

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

KSR

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is KSR. My surname as a child was KSR. My date of birth is 1944. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born in Glasgow but my parents, and , came to London when I was a year old, just after the war. My grandparents, aunties, uncles and cousins stayed in Glasgow and those who are still alive are up there. I was with my aunt and uncle for quite a long time and they wanted to adopt me, but my mother wouldn't have it. She brought me back to London when I was about three years old.
3. From then on, I was in and out of care. My brother, , was six years older than me. My mother wasn't able to or wouldn't take care of us. There was never any family life at all, in any shape or form. We just didn't have parents that looked after us. My father was an alcoholic and a gambler. We never had anything in the house, food or clothing or anything. My mother found someone else in the end and we were more or less left to our own devices. I was never at home for any length of time.
4. When I was at home, I didn't live with my mother because I wasn't allowed to be in her care. I lived with an Irish lady across the road. She was a very nice lady with loads of kids. My mother's boyfriend at the time didn't want me in the house. Any time I was home, I was with the Irish lady. We went to court when I was eight or nine. It was a juvenile court in Brixton Town Hall. They asked my mother if she would provide a safe

and proper home for me and give up her boyfriend and she said no. She went out one door and I went out the other.

5. Eventually, social services stepped in when I was seven or eight and I went into care completely. I was put under a fit person order until I was eighteen. I wasn't allowed to be in my mum's care at any time because I was in need of care and protection. It meant social services had complete jurisdiction over me. My parents didn't have any say in my upbringing. I was only seventeen when I got married and that was done by social services.
6. [REDACTED] was in care off and on, but he was older than me. Then, you could work when you were fourteen so my mum kept him at home. Unfortunately, it didn't work out with him either. He got married very young.
7. When I was very young, I had St. Vitus' dance. I went into Waterloo hospital in the early 1950s with an infected spleen. I had the operation and then they sent me to Queen Mary's Hospital for children. I was there for a year. I was in hospital again when I was eleven. I started my period there and a nurse explained it to me.
8. I think it was a case of where there was a space, they put you there. You never knew you were going, they just put you there. You arrived at somebody's house or another home. I remember wetting the bed when I was in Hutton Residential School. The woman there used to get me up in the night and make me wash the sheets. She used to bring me into the sluice room.
9. I was in and out of different places up until I went to St. Joseph's Convent in East Finchley. It was ran by Sisters of the Good Shepherd. I stayed there permanently until I went to St. Euphrasia's. I had several social workers, but my social worker then was Miss Gordon. She was the only social worker who took any time to find out the best place to put me. She was trying her best. She told me I went to St. Joseph's because I was Catholic. She did put me into the best place at St. Joseph's and I got my education there, although it was very strict.

10. I had no contact with my parents at St. Joseph's. The few times my father turned up they turned him away because he was drunk. My mother didn't visit me there or in the children's homes.
11. If I had had the sense, I would have behaved differently at St. Joseph's. The only thing I used to do there was run away. That was the only thing. I was never rude or banged anything or broke anything. But what do you know at that age? I wasn't allowed visitors or letters or anything like that. I spent most of my time locked up in a little room for absconding. That was my punishment, along with the removal of any privileges. The other girls would be told to send me to Coventry.
12. Once the nun asked me to stand up and say something. I didn't know the answer. I told her I couldn't answer because I didn't know the answer. She sent me into the washroom all day with a piece of paper and a pencil. On another occasion, I stayed out in the rain. I spent another couple of weeks in the small room as a punishment for that.
13. The Mother Superior at St. Joseph's was Mother of Lourdes. She told me that she was sending me to St. Euphrasia's due to my absconding. She said it would make or break me and it did.

St. Euphrasia's, Bishopton

14. I was eleven when I first came to St. Euphrasia's. Like St. Joseph's, it was run by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. There was Mother St. Philip of Mary, Mother Sacred Heart, Mother Aloysius and Mother St. Theresa. I think there were about six, but there was also a lay nun. Her name was Sister Philomena. She wasn't dressed the same as the other nuns. She was my minder in the beginning. The ages of the nuns ranged from about 30 to about 55. There were older nuns, but they didn't mix with us. They stayed separately in the convent.

