

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

Stephen BEHAN

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is Stephen Francis Behan. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1958. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Early Life

2. I was born in Lambeth, London. My parents were [REDACTED].
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
3. School was great in London. I had some inspirational teachers at primary school and it was a very sheltered environment. My father was a bit of a political nut. The Labour Government had started its move to eradicate grammar schools. Therefore, my father sent [REDACTED] to the first comprehensive school in West London. It was two bus rides away. The grammar school was practically on our doorstep. I think he was making a political statement.
4. My father's health broke down and his medico advised him to move to a rural environment. So, in 1970, we moved to a place in the 'back of beyond' in Lanarkshire. It was three miles to the nearest village and there was nothing around. I can't remember the time of year but I suspect it was in January or February.
5. [REDACTED] tested at Lanark Grammar School. It was the nearest secondary school. The rector told [REDACTED] that that the school [REDACTED] had attended had badly let [REDACTED] down

and that [REDACTED] two years behind where [REDACTED] should have been. He advised my parents to send [REDACTED] to a private school in order to salvage [REDACTED] education.

6. I wouldn't describe my parents as being ambitious. Neither of them has had a tertiary education and they were both from working class backgrounds. My dad had done reasonably well in his chosen profession [REDACTED]. I don't think he saw a degree as being a pre-requisite of success. I think he took the view that some bright people got a lot out of education. We weren't driven to see education as some kind of hallmark of success but we were driven to get an education. I think there was a sense that the only thing you can do to make your children's lives easier is to give them an education. I think that was their main motivation.
7. My father had an ability to seek advice from the least qualified people. He could just have easily told [REDACTED] to go to Hutcheson's Grammar School or St Aloysius as a day pupil. My father was anti-religious but he had a close friend who was a priest. This friend basically told him to send [REDACTED] to St Joseph's. [REDACTED] didn't have any say in going to St Joseph's. Our home was very much a benign autocracy. [REDACTED] young and less experienced to make decisions. [REDACTED] said [REDACTED] didn't want to go but it was a case of "off you go".

St Joseph's College, Dumfries

General

8. [REDACTED] sent to St Joseph's College in Dumfries in August/September 1970. The school was run by the Marist Brothers who were a Catholic teaching order. The Marist Brothers were established in France in the early part of the nineteenth century. Originally, it was a charity established to provide education to children in rural France. It grew to become a missionary organisation. They had a view that they had to bring education to the middle classes of Scotland. They could have gone somewhere where people had no money but they chose to set up a fee-paying boarding school in Dumfries.

9. The Marist Brothers ran the school. They were entirely responsible for the operation and management of the school. They elected a principal from amongst their own number every four years. The organisation of the Marist Brothers also has its own principal. He is called the Provencal. The current head of the Marists, Ronnie McEwan, was a former pupil at the school.
10. When I was first there, the **SNR** of the school was Brother **MYZ**. When they take the oaths, they lose their Christian name and take the name of a favoured saint. The brothers had a large house in Dalbeattie called Hetland House, which was used for training new Marist Brothers.
11. I can remember thinking that it was a strange place when we got there. It was built in the nineteenth century around 1860 or 1870. The main building, which held dormitories for the primary aged children through to secondary, was quite imposing. As a young child, it seemed very large. It was typical Victorian gothic architecture. On the ground floor were the kitchens and refectories. There were three refectories. The language lab was also on the ground floor. On the first floor, there were classrooms. There must have been about ten or twelve classrooms. Those classrooms held pupils in the secondary regime. On the next floor up there were a number of dormitories.
12. The 'wee rec' was for primary school kids. After that came the 'inters'. The 'inters' were kids who were in first and second year of secondary. Both the 'wee rec' and the 'inters' were in the attic rooms. Then there were the 'mids' who were in third and fourth year of secondary. They were all housed in the main block.
13. Across the large courtyard, there was the 'mount'. It was another large building, which housed a number of the Brothers. On the upper floors of the mount, there were classrooms and senior dormitories for fifth and sixth years.
14. There was an old mansion that pre-dated the development of the school, which we knew as 'the white house'. It was the Brothers' main living quarters. It was a sizeable place with its own bar, a refectory and kitchens.

15. The chapel was over to the west. It had only been built in the 1920s. Until then, everybody had to walk down to town to go to mass. There were a number of playing fields around the school. About a mile down the road, the school had its main playing field. There was a lot there, about twenty or thirty acres of field.
16. The school was very poorly policed. I have since learned that boarding schools, particularly in the 1970s, tended to rely on prefects to enforce the bulk of the rules and regulations. Therefore, there was a lot of bullying at the school. I would be surprised if even ten percentage of pupils in my class had not been bullied. Before I went to the school, I was noted as being a sunny natured child. Now I'm a morose person.
17. The fees were quite high. When I was there, there were at least five hundred boarders and two hundred day pupils. There were seven hundred kids there so they were making money. The school had an external bursar who took care of the finances and accounting.
18. Around half of the teachers were 'lay teachers'. They weren't part of the order. All of the good teachers were 'lay teachers'. There was one brother who I thought was a good teacher. He was the exception. I suspect they were in it for the wrong reasons.
19. It was boys only, however, we had two girl pupils. There was a boy in my class whose sister had to do her A Levels and the school made an exception. She stayed in a Benedictine convent in Dumfries, which allowed her to board. There was another girl but I can't remember much about her. They left the year that I joined.

Brothers

20. When I joined the school, it was practice for someone to post your name, your parent's name and your house on the notice board. On the first night, the other boys made it clear that certain Brothers would try to have their way and that you shouldn't be alone in a room with that person. I was shocked by that. We ran our lives according to that list.

21. All of the Brothers taught. The alleged 'raison d'être' of the Marist Brothers was to provide teaching, traditionally within a missionary remit, but they had no mission in Dumfries. They wore a black cassock with bands similar to those worn by a barrister. They had a rope around their waist, which carried a crucifix and was used as a weapon sometimes. The rope had three knots in it, which represented the three vows. If they were out in town, they wore a suit with a dog collar. I can remember the brothers in descending order of most brutal.
22. The **SNR** was Brother **MM**. He was known as **MMK**. He was huge, about six foot four or five. He was very intimidating but he wasn't abusive. He gave me 'six of the best' with the belt on my bare bottom a few times. However, that was the texture of the discipline and wasn't out of the ordinary.
23. Brother Francis was a good person. His real name was Julien Harrison. He was a fine man and a good teacher. He taught Biology. I would be stunned if I heard that he had been involved in any kind of abuse, sexual or physical.
24. Brother **MFU** was the scariest of the brothers. He was in charge of the six year olds.
25. There was also Brother Damien. He was notorious for abusing the boys. He was the first name mentioned by the other boys. He was a French teacher. He also ran the shop in the school. It was on a corridor with a counter which led into a stock room. He always smoked a hooked pipe. If you needed stationery, you dreaded going there alone because he would be playing with his 'bits'. He was remarkably comfortable with his vows and his behaviour which I always found difficult to reconcile. He was a remarkably effective teacher and very hard working. He was not violent, in fact, violence was not one of the tools he used.
26. However, he was romantically obsessed with some of the boys in his care. He used walk up and down the class. I never saw him lose his temper. I didn't have an experience of Brother Damien that was uncomfortable or in any way threatening. However, I didn't put myself in a position where I was on my own with him. I know that there were kids who had been. He got pleasure in placing himself in uncomfortably

close proximity to kids or brushing against them. I didn't see him doing that but I heard about it from other boys. He was forever 'playing with himself' under his cassock in the classroom or in the corridor. I saw him doing that frequently.

