

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

LDD

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is LDD My date of birth is 1961. My contact details are known to the inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. My mother and father are and My mum had been married previously. She got divorced when she was twenty one. She had three children to her first husband. My grandmother adopted those three children. My mother then married my dad and we didn't have anything to do with our half brothers and sisters.
3. The first memory I have is living with my mother, my sister, and my two brothers, and My sister is a year older than me, is a year younger and is three years younger than me. My father was absent from the home. I later came to realise he was in prison.
4. We were travellers so we travelled everywhere. We didn't have anything. There were no carpets or anything like that, but I wasn't worried about that because I was still with my family. My mum would do anything with what she had to try and make us happy. She was always making jam tarts and baking.
5. I remember a lady coming down the street wearing a headscarf. I think her name was Mrs Queen. She was something to do with the council. It was always our house she was coming to. I remember my mum would say, "Sh, dinnae answer the door,

there's the town woman." My mum would tell us to hide. Then I found out after that she might have been to do with the cruelty. It might have been because my dad wouldn't let us out. He wouldn't let us out on the street. My sister and I used to sneak out when my dad was away.

6. I was about 4 or 5 when I first went into care. I hadn't started school yet. At that time, I lived in [REDACTED] in Aberdeen. It's now called [REDACTED]. My dad would be in jail or out partying. My mum had been mentally tortured by giving up three children. She was trying to bring up four children and her man was going out drinking or whatever. We lived in a top floor flat in a three storey building. My mum [REDACTED] tried to kill herself. I remember going down the stairs with my sister and I was hysterical. My mum was lying at the bottom of the stairs and her legs had been broken. I remember the police and an ambulance being there.
7. A doctor looked after my youngest brother, [REDACTED] and another relation looked after [REDACTED]. I don't know what happened after my mum was hurt, but my sister and I went into Nazareth House. My father must have been away, otherwise we wouldn't have been taken into care.

Nazareth House, Aberdeen

8. I don't remember going into Nazareth House. I just remember my mum lying there, injured, and then lying in the crib in Nazareth House. I don't know who took us there. I don't remember anything about the routine there.

Abuse at Nazareth House

9. I can remember the cribs at Nazareth House, like in a children's hospital. It had bars. I had to lie in it all the time. There were other kids walking about, but they wouldn't let me out of the bed. My sister [REDACTED] would sit in a chair next to my bed, watching me constantly. My sister remembers more than me, but she doesn't want to go there

again because she's too hurt. She told me the nuns made her sit next to me to keep me quiet, because I'd be howling and screaming when they put me back in the crib. I blamed [REDACTED] for it. I don't know how I could've blamed her.

10. I remember being afraid of the nuns because I was peeing the bed all the time. When I wet the bed, I was taken by a nun to two, deep sinks first thing in the morning. The nuns were furious and their faces were cross. They would put me into freezing cold water first, then they'd put me into warm water. I don't know how many times that happened, I just remember being terrified of going to a sink. They didn't change the mattress. I always had the same damp mattress.

Leaving Nazareth House

11. I don't remember anybody coming to visit us at Nazareth House. The day we left the place, my father came to get us. The nuns had bought [REDACTED] and me identical dresses. One was blue and one was yellow. They took us through to an office and my dad was standing there. I remember feeling happy and then my dad took us away in an estate car. I remember they took a photograph of my sister and me outside Nazareth House and there were religious ornaments in the photo.

Living at home - [REDACTED] Aberdeen

12. When we left Nazareth House, we went to stay at my grandma's house for a while. Then mum and dad must have got back together and we stayed back at the house with them. [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and I went to St. Machar's Primary School, then Tillydrone Primary School. I did okay at those schools. When I was seven, we moved to [REDACTED] in Aberdeen and I lived with my parents, my brothers and my sister. We went to Smithfield Primary School. I did okay for a while, but then I started getting bullied. The papers said that [REDACTED] was one of the worst areas for delinquents to stay in.

13. Because we were travellers, we weren't allowed to go with boys. If you had anything to do with boys, you were thought of as a prostitute. We were only allowed to engage with our brothers. We were overprotected. We were mollycoddled and kept in the house. What my parents forgot was that we had to walk out the door and be with other kids. People thought we were stupid. We loved each other as a family, but whenever we went out that door I felt like I was stupid because my friends were more developed than me. They were being encouraged to do things for themselves; we had everything done for us like babies so we didn't develop.
14. When we stayed at [REDACTED] I remember a male social worker called Mr Black. He would come to the door and ask to speak to my dad. We would be told to go up the stairs. It turned out the man was at the door because of my dad. On one occasion, I was called down the stairs and Mr Black spoke to me. I was terrified. My father lifted his hand to me, kicked me, assaulted me for running away. It was because he was afraid I would be raped or murdered.
15. I couldn't answer Mr Black's questions because my dad was sitting there. He asked if I got out to play. I was looking at my dad because I didn't get out to play. Mr Black said it wasn't right and that I needed to get out to play. There was a club across from the school called Middlefield club. Mr Black said I had to go there on a Monday, Wednesday and Friday. At the club, an older girl called my brother a bastard and I battered her. I called her a fat bastard. I got caught by my father and I was battered for swearing.
16. My mother always worked. The social workers thought my father worked as well, but he wasn't always working. He would tell them he was working out with Aberdeen, in Orkney. By that time I had a social worker called Mary McDonald. She was a nun. She was evil. My dad wanted to take her by the throat, so rather than be in her company he would tell her he was working out of town. Because the social worker was a woman of the lord, he believed everything she said.
17. I think I was about eleven years old when I went back into care. I was attending Hilton Academy at the time, but I was thrown out. Another girl brought vodka into the

school. I denied it to the teacher. We wrote our names in the toilets, but I spelled my name wrong deliberately. The school sent a letter home to my dad. He took me out of the school because I had lied about drinking vodka. I think it was around that time that I was put to St. Clair's in Aberdeen.