15. On our side of the convent, there were probably about two hundred of us. It was all girls. There were quite a lot of girls who were older than me. They came from Glasgow, Paisley and all around that area. There were a couple of girls of seventeen, eighteen who came from Greenock and Gourock. The age range was ten to eighteen. The nuns called us by our surnames, but we used to call each other by our first names. I was always known as KSR [REDACTED].
16. On the other side, there was a reformatory school. It was a separate building within the convent. The girls there were much younger but they didn't mix with us at all. In our building, there was the laundry, then a communal room where you had to do your own mending and darning, a dining room and beyond that was the kitchen.

Routine at St. Euphrasia's

First day

17. I was put on a train in London and a nun met me at the other end. I arrived at Glasgow Central and the nun took me to the convent on the bus and that was it. I was put to work in the laundry. The same thing happened the day that they said we were to leave.

Mornings and bedtime

18. The nuns woke us up with a bell at seven. We had to get up straight away and get up, washed, make our beds before breakfast. After breakfast, we went into work. We did everything ourselves, cleaning, washing, everything, in our dormitories and in the convent.
19. None of the sisters stayed with us at night. They used to put us to bed and get us up, but when the lights were off, they were off. Lights out was at eight o'clock. We weren't allowed to talk or go into each other's rooms. We weren't allowed to get out of our beds unless we were going to the toilet. Until we were older, we were in a dormitory with four beds. When we got older, we were moved into cubicles. They weren't proper

rooms, they were divided. I think I moved there when I was fifteen. I had more of my own space, but the bathing facilities weren't good.

Mealtimes/Food

20. I never saw a nun eat a meal with us. There was always a nun that sat in the dining room because we weren't allowed to talk. It was mostly the Mother Superior. The food was wholesome. Looking back, I think maybe they had to keep us sort of healthy to do what we had to do. We got breakfast, dinner and supper. We got porridge and black treacle on bread. I remember getting one sausage in a saucer with hot fat in it, so that you could dip with it. We got vegetables, fish and meat. It was nothing fancy, but wholesome.
21. The nuns used to come round and make sure that we ate our food. It didn't matter what was left on that plate, we had to eat it. They stood over us until we ate it. Nobody refused. We used to baulk, but we swallowed it in the end, whatever it was. I hated cold gristle and fat.

Washing/bathing

22. We were only allowed to bathe once a week. We had to wear a gown and it was cold water. It was cold water for our morning ablutions as well. The soap was something milk. We had Gibb's toothpaste in a tin. We rubbed water on it and it tasted vile.

Clothing/uniform

23. We had to have our hair a certain way, cut to neck length. They made our clothes. We got a set of clothes, a skirt and a blouse in the summer and a gym slip and jumper in the winter. We always wore plimsolls, or gutties as they were called there.

Work

24. We were in the laundry all day. We had our dinner at one o'clock, but we were there all day. A nun used to sit in the laundry on a raised area to watch what was going on. I think it was mainly Mother Aloysius. They used to take a lot of laundry off the boats. I think they had an agreement after the war that they would still send their laundry. We did laundry from hotels and hospitals. We used to do laundry for the ex-servicemen at Erskine. That was horrendous. We had to salt all of it. There were stump covers and soiled covers and pyjamas.
25. There were thousands and thousands of sheets. You can imagine what comes off boats after three or four months at sea. There were thousands of tea towels, thousands of sheets, thousands of uniforms. We had to do the starching by hand. It was hard. We daren't talk. If we talked, we lost what little free time we had to talk at the end of a meal. We knew there would be repercussions, so we just did what we had to do.
26. We worked in the laundry continually, all day, every day, apart from dinner time, which was an hour long. If the boats were going out at a certain time, we used to have to work till ten o'clock to capture the tide. Normally, we were there until eight. There were glass windows along one side of the laundry. They went from the top to the bottom. In the summer, the heat used to come off them when you were ironing in front of them. We just had to keep going.
27. There were shirt presses, swing presses, calendars and irons. It wasn't easy doing the swing press with heavy things like overalls. I was on all of them but I was finally put on the ironing because I was good at ironing. I used to iron all day, every day. I did a lot of things from hotels, priests' vestments and thousands of shirts and tea towels. I had to fold and pack it.
28. We were never, ever given money or anything in return for what we did. Once a year on New Year's Day, they used to give us paper and plastic money from a kid's till. We could spend it on shampoo, clips or a comb. That was as much as we ever got.