27. Brother **MNV** had been [REDACTED] during the civil war. He was nicknamed **MN**. He was somebody who you wouldn't go into a room alone with because he would abuse the boys.

28. There was Brother **AKV** whose real name was **AKV** [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I discovered this later on. [REDACTED]
AKV [REDACTED]

29. Brother **MFT** was my nemesis. He was a strange man. He ended up leaving the order and marrying. He was brutal, not just physically but he had the most cutting sarcasm imaginable. He could cut a kid down in a few words. He was a master of cutting sarcasm. He could humiliate you with a look or a one line expostulation. I can't recall any specific examples due to the passage of time but he was quite a nasty piece of work. Then there was a bunch of Brothers, which just, sort of, faded in the background.

30. Brother **MFI** was a case of his own. He stands as an example of how the Marist Brothers and the Catholic Church looked after its own at the expense of everyone else. Brother **MFI** was an alcoholic. He was my [REDACTED] teacher.

31. When I was first at the school, he was away for the first four or five months and his position was filled by a woman [REDACTED]. She was a scary person. Her teaching approach was that if you could do [REDACTED] she would just leave you to get on with it. If you couldn't, she would ritually humiliate kids. She was horrendous in that role. She convinced me that I couldn't do [REDACTED] The only thing she taught me was an abject fear of [REDACTED]

32. After around six months, Brother **MFI** came back from 'drying out'. The Marist Brothers operated a place in Westmeath where the alcoholic Brothers were sent to dry

out. [REDACTED] went back to teaching the Sixth Formers and Brother MFI became my [REDACTED] teacher. He wasn't one of the ones who I was warned about.

33. Every week, on a Wednesday, a big dray would pull up, about twenty kegs of beer would be rolled in, and crates and crates of spirits and mixers of alcohol would be unloaded. It must have been the draymen's biggest order. There was no road access to the 'white house' so the deliveries would have to be made via the playground. We could see everything coming in. There was a powerful amount of drinking going on.

Recruitment of staff

34. I think it's important to understand how the Order recruited people. They wanted young men because they wanted to get a working life out of them. They were young lads who were prepared to sign up for the three vows. The most telling of which was the vow of chastity. The others were to be poverty-stricken and to be obedient. It is impossible for a young, mature male to say, "I'm not having sex". They took anybody they could get and they didn't ask questions. It was hard to get people to sign up.
35. Those who joined were sent to Hetland House. Their main role was to establish whether this young male had a vocation. It was inevitable that they were going to end up with people who were hiding something. They were allowed to smoke and drink as much as they wanted. They didn't throw anybody out of the order. They appointed anybody and didn't ask questions. They didn't do background checks. They certainly didn't know who they were getting in the 1960's and 70's.

First day at institution

36. My first day was horrendous. It was terrifying. My mum and dad dropped [REDACTED] off and went on their way. I think [REDACTED] I started in September. [REDACTED] late for the start of the term. I didn't want to be there because it looked awful. It was a Gothic building and even inside it had Gothic overtones. There were massive crucifixes nailed to the wall everywhere. It was a form of iconography.

37. [REDACTED] got 'six of the best' because someone had done something in the morning, nobody had owned up and the threat was that everyone was getting 'six of the best' 'Six of the best' was six strappings on the palm of the hand or the bare bottom with a belt. So he opted out and didn't go to any classes. I found out later, from one of [REDACTED] [REDACTED] friends, that he was never in any classes. He left the school as soon as he could. He was fourteen. I think he spent the whole time there reading cowboy books.
38. When I arrived, I was told to go into the classroom. Everything was very different from my previous school. I had been used to going from classroom to classroom. At St Joseph's everything was done in one classroom and the teachers came to us.
39. One of the teachers, Meg Grierson, was in the classroom. She was just shocking. She wasn't a nice person. She was clearly in the wrong job. She didn't like teaching maths to children. It was trivially easy to get under her skin, even when you weren't trying to do so.
40. She was very loose with the belt. She always wore an academic gown in class and always looked a bit bat-like. She took her handbag everywhere she went, a big ring binder, and her belt. The belts were supplied by Lochgelly and came in various thicknesses. Hers was a big, heavy, one.
41. No one was given corporal punishment at the school in London. It was unheard of for children to be caned at my previous school. It was rare. In that first class, Meg Grierson belted two children for getting a question wrong. I thought 'Oh Jesus'. She hit them on the palm of their hand and really laid into them. She put a lot of muscle into it. She carried her belt everywhere. In the same way, most women would carry a hand bag, she carried her belt along with it. She was never without it.
42. She lived in Dumfries. None of the lay teachers lived on site. I think that was part of the problem. There was no oversight. The members of the order were allowed to do whatever they agreed they were allowed to do.
43. I was home sick and feeling quite forlorn. I felt like I would never get through it because I hadn't been prepared for it and hadn't had long to get used to the idea that we were

going to this boarding school. It was very hard. I don't think I would have wished it on anyone. I was quite lucky because I was shown around by a kid. He wanted to get to know me.

Bed-wetting

44. I started wetting the bed. The first night I was there, I wet the bed. The humiliation was indescribable being in a room with fifty other kids and your bed is a puddle. It was just a reaction to trauma. It happened for quite a while until I got used to the place. It was hard going. Bed-wetting was dealt with badly.
45. We had a matron who was known as 'MNY'. She was only referred to as 'the Matron'. She was a belligerent horror and another nasty piece of work. She was basically a retired nurse who had worked in the infirmary across the road. She must have been in her seventies and was very old school. She didn't like the boys. The school had its own infirmary.
46. The prefects inspected the beds. If your bed was wet, they reported you. I was referred to MNY because I had wet the bed. I can't remember whom by. She was diabolical. It was toe-curlingly humiliating. I was told to wait in the dorm while the other kids went to breakfast. They knew exactly what had happened. She came in and gave me a verbal beating. She would call down the corridor "here comes the bed-wetter." She put a rubber sheet on the bed.
47. I had to report to her every day and tell her whether I had wet the bed or not which was embarrassing. There was a queue of about two or three boys waiting outside MN MNY Infirmary every morning. It could have been handled much better than it was.
48. You toughened up quickly. I think I must have had a fight there every day at that time. Somebody would start taking the micky. Boys don't need much of an excuse to bully. I was the new boy who was wetting the bed so they picked on me. I was the object of their delight for a while. I didn't have any skills for dealing with that type of abuse. I started sleepwalking.

