

## Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

PQA

Support person present: No

1. My full name is PQA. My name at birth and as a child was PQA. My date of birth is 1966. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

### Life before care

2. I lived with my mother, who was called [REDACTED], and brother, [REDACTED], who was three or four years older than me. We lived on [REDACTED] near [REDACTED] in Glasgow.
3. My mother worked in a pub in [REDACTED] in Glasgow before my brother and I were born and that is where she met my father. They weren't really in a relationship.
4. I have some memories of my dad. He wasn't around a lot, but I remember him giving my mum a steak pie and she threw it out the window and it landed on his head when he was ready to go in his car. I also remember getting off the school bus on Fridays after school sometimes and seeing him give my mum money, but it was all very secretive.
5. When I was sixteen, my mum told me my dad and her weren't married. His name was [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] the pub she used to work in before she had [REDACTED] and me. He was already married and had 3 daughters when he got my mum pregnant with [REDACTED] and me, so he was a naughty man. I then knew that was why he had been

giving money to my mum in secret to help out with my brother and me. I had always thought my mum and dad were married so I was quite angry and shocked and upset.

6. I was born deaf and my mum couldn't use sign language. She would just make letters with her hands to try and explain things to me. I was put into a residential school for deaf and blind kids when I was about three or four years old, and would stay there Monday to Fridays. I would still come home at weekends.
7. I remember my mum going through the process of preparing for me to go away for school. I remember her knitting me cardigans to take with me because she was very poor and had no money to buy my clothes. I don't think she would have paid any fees for me to go to the school.

#### **St Vincent's School for the Deaf/Blind, Glasgow**

8. I was three or four years old when I was put into St Vincent's School.
9. It was a big, massive building. The doorway at the front was very posh and fancy but to get into the residential part, you had to go through a gate and walk up to the left hand side of the building, and go up some stairs to a door to get in. I remember my mum holding my hand and taking me into the residential school and telling me I was going to stay there and then leaving.
10. My mum would come and collect me on a Friday from near Glasgow Cross which was where the school bus stopped for me to get off and she would give me a really big hug, then we would go home for the weekend. I remember my mum always dropping me off at the side door on Sundays after that. We would go up the side and up some stairs to get in. I would take my coat off and my mum would say goodbye.
11. St Vincent's was a school for boys and girls. Most of the kids were deaf and a few were both deaf and blind. I think the age went up to about fifteen. Boys and girls were

kept completely separate in different parts of the building and even played separately when we were outside. The only time we were together was for mealtimes.

12. Not all the kids at the school were residential. Some just came in to attend school and then went home every day. They wore their own shoes and clothes, which were much nicer than what the residential kids wore. They were also more confident and would answer back to the nuns, while the residential kids did as they were told. I never felt as confident as those other kids.

### *Layout*

13. When you went in through the side door, you were faced with a brown room with lockers where you put your coat and bag in your own wee locker. To the left and right there were long corridors with marble flooring. There were doors coming off the corridors. On the left side corridor, there was a door on the left which was the laundry room and further down that corridor on the right-hand side, there was a room where we did crafts and things.
14. After the craft room you could turn right before the dining room into another narrow corridor, which you could walk through to the other side of the building, which took you to where the right hand side corridor with the marble flooring from the lockers led. When you walked past the narrow corridor there was the dining room entrance on the right hand side. The kitchen to wash dishes was on the left side, not far across from the craft room. On the right hand side corridor from the lockers, there was a room which was used for prayers and rosaries after school. There was a set of double doors after the dining room, which was the boys' side and girls were not allowed in that area.
15. The residential part where the girls all slept was upstairs. We slept in dormitories. I think there were two but I am not sure. I was in a room near the end of the corridor. There were about six beds in the room that I was in and I was the youngest.

16. Where I slept, there were six beds and a single wardrobe each. There were white wood divider with frosted glass on top at my side of bed, which did not reach to top of ceiling so sometimes you could see nuns habits as they were walking along. There were no doors in between dividers.
17. There was a bathroom right at the end with kind of greenish, yellowish marble inside, I think. The sinks were small and low.
18. There was a gate you had to go through to walk up to the building. Visitors would go in the posh door. The front Door was beautiful. When you go in the front door and turn right that area was for Deaf and Blind people. The school building was further down along from there.