29. We used to get a stint in the kitchen. Everybody preferred the kitchen, although it was hard. I was mainly in the laundry. If we were in the kitchen, we had to do all the vegetables. The bread had to be cut and buttered. We used to have wooden sinks, which we had to scrub until they were white. There was a big long row of about ten cookers, maybe more. We used to have to clean that every day. Everything we used had to be washed and scrubbed and put back, along with the floors. We cooked for all the girls. There were quite a few accidents there as well.
30. On Saturdays and Sundays, we cleaned. Mainly, we buffed the wood floors, liquid polished them and buffed them up. We did dusting and polishing. The kitchen had to be scoured from top to bottom every day. There was curtain time when the curtains came down. We finished at about six o'clock on a Saturday, but if there was work in the laundry then some of the girls had to get the work out. As well as church on a Sunday, we would get our clothes ready for Monday, laundered, pressed and ironed. If we needed to do any mending, we did it then.

Free time

31. There were very small grounds for us to use. We were only allowed to walk round in twos or threes for half an hour at dinnertime and half an hour on a Sunday. There would be somebody in the group to keep an eye on what we were talking about, in case we had worldly talk. They put a person with each pair. If we spoke about worldly things, we would be reported to the nuns.
32. Apart from those walks, we weren't allowed anywhere in the grounds. I never left the grounds. Once, I went to the bottom of the convent, near the Clyde. A lot of us went down there for a walk on one occasion. I wasn't aware of anybody leaving the grounds.
33. We weren't allowed television, radio, comics or books or anything like that. After supper at six o'clock, we had an hour when we could talk amongst ourselves. That was the only time when we were allowed to talk. They would ring a bell to say that we could talk. We had a pencil and paper so the only game we played was noughts and crosses. We had no schooling at all, there was just work.

34. We had no newspapers. I didn't know anything about what was going on until I came out. If there had been a war, I wouldn't have known about it. We were once allowed to watch the Pope's funeral and the smoke coming out the chimney. Everybody was there watching it. They thought it would do us good to watch it because it was a big thing for a new Pope to be elected.

Religious instruction

35. We said the rosary every night before bed and Grace before meals. On Sundays we mainly attended church. There was no choice whatsoever. There was a chapel on site, separate from our building. Several different priests came in to say Mass. There was a priest who came in for confession and Mass and another who just used to come in for confession. The older girls used to complain about the priest who just came in for confession. He wanted to go into detail of different things that they didn't want to discuss. He would ask them personal questions and sexual questions.
36. We believed what the nuns and priests told us. For years, I thought that was how it was and things I had done were wrong. I might have spun my beret on the way to Mass. That was an offence. There were lots of different things you could get into trouble for.
37. We observed Lent and we had retreats. During Lent, we gave up things that gave us any sort of enjoyment. If we liked sugar or treacle, we gave it up. We had a lot of retreats, usually at Lent and Easter time. Other priests would come from different parts of the world. It was a time of silence when we went over whatever sins we had committed. The fathers used to give us talks.

Birthdays and Christmas

38. We didn't have birthdays. I knew when my birthday was, but nobody got birthday cards or presents. Christmas wasn't celebrated. It was acknowledged because it was a feast day like any other, but there were no parties or presents or anything like that. Christmas day was just like any other day, although I think we might have got jelly.

Visits/Inspections

39. We used to see people who came in as visitors. The nuns would show them round. They never spoke to us. They were the only people we saw from the outside. I don't know who they were. They were men and women who looked official. I don't know whether they were people who gave the convent money or who came to see what we did. There were no social work visits.
40. My Uncle [REDACTED] came to see me once. We were putting on an Easter play about the crucifixion. I was a Roman soldier. We had rehearsals and they played music. It was something different and we enjoyed it. My uncle was a staunch Catholic and he came to see the play. He was the only visitor I ever had.