49. There were ablutions in between the dormitories. You had to go out into the stairwell to get to the ablutions. I don't think the bedwetting went on for very long, it was matter of weeks but it was long enough to be embarrassing. You had to have a week of no problems of wetting the bed.
50. I was lucky that the Brother who was in charge of our dormitory was an okay man. He didn't orchestrate any issues around it. I know that Brother MFU method of dealing with it was to tell the whole dormitory. His dormitory was opposite ours.

Mornings

51. The days were longer than I had been used to in London. The rising bell was at six o'clock, it was an electric bell that went through the school. You got up, showered, dressed and went to mass. After mass, we went to breakfast. Breakfast had to be finished for eight. I think we had an hour for lunch. We had to be in the classroom for 8.30, ready to start at nine o'clock. The teachers would arrive at nine. We didn't finish until 5.30. We had tea at 5.30 to six o'clock.
52. At 6.30, we went into prep. They opened all the classrooms so that it was like one big class. We had three hours of supervised study. After prep finished at either 9 or 9.30, it was up to the dormitory to brush our teeth. It was a long day. The lights had to be out by ten o'clock. If you got into the fifth or sixth year, you were in a cubicle, had a bedside light, and could go to sleep when you wanted.
53. The daily routine was quite a shock to the system. However, what was more of a shock was the anarchy of the place. The routine was for the whole school with the exception of Sixth Form. They had a lot of free time and they weren't required to go to mass every day. It was a different regime for Sixth Form.
54. Wednesday afternoons were dedicated to sports. We didn't do games or sports at any other time during the week. Everyone had to do two sports. On Saturday afternoons, we typically played against other boarding schools. We travelled all over the place playing other schools.

55. When I joined the school, I was straight into the 'inters'. There were kids in there who were twelve to fourteen. There were a lot of kids in the dorm. I can't remember the name of the brother who was in charge but he was alright. Brother **AKV** replaced the first brother. He saw the dorm as his sexual playground. He was a nasty, vindictive piece of work. His behaviour was sleazy. His predecessor would give you space when you were changing into your room pyjamas. However, Brother **AKV** would watch you changing into your pyjamas. He would stand and watch you in the ablutions.
56. Each dorm had a room at the back end of it. Most dormitories were usually occupied by a Brother for the night. Ostensibly, he was in charge of the dormitory overnight. However, he would often delegate this responsibility to a prefect. The school was actually run by the prefects. Some of the prefects were good. However, some of them were diabolical. There were some nasty pieces of work. The prefect would be in the same dormitory and how they chose to implement discipline depended on the prefect. Few of them were natural born leaders.
57. Brother **MFU** always slept in the dormitory in the 'wee rec'. Even as a twelve year old, he terrified me. He was in charge of the 'wee rec' There were six year olds in there. He was bombastic. He shouted all the time, he never spoke, when he could shout. I can remember feeling desperately sorry for those kids. Some kids, of six and seven, didn't go home so they were there for twelve months at a time. I can remember the brothers whose parents lived in .
58. I was in the dorm for a little under two years because I joined in the middle of the first year. It was probably about a year and seven or eight months.
59. There were no 'lay teachers' or Brothers identified as guidance teachers. There was nobody there that you could go and talk to. If you talked to a Brother you could never presume that it would be kept confidential. You had to rely on what you heard from the other boys. The boys talked quite openly. I was lucky that I made friends.
60. After that, I went into the 'Mids'. It was just another zoo. It was another big room of beds and lockers. However, there was more ceiling height so it was less

claustrophobic than the 'inters' and the 'wee rec'. It was one floor down so it was more airy.

Mealtimes

61. The food was shocking. Breakfast was always cereal, a roll and tea. It was the only time of day when we were given butter. If you were playing in a sports team on an away fixture, you got a cooked breakfast. Lunch was the same every single day. It was some kind of meat stew that came out of a very large tin. You couldn't tell which animal it came from. They served that with mashed potato like 'Smash'. At night, it was always 'something and chips', like fish fingers or a very greasy hamburger.
62. It was imperative that you had enough cash to be able to go into town to buy something to eat, like a sausage roll. It was impossible to survive on the school food alone. I had a number of small business ventures to enable me to raise cash. I managed to generate enough cash to eat out at least once every day. There was no monitoring of meals. Although there was a Brother stationed at the top of a table, there were so many children milling around that there was no way that he could know who was there and who wasn't. I funded [REDACTED] as well.
63. One day, a riot occurred in the dining room because the machine that made the chips was broken. I can remember it being a Wednesday. Everybody had been out on the rugby field and they were all hungry. I can't remember how it started it. There were no ringleaders. Spontaneously, about a dozen bowls of mashed potato ended up being launched at Brother [REDACTED] MFT. Every plate in the place was smashed up and chairs were broken. Nothing was said about it. They got the girls in to clean the place afterwards. They bought new crockery from somewhere. Nothing was said, no punishment was meted out.
64. I think Brother [REDACTED] MM realised that they didn't want any negative publicity. Parents were paying quite a sum for their kids to be there. The bursar drove a Jaguar, which he renewed every year.

65. The food was stunningly bad. We filled ourselves up on bread and margarine. There was unlimited bread and margarine. The whole time I was there, I didn't have a salad, anything leafy or fruit. I never had a desert. It was a constant diet of army rations. The only time the food was different was when we had the parents coming for sports day. They brought in outside caterers and if you had been allowed you would have had salads that day.
66. There was a tuck shop where we could buy sweets but it had nothing like, a roll and sausage. It was open during the morning break.
67. There was a woman called Nora who worked in the kitchen. She hated all the kids. I can remember finding a cigarette end in my stew on a number of occasions. I can remember telling my mum and dad about that. The kids used to rip the hell out of her so she got her own back. I don't blame her. If you found a cigarette end in the stew, the Brother would just tell us to put it in the bin.
68. There were around fifteen to eighteen tables in the dining room. The tables held six pupils. There were four at each side and two at the end. It was quite a lot of kids to feed at one sitting. There were three separate sittings. We were placed at tables. You could only move with the permission of the presiding Brother. For most of my time, it was Brother **MFT**. For a while, it was Brother Francis but it was mostly Brother **MFT**.
69. In terms of food, we got what we were given and if we didn't like it we went without. Nobody was watching because I don't think they cared about children's diets. The school was required, as part of their contract, to provide three meals a day, which they thought they did.
70. A lot of kids went down to the town. There was a fish and chip shop called The College Café at the end of Craig's Road. They did a roaring trade. If the boarding part of the school closed that café must have lost its living. You sat in for your meals if you didn't have money to go elsewhere. There was another shop called Halliday's, which was five minutes away from the school and they were cheaper than the tuck shop. The kids

in the 'Wee Rec' weren't allowed to leave the school at any time. They were permanently attached to the school.