St. Clair's Home for Girls, Aberdeen

18. Secondary Institutions - to be published later
Secondary Institutions - to be published later I don't know how long I was in there.
19. I went home for a while after being in St. Claire's. We were kept in to clean the house all the time. Another girl at school was running away, so I said I'd go with her. I remember my mum took me to the doctor. My father made her take me. I remember lying on the couch and the doctor said, "Mrs [REDACTED], this is terrible I'm having to do this." He was examining me to see if anybody had touched me. I just wanted out to play. I wasn't sexually active. Because I wasn't allowed out, I would stay out late, then I didn't want to go home because I knew I'd get killed. I ended up staying out overnight in abandoned buildings. My dad thought I was going to take off.
20. I was going out with other lassies and doing wrong. I never had anything to do with boys, but I would run away and steal out the shop and things like that. My father took me down to the social work office. I remember him saying to Mary McDonald, the social worker, that he would end up doing a murder for me or I'd end up murdered. My mum was crying. I was put into Brimmond.

Brimmond Assessment Centre, Bucksburn, Aberdeen

21. I was in Brimmond for about three months. It was [REDACTED] Mr and Mrs [ERL-ERM] They lived in [REDACTED] Mr and Mrs [GJO-GJP] who worked [REDACTED] [ERL-ERM] also stayed in [REDACTED] Brimmond had boys and girls

in it, but they were in separate areas. I was scared when I went in because there were older people.

Routine at Brimmond

First Day

22. When you first went in to Brimmond, there was a reception area. They would give you towels and de-louse you with talc and shampoo. I was taken upstairs to the boys' rooms. At the other end, there was a locked door with an area for a staff member to sleep, then another locked door to the girls' area.

Mornings and bedtime

23. I was in a dormitory with six girls. The other girls got to go out at night. In the morning, we got up at about 8 o'clock. We had to clean the home, then we got our breakfast.
24. It was overcrowded when I was in Brimmond. There was a recreation area where you could watch TV and eat your food. There were older girls sleeping in there as well. The dining hall was used for girls to sleep in because of the overcrowding.

Food

25. I remember being in a dinner hall and there were boys. I was embarrassed. I wasn't used to eating in front of people.

Work

26. I never went to school or had any lessons at Brimmond. All we did during the day was the cleaning. The other lassies used to be given cigarettes for cleaning, but I was just given four sweeties because I wouldn't be allowed to smoke.

Leisure time

27. On a Sunday, they would take us to church or you could go cross country running. I only went to church twice. They never took me cross country running in case I ran away. I never got out when I was at Brimmond.

Birthdays and Christmas

28. I can't remember birthdays. I don't worry about them. I've never celebrated a birthday. It was Christmas that bothered me. It would have hurt me more to celebrate Christmas in care.

Visits/Inspections

29. I can remember my social worker being at Brimmond once. My dad came to visit me once. I didn't want to see him because I think it was just after I'd thrown the tampons out of the window. My mum came to visit every weekend. My sister [REDACTED] would come and visit, but she didn't have the money to come every week. If somebody didn't get a visit, the staff would tease them.

Peers

30. I was the youngest female. There were women in there. I know one of them is eleven years older than me, called [REDACTED]. There were women called [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] I remember them putting on their fancy nails and their make-up and going out, prostituting themselves. They would come in drunk. My dad must have found out about it because I read in my papers he was telling the social worker I couldn't be in there.

Abuse at Brimmond

31. Mrs ERL would take the boys out and have them massage her feet. She was taking up with young boys and other staff. She had her favourites. I think she stayed away from me because she knew my father's views.
32. A member of staff called LMH slept in the area between the boys and the girls sections. I think her second name might have been LMH. She would make me sleep on the floor there, like a dog. It happened five or six times. The first time she did it, she ripped me by my hair and put me out in the corridor to sleep. There was a carpet, but no covers and no mattress. She used to have sex with another member of staff, KEF. He had dark hair and glasses. I could hear them.
33. LMH picked on me from the moment I went in to Brimmond. I was just a young girl and I hadn't started my periods. The second day I was there, she asked me if I knew how to use tampons. I had never spoken about things like that. She showed me them. It was the first time I had seen something like that and they looked like bullets. She made me take my underwear off and put it inside me in front of her. I was all dry. I was in agony and I couldn't do it.
34. I had to sit with the tampon inside me. I remember looking over at the mast, which was close to my mum and dad's house, and I cried. I took all the tampons out of the box and I threw them out of the window so she couldn't do it to me again. I didn't know the area below was the boys' play area. The next day she came in and accused me of throwing them out the window. I denied it. She told me to go out and pick them all out, but I wouldn't do it. The boys were out playing football. I was made to sleep in the corridor again.
35. One of the older girls was seeing a boy in Brimmond. She smashed a window and tied sheets to try and get out the window. I was sitting in my bed. I wasn't interested in running, I was amazed, listening to what the older girls were talking about and what they'd been doing. LMH came in and I was sitting laughing. She must've

thought it was me. She took me by the hair and dragged me by the hair to clean the stairs.