Healthcare/feminine hygiene

41. They used to give us a cascara laxative every Monday morning. It was degrading because everybody wanted to go at the same time. It was awful. We felt so bad, but we didn't have a choice, we had to take it.
42. There was only one time when a doctor was called in and it was when we all got ring worm. We were all hoping we did have it because then we wouldn't have to go in the laundry. We never saw a dentist or an optician. There was a sick bay. I used to get tonsillitis a lot. It stopped after I'd been in Scotland for a while. I think it stopped when I got out of the smog and into the fresh air.
43. There was a nurse in the convent who wasn't a nun. I think she had come to stay there after the war and stayed. She'd been injured in the war, shell shocked. One side of her used to shake a lot. None of us liked having her doing anything, by the time she'd fiddled about. I had a boil on my upper lip. It was really big. I couldn't even put my head down because it would throb. She literally yanked it. I thought I was going to die. I still have the scar on my upper lip.

44. We weren't allowed to mention our periods. We weren't allowed to say we had it. We used coarse linen if we had our period. We had to write our name in a book and it appeared on the bed. We weren't allowed feminine underwear. I didn't have a bra until I left.

Death and injuries at work

45. There were awful accidents in the kitchen with people carrying big pots with hot water and vegetables to drain. One girl burnt her foot. The nurse cut off the blister. It got infected and she had to go to hospital. There was a girl who got burnt in the laundry on the shirt press. Her mind must have been on something else for a second and it came straight down on her hands. Those girls went to the hospital because their burns were so severe. I don't think they were there for long.
46. One girl died cleaning the top windows. It was all marble, all the steps and everywhere in the convent. She was up doing this line of windows and she fell and died that day. We knew something was wrong because Mother Aloysius flew off the platform in the laundry. She came back and announced to us that the girl had died. She told us that thanks be to God, there had been a visiting priest and she had received the last rites. We all believed that sort of thing back then. We didn't know any better.

Bed wetting

47. There were quite a few younger girls who wet the bed. They had to take their own wet laundry down and do their own beds. I don't think they were allowed anything to drink after four o'clock in the afternoon. It was a penance because wetting the bed was wrong. We didn't talk about it a lot because we weren't allowed to talk.

Discipline

48. If we were reported to the nuns for talking about worldly things, we were usually left in a room on our own for hours or sent to church, on our knees for a few hours. We weren't allowed anything that could be taken away from us because we didn't have

comics or TV. We were sent to Coventry and isolated. We didn't get any free time to talk at all. It could last for two or three days. It depended how serious they thought it was.

49. There was no corporal punishment. I think we had enough mental punishment. They didn't need to use corporal punishment because we just complied with whatever they wanted us to do. We just had to do it and that was it, we had no choice.

Abuse at St. Euphrasia's

50. It was like old-time prison. We had no stimulation. We had nothing to look forward to. There just wasn't anything. I didn't run away. There were a couple of girls who absconded. They were older than me, around seventeen. All there was around was fields. When they brought them back, one of the girls, [REDACTED], had hurt her ankle. They cut a hole in sacks for the neck and put them in sack dresses. They put them in brogues with no socks and nobody was allowed to talk to them. They paraded them in front of us and told us that was what happened if you ran away.
51. The nuns would say things to me like, "You know why you're here," and, "You know what's going to happen if you don't do this or that." After I saw what happened to those two girls, I never did run away. I didn't want to go through that. I was too frightened.
52. It affected me mentally, being shut in all the time and the incessant work. It was eight or nine hours a day of ironing. I had to stay at that board unless I got permission to go to the toilet. There was no caring for us. We were just kids, but we weren't recognised as having good days or bad days. We already had problems before we got there, but that just got pushed back inside because there was no one to listen anyway. It was like torture.

Reporting of abuse at St. Euphrasia's

53. I never told anybody what was happening at St. Euphrasia's. I didn't think there was anybody who would do anything about it. My parents wouldn't and social services just did what they had to do. There was nobody to encourage you or ask you if you wanted to see a counsellor or something like that. The nuns would tell us it was good for our soul or it would make us a better person and that kind of thing.

Leaving St. Euphrasia's

54. We were never warned that we were going. They just called you after supper in the evening and told us to go with the Mother Superior. You never saw any of your friends or anybody else again. You went into a little room, like a sort of bedroom, and they'd packed a case for you. You had one each of a jumper, a skirt, socks and a pair plimsolls and a pack lunch. You stayed overnight in that room and then you left. They put me on a bus into Glasgow and I got the train down to London. There wasn't any preparation for the outside world. I came out knowing nothing.
55. I left St. Euphrasia's when I was fifteen. I went back to my mother's. I had nowhere else to go. She was a stranger to me in a lot of ways. It was just the same as when I was a kid. She was always out on the town, drinking. It was no different.
56. My husband came from the West Indies. He came to England as part of Windrush in 1956. His sister worked at a hospital in Balham and my friend was nursing there. They held a big party at Christmas time for the staff and that's where I met him. I fell pregnant with [REDACTED] when I was sixteen.