71. Pocket money was ostensibly controlled by the bursar who dispensed it on Saturday mornings. It was a maximum of £1.50, which was not enough to allow me to eat out every day of the week so I had to get parents to send more money or had to be reasonably entrepreneurial. I would go into town to the local Spar and buy a rucksack full of tins of baked beans. I bought a primus stove and I would rent it out to other kids. Kids could buy a tin of beans off me. It was one of my little ventures. I had a few of them going on.

Bedtime

72. You each had an army style bed with steel frames. You had a locker and a trunk. The prefects inspected the beds and made sure you were washing your neck and brushing your teeth. They reported you for wetting the bed. When you got to Fifth or Sixth Year, you had a cubicle and a bedside light. Your space was your bed and half of the space between you bed and the next bed.

Washing and bathing/Hygiene

73. When you got up in the morning, you would go to the ablutions. You would wait until there was a washbasin available. I can't remember having to queue. The showers were cold. You would be in the shower for two and a half minutes. I can't remember ever seeing a bath anywhere.
74. In the 1970s, things were different, people bathed weekly. It was very different. Standards of hygiene were different. The ablutions were adequate for the needs of the time. I doubt they would be adequate today.
75. You weren't allowed any privacy in the dormitory or ablutions. There was a huge gap at the top and bottom of the lavatory doors. Therefore, if someone was sitting on the lavatory, you could see the tops of people's heads. There was no privacy. There were no shower curtains. There weren't any baths.

Leisure time

76. They tried hard to fill the day. I think they took the view that if your day was accounted for, there was limited opportunity for you to get into trouble. I think it was a management strategy to fill the day. Our working day was a long day compared to Dumfries Academy. Then there were three hours of compulsory study in the evening. Therefore, it left little time to do anything.
77. We had TVs. I was expelled once and my father had to buy coloured TVs for all of the dormitories to get me back in. There wasn't much television on in the 1970's. It was a sparse landscape from that point of view. We got to watch TV for an hour on a weekday night.
78. Most kids had a radio. If you had a decent radio you could listen to Radio Luxembourg, which was the channel to listen to before John Peel started his late night show. Most kids had a cassette player. There was a record player in most dormitories but that, inevitably, meant listening to somebody else's choice of music. It would usually be the dormitory bully. There was a lot of motivation to get your own cassette player and headphones.
79. On Saturdays, we had classes until one o'clock, then lunch and then sports. The sports were compulsory. They would go on until 4.30. Sunday was a horrendous day. Everybody hated Sunday because it was a drag. For young adolescent boys there was very little on the television on a Sunday afternoon. There was a chess club and a bridge club. If you were involved in sports, you would possibly be on team trip to Carlisle or further South. Sundays were grim.
80. We were allowed off the premises. The Brother's management ethos was very 'hands-off'. They would not have known where a child was, particularly, on a Saturday or Sunday. One time it took six hours for the Brothers to find out where a child was to tell them that there had been a parental loss. They relied heavily on the prefects.

Trips and holidays

81. When the film Jesus Christ Superstar came out, the Brothers went to see it and then marched the school to the cinema. We took over the entire cinema for a special showing of it.
82. There were very few trips. The school didn't most of the things you would expect a boarding school to do today. It was very lightweight in that regard, which, I think had a lot to do with cost.
83. The school stayed open on bank holidays. The lay teachers were well paid compared to the public sector. However, they didn't get the bank holidays or the in-service days. The school only partially closed for Christmas, Easter and during the summer break. Some kids were at school throughout the year. I don't know how those kids handled it because they would have been left to their own devices day after day. I was able to go home during the summer break, however, there would be about twenty or thirty other kids who would have to stay there. There would be a cohort of Brothers who would act in loco parentis. I looked forward to going home during the holidays. I always said that St Joseph's prepared you very well for a lengthy jail sentence. It would probably be no more problematic than going to St Joseph's.

Schooling

84. I think the school had to work within the rules laid down by the Scottish Education Department. They had some dispensations because we followed the English Joint Matriculation Board curriculum. I think they had a lot of leeway for the school to operate within. I don't remember the school being visited by any administrators of the JMB. I think our exams were set by the JMB, Oxford and Cambridge. I can't remember the school ever being inspected by anyone from there. It was a school teaching in Scotland but it wasn't teaching a Scottish curriculum so it wasn't adhering to the Scottish standards. I think there was a vacuum there, which was created because of the hybrid nature of the curriculum. However, I don't know that as a fact.
85. At St Joseph's students studied Highers and A Levels. Pupils also studied O Grades and O Levels. The school was set up to get kids into premier league English

universities. It was hard for a Scots pupil to go to Oxford if they had only done Highers. Similarly, it was challenging for an English pupil to do well in Scotland because they had the four-year system. Many pupils came from the Far East. The school covered all bases.

86. We did a six-day week at the school, we worked Monday through to Saturday. The idea was that you accumulated a lot of time and had a very long summer break. It was much longer than in other schools. I seem to remember it being a ten-week summer break.
87. The liberal arts component of the education was almost non-existent. We did languages because they were a pre-requisite for entry into university. We did music and art once a month. It was a tacit acknowledgement, it was very peripheral to the core curriculum. The focus was on subjects, which would get pupils into a good university to study Medicine, Dentistry and Law. The standard of education was patchy. It was good in parts.
88. We did an opera every year. It would be a Gilbert and Sullivan production but I was never a part of it. It was a strange school in the musical sense. The education was good in part. We had some teachers who were quite inspirational. I had very good History and Chemistry teachers.

Healthcare

89. You dreaded an illness because then you came under **MNY** influence. The school also had a GP. There was a hospital with a casualty unit across the road from the school. You would not report in sick if you could possibly avoid it. You had to have your head hanging off before you went to **MNY**. She was the kind of person who if you had a broken arm, she would give you two aspirin and a sling. I think she used to be worked up about people cluttering up her domain. She was no 'angel of light'. She was a dreadful person.
90. We had an outbreak of mumps or something like that. I can remember the school's infirmary was full so they had to move more beds into it. The doctor came twice a day,

morning and night. So, they weren't neglectful from that point of view but there was no governance. The school took the posture that they had a full time matron. However, they didn't make sure that she was doing her job properly. There were no checks and balances that governed her work. I think that typified their approach to management.

91. I can't remember getting dental care. I would always go to the dentist during the holidays. You would get a lot of grief from your peers if you had bad breath or strong body odour.