36. At two or three in the morning, LMH would come out of her room and wake me up. LMH would make me clean the stairs with a toothbrush. There was no heating on and I would just be in my nightie. She'd stand over me and tell me I'd missed a bit. On one occasion, another member of staff, Mrs GJP watched from the top of the stairs. She was usually alright with me.
37. They were always putting me in the cell at Brimmond. The cell was between the boys' and the girls' section. They would put me in for any reason. It was just like a prison cell. I would be there on my own. There was no bed. Mrs GJP would come in and give me cups of tea. They never told you how long you'd be in the cell for.
38. There was a girl in Brimmond called [REDACTED] She picked her nose and put it in my cheese sandwich, then I ate it. It's damaged my relationship with food. I wouldn't touch food in the prison because of that.

Leaving Brimmond

39. I was at Brimmond for about three months until my social worker, Mary McDonald, came and took me to see St. Euphrasia's for a visit. She picked me up and we travelled to Bishopton via Fort William. We stopped at a Chinese restaurant in Fort William. She ordered her meal and didn't ask me what I wanted. She bought me a big plate of beansprouts. I couldn't eat it. We were only at the home for about two hours. We spoke to the Aberdeen lassies there. We travelled back up to Aberdeen that day.
40. Mary McDonald told my father that the convent I was going into was just a school and I'd be doing my school work. I was taken back to Brimmond after the visit. When a place became available, I was moved to Bishopton.

St. Euphrasia's, Bishopton

41. St. Euphrasia's was run by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. Sister **HOJ** was **SNR**. I also remember a Sister **LMJ** who would listen in to all my phone calls. There was also **LMM** who would look after all the girls in the house. I don't think she was a nun because she didn't wear a habit. It was all girls in the institution. When we were playing out in the yard area, I remember hearing children on the other side of the big wall. There might have been boys there, but I never saw them. It was almost all girls from Glasgow.

Routine at St. Euphrasia's

Mornings and bedtime

42. There were dormitories, with wooden partitions and curtains. There were six girls to a room. There was a living area next to the dormitories. Sister **LMJ** would wake me up at 5.30 in the morning as a punishment for running away. I had to go to mass at 6 in the morning and I was constantly fainting. I hadn't had my breakfast or a cup of tea. I was always fainting when we knelt to pray. I asked my mum to phone the school and tell them I wasn't a Catholic. I thought I'd get to stay in the unit and get breakfast. My mum did phone and tell the school that I wasn't a Catholic, but I can't remember if it made any difference.
43. If I wasn't going to mass, I'd be woken up about 8 o'clock. We had to do cleaning first thing, then get washed, then have our breakfast, then go to school. We were allocated tasks and had to do the dishes, clean the floors – things like that. I had to go to mass as a punishment and then buff the corridors as well. I could barely move the buffer. It was huge. I got callouses on my hands. The buffing was done after school or as a punishment. We had to clean everything. It was worse at the weekend.

44. It was like being in the army. We couldn't just go to bed when we wanted. We had to go to bed around 9 o'clock. The nuns would switch the lights out.

Food

45. After school, the girls did the cooking and got everything ready for dinner. The older girls were allowed to make cakes and everybody got to eat them. We had to be quiet during meal times. We always seemed to get these mince pies. They had too much pepper in them and big black lumps. I remember praying we wouldn't get pies.

School

46. The school was part of the home. All of the teachers were nuns and priests. We started school around 9 o'clock. I can remember typing. Other than that, I don't really remember much about the classes.
47. For an hour in the middle of the day, all the girls had to go to a big hall for an hour. It was like a gym hall. Girls would sit in their units. I would sit with the Aberdeen girls. That was the only time I remember being allowed to speak during the day. They would play music before we went back to school. I remember Queen, "I want to break free," playing as we queued to go back to the classrooms. It mentally tortured me. I've hated Queen all my life because of that. After being in the hall, you had to remain silent. There was no talking allowed in the convent.

Clothing

48. I remember being given smocks to wear whilst I was cleaning. We had them on all weekend because we did so much cleaning. I remember being taken to a shop in Glasgow to buy clothes. The nuns were given a grant twice a year to buy us clothes. I think the grants came from the local authority. They bought me a nightie and pyjamas. I think we wore a school uniform.

Leisure time

49. After everything was spotless and clean, I remember sitting around in the living area. There were lots of girls sitting on settees and at the dining table. They would sit and sew or knit. I learned how to crochet when I was there. I learned how to make blankets. My mum would get me balls of wool in lots of different colours. I gave wool to the other girls who didn't have parents. I got extra to share. The nuns thought I was trying to buy the girls' friendships.
50. At the weekend, the nuns would take us to walk across Erskine Bridge. I was afraid of the height and the water. I wouldn't get out of the van. I was having what felt like a panic attack. Sister LMJ was really angry with me. She and LMM had their favourites. They would make sure their favourites gave me the silent treatment, so they didn't speak to me after that. I was sent to Coventry. We were hardly allowed to speak anyway, so it didn't matter.
51. They used to take us swimming at the weekend. I think we went to swimming baths in Greenock. We also went in little paddle boats in Govan. They would take us on drives to Lanarkshire, to see the scenery. I saw enough mountains and hills where I was from.