St. Euphrasia's (Mother and Baby Unit), Bishopton

57. When I fell pregnant, I stayed with my sister-in-law for a couple of weeks. She wouldn't let me stay so I contacted my social worker, Miss Gordon. She said I'd have to go to

a mother and baby unit and arranged for me to go back to St. Euphrasia's. I went to the mother and baby unit at St. Euphrasia's when I was having my son. I was terrified. It was an awful place.

58. [REDACTED] was born at seven months because he was breech. I didn't know anything. I just thought I was going to die. In the hospital, they put a big emphasis on calling you, "Miss." After [REDACTED] was born, I was convinced he wasn't mine. The nurse brought him to me when he was four days old. He was jaundiced. I looked at him and thought that he was yellow and he had little slitty eyes. I said he wasn't my baby and that baby was Chinese. His hair got curly as he got older, but at that time it was straight. I had no concept of what colour my baby would be.
59. The girls there used to have to give their babies up for adoption. I don't know where I got the strength from, but I wouldn't sign the papers. They told me I couldn't offer baby anything, but I stuck to my guns and I wouldn't sign. After the life I'd had, no child of mine would ever go into care. In the time that I was there, there were girls who went off their heads. Their babies were taken away one morning and that was it, they were gone. Girls committed suicide. Some ran away with their babies, but they were dragged back. It was such a sad place, it was terrible. There was never any happiness in that place.
60. The girls stayed at the mother and baby unit until six or seven weeks after the birth. I just felt so sorry for those girls because they were broken-hearted. Some were older than me and some were younger than me. It didn't seem humane, what they did there. I remember one girl whose baby was christened on the same day as [REDACTED]. The girl couldn't hold her baby, she was crying so much. Her mother was adamant that she had to give the baby away or she couldn't come home. I remember wondering, how the mother could watch her daughter like that? There was another girl, who had long red hair. After she had gone back home to her parents', she used to come back to St. Euphrasia's looking for her baby.
61. The morning I went to the hospital to start work, I went into the nursery at St. Euphrasia's and my son was gone. I swore blind that they had just taken him. I didn't

know. I insisted that I had to see him before I went anywhere. They took me to the nursery where he was, which was near Langside Hospital. I thought they'd taken him against my will.

Life after being in care

62. I started nursing in Langside Hospital in Glasgow and lived in the hospital. I had to pay for [REDACTED] to be in this nursery, called Cherry Tree. I went to see him at the weekends. My son was born in [REDACTED] and I came back to London at Easter time. My husband knew about the baby, but I didn't want him to marry me because of the baby. I was seventeen in [REDACTED] and we got married in [REDACTED].
63. My brother left London when he was 32. Once he got married, he kept away from the family. We didn't have a lot of contact until I got married. My brother was crying at my wedding because I was marrying an immigrant. My husband was Methodist so we were married in the Methodist church. When I wanted to christen my first child, I had to remarry in the Catholic church because in their eyes I wasn't married.
64. My husband was a mechanical engineer. He worked until he was 75 and died when he was 80. When we lived in Luton, we went to the annual dinner dance for the union. When we turned up, we couldn't go in because we had a mixed marriage. We couldn't go into pubs either. That was right through until 1975, 1980. Racism was really bad. It was rife.
65. When I got married, I worked at the Luton and Dunstable Hospital. Whatever it was they taught me at St. Joseph's, it must've stayed with me. I started my nursing and I had to do a month of days and a month of nights. We had two children by then and my husband wasn't keen on me doing the nights so I had to give it up. We lived in Bedfordshire for about thirty years. When we moved back to London, I worked in Kings College as a nurse in the [REDACTED]. I stopped nursing when I was in my fifties and looked after my grandchildren until I was sixty.