Religious instruction

92. I was precluded from attending mass because I had never been confirmed. My father was a 'land loving Atheist'. We had never been a part of the Catholic rights. When it was time for mass, I was marched up to the choir loft. It was a minstrel gallery in the chapel. It was the same for Benediction. I had to stay up there until the mass was over. I never went to Benediction or confession.
93. For the others, mass was every day. Benediction was once a week. Confession was fortnightly. If someone hadn't been for more than a fortnight, his collar was felt. Confession is meant to be entirely anonymous so there should have been no mechanism by which the Brothers could have figured out who hadn't been to confession. However, if somebody hadn't been, the priest told the Brothers.
94. I developed a pathological contempt for the church. I can remember going into the confessional, on the priest's side, kids would come in and I would listen to their confessions. It was a nasty thing to do but it was fun at the time.
95. The priest was attached to the school. He had a house just beyond the chapel. He was a [REDACTED] called Father [MML [REDACTED]]. He was known as [MML [REDACTED]]. He was somebody who should have been a priest. He was suited to it. Father [MML [REDACTED]] was the confessor for all of the Brothers. He knew what was going on because he heard their confessions. If someone believes in the Catholic dogma, they will know that if they have committed a sin, they don't want to die with that sin so they will confess their sins.

96. There were enough people at St Joseph's pillaging the pupils that it was impossible for Father **MML** not to know about it. I didn't report anything at the time. If you had gone to him and reported that you were being ritually beaten and raped by this person, he couldn't have done anything. In the seventies, the child would have been castigated as some kind of trouble maker. There was no mechanism by which you could blow the whistle on these people.

Christmas and Birthdays

97. Christmas was about religion. There was more intensity on the religious observance. I wouldn't say that there was a celebration. They didn't view Christmas in the way it is viewed today. I always went home for Christmas.
98. You only found out it was someone's birthday when they were sent a card. They would typically share out birthday presents voluntarily or a cake would be divided up.

Running Away

99. I didn't run away. We were miles away from anything. Dumfries is an out of the way kind of place. There was a certain kind of madness in putting a Catholic school in a largely bigoted area. Dumfries has a large protestant population. Maxwellton is notoriously bigoted. It was one of the reasons you never went into town in less than pairs because it wasn't safe. There were frequent incidents of St Joseph's College kids getting leathered from the townies. It happened regularly.
100. I can remember a couple of kids running away. It wasn't difficult for the police to pick kids up. It wasn't a practical solution. They just sent you back and you were punished. They would be given a beating. It would probably happen on a monthly basis. They would always be picked up within about five or six hours. You knew not to bother trying it.

Visitors

101. I don't think my mum and dad stepped inside the building again after they dropped [REDACTED] off on the first day. I don't think they ever came for a sports day. There were no parents evenings.

Family

102. [REDACTED] I would go home at weekends as often as [REDACTED] could. It would usually be one weekend out of three or four. You couldn't do it every weekend. If you were reasonably good at sports, in particular, you weren't allowed to go home. There was a public telephone outside the school grounds. There was a kiosk right outside the school gates. It was the only telephone contact we had with parents.
103. We were required to write a letter home on a Sunday afternoon, which was censored by a Brother. A parent could phone the school office but it was made clear to the parent that this was only to be done in exceptional circumstances.

Inspections

104. I didn't see anyone from outside the whole time I was there. Even in the early 1970s prisons were run in such a way as to enforce and protect the rights of prisoners. However, none of that happened at St Joseph's. There was no higher authority checking that this was a safe environment for children.
105. Looking back, I find it incredible that you could found an organisation based on the premise that they were going to get young men to forego any kind of sexual activity. It was madness.
106. A regime existed where students were allowed to be alone in a room with a Brother. I don't think any boarding schools would allow that to happen now. There were no means of communication from the student body, either anonymous or non-anonymous, and there was widespread abuse, which was physical, sexual and

emotional. In some instances, it was a combination of all three and it was life changing. It was life changing for me.

107. There were no controls in the school. There was no external management. The only external management was there to take care of money. It was a case of spending as little money as possible. However, they sent money to the missions. The school had no ways of raising money other than through parents. They would use the fees. They had no regimes in place to detect misbehaviour by the staff.
108. The routine is important because I have the benefit of 45 years of study on the matter and I also have the benefit of a reasonably good university education. I have spent the last twenty years helping businesses improve what they do. If you wanted to create a regime that would be protective of children and conducive to the inculcation of education, it would be an easy thing to set out a system of rules, checks and balances which would guarantee the sanctity of the child. St Joseph's did none of that. They had no methods of whistle blowing.

Discipline

109. Corporal punishment was not recorded. There was no appeal process. Discipline was at the whim of each teacher. Every single teacher with one exception used the belt. Sometimes it was gratuitously humiliating. In my view, much of it was a sexual deviance and a form of ritualised humiliation. It happened to me many times.
110. One of teachers, Mr MNT? couldn't stand certain kids. He was a very interesting man. He picked one child in particular. He got the belt in every lesson, whether he deserved it or not. In my view, Mr MNT? abused some of the kids. I saw him picking on kids unfairly who he didn't like. He didn't ever give me the belt. From my perspective, he was a good teacher. However, from the perspective of the school, he wasn't a good teacher because he was picking on children. In hindsight, he shouldn't have been in the school, he should have been in a further education setting. He couldn't handle young children.

111. The first time I was hit in front of the school was because I had lost my temper with Brother **AKV**. I was hit by Brother **MNV**. It was well understood by the pupils that he was predatory and dangerous. You did not want to be caught in a confined space with him on your own.
112. Brother **AKV** made a beeline for me one day when I was in the dormitory. I had been playing rugby and I had lost a stud off my boot. I was in there trying to find a stud to put back on my boot. Brother **AKV** came along and tried to feel me up. I head butted him. I then basically jumped all over him, I just lost it. I got 'six of the best' for that. I should probably have been expelled.
113. When I was in the 'mids', Brother **MFT** introduced a concept called the 'batch'. It meant sweeping out the dormitory as a punishment. It would be for things like not washing your neck properly or not making the bed. The prefects wouldn't usually meet out physical punishment. However, they were chosen from the physically bigger boys.

Nature and frequency of abuse

114. It was acceptable in the 1970s to beat children. In Scotland, it was exclusively the belt. It was normal. At St Joseph's, it probably served to brutalise the children. The public beatings of kids would happen in front of the whole school on an occasional basis. It would be for lots of things. I can remember one kid being done for being blasphemous. It could be a variety of reasons.
115. For most of my time there, Brother **MM** took over as **SNR** from Brother **MYZ**. When Brother **MM** was away to a conference or on a retreat, an **SNR** would take over and we would see an increase in the violence. Particularly, from Brother **MFT** who seemed to enjoy breaking kids mentally. He liked the ritual humiliation.
116. There wasn't a written rule regarding who would mete out the violence, but it would usually be whichever Brother wanted to do it or whichever was in the Principal's chair at the time. The culture of corporal punishment enabled the sub-cultures, which enabled the abuse.