#### *Staff*

19. The place was run by nuns and they all wore blue and white habits. Sister **LXH** was **SNR** of the school and was **SNR**. There was also Sister **PQF**, Sister **KTA** and Sister **PBF** who **SNR** the residential part of the school.
20. Some staff took activities in the evenings, like crafts. I remember a very tall thin woman who did the laundry, whose surname began with "W" but I can't remember how to spell her surname. I will refer to her as "Miss W." There was a cleaner woman called Marianne who had white, greyish, curly, short hair, glasses and always wore a purple wrapped overall. She was always a grumpy woman.
21. None of the nuns used sign language to communicate and we were not allowed to use sign language in the school. We had to speak and be oral.

#### **Routine at St Vincent's**

22. We were woken up early by a nun. We got up and had to make the bed perfectly with the corners all tucked in. We got washed and dressed into our school uniforms and



had to stand by the bed while the nun would come and check that everything was perfect. If it wasn't, you were made to do ten hail Marys as a punishment.

23. We went to school from 9am until 3pm, and we stopped for lunch. After school, at 3 pm, we went downstairs into a room to do rosaries and pray with Sister PBF. After prayers, we would go to our dormitories to get changed out of our uniforms and into our normal clothes and then we would go to the dining room to have dinner.
24. There was an evening room where we would sit in the evenings to do activities, like crafts and sewing.
25. On Thursdays we had girl time and watched Top of The Pops and we would sign to each other during that time as well because no nuns would be around. We would also play Miss World, when we would dress up and walk around like Miss World. That was a good experience.
26. Bedtime was at 7 pm. The nuns would come and check on us. When they left, the girls would sign to each other.
27. I shared a room with six girls. I remember a girl called [REDACTED] whose bed was on my left. She was near the window and was always sucking her thumb. I also remember [REDACTED] whose bed was on [REDACTED]'s left side, in the middle of the back wall. I remember [REDACTED] and a black girl called [REDACTED] whose bed was facing opposite me. We used to carry on at bedtime and we would sign to each other. We took turns to keep an eye out to see if we could see a nun coming by looking through the frosted glass part on the corridor divider. We would sign "stop! stop! nun coming" and quickly get into bed because we knew if we got caught, we would get into trouble, but at the same time it was funny cause we never got caught.
28. There was a tall girl in the dormitory behind me who looked after me and made sure I was ok when I needed comfort after getting into trouble with the nuns. The older girls were nice to me I think because I was only tiny. This tall girl was more like a mum than the nuns were.

29. On a Friday, we all went to chapel. We had to say the prayers and weren't allowed to sign. The nuns would be standing around staring at everything we did and making sure we didn't use sign language. Even if we signed a little bit, we would be in big trouble.

*Mealtimes / Food*

30. We had breakfast, lunch and dinner. The dinner just always looked wet and soggy and wasn't great.
31. You had to finish what was on your plate even if you didn't like it. The nuns were very strict about this. If we weren't eating it, the nuns would threaten to hit us or to send us to the washing room or laundry room to work, which we didn't want to do so we would just eat it.
32. If a girl didn't want to eat her food at our table, we would whisper, signing under the table and pass her plate sneakily along to each other and someone else would eat it so that her plate would be cleared. There was a girl called [REDACTED] who would help make bread with jam and sugar, or butter, and we would pass it on under the table to the girl so that she could have something to eat instead. [REDACTED] was like the boss of our table and would help us all with clearing our plates and getting our bread with jam & sugar. This happened all the time.

*Washing / bathing*

33. I remember the bathroom being really big with a marble floor and lots of sinks. It seemed really dark. There was a routine we had to follow to get washed in the morning. The nuns came with us and watched. They would make sure one person had finished and then the next person would go in and so on. I always knew when it was my turn.

34. Sister PBF always lifted my skirt to look at my pants. She would see that they were girls pants and shout at me to take them off and would give me boys pants to wear, which were too big for me. She would hit me with rosary beads or smack me with her hands if I tried to refuse.

*Clothing / uniform*

35. We wore school uniforms during the day at school. The kids who weren't residential always seemed to look better dressed than the rest of us.
36. We changed into normal clothes after school. I don't remember if my clothes came from home or if the nuns gave them to me. I just remember the cardigans that my mum knitted with buttons and my shoes were my own from home. I only ever had a bag with my school books in them so the clothes must have come from St Vincent's.
37. I remember Sister PBF making me wear boy's pants that were too big for me, boy's school shoes and socks to wear. I had to go to an outside mainstream hearing school for a while wearing these, and the other kids would laugh at me because I looked different.