Christmas and birthdays

52. I can't remember my birthday there. It wouldn't have registered. I don't like anything to do with Christmas or birthdays because it was too painful, being away from home. They didn't celebrate anything with me.

Running away

53. I remember going to phone my parents at night time. I had to reverse the charges. The phone room was just next to the front door. I tried to go out to the door to get out, but it must have been locked. A nun came out and asked me what I was doing. I said I wanted to use the phone.

54. The first time I ran away was when Sister LMJ [REDACTED] took me to a funeral. I was at the burial. I'd never been to a funeral before. I was in complete shock. The funeral wasn't far from the convent.
55. I ran away quite a lot. It wasn't just me who ran away. Other girls used to suggest running away when we were out for a walk. I wanted to run back home to Aberdeen. On one occasions, I managed to get to the train station with [REDACTED] The nuns took us for a walk by the railway line. We ran away along the train track. The other girls had climbed onto the bridge. I was too scared and then a train came. The other girls were screaming, but I didn't trust them. I thought they'd deliberately let go of me. [REDACTED] pulled me up and saved my life.
56. We made it to Central Station and Queen Street Station in Glasgow. The police were chasing us through Central Station. They caught us. There were three girls there already. I didn't say anything, but they kept asking where the Aberdeen lassie was. I was sitting right there but the police didn't realise it.
57. On one occasion, the police chased us all around a field with dogs. They caught some of the other girls from the convent. I was in the field myself and I remember the police shouting that they needed to get the Aberdeen lassie. I came out of the field because I was alone.
58. On a Sunday, I was allowed to use the phone because I was running away. I should never have been ripped away from my family in Aberdeen and sent all the way to Bishopton. The other Aberdeen girls weren't allowed use the phone, but their parents didn't have phones. It used to aggravate the nuns that I was allowed to use the phone. Sister LMJ [REDACTED] and LMM [REDACTED] used that to isolate me from the other girls.

Visits and Inspections

59. I was miles away from Aberdeen. They made out that they allowed me home every weekend, but they didn't. Initially, it was going to be once a fortnight and then they changed it because of my behaviour. Then I was supposed to get home one weekend every month. I was lucky if I got home four times the entire time I was there. My mum couldn't afford to visit me. The only time my mum visited St. Euphrasia's was after the rape.
60. My social worker, Mary McDonald, just thought I was a trouble maker. In an entry to my records dated [REDACTED] 1975, she wrote: *"LDD [REDACTED] was admitted to St. Euphrasia's, Bishopton. Here she shows herself to be a first class manipulator. She has spoken of the unjust treatment given her at home by her parents and to her fathers she complains of the treatment meted out to her at St. Euphrasia's just as she did at Brimmond."*
61. Mary McDonald visited me twice: she came with my mum, after I was raped. The other time may have been for the nun's funeral. She tried to belittle me with lies. She wrote to me on 29 August 1975 and accused me of misbehaving when I was actually homesick. She wrote, *"I was very distressed to hear from Sister BGR [REDACTED] that your behaviour has not been all that it should. It is sad to think that you are taking advantage of the fact that you live a long way from home, where, in point of fact, of course, the girls living in places such as Glasgow or nearer are in every respect, mileage accepted, as far from home as you. It grieves me to think that your pattern of conduct has not changed from the time you first went into Brimmond."*

Abuse at St. Euphrasia's*Psychological abuse*

62. In St. Euphrasia's, there were two cells. Sister LMJ [REDACTED] took me to see the cells, to frighten me and stop me from running away. They were on a different level from

everything else. There was nothing in them. I was never in the cells but I used to hear other girls screaming from the cells.

63. After running away, I remember being made to go to school in a paper thin nightie. I had to wear it all day. I didn't have sandals or anything on my feet and I wasn't wearing any underwear. The teacher was a priest. I knew that was wrong. I was really embarrassed. I wouldn't have been allowed to sit in front of my father like that. I phoned my parents and told them. My dad went mental when he heard about that. He phoned the convent to complain. It was freezing in the convent. I was always getting colds and diarrhoea when I was at St. Euphrasia's.
64. I was just a slave and a number. The nuns thought you were a good number if you could clean and if you didn't speak. I couldn't keep my mouth shut. They were cruel to me. It's not normal for a child to be silent. The nuns never said anything to me. They would get other girls to give me the silent treatment as well. I wrote letters all the time, but my mum never received them. My mum and my sister wrote to me, but they never let me have them. The nuns must have kept all the letters. They told my mum I never asked for her. That wasn't true. I asked to go home all the time.

Rape in Paisley

65. Another girl at St. Euphrasia's, [REDACTED] was from [REDACTED] in Paisley. [REDACTED] and I started attending a school in Paisley. I think it was called Merksworth School. We got the train to Paisley. We ran away and we were in a derelict park. She knew some boys from the area. We were sitting in the waste ground with those boys. There were high rise flats overlooking the park. The group asked me to go to the off licence to get alcohol. They must have given me money because I wouldn't have had any of my own. I went to the off licence and I bought a half bottle of vodka and a bottle of Eldorado wine.
66. I remember sitting and sharing the alcohol. The next thing I remember is waking up and nobody was there at all. Three girls came over. They had seen me from the tenement where they lived. They'd seen blood coming from my knee. When I was

raped, I got up and fell. The girls took me to the house. I was sitting in the bathroom. I didn't know I had love bites on my neck. There was a mirror in the bathroom. I saw the love bites on my neck. I've always hated anything to do with love bites. One of the girl's dads was in the house. He asked me what had happened to me. I said, "I've ran away with a lassie I know from the area. I think a boy's ended up raping me." He said he'd have to get the police.