117. There wasn't a written rule regarding who would mete out the violence, but it would usually be whichever Brother wanted to do it or whichever was in the Principal's chair at the time. The culture of corporal punishment enabled the sub-cultures, which enabled the abuse.
118. Our sports master, Paddy Craig, was an outstanding teacher and was able to garner the respect of the pupils. You never put yourself on the wrong side of him, yet I never saw him a belt a child. He was committed to the kids. There were some good teachers.
119. I saw physical abuse and the humiliation, which was intrinsic to the emotional abuse on a daily basis. I witnessed physical and emotional abuse every single day at St Joseph's College. I didn't witness any sexual abuse of others first hand. I had no idea that Brother MFI was a threat. I made sure that I was never on my own with Brother Damien or Brother MNV
120. The sexual abuse was prevalent. It was documented within the oral tradition of the school. You absolutely knew that you didn't have a voice. It didn't matter how well you articulated your experience.
121. I don't like being the focal point of anything. I used to have a bad stammer. The frustration that used to come from not being able to form words to make an argument and the impact of natural shyness could be overwhelming.

Brother MFI

122. A teacher, Brother MFI who nobody else identified as somebody who was predatory, abused me. As far as I know, I was the only one to be abused by Brother MFI. However, there were other kids being abused by other brothers. It taught me that you can't trust anybody. When you are in an environment like that you end up learning not to trust people. It took me years before I could get to the point of trusting anybody. The damage was done at St Joseph's.
123. It was while I was in the 'inters' that Brother MFI returned to the school from his period 'drying out'. The whole school knew about his problem. I think he was gone for

about six months. The church organised what was essentially rehab for him. People weren't sacked by the church at this time. I think they recognised there was a problem with alcohol amongst the clergy. When he came back, he didn't try to hide where he had been and spoke about it openly. He was very popular, therefore, the kids were pleased when he came back. I was having awful problems with [REDACTED] at the time. Brother MFI [REDACTED] noticed this and that's when it all started. He called me to his desk after a lesson one day and told me that I wouldn't get through my O Grades and O Levels if I didn't get extra lessons. He told me that he wanted me to go to his room on Wednesday afternoons. When I was twelve or thirteen, I was quite a pretty kid. He thought so anyway. I was the object of his desire, sadly. I don't know if he had other favourites.

124. One of the problems with child abuse is that, unless the abuser admits what they've done, there is no proof. It relates to the 'Moorov doctrine'. You need to have more than one person describing similar experiences.
125. I think Brother MFI [REDACTED] was possibly the most intelligent of all of the Brothers. He was a very sharp cookie and an incredible wit. He was a very funny person. The boys liked him and he wasn't on the radar. He wasn't one of the Brothers who you were told "don't get in a room with that guy". He had an ability to humiliate a poorly performing student but in a way that wasn't brutal. It was less caustic.
126. When he suggested going to his room for extra [REDACTED] lessons it made sense to me. It sounded like a perfectly sensible thing to do. I was struggling with certain aspects. We were doing [REDACTED] at the time. At the time, I had aspirations of being a vet. I worked at a vets practice in Glasgow during the summer holidays and I had a lot of experience of working with animals. The entry requirements became very high. I had a reason for wanting to do well and I'm a naturally competitive person. It matters to me, that I do well.
127. When I first went to his room for the first ten or fifteen minutes, we would be talking about Ireland. Half of my family come from Ireland. He was from County Meath. My father was Irish. Brother MFI [REDACTED] was a staunchly Republican Irishman and he was very vocal about the British occupation of Ireland. We would effectively be talking Geo-

politics for the first few minutes. The first few lessons were normal. I was learning how to do [REDACTED].

128. Sometime into this series of lessons, Brother MFI [REDACTED] had started drinking again. I knew that he was drinking because he asked me to go to the local off licence for him one day after a lesson to buy a bottle of Scotch. I was twelve or thirteen. He regularly smelled of alcohol. With hindsight, it was his way of drinking without his brethren knowing that he was having problems staying sober.
129. I couldn't be sure if it was during the fifth or tenth lesson but he moved the subject onto the matter of circumcision. I didn't know what it was so he said "I'll show you, just drop your trousers". He said that he had better lock the door in case somebody came in. That was the first time he had locked the door.
130. There is a terrible asymmetry of authority, power and control. When you were on your own when you were twelve years old, you tended to do what you were told. He knocked the shit out of me and raped me. At the end of it, I still didn't know what circumcision was. It was violent, abusive in the extremist, terrifying and earth shattering. I resisted but he beat me. I tried hard not to be abused. He used his fists all over my body. After it ended, he unlocked the door, I left the room I went to the showers. I was under the cold shower for about half an hour. I was in a state of shock and horror.
131. I can't describe the emotional trauma of the first time. It was beyond imagination. It completely dominated my thinking and it made me question everything from my sexuality, the whole concept of rules, law and management. I think it might be worse if you're reasonably bright.
132. After this, I started wetting the bed again. No one asked me why I had wet the bed. Nothing was ever said. I went into a horrendously dark place. I became very defensive.
133. I went to the sports master, Paddy Craig, and told him that I wanted to learn to box. Up until then, my main sport had been rugby. I took up boxing. It taught me a lot of

things and I got to the point where I was able to make the abuse stop. The terrible thing about that was that it taught me that violence works.

134. Brother MFI raped me six times with two failed attempts. It happened for a while. The last time he tried it, I lost it with him. I didn't stop, I just went for it. I can remember biting part of his ear off. I have no idea how he explained that.
135. For a long time, thereafter, I was quite a violent person. I became a bully and wild. I underwent a metamorphosis. It was almost an attempt to reconcile the balance. I went through a period where I wasn't a nice person. After I was abused, I became a bully. I bullied my friend horribly. He was slighter than me and a gentle soul. I took advantage of him. I met him four years ago to apologise to him.
136. I realised that Father MMI must have known about the abuse going on within the school and chose to do nothing about it. I think he knew because he was hearing the confessions of the brothers and it would have been impossible for him not to know. It was widespread. From my point of view, the whole moral framework evaporated and I came to the view that anything was allowable. I had learned that trying hard and trying to work was not valued. It wasn't appreciated so I opted out of a lot of the classes I had been doing.
137. I became uncooperative and contemptuous of the school and everybody in it. I became incredibly angry. Nobody asked the question, "Where has that nice young lad gone?" I left St Joseph's with little evidence of learning. I also left school with a deep and profound inferiority complex.

Reporting of abuse

138. You wouldn't talk to another boy about what had happened. You couldn't talk to any of the Brothers because they were the problem. In fact, they could have made your life considerably worse. You couldn't talk to the lay teachers either because of the humiliation. It's such an unnatural act. I didn't have a forum that I could articulate these issues within. Although my father was [REDACTED] he was a man who thought in terms of

extremes. If I had told my father what had happened to me, he would have killed somebody.

