too close and I needed to break the closeness. I even did it to my niece when I stayed with her. It was just because they were getting too close.

185. I use lying as a defence mechanism, which I learned at a very young age to avoid telling the truth to people. I have carried that with me my whole life. If I meet someone I like or find funny, I take on their persona. I am very good at it because I have no identity of my own. When I meet new people, my lies get found out very quickly and nobody likes a liar. I very quickly go from being this nice, funny guy who can make anybody laugh to being a liar, because my lies contradict each other. I think this is why I have never been able to make friends.

186. If a woman just looks at me now, or anything nice happens, whether it is a house or a job, I have the fear of losing it mixed in with the fear of being abused. I will not allow that to happen again so I don't get close to people because they are either going to abuse me or die. I don't even go for a meal with people. People sometimes want to befriend me and suggest going out for dinner. I say no, because I

know that I will either depress them or just talk at them to avoid talking about things I don't want to talk about.

187. If I start to get close to someone, I end up doing something to ruin it, like stealing from them or doing something to ruin the relationship. When I do get close to people, I don't know when to contact them and when not to. I worry all the time that I have blown it if I message someone and they don't reply. I have contact with my family now and I worry about getting close to them in case they die or abuse me. I am also excited about it and see it as a fresh start.

188. Things come back to me in flashbacks and you question whether it is real or the drugs. When I get a flashback, I stop it. I know for a fact that hardly anything that has happened to me has come out. There is not much solidity in my life about anything. I jump from one confusion to the next. I've said to psychiatrists I'll pay them to knock me out and see if they can find something in my brain that helps me. I am happy for any psychiatrist to get it out. They can't so instead I just run and run.

189. I would love to go travelling around Scotland and take my time doing it, but I can't because I'm worried about tomorrow. The compensation closed a door with the government, regardless of the amount, but the Catholic Church still have a hold on me that is stopping me from being the real Dave Sharp. I want to be accepted back into the Catholic Church. I want a meaningful apology.

190. If I didn't have Sandra of INCSS on the other side of the phone, I'd be in prison or hospital now. Before my break down, I started working out the movements of the Catholic priest in my village, I had a knife and I was going to kill him. I was drinking at the time. I also went to Northampton with my man bag and a kitchen knife. I was deliberately looking for Asian men because I was associating them with the Rotherham child abuse thing. In the end I broke down and I was put in a mental hospital.

191. I have been on medication nearly all my life. It is the first time now, since we got the guilty verdict in the St Ninians trial that I stopped taking the medication. All I take now is Zopiclone at night time for my flashbacks. I have had insomnia most of my adult life.

192. When I get sexually aroused, I get flashbacks of the abuse and I have to stop. When I see films based in prisons and see the old piping, which is a flashback to me being down in the showers in the cellar.

Records

193. I have tried for years to find records. I know in care survivors got some records, but it was only about dates that I was in institutions and even they aren't clear. Because of the impact of not knowing where I grew up, it is really important to me to know where I was and more importantly, why I was moved about. There must be records of entry at the very least and reasons why I was moved about.

194. My childhood is so fragmented. Trying to find the nice memories is really difficult and I desperately try to find them so it can give me some substance. Everything overlaps the other, or it is swept under the carpet. I don't know where I am from. This is why my records are so important, so I can have some order.

195. The document I got from the meeting with the Christian Brothers verifies I was in St Ninians. The document states that I was taken to Lasswade by the social worker for the weekend with another boy. What is this Lasswade and why was I taken there only for the weekend? It also shows that I was connected to two or three families, including the [REDACTED] family, but I don't remember them. I only remember the [REDACTED], who were a beautiful, caring, loving family. They had eight or nine children of their own. [REDACTED]

196. Christine Grant from INCSS helped me to get some information, but all it told me was which institutions I was in. It didn't tell me why I was moved around. I

can't think of a reason why I would have been moved out of Nazareth House. When I met my family aged sixteen, they couldn't tell me why I was moved around either. Why did they go to so much trouble to move me about? There are so many children like me who don't know where they were taken and why. For such a small group of homes in a small country, there must be a reason why we were moved about so much. It comes into my head whether I was moved to be abused.

197. I have sat with Rosa Cunningham. I have sat with the head of the Catholic Church. Nobody can tell me where my records are. Nobody has an excuse why. This just makes me want to campaign more. I am getting old and tired. I would love to be able to put this behind me, but there is nothing to put behind me so I can't stop.

198. I am going to try and get my records from St. Crispin's psychiatric hospital so I can know what I told them and when I told them. My head is like a big dirty washing machine and if I go to mediation with the Christian Brothers, I know they will pick me apart because I get confused about dates.

Final thoughts

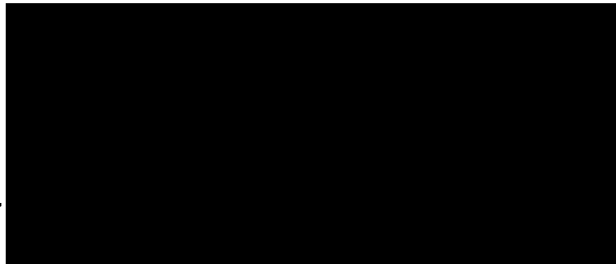
199. There is a lot of anger and hatred from child abuse victims towards police over the way they have been treated. People think they are up to their eyeballs in conspiracies. They seem to close the door when it comes to offering assistance and help. There needs to be more confidence in the police for more child abuse victims to come forward.

200. Politicians say different things to the press and completely different things to survivor groups. These people are fed a lot of nonsense. They are encouraged to go to the press so all you see in the press is negative comments. This discourages victims from coming forward and we believe this is intentional.

201. The Scottish Government need to be seen to be reaching out to victims and not just hiding behind meetings with a few people. They need to reach out via, and in unity with, the police. The Government needs to focus on the individual survivors and not the survivor groups. The focus needs to stay on the institutions.

202. On a personal level, I would like to see my records otherwise I will die not knowing. The Christian Brothers can account for everything that helps them, but can't show me my records. They must have records of entry.

Signed.....



Dated.....

30/05/2017