*School*

38. The teachers weren't nuns and they came from outside to teach. None of them were deaf and none of them used sign language and we weren't allowed to sign either. This made it really difficult to learn. Our hands had to be by our side at all times.
39. I remember being in a small class of about six or seven kids, and sitting with hearing equipment and microphones. The teachers would hold things up to your throat and see if you could learn through the vibrations and try to teach you that way. We would reciprocate by feeling their throat to feel the vibrations.
40. I remember a few teachers from my time there. I remember Mrs Orr and Mrs LXM who was a short, fat lady. Mrs Fitzpatrick took music and was a bit hard of hearing.



41. I remember a younger teacher as well, who was really pretty and a bit of a hippie. She helped with our art, and I remember sitting in front of her while she drew a picture of my face. I remember a young woman in class as well as the teacher. I think she might have been a teaching assistant.
42. There was a man who took PE and taught sports to the boys. I remember there was another man as well who was quite young but I don't think they taught the girls.
43. I remember being made to go and do hearing tests on a Friday during the school day. I would be taken out of the classroom and along the hall to get this done. I wasn't told why and I wasn't told what to do. Sister LXH would be there and there was no communication. This was when I was about seven or eight years old. I had to go to these tests every week. Later on, when I was about nine or ten, I remember my mum being at the hearing test with me. Sister LXH explained that they were doing it to see if my hearing was good enough for me to go to a mainstream school. I remember wanting to do well and make Sister LXH happy but I was never able to.
44. When I was about seven or eight years old and still staying in St Vincent's, I was put into mainstream school to help me to learn to speak. It was up the hill from St Vincent's. I don't remember what it was called. I remember not wanting to go and crying but Sister PBF dragged me up the hill and made me go. She would walk me there and pick me up after school and walk me back.
45. I had to talk all the time and wasn't allowed to sign at the mainstream school. It was awful. I didn't learn anything because I couldn't hear. The teachers didn't have a clue how to teach me. I had no deaf friends to support me. I hated it and never wanted to be there. It really affected my confidence.
46. I don't feel like I got any education while I was at St Vincent's and thought I was thick. I felt the same at all the schools I went to.



*Leisure time*

47. There were swings, a roundabout and a see-saw in the garden that we could play on outside. The nuns were always watching us to make sure we weren't signing. We still signed to each other in a sneaky way when we could.

*Religious instruction*

48. My mum was a Catholic and so was St Vincent's School. The nuns made us pray all the time.
49. We had to go to the prayer room at 3pm after school to pray. We had to kneel down and do rosaries and Hail Marys on and on and on. PBF [REDACTED] was really strict in that room. My friend [REDACTED] would sometimes faint in there and the nuns would just leave her and we had to all carry on praying while she just lay there. It was cruel.
50. Prayer was used as a punishment as well. We would be made to do ten Hail Marys if the nuns thought we'd been bad.
51. We all went to Chapel on a Friday morning. The nuns would be stood at the sides watching us all. We would get into trouble if we giggled or moved. We had to sit still and quiet, facing forward and behave. I never understood any of the religious stuff because it all went over my head but we were just made to do it anyway.

*Birthdays and Christmas*

52. I remember doing a pantomime at school and then we would all go home afterwards so I spent Christmas day at home with my family.
53. If your birthday was during the week, then you would just be at St Vincent's. No chance did the nuns do anything special for anyone's birthday. All they did was pray.

### *Visits / Inspections*

54. I went home at weekends so my mum never visited me when I was there through the week. I don't remember anybody else visiting either.

### *Healthcare*

55. I don't remember a medical room or anything. I don't remember seeing a doctor or dentist while I was at St Vincent's.

### *Chores*

56. We had to make our beds perfectly, making sure it was smooth and square with all the corners tucked in.
57. We were also made to work in the laundry or washing up room but that was used more as a punishment.

### *Bed Wetting*

58. One girl called [REDACTED] always wet the bed. She was made to have a rubber sheet on her bed with a white sheet on top of it. If she wet the bed, [REDACTED] would have to take the white sheet off her bed so we would all know she would get in trouble when the nun came and saw the rubber sheet. The nun would then grab hold of [REDACTED] and drag her out of the bedroom. It wasn't nice. [REDACTED] would come back, crying, and then we would all cry because she was upset.
59. I remember wetting the bed once and having to put my hand up in the morning to say I had wet the bed. I was really panicking that I would be in trouble. The nun came over and went mad.