139. The Catholic Church, in those days particularly, closed ranks. Nobody had ever accused the Catholic Church of this kind of monstrous behaviour. You would not have been listened to, you would not have had an audience and the brothers would have annihilated you. In 1971 or 1972, no twelve-year-old child would have had an audience worth listening to.
140. When you've gone through something like that you become intensely protective of your own space and what you believe is your own. I always carried a penknife and I was prepared to use it. I bought it in a shop in Dumfries.
141. I was expelled once for my behaviour. I was given a railway warrant and sent home. I took a five-hour train journey to my mum and dad's in Lanarkshire. I was in a bad way. There was another lad on the train with me who had been expelled. We sat on the train eating sandwiches together. They hadn't told my mum and dad so they didn't know what had happened when I pitched up. My dad negotiated with them and I was allowed to return after he had bought six coloured TVs. I don't know why but those were the terms of his negotiations with the brothers.

Life after St Joseph's, Dumfries

142. I left St Joseph's in 1974. It was the May or June. I was fifteen. The leaving age had been raised. I left the first day that I was eligible. I would have been sixteen in the [REDACTED]. I took 'O Grades' but I failed most of my Highers. I left with nothing, as did my brother. I did not have the qualifications to get into any tertiary system.
143. When I left, I was unbelievably angry. I used to get so angry that I would cry. I had a terrible stammer. It made realise that I couldn't go into any kind of role that required communication. I didn't like talking to anybody. After about a year, I fell into a job on a drilling rig, which was not far from Lanark. I stepped into someone's job. It was very physical work and it was the kind of work you can sink your mind into. It suited where I was emotionally.

144. I became a 'rough neck' on the drilling rigs. I was the youngest rough neck in the North Sea at one point. Rough necking is glorified labouring. It's hard and dangerous work. It can be mindless and was exactly what I needed. I buried it. I didn't tell anybody about the abuse until 1995. My dad was convinced for years that I was gay and that I had profound issues about my sexuality. He never successfully put 'two and two' together.
145. I worked for a logging company for a while and then I worked for a company called Dowell Schlumberger. I found myself bouncing from job to job. I was learning how to do different things.
146. I got a job with Otis Pressure Control. I was sent to work in Dubai. I then trained to be a surveyor. I then became a Directional Driller and I ended up opening their office in Kuwait. After that, I was headhunted to run a drilling company.
147. I came home in 1989 when my dad died. I worked for UNISYS for a year. I commuted to Pakistan for a couple of years. I wasn't seeing my kids so I left and went to university. I didn't have any entry qualifications but I found I was able to get in as a mature student. I did a degree in Accounting and got a job as an IT Consultant. I had a very poor experience with my psychiatrist, Dr Cooper, at this time. I buried it all again. I started a Master's Degree in Computer Science.
148. I did a lot of work contracting in IT. I worked for Wiseman Dairies and businesses like that. I did some technical due diligence studies for venture capital firms. I was asked to take on a project, which we managed for eight years. Then I went to work for a software company and Clydesdale Bank. I'm a workaholic. For a long time, the only component of my self-worth that was meaningful was my work ethic.
149. I was in a very bad marriage. My first wife and I shouldn't have married. It was a poorly thought out proposition and it was a mistake. I ended up with three kids. After I left the oil field, it put a huge strain on the marriage. As long as I had been earning good cash the relationship was tolerable from her point of view. My first wife and I didn't have that

kind of relationship. When she told me that she wanted a divorce, I felt relieved. I was married from 1982 until 1992.

150. I met [REDACTED] in 1995. We started seeing each other in 1996. I think I can honestly say that [REDACTED] was my first real friend because I hadn't ever trusted anybody enough to establish a model of friendship. After that, I made other friends. I made friends at work and respected their values. I found models of friendship, which didn't exist, for me before. It's a great shame to say that I was in my forties before I found such friendships. I attribute that to being in St Joseph's.
151. When you're at a boarding school you have no choice but to trust the people running the school. A child of twelve is dumped in these places and has no option but to trust people. It doesn't take long for that trust to be annihilated. If you take the sexual, physical and emotional abuse out of the picture, even at the best of times, boarding schools are like zoos. Kids like tormenting other kids. It doesn't take long before your approach to people, relationships and trust becomes very suspect. It took me a long time to realise that not everyone is predatory.
152. I had another breakdown in around 2004. I was referred to another psychiatrist, Dr Gwen Jones-Edwards. Dr Edwards was the first real help that I received. She was fantastic. I was immediately comfortable with her and very quick to trust her. I saw Dr Jones-Edwards for about two years.
153. The head of the Marists, Ronnie McEwan, came to meet me and Dr Edwards at her consulting rooms. He made it clear that he knew I was telling the truth and that I was a victim of crime. He told me that Brother MFI [REDACTED] guilt was apparent.
154. Dr Edwards helped me to process a lot of things. It's in the nature of paedophiles to sublimate guilt, they take their native guilt and transfer it onto the victim. The guilt stays with you. It goes to the heart and basis of a lot of Catholic teaching. For a long time, I was of the view that this was all my fault. Dr Edwards helped me to reprocess a lot of that information. She helped me think the issues through. I owe her a lot. She was quite transformative. I think she would have a lot to offer in helping victims of child abuse.

155. I also had two years interaction with a Community Psychiatric Nurse who was incredible. However, the support has been surprisingly patchy. I have been in the care of four psychiatrists, one of whom who had skill and competence in this area. It's not a good statistic. There should be support at the outset. The support I received came about as a result of trying to kill myself. There is no evidence of a systematic model of care. It's not the quality that I would expect in a civilised country.
156. Those suicide attempts should have been predicted. In 1996, there was no cognisance of the scale of abuse. Today, we have a good view of the level of abuse but we're still not close to the real numbers. If we use sense and logic we will probably realise that what we know of is still the 'tip of an iceberg'.

Reporting of abuse

157. I didn't tell anybody about it until I had a nervous breakdown in 1995. I tried to kill myself. I was referred to Leverndale Hospital as an outpatient. The doctor there advised me to go to the police. This was a massively ill-judged recommendation on his part. I was at university at the time as a mature student. I was an early user of the internet, however, there was nothing in the media about child abuse or the Catholic Church and child abuse.
158. I went to Aitkenhead Road Police Station in Glasgow. I reported the offence to Strathclyde Police. I was interviewed on the 6th of June 1996. In 1996, he was completely ill suited to taking the statement and documenting this kind of offence. I found out later from a friend in the police, that at that time, no one in Strathclyde Police had had training in interviewing technique of victims of sexual abuse. I don't see it as the particular officer's fault. It needed a specialist approach. He was massive in stature and it was immediately intimidating. It was very clear that he was uncomfortable in taking the evidence.
159. I can remember reading the statement and thinking that it was superficial and devoid of substance. It's an appalling statement. I would have been infinitely more comfortable talking to a female constable or detective but I wasn't given the option.

The way he put some of the questions was incredibly painful and insensitive. I couldn't get out of there quick enough.

160. I had also consulted a lawyer regarding a claim for criminal injuries. After giving the statement to the police, I asked the lawyer I had instructed to drop the Criminal Injuries Compensation Authority claim because the experience with the police was so traumatic. The case had been transferred to Dumfries and Galloway by this stage. At the time, I was phoned by a reporter in the Herald. Somebody in the police had given the paper my name and contact details. I was quite angry.