66. I fostered children for a while. I was separated from my husband at the time. My oldest son used to play football and it was very hard to afford everything that he needed for the football. I knew a social worker who worked in Stockwell. She suggested fostering. I used to take the emergency cases, then it was short-term foster care and then it progressed to long-term.
67. I didn't really get on with social workers. In my eyes, they used to put those children straight back into the environment that they'd been taken out of. Inevitably, something happened. I would get annoyed because they knew something was going to happen. Social workers used to sing on about the family unit, but there's no such thing if there is no family. If that woman or man isn't prepared to take care of those children then there is no family unit and they should be in a place of safety. That's the way I thought then and it's the way I think today.

Impact

68. My husband was nine years older than me. He was 26 and I was 17. I had never had anybody of my own. Even my brother had left London when he was 32. My husband was a good man in his own way. He went to work and he paid the bills, but he didn't support me with the kids emotionally. That was quite hard. I lost a lot of my confidence. As he grew older, he grew quieter and more mellow, but at the time when I needed it, it wasn't there. Lots of marriages are like that, but I was adamant that no matter what, I wouldn't cause him to be anywhere other than by my side. It was all pretty much of a mess. I couldn't leave. I tried Women's Refuges, but I couldn't put my children through that. My children tell me not to blame myself.
69. I had to learn from scratch. The day I married, I couldn't boil an egg. I'd never handled money or shopped. I didn't know about the Suez Canal crisis. There were different things in the news that had been important, like the big flu epidemic. It affected the convent and a lot of the nuns died, but I didn't even know anything about that. All these things happened and I really didn't know what had been going on. I don't know how we survived, to be honest.

70. My education stopped at the age of eleven. When I left St. Euphrasia's, I didn't think I could achieve much. I was always doing cleaning and mundane jobs. I had no confidence whatsoever. I didn't think I was capable of doing any of these things. I didn't have any self-esteem. I wanted to do better things, but I didn't think I could. Eventually, I did. I worked at Kings College in the [REDACTED]. It was having the confidence to do it that was difficult.
71. My time at St. Euphrasia's affected me for many years. I think I was 55 or 60 before I accepted and got rid of some of it, but not all of it. I don't think I ever will. It affected my relationships, both with my husband and my children. I wasn't capable of helping my children with their emotions and their relationships. As much as I tried to help them, and I'll help them till the day I die, in those days, when they needed it, I just wasn't mature enough. I didn't know anything different so I couldn't advise them. All I could do was hope that they didn't get hurt or get involved with drugs or crime.
72. The only thing I stood up against was that I would not part with any of my children, no matter what happened in my marriage or whatever else. My children would never leave my side. I don't think that was a good thing for my children because they didn't get a balanced mum. I couldn't cope with stresses in the normal way. I used to drink too much, but I managed to stop that. I'm still on anti-depressants to this day. I had to cope with certain big stresses, but I only coped because they involved my children.
73. When I used to foster children, I think my experiences in care affected the way I looked after them. I think I was a bit over the top. I used to be so worried about them getting the right thing. Most of all, I tried to give them attention and listen to them. If I won the lottery, I'd open a big children's home and take them all in. My foster kids turned into good kids, good people.
74. I've got a lot of arthritis, joint pain and vascular problems. I don't know whether that's due to standing for all those periods of time and using my hands at such a young age. I'm not in tip-top condition.

75. I started on Valium when I was eighteen or nineteen. I took it until I was 26 and having my last daughter, [REDACTED]. I told the doctor I wasn't taking them anymore. I couldn't function. It was like being in a fuzz all the time. I managed for the first eight months, but then I had post-natal depression after [REDACTED] was born. It was pretty bad. I couldn't answer the door to the milkman or anybody who used to knock the door. I used to leave the milkman's money on the windowsill. I shut the curtains during the day. When I took [REDACTED] to have her injections, I couldn't get back on the bus to get home. I just stood there and the buses were going past. This lady helped me. She got on the bus with me and she came home with me.
76. It was all a mess. I couldn't put what happened to me in a box. It just kept coming back to haunt me. I didn't talk about it to any great extent, although I might say different things in fits of depression. I tried to deal with it the best way I could until I was about sixty. I had to come to terms with it because it was just destroying me. There wasn't really anybody to speak to. I just had to talk to myself. I then started to think that I couldn't change it so I had to accept that it happened. It had been going on for years so I had to learn to live with it. I have great kids and I have great grandchildren, which is marvellous. They're very good to me. I have that to come out of it all, which is a lot.
77. I had a counsellor at one time, but I didn't really find it helpful. The doctor put me on fluoxetine. I've been on them for over ten years now, maybe more. I would never come off them. I would never go back to that darkness. It makes me less morbid. I'm able to cope with things. I wouldn't like to go back to before. I attempted suicide three times in my early years, between 18 and 35. It was just horrendous, how it left me. It's taken a long time, but I think I'm there now. A lot of it will never go, but I think the worst of it has. I still sleep with the light on and I hate locked doors because of what happened to me at St. Euphrasia's.
78. I blamed my parents. I had a lot of anger towards my mother. She tried to make it up through my children. It took me a long time to come to terms with that. My mum came to Scotland to visit her friends when [REDACTED] was a baby. She knew that I'd had him, but she never came to see him. That was nothing unusual for her. I saw her if I saw her, if I didn't, I didn't. It was very difficult to see my mum love my children. I didn't want to