### *Discipline and punishment*

60. We got punished if the nuns thought we were misbehaving, and that included using sign language, which wasn't allowed at all. Sometimes girls would sign to each other when they were playing outside. The nuns would be watching and if they caught anyone signing, they'd tell you to stop and tell you that you weren't allowed to do that. The punishment was being made to do Hail Marys, or being made to work in the laundry and washing up room.
61. You had to help in the laundry room as punishment sometimes. It was a really dark room with lots of cupboards, I gave clean washing like sheets, clothes, towels to Miss W when she's on the ladder to put inside the cupboards. I would have to fold them put them in piles. The laundry woman was ok to me.

### **Abuse at St Vincent's**

62. One Sunday, when I was about six years old, my mum dropped me off after I'd been home for the weekend. When my mum left, Sister [REDACTED] asked if I had finished my homework and I said no, and she got really angry. She started shaking me and slapping my face. She damaged the beautiful cardigan my mum had made me while shaking me. That was the first time she was physical with me.
63. I remember my mum buying me some nice wedge shoes when I was about eight or nine years old that were like my mum's, but the school wouldn't let me wear them. After my mum had dropped me off, Sister [REDACTED] told me to take them off and gave me flat shoes to wear. I didn't want to and refused so she was pulling them off my feet as I was crying and struggling and I got smacked and she took them off my feet and gave me flat shoes to wear.
64. Sister [REDACTED] would look me up and down all the time and find something wrong with me. She would say I hadn't polished my shoes and then smack me for that. She was an awful, cruel woman. She was a really tall, big lady with a big face. I couldn't see

her face properly because she wore the habit and the nuns all looked the same, but with different builds.

65. One time in the cloak room, there was a boy there and I was shocked to see him. He asked me if I would be his girlfriend and I was like "awwwww, yeah" and he gave me a ring. We were just having a laugh and it was something different and interesting because we never saw the boys. Sister <sup>zPQF</sup> came and saw and she grabbed me, dragged me back and along into a room. Once in the room, she slapped me across the face and was shaking me and kept slapping me. She was horrible.
66. One time, I was outside and was signing to a boy who was in the football area. Boys and girls weren't allowed to mix at all or allowed to sign. One of the nuns saw me and come marching straight up to me and she looked really angry. I was really frightened so I ran away from the nun into the playground, and she was chasing me. I was trying to get away from her and I ran into the swing and smacked my face on it. I think it was [REDACTED] who had been on the swing. I remember that hurt.
67. I remember me and [REDACTED] being sent to the washing up room to wash and dry the dishes a few times because the nuns thought we had been naughty. [REDACTED] was washing and I was drying the dishes. Sister <sup>PBF</sup> [REDACTED] and Sister <sup>zPQF</sup> [REDACTED] would watch us to make sure we did it perfectly and really quickly. They would be standing hitting us with the rosary beads if they didn't think we were doing it properly or fast enough. I was quite small so the beads would hit me down the right hand side of my face. I don't know if it ever left a mark.
68. I had a friend called [REDACTED] who was really thin and weak. One day when we were in the prayer room, kneeling and doing rosaries, [REDACTED] fell forward. I jumped forward to grab her, and Sister <sup>PBF</sup> [REDACTED] smacked me with the rosaries. I was shocked because I was just trying to help. I tried to help her a few times but I would always get hit with the rosaries when I did so I learned that I had to just leave her when she fainted and fell over. The sisters would just leave [REDACTED] laying on the floor and would carry on praying.



69. Sister **PBF** was always hitting me with rosaries or something for every little thing, like crying, not wanting to wear boys pants and socks, or when she was taking me up to mainstream school. Sister **PBF** would also smack me on the legs with a coat hanger if I hadn't polished my shoes properly.
70. I remember me,  and  getting hit. I don't remember other girls getting hit. The nuns just never seemed happy with me. I never ran away because I was too scared to but I do remember hiding from the nuns so I wouldn't get hit.
71. Sister **LXH** wasn't very nice and her face sticks in my mind. She never hit me but she wasn't very nice. For a while on Fridays, I had to go for hearing tests. This started when I was about seven or eight years old. One day, I was just standing outside the classroom, in the hall, waiting to be told what to do because I didn't know what was going on. The next thing I know, Sister **LXH** is pulling and dragging me by my ear. I remember feeling the pain in my head. She had her face right in mine and was screaming in my face. She looked really angry. She looked like the devil. I had no idea what was going on and I was shaking. It was something to do with the hearing test and something I should have been doing but I hadn't been told what. The communication was really bad. This happened every week with her screaming in my face. It was horrible. My mum came to the school for the hearing test once and Sister **LXH** never shouted at me or hurt me in front of my mum.
72. **LXH** would stand and watch us going for our lunch and if anybody ran, she would scream in peoples' faces. She was horrible.
73. Sister **KTA** was more verbally abusive. I don't remember her hitting me, but she would always be telling me to do things and to do it quickly. I don't really remember what she looked like.
74. **zPQF**, **PBF**, **LXH** and **KTA** have ruined my life.