161. In 1996, Brother **MFI** was living in West Meath in Ireland. He was retired. There is no extradition treaty between Britain and Ireland. As Head of the Order, however, Ronnie McEwan brought Brother **MFI** back to be interviewed by the police in Dumfries. Within the scope of the investigation, the police interviewed Brother Damien and Brother **AKV** along with two others. I never found out their real names. They tried to prosecute Brother Damien but his health collapsed. The trial was abandoned. Brother **MFI** was not fit to stand trial. They didn't see any prospect of a successful case. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

162. It was 22 years ago. Whoever abused anybody when I was at the school is dead now. There is no mechanism available to victims of abuse to exact justice **AKV** [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

163. [REDACTED] I gave the statement. It would say that the statement was very poor. I think the police know so much more today than they did in 1996. The police constable did a lot of damage due to a lack of training. The investigation into St Joseph's scratched the surface, it was peremptory and was farcical. The poor quality of the police investigation was reflective of the infantile knowledge of the impact of sexual abuse that was prevalent at the time.

164. I launched a claim again in 2014 after I had had psychiatric intervention. They basically took the view that it was time barred. The case was reviewed at a tribunal. I felt badly let down by CICA. I felt that I had a just claim. I think the damage done by Brother **MFI** is incredibly well documented in my medical history. I think it's entirely plausible that, in 1996, I just didn't feel that I could go through with it.
165. I felt that CICA were unbelievable arbitrary in their findings. I was under the misapprehension that their 'raison d'etre' was to fairly compensate victims of crime. In my view, their 'raison d'etre' is to avoid payment wherever possible. I contemplated suing the order and I looked at the idea of suing the Catholic Church.

Campaigning/awareness raising/other organisations

166. I wrote to the Bishop of Galloway and he wrote an apology to me around ten years ago. He referred me to the Provencal of the Marists who, at the time, was Ronnie McEwan. I will seek to provide a copy of the letter to the Inquiry.

Records

167. I sought my records around eight or nine years ago, at a time when I was contemplating suing the Marist Order. Allegedly, if they are to be believed, they are not available. By not available, I mean they do not exist. I received a letter from the Marists advising me of that. The order was set up as a charity in order to be able to say that it is autonomous from the Catholic Church. In my view, that was a risk management strategy.
168. I've looked at the reports that the school sent my parents when I was at the school. My mum has kept a lot of this stuff. There is nothing in my reports which picked up on the fact that there was such a change in me. For me, that is highly suspicious. I think being a victim of abuse makes you suspicious by nature. I suspect that the lack of evidence in those reports of a change in my behaviour speaks more about their recognition that there was an issue there.

Impact

169. After I had been raped, the change in my personality was so grave that my father noticed. He presumed that I was questioning my sexuality. He couldn't have been further from the truth. As far as sexuality is concerned, I am entirely confident that I am heterosexual.
170. I went through this deep personality change which led to a period where I didn't speak to my mother for six years. I blamed my mum and I still think that [REDACTED] I ended up in St Joseph's because it suited my mother. I took the view that it was her responsibility. I opted out of that relationship. The most damaging part of it for me is the frustration, which comes with having no means of articulating your experience.
171. For a long time, I was incredibly homophobic because I hadn't been able to process what had happened to me. I hadn't had any help to process it. It wasn't until I was in my thirties that I realised that, first, not all gay men are paedophiles and secondly, paedophiles would not all qualify as gay. I am now entirely comfortable around gay people.
172. I think my children got the rawest deal on the planet because they arrived when I was still a mess. I did not have rational views. My children have seen me being violent and aggressive. I'm deeply ashamed of that. They know what happened to me. I think they know about the journey I have been on. I think they understand the nature of change.
173. The injuries that I suffered were horrendous and life changing. I have a very different life to the one I would have had, had I not been abused. My life was murdered. My life ended and a different one took over. It was done without my consent and nothing happened. I should have gone to university in my late teens and I ended up being a glorified labourer on a drilling rig. Self-confidence and self-worth is eradicated.

Lessons to be learned

174. We should change our stance. Our stance today is to suspect that the level and variety of abuse is significant. We should move to a stance that we should presume abuse

happens. We shouldn't be depending on children to articulate that as an issue. We have to address the procedures and cultures of care providers.

175. I think boarding schools should be banned. I think they are a preposterous proposition. I hate the inequity of the boarding school system. It's still the case today that they are run by the prefects. I think that is ludicrous. They shouldn't use prefects, it is an abrogation of responsibility and is criminal neglect.
176. There also needs to be a change in Terms of Reference and Rules and Regulations of the Criminal Injuries Compensation Scheme to reflect the fact that it can takes years for people to process what has happened to them. People might be able to work to the schedules and terms of the CICA. It is an administrative and bureaucratic issue not a human issue. I think our compensation scheme is inadequate. If somebody can demonstrate that they were sexually abused while they were a child then a crime has been committed, a victim was created and damage has been done. It shouldn't matter when it surfaces. The current situation is unworkable. I think that needs to change.
177. I have seen fantastic changes in our culture since I was a child. Yet we have tinkered around the edges of sexual abuse, refusing to lock horns with the reality of the fact which is that some people prefer children. I don't think our justice system recognises this fact. Nobody is defending children. It's important to recognise that child abusers seldom work alone. I strongly believe that prison is the only answer for paedophiles. There should be jails specifically for paedophiles. I don't believe that prison should be a means of tormenting people but I believe they should be permanent.
178. I hope that Scotland develops a judicial system that recognises the enormity of the problem. My experience is that we don't have a judicial system that deals with abuse. I think huge changes have to be made. We live in a society where our justice system is predicated on punishment and rehabilitation. In my opinion, you can't rehabilitate a paedophile. However, you can punish them. Given that you can't rehabilitate them, there is no logical route by which they can be introduced into society after any period of punishment has lapsed. There is no means of rehabilitating these people.

179. I think we have to change our approach to this kind of offence. We should be taking the view, that these crimes are so vile, the element of punishment should be at or above murder. I hold liberal views. I don't believe in state sanctioned killing. However, I believe that a paedophile will always be a paedophile and be a threat to children. It is deeply engrained in their sexual psyche. A paedophile will never not be driven sexually. I think when someone is found to be guilty of paedophilia they should be kept away from children ad infinitum.
180. We have to add to the portfolio of support and recognise that, today, it is still inadequate. We should change our stance.
181. I also think that they have to listen to children. Scotland should be leading the way. We should be striving to be best in the world. I think these things are very important.

Final thoughts

182. The Inquiry is crucially important because it gives a voice to people who have not had voice before. It gave me great hope that the Inquiry was set up, that it has no boundaries and to know that it will be allowed to go on until it gathers the evidence it needs to come to conclusions. The evidence needs to be reflected in the recommendations that are made. In that respect, I think Scotland is leading the way. I think it's important that it does not stop.
183. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

Signed.....

Dated.....15th March 2019.....