67. I remember the police coming and taking me to Mill Street Police Station. I was on the top floor. I must have been examined because I remember lying on a couch. Whoever it was that was there had their heads together, but they didn't speak to me. Two members of staff from St. Euphrasia's came to get me. I'd never seen them before. They were civilians. They took me towards a lift. A door opened and two CID men came out of it with the boy who had raped me. I said, "That's him, that's him." He was called LMN

After the police station, I was taken back to the convent. The only thing I remember is being in a room with Sister HOJ a few weeks after the rape. There was a person there that looked like a tall, thin man. I now believe that person was Sister LMJ in a man's suit. I recognised her oversized glasses. I remember being frightened. I didn't want to speak to Sister HOJ because, at the time, I didn't know who the other person was. After I got raped, Sister HOJ weighed me every week to see if I was pregnant. The person I now think was Sister LMJ was there the first time she weighed me. The nuns thought I wasn't pure any more.

68. I spoke to the police about what happened on the day of the rape, but the nuns never spoke to me about it. I wasn't allowed to talk to anybody else either. I didn't have to go to court or anything like that. I think was told to stay away from me because I have no memory of her being in the home after the rape. I think I blamed her because those boys were her friends and there were two of us there and only one of us got raped.
69. They couldn't tell my father. He only found out three years before he died. Mary McDonald brought my mother down to see me after the rape. I think they told her I'd

been raped. I remember sitting in a room with my mum, Mary McDonald and Sister LMJ [REDACTED] I was sitting there crying and my mum was crying. I wanted to speak to my mum but they wouldn't let me. I remember my mum being afraid that my dad would kill me. We were always told we'd discuss things at Children's Panels, but there was never time. My mum never spoke to me about it around that time. Back then, she took a drink at the weekends and she would explode.

Leaving St. Euphrasia's

70. I know I went to children's hearings. The only one that sticks in my mind is an emergency hearing after I was raped. I was taken to Aberdeen on a plane by Sister LMJ [REDACTED] My parents asked for the hearing to be held. I remember being grabbed by my dad and taken out of the room and put into a side room. I heard my father screaming. The next thing, my mum and dad came out of the room and motioned me to get out.
71. Mary McDonald wrote in my records that my father had orchestrated the panel to his advantage. In an entry relating to the children's panel of [REDACTED] 1976, she recorded: *"I recommended that LDD [REDACTED] remain as she was as anticipated Mr [REDACTED] felt that he could now help LDD [REDACTED] as he would be home more frequently. We had a beautifully set-up manipulated Panel, the result of which the supervision requirement was changed and LDD [REDACTED] was placed on domiciliary supervision. This was partly because of Mr [REDACTED]'s more frequent presence in the home. The Panel swallowed this beautifully...I feel this is a backward step and I fear trouble in the near future."*
72. When we came out of the panel, my dad said he would start to listen to me and that he knew that I was telling the truth. He said he'd put £1000 in my account, and he did. I don't know what was said at the panel but afterwards I got to go home. Prior to that, Mary McDonald always seemed to view her dealings with my father as a battle. In an entry on my records for 31 December 1975, she wrote: *"The situation with Mr [REDACTED] remains much the same. He views everything in terms of battlefields and he*

and I do war together. If he gets his way he wins and if I get "my way", I am the winner."

Tynepark School, Tyne House, Haddington, East Lothian

73. I broke into a house with another girl, [REDACTED]. She knew that the owner of the house was out on the rigs. He was an American, called Gary Hindley. I didn't go in the house because I was wearing a skirt. [REDACTED] went in through a window. My boyfriend, [REDACTED] was there. My dad didn't know I had a boyfriend at the time, but I went on to marry [REDACTED]. All three of us were in the house. The dishes were all mouldy. Mary McDonald went to my father's house and told him that I had slept with the man, which was a lie. I couldn't have because he was out at the rigs. I was battered by my father.
74. The police came and said they had to detain me. I was only fifteen, but the police said my social worker had recommended it. I was kept in a police cell overnight. The man didn't report the housebreaking until he returned from being on the rigs. Mary McDonald made me go and clean the man's house. I was there with my mum and my sister. He came home and I said, "Excuse me, can you tell me which one of us you slept with?" He said, "I'm sorry, I don't know who you are." I said, "Fuck you, Mary, I'm not doing any cleaning for you." She'd lied and I'd been battered for it. I told my mum we weren't doing any more cleaning.
75. [REDACTED] and I went to a girl's house. I remember I recognised the girl as she used to bully me. We ended up taking money out of the house and [REDACTED] and I got into trouble.
76. Because I was still getting into trouble, I went into Tynepark. It was run by the Church of Scotland, but I can't remember any clergy. I went to school there. There was typewriting and hairdressing, as well as normal subjects. I remember doing English and maths. I don't think there was any science, but then I don't think they'd have let me near one of those Bunsen burners.