### **Reporting of abuse at St Vincent's**

75. One day when I went home with my mum at the weekend, she asked me what had happened to my cardigan. I tried to explain but I couldn't really communicate with her.
76. School affected me so I was hiding things when I went home. One time my mum saw me hiding my pants and my mum noticed and would keep asking me why I was hiding things but I couldn't explain.

### **Leaving St Vincent's**

77. I left St Vincent's when I was about ten or eleven years old.

### **Life after being in care**

78. I moved home when I was about ten or eleven years old. It was difficult being home again because my mum and brother didn't sign. My brother never really understood my deafness properly because he was a young boy as well. Communication was terrible between us when I moved back and we fought a lot. That was just how it went on for a while. It was never smooth but I got through. One day we had a power cut, and that was when he realised that I was deaf, and he became more supportive. Kids in the street would make fun of me and he would stick up for me, and tell me I needed to fight back as well, so I did. I had never stuck up for myself before that. He was a good brother.
79. I started going to a mainstream hearing school called [REDACTED] Primary when I was in primary seven, when I was about eleven years old. None of the teachers there could sign.

80. A nun called Sister KXD came to the school once a week. She would come into class and take me out and I would have to go and sit in another room with her. She would help me to learn English and to teach me to speak. She would shout "no no no" if I got anything wrong and she'd be banging the desk with a ruler. It was awful. Later, when I was in the playground, the other kids would make fun of me and tease me, saying I was sitting praying and doing rosaries with the nun, and wondered what that was all about and if I wanted to become a nun. It was embarrassing. I never wanted her there. She made me feel different and made me feel like a zombie.
81. I went to a mainstream hearing high school called [REDACTED]. Sister KXD still came every week and I would have to sit with her to learn. There was one other deaf girl there called [REDACTED] who had gone to St Vincent's school too, but hadn't been resident there. Sister KXD would try to teach both of us. [REDACTED] didn't go back after the first few sessions in first year, I continued through my first and second years because I was too scared. It wasn't until I went into third year that I was more confident and told Sister KXD to go away and not come back, and she didn't.
82. None of the teachers at high school signed so I was expected to lip read and it was difficult with people moving around as they spoke. Everything went over my head and I had no support other than Sister KXD sitting with me once a week, which wasn't great either. The science and Latin teachers gave me the belt and I do not know what for. This one particular geography teacher use to wind me up and make fun of me because of my speech, and the other kids would then make fun of me too. I can't get this out my head. It sticks in my mind to this day. He asked me to say South so I wrote 'South' down and showed him, but he insisted I say it in front of the class. I kept saying no then he came up to the desk and demanded that I say it so I said it. Then he imitated the way I had said it, making a fool of me, and the class burst out laughing. I ran out of the class crying. I would sometimes run away from school and go home because I was so upset. I had a Modern Studies teacher who I liked and appreciated. He would try to communicate with me by always looking at me and standing in front of me and making sure I was following what was on the blackboard, but he had a big beard and moustache, so it was impossible to lip read and I struggled to understand



him. He shaved his beard and moustache off so that I could see his face and understand him better.