tell my children a lot about her because she was their nan. I wondered why she couldn't have been like that for me and [REDACTED]? When I had children, there was no way I could have parted with any of them.

79. I never lost my Catholic faith, but I don't trust it anymore. Especially now, with all the things that have been going on all over the world. A position of trust was given to these people. Everyone they've hurt was vulnerable. They were unable to help themselves or speak for themselves and people did that to them and it was allowed. That's why I get angry with the church. I'd never lose my faith, but I've lost a lot of trust in it.

Records

80. I would like my records. There was an occasion when I was talking to the doctor about past operations. I told him I'd had my appendix out and he said I hadn't. That was how much my mum knew. She had told me I'd had my appendix out and it wasn't until all those years later the doctor told me I'd had an infected spleen. A lot of things people ask me, I really don't know about. My daughter bought me a lovely book. It was like a journal and it had your first toy, your first holiday. I couldn't put any of it in because I didn't know. I knew I hadn't had any holidays. It wasn't until I was married that I had Christmas.

Lessons to be Learned

81. I think I should have been put into a responsible foster placement instead of jumping from one placement to the other. There should have been follow-up when I was getting home for those short periods of time. Social services only stepped in when something happened.
82. When no one talks to you and no one advises you in those years, you learn to just advise yourself. You have nobody else to turn to. You just have to figure it out on your own and nine times out of ten, you're probably wrong. You have no idea of what you

should be doing or how you should deal with things. It would have helped if there had been somebody there to speak to. Locking us away didn't achieve anything in the long run. It just made things ten times worse.

Hopes for the Inquiry

83. I hope that whoever is responsible will be brought to book. I never saw a social worker, but councils and people in Scotland must have known about St. Euphrasia's. They must have known how we had to work and what we had to do and the things we were prevented from having. I want people to be held accountable and I want to know that it can't happen again.
84. I think it's getting a bit better. However, when I read about youths being taken into teenage prison, really and truly, they're not getting to the root of the problem. They go there with a problem and they leave with a problem. It doesn't help them. It's alright blaming it on money or whatever, but life after life is ruined because nobody takes the time. If they don't do it the right way round, then they're going to be spending money and making mistakes. These young people go in as girls and boys and they come out as young women and men and they're worse than ever. They don't go to the root of the problem to help these young people.
85. I think people looking after children in care have a duty towards those kids, to listen to them, to advise them and to try and make sense out of the mess their lives are in. As they get to be adults, they should be able to manage their own life and not just become a criminal or a drug addict or somebody who has no hope. They don't start like that. That comes from when they are kids and if it carries through their life until they're young teenagers then it will carry on until they're young men and women and further.
86. Home life has got 90% to do with it. Kids in care don't get what they should. There are loads of good foster carers, but even now everything still comes back to bite you like the young girls in Rochdale who were sexually abused. This is in this day and age, not then, and I wonder why hasn't it changed?

87. Not so long ago, children left care and they didn't have anything. They didn't have a stable place to live or jobs. They were more or less out on a limb on their own. They had no family support. Nine times out of ten, because there's no support, they end up back in that environment because it's the only support they know. That's where the trouble starts. It carries on. I was definitely institutionalised. You go like a homing pigeon, back to what you know, no matter how bad it was.
88. 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. KSR

Dated. 18.12.2018