77. Tynepark was all girls. I shared a room with six or seven girls. There were no partitions. It was like being with sisters, a family atmosphere. I'd get up and get washed. We had breakfast, then we'd go and do the cleaning. We were assigned jobs. I had to do cleaning in all the homes I was in.
78. I didn't like one of the staff members there. The other girls showed me how to fill a bucket of water and put it on top of a door. The woman came in and the water fell on top of her. She knew it was me. They didn't put me in a cell or anything like that.
79. I got activities and I was getting out to play. They'd take us horse riding and swimming. I really liked it there. The only problem with it was it was so far away from home. My parents didn't visit, but I got to use the phone all the time and I got to go home at weekends. Years after, I was in the area and I went back to the place. I went in to say sorry for the bucket of water and to thank them. I wanted to tell them I liked it there.

Brimmond (second visit)

80. I dyed my hair when I was at Tynepark. We were allowed to do that there. It was just before Christmas. I was supposed to be getting home for a fortnight, but I knew my dad would kill me for dying my hair. Some of the kids didn't go home. I asked to go with them to Iona for a week. It was good there, but they had to take me home to Aberdeen after that. I was frightened to go to my parents' so I went to my granny's house. I then went to my friend's house, but my gran and my friend's gran had contacted the social work department. My social worker, Mary McDonald, came to collect me and took me straight to Brimmond. It was New Year. I was in the cell. The other kids were at a disco and I could hear all the songs. I stayed in that cell for the full time I was there. It was about a week. I had no contact with my parents. At the end of the week, Mary McDonald drove me back to Tynepark.

Leaving Tynepark

81. I left Tynepark when I was fifteen. I went back to stay with my parents. I'd told the social worker that I had a boyfriend. I used to tell her everything. She told my father. After I'd been raped, she said she had to tell my father I had a boyfriend. He was taken to my father's house and my father wanted to know everything to do with him. I ended up running away to get married when I was sixteen.

Reporting of abuse – Nazareth House

82. I didn't speak about Nazareth House when I was a child. We couldn't speak about things like that. My dad wouldn't speak about Nazareth House because he had been embarrassed that my mum had [REDACTED]. I didn't talk about it until 2000 when my son GGC was taken into care.

Reporting of abuse – Brimmond and St. Euphrasia's

83. When my mum came to visit me at Brimmond, I told her about the way LMH was treating me. She said, "Please, just ignore them, LDD" I couldn't do anything. I was up against a social worker who everybody believed because she was a nun.
84. I told Mary McDonald about the abuse at Brimmond and St. Euphrasia's. I spoke up at children's panels as well. The social workers were photocopying all my letters home and reading them. When I complained, Mary McDonald sent me a letter to say that if I complained again and told untruths about Brimmond and St. Euphrasia's, I'd be sent somewhere worse. She wrote to me on 29 August 1975, stating, "*If you remember at the Hearing you said many things about Brimmond that were completely untrue; you told your parents that you were being badly treated and that you would not be able to stay there as you were so unhappy. I am told that this is now what you are saying about St. Euphrasia's and that I have misled you and told you lies about what you were to expect.*" She went on to warn me, "*I hope very much*

that you will try to settle down and not lead your companions into doing the wrong thing. As we have said so often you now have an opportunity to turn over a new leaf and benefit from the help that is being offered you. I can only say that if Sister BGR finds reason to complain again we might have to consider sending you to some place that would be much stricter and possibly more in line with "your imagined" St. Euphrasia's." I was trying to tell everybody what was happening, but nobody listened. Everybody believed that nun and not me.

85. I gave a statement to the police after I was raped, but I don't know what happened after that. I spoke to an Inspector McKenzie twenty years later and told him about my experience at Mill Street Police Station. I still have the letter he sent me. He told me the name of the boy who raped me was LMN and he was shot in something to do with drugs.
86. I had a nervous breakdown in 2000. My mum and dad were at the house. I remember saying to my dad, "Get out of my fucking house. I got raped and it's all because of you." My brothers and sisters came to the house. My sister said, "LDD, we're going to have to get your papers now because dad's thinking you're just going round the bend." My sister took me to get my files. I ended up saying to dad, "You believed everything Mary McDonald said to you because she was a woman of the lord. I tried to tell you and you thought it was all in my head."

Life after being in care

87. I got out of Tynepark and was married to about six months later. We lived at his mother's house in , Aberdeen. I should never have got married. I did it so I could get out of the front door and come and go as I wanted.
88. Not long after I was married, I had a miscarriage. I fell pregnant with about three months after I got married. She's thirty seven now. I miscarried after . Then I left when she was four or five. I ran away with another man. I took with me.

89. [REDACTED] was my second husband. At that time, I was shoplifting like it was a full time job. I was giving [REDACTED] everything. I used to sell what I stole, apart from the things I wanted. I was buying [REDACTED] cars, rifles, crossbows for hunting. His mother came into the house one day. I asked her if she wanted a cup of tea, but I wasn't speaking to her son so I didn't offer him one. His mum stood and looked at me, with one hand on her hip. She asked me why I wasn't making her son a cup of coffee. She took her grown son out of the house. I swear, I only married [REDACTED] to bother his mother.