83. One day after school, two girls called [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] came to my house and asked if I was [PQA], using sign language. They were deaf too and said I was coming to deaf club with them. I didn't know what to say but they dragged me along with them. Everybody at deaf club was signing and I realised that was my world and where I belonged, so I started going to deaf club regularly with them after that. It was brilliant.
84. One of the young male teachers from St Vincent's was at deaf club and I recognised him. I also saw a nun at the deaf club and I got anxious when I saw her. Her name was Sister Mary and she worked at the deaf club and turned out to be fine.
85. A trip to a religious place called Lourdes was organised when I was about twelve years old. I don't remember who arranged it. I couldn't walk and was pushed around in a buggy when inside the shrine because with thousands and thousands of nuns there I felt I just blanked out and froze, paralysed. Some of the nuns there told me to walk through the bath and then I would start hearing. I went in thinking I would come out hearing, but that never happened.
86. When I was about fifteen years old, I saw Sister [PBF] and wanted to confront her about the things that she did, but she was really old so I didn't say anything.
87. I left school just before I turned sixteen years old. I decided I had enough because I was not learning anything and was failing everything. The only subject I enjoyed was the fashion and fabrics class.
88. I started to work after school and helped my mum with money. I started working on a Youth Training Scheme helping old people. After turning eighteen, I started going out to the dancing with my friends and would buy a new dress to go out and my friends would notice that I wasn't wearing pants and would ask why. I never explained why because I didn't know. I would sometime say it was because I had allergies. Maybe it was because I was sensitive about pants from what had happened at St Vincent's.



89. I worked in a factory where other deaf people worked which was relay good. I started teaching sign language.
90. I met my husband, who is a hearing man at a deaf club I went to. It had a teaching area and my husband was learning sign language there because he had [REDACTED] who was deaf. We have three children together and later got married. Our two daughters sign really well and our son signs enough to tell us what he wants but not too much.
91. My mum started signing a bit more when I was about twenty years old so we had better conversation then. My mum [REDACTED] died in 2002. That was a difficult time. I held it all in. I had three young children so I never let myself cry. I went for some counselling but that never helped. I did end up crying and it made me feel better. My brother also started to learn signing when he was about forty years old and that made our bond stronger.

### **Impact**

92. Not being allowed to sign at St Vincent's impacted me in later life. It made me feel stupid. They made us talk instead of signing but talking is not my language, signing was my language. Whenever I tried to talk to hearing people in the outside world, they would laugh at me because I sounded funny and it really affected my confidence. It affected my identity and who I was. I still don't feel comfortable using my voice because I think people are making fun of me. I can only talk with my husband but nobody else.
93. I didn't learn anything at St Vincent's because they didn't allow the use of sign language. It made me feel thick then and I still feel it now. It affected my education, confidence and the jobs that I was able to do.
94. I still see the faces of the nuns and the looks on their faces as they screamed in my faced dragged me around and hit me. I tried to push it down and not think about it but

that didn't work. It was on my mind all the time. I knew what happened wasn't normal and that I needed to talk about it. I felt that if I told my story, it might stop going round in my mind forever.

95. I have always felt frightened whenever I see a nun anywhere. I feel my barriers go up as soon as I see one and freeze. They spark memories in my head and it makes me emotional. I find it hard to sleep thinking about it too.
96. I never told anybody about what went on at St Vincent's. It was only after watching a film about nuns with my husband, that I opened up to him a little about what went on at St Vincent's, but I only told him little bits. Even when I have met up with my friends from St Vincent's, like [REDACTED], we don't talk about the abuse even to each other. We have just tried to move on but it is still there, in my head. I have always kept it to myself, until now. This is the first time I have told anyone about it all.
97. About five years ago, I saw something saying that deaf children who went to St Vincent's could report any abuse they suffered. I wrote an email but then I changed my mind and didn't send it. Two years after that, I thought to try it again but I wasn't ready. It took me three attempts to finally be able to talk about it.

### **Reporting of Abuse**

98. I have never reported anything that happened to the police or a lawyer.

### **Records**

99. I have never tried to get my records from St Vincent's. I have a picture from school and recognised some of the faces in it.

## Lessons to be Learned

100. Teachers and carers need to notice and care about children. If it seems that a child is holding something back, they need to ask questions. This can be basic questions like just asking the child how they are.
101. Nuns should not be looking after or teaching children. Children should be looked after and taught by people who are properly qualified. There should be more research into the background into people who work with kids because too many people lie and cheat on their CVs and in interviews.
102. Deaf children are implanted with hearing aids from a young age now, so they don't have a choice on whether to wear one or not. They are then sent to mainstream schools and have supporters and sign language teachers to help them. I feel that confuses them about their identity on whether they are a deaf person or a hearing person, whether they should speak or sign. I feel children should be left to decide themselves whether they want an implant or not when they are sixteen years old.
103. 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.....

PQA

Dated.....

06 January 2023