Impact

Relationships

90. I couldn't be intimate with [REDACTED] because of memories. He ended up breaking my jaw because I couldn't do it. I told him a few years ago it wasn't his fault, it was mine. I was damaged because of getting raped in care. I had to take alcohol before I could be intimate with any man. It was the same when I married [REDACTED]
91. I was out with my pal one night. [REDACTED] came into the pub looking for money. I told him I wasn't giving him any money and if he wanted money he should go and do what I do. I was wearing a tight dress with buttons down the front. One of the buttons was undone. I'll never forget [REDACTED] words when he came home. He called me a whore. I was drunk, but I knew exactly what I was doing. I went through to the kitchen and got a knife. I walked calmly into the living room. I stabbed him three or four times. I wasn't worried. To have him speak to me like that after I'd been raped, that was so damaging to me. That's why I don't like cutting beef now because it takes me back to that night. Something happens to me with men. I can turn on them just like that. I know it's wrong, but I can't help it.
92. I was remanded in prison at Craigie Inches Prison. A psychiatrist came to see me there. I told the man the truth. He said to me, "You've been in here for almost a week, and I can assure you that you won't be back for this crime. Your man's an evil bastard." I remember asking them to find out if my dad was in the court. I was up for

a shoplifting as well as the stabbing. I didn't care if my dad knew about the stabbing, but I didn't want him knowing about the shoplifting. I had my son, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] at that point. The judge told me I couldn't go back to that house. I was bailed to my mum and dad's address. My brother lived across the road so I used to go and sit with them at night time. The council re-housed me, but I ended up going back to [REDACTED] and we had two more children.

93. I would've kept on trying with [REDACTED] but the social worker, Alan Ross, told me I'd end up losing my children. Alan Ross was involved when my son, GGC was taken into care. He said I had to choose between [REDACTED] and my kids. I divorced him straight away. I did what the social workers wanted. GGC was taken into care when he was seven years old. He just turned twenty four.

Family

94. I assaulted GGC when he was seven and he was taken into care. Prior to that, I was going out shoplifting. I was selling things at people's doors. I would travel down to Manchester and Glasgow to buy clothes, household goods and toys to sell. I was doing community service for shoplifting. It was all too much for me. I'd asked the social workers for help the year before because everything was too much for me. The social worker was Irish. She said I didn't need any help. It wasn't her fault. I didn't tell her everything that was happening in my life.
95. I came in one day and the school called. They said I needed to go down to the school because GGC was refusing to go in. I went to the school and I slapped him in the face in front of the teachers. I got GGC home and the girl I was with handed me a belt. I hit GGC with it. He ran over the road to his dad's house. I followed him and hit GGC there. I just remember social workers asking me to sign papers for GGC to go away and I wouldn't do it. They put him into foster care. GGC was in and out of care until he ended up in Polmont at the age of seventeen. If they had told me to stay in the homes with GGC I would have done it. I would have stayed in any home, anywhere for GGC

96. After GGC went into care, I just carried on like a machine. I did community service. I did my buying and selling. I was under surveillance. I remember being unwell and being off community service. I couldn't eat. I was exhausted and I had a nervous breakdown. I was taken into Cornhill Hospital, Aberdeen for two weeks. Assaulting GGC was the worst thing I've ever done in my life. He was taken into care and became a victim. I can't forgive myself for what I did to GGC. I can't function. My heart's gone.
97. [REDACTED] also went into care when he was about fourteen. I was going out shoplifting. I was still travelling to Glasgow and Manchester and selling stock round the doors. I slept on the settee for ten years. I had dogs. I was out doing community service every day. My son, [REDACTED] wanted a new bike. I was annoyed because his brother was in care and all he was worrying about was a new bike. I was exhausted. I was coming in every day and [REDACTED] was there with his friends. The place was stinking of petrol. I ended up exploding and then [REDACTED] said he wanted to go into care.
98. My kids would do anything for me. I would do anything for them, but within reason. I used to do anything for them and would have covered for them, whatever they did. Not now. I want to do things properly. GGC escaped from the prison and I phoned the police to get him lifted.
99. It's only now I realise I put my own kids through what I went through, cleaning everything. I have to have everything tidy and in order. What's been done to me, I've done to my children. Without me realising it, my kids had to scrub the house with a brush. My house is always immaculate. My time in care has had an impact on them. My son [REDACTED] is starting to understand it more, now that he's seen my files.
100. I did wrong to survive. I was shoplifting during the day. I used to be on social security, working on the fish and working with chickens. I was the manageress in a laundrette. I didn't tell them about my convictions and I lost that job because it was [REDACTED]. I was trying to provide for four children. I didn't want them going to school getting teased for not having clothes. I always gave them the best of everything. I gave them material things. I thought that was right, but they didn't have

love and affection. I should have been giving them love and affection, but I was in the jail, out working, out selling, doing community service. I wasn't there.

101. The impact of me being in care has affected my children. Apart from the lack of love and affection from their mother, they've had to cope with GGC being in care. My children are ill. [REDACTED] has problems. My [REDACTED] is five months pregnant and five and a half stone in weight. She can't put on weight because of worry about her brother. She would travel round the homes with me to see GGC. It still impacts upon them.
102. My family would do anything for me. They've fallen out with me all my life because of everything I've done for my children. My father would say, "LDD [REDACTED] you're making a rod for your own back." I couldn't understand what he meant. I overcompensated because of what I didn't have. I now know it's a form of cruelty, but I thought it was the right thing. I failed them.
103. I told my dad I was raped three years before he died. He died three or four years ago. I was blaming my parents at the time and I told them to get out of my house. He'd always wanted to rest in the chapel when he died. When he was in the bedroom before he died, my sister [REDACTED] told me dad he didn't want to rest in the chapel. He didn't want to be left alone with them in the chapel because of what they did to me.
104. I was with him before he died. Every night I went up to the hospital at seven o'clock and stayed till seven in the morning. [REDACTED] would stay with him during the day. On the Tuesday, [REDACTED] and my mum were at the shops. I phoned [REDACTED] and asked her where she was. I told her not to bother with the messages and come to the hospital. Dad was taking his last breath. I told him [REDACTED] and my mum were coming along the corridor. He died. I'd rebelled against him all my life.

Mental health difficulties and support

105. After I assaulted my son, GGC the court said I had to get a psychological assessment. I saw a psychologist called Joyce Edwards. For the first three years I didn't open up about myself. I couldn't speak about anything other than GGC I remember leaving an appointment, thinking she'd made me worse and I didn't want to go back. That was the first time she'd got through to me and I'd spoken about my feelings. Of course, I did go back and she was the best thing that ever happened to me. I saw her for seven years in total. I ended up in Cornhill Hospital again in 2015 and I told them I'd do anything for them to get Joyce Edwards back, but she'd retired early due to ill health.
106. I contacted the In Care Survivors' Group (INCAS) about five years ago. I spoke to Frank Docherty at first, but I couldn't speak to him about the rape so he put me onto Helen Holland. I've had support from Helen for about four years. Helen helps me identify triggers. I've been referred to Ian Connor at Future Pathways. He wants me to see a trauma therapist.
107. I was given labels. Years ago, the doctors in Cornhill told me I was paranoid and a psychopath for speaking the truth. When I saw Ian Connor, he told me I wasn't a psychopath. He said I had too much empathy. I've never suffered from paranoia in my life. I have been erratic. I've suffered from depression, anxiety and suicidal tendencies but not paranoia. What I'm speaking about is fact not fiction.
108. In 2015, I was in my daughter's house. It was untidy and I ended up exploding. I was taken away by the police because I had an outstanding warrant to do with putting a fish tank through a woman's door. They took me from the cells to the hospital. I couldn't speak to anybody for the first two weeks. I knew it was those professionals I was up against. They were trying to give me medication for paranoia, which my records confirm I declined. On the third week, Doctor Alan Shand came back from his holidays. After he spoke to my lawyer about the inquiry, he apologised to me for me being in the hospital. I told him I was glad to get the rest, as I knew

everything had been getting too much for me. I told him I was physically and mentally exhausted. I was there for five weeks and then I was discharged.

109. At times, I must've been at the doctor's, screaming. It's not anti-depressants I needed, it was anxiety tablets. I should have had them years ago. I've been prescribed anxiety tablets for about five months. Without them, I wouldn't have been able to provide this statement. Before I took those tablets, it was as if I was taking speed. I'm prescribed propranolol for anxiety, co-codamol for pain and zopiclone to help me sleep.
110. Because of what happened to me at Brimmond, I only ever used a tampon once in my life. I forgot I put it in and it was in there for months. The doctors had to take it out. I could have gone into toxic shock. A few months ago, my granddaughter and [REDACTED] had been staying with me. They must have had boxes of Tampax in the cupboard. I was cleaning out the cupboard. I put the box at the bottom of the stairs. The electrician was coming. The box was on the table. I must have moved it. I now realise it triggered memories. I was sorting out papers and I saw the box on the table. I just ignited and I wanted to choke the electrician. He must have seen something in me. I remember saying to him, "Just come back, come back – it's nothing to do with you." Things like that have happened all my life, but I only understood triggers after speaking to Helen Holland. Every day things can trigger me.
111. When I'm in a bath, I have to lie there for hours and I have to spit. I stay in there for hours. I just think about when I was in care. I've done that for years. I have to see the white foam in the bath. When I was in care, I used to go into the baths and the showers to get away from everybody and to think.

112. I've always been angry. You could just touch me and I'd ignite. If I didn't take tablets, I'd go through the roof. I feel like I'd be as well going into the grave because I've failed my kids. I bought five plots in the cemetery for my family. I've always felt suicidal, but all GGC has is me and his siblings and that gives me the strength to live.

Records

113. When I told my dad I got raped, my sister said we needed to get my files. She helped me to get them. I have provided some of my records to the Inquiry team and some letters I received from my social worker, Mary McDonald. The professionals labelled me as paranoid, but I have been gathering evidence for years. I have documents that confirm that I am telling the truth, which I have shown to the Inquiry, and I am willing to provide copies of these to the Inquiry if required.
114. In December 2017 requested my file from St. Euphrasia's through Birthlink. I already had my records, but they weren't aware of that. In February, I received one piece of paper. That proved that I was right. They are still covering up my records and gave me one piece of paper.


Hopes for the Inquiry

115. I'd like everybody to be exposed for what they've been doing. Nothing should be covered up when it's to do with children. I can only speak about Aberdeen, but in my opinion nobody there has a chance – it's corrupt. I'd like the care system to change. I think it's wrong to take children away from their families. I was put hundreds of miles from my family. It was wrong.
116. I think they've got away with it for too long and the professionals were able to do whatever they wanted. Children were getting trampled into the ground and damaged. I don't know how they've got away with it for years. It was all about professionals running before they could crawl. They'd be promoted too soon. The professionals

are motivated by wealth and power and moving up the ladder. They don't have to do proper training and are getting jobs.

117. I should have been given counselling after leaving care, not years later after I'd assaulted my son.

118. 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 ^{LDD} 

Dated... 27/2/2018