

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

LKY

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is LKY. My maiden name is My date of birth is 1940. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Background

2. I was born in Glasgow and was taken into care in Nazareth House in Cardonald on 1943. I was two years old. I stayed there until 1957.
3. I haven't a clue how I ended up in care. The nuns in Nazareth House told me my mother was dead. They said that she had died at my birth. My father told me the same when I came out of Nazareth House. I believed that to be true until I found out otherwise in 2010. I lived all those years thinking my mother was dead.
4. With the help of my daughter, I looked into my background years later and found out that my mother didn't die until 1990. From the information I've managed to get hold of, I think I was under the care of my father when I was a baby and he put me into care. His name was
5. I've got a document from the archivist in Nazareth House which says that a recommendation for me to go into Nazareth House was made by Reverend Father Rice of St Patrick's in Anderston in Glasgow. Maybe I was neglected or put into the hands of the church by my father. The document also says: "Foster mother, Mrs , Anderston". I don't know anything about

memories of my life before then. My father's address was also in Anderston. He was living in Southampton by the time I came out of Nazareth House.

6. I sent a handwritten statement to the Inquiry in 2016. That tells about my life in Nazareth House. It's not possible to cover the whole time I was there. I see things in my mind that happened, but you can't talk or write about everything. As old as I am now though, I remember it quite vividly.

Nazareth House, Cardonald, Glasgow

7. Nazareth House was a big two or three storey red building with statues in the middle of it. I've got a photo of me standing in front of a statue on my Holy Communion day.
8. I don't know how many nuns were in the place. I can't remember the face of a single nun. I remember what they wore: their black habit, wimple and their big rosary beads and big thick strap round their waist. I know the names of some nuns who were there, but I don't know which one did what. I don't know who hit me or who was kind to me. Not all of them were bad, some were kind. The names I remember are Sister [REDACTED] LJB [REDACTED] Sister [REDACTED] LFH [REDACTED] and Sister [REDACTED] LJA [REDACTED]

Routine

9. I don't know at what age my memories of the place start from. I don't know when it all came to light that I was living in a convent. There are certain things that are definitely blank in my mind. I remember having a number and a sash. The colour of the sash was blue and the number was [REDACTED]. We all had separate numbers. I don't even remember being called [REDACTED] LKY [REDACTED]. I was always called by my number. That's what I remember of my childhood. All of the children were referred to by their numbers.

10. There were different groups with different colours, with about 10 to 20 children in each. You stood in line in your group. There was a line of yellow and a line of blue. There might have been more groups, but those are the ones I can see in my head. One of the things you stood in line to do was clean each other's heads. You stood in your blue line and cleaned the person's head who was standing in front of you. I was in the same blue group up until I left the convent.
11. I wore my blue uniform all the time. I don't remember having clothes other than a uniform. We got a change of clothes every Friday. It was all very clean to be honest, although a bit too clean sometimes.
12. I can still picture the dormitory I slept in. I can almost point out exactly where I slept. There were big iron beds in three rows. You had to sleep on your back with your arms crossed over your chest. The nun on duty at night marched up and down the aisles between the beds and walloped you with her big belt if you moved. I don't know what would have happened if you had got up to use the toilet at night. I never tried to do that. I used to wet the bed. You didn't move into different dormitories as you got older. As far as I can remember, I was in the same one the whole time.
13. You got up in the morning about 6:30 and had to kneel by the bed and say your prayers. I don't even know what prayers I said. They didn't do me any good anyway. I remember I'd be kneeling by the bed trying to dry the sheet because I'd wet the bed. It was fear that caused the bed-wetting. Most children wet the bed if they're in fear. I always say I lived in fear. If you wet the bed, you were finished. The sheet would be put over your head and you were made to stand facing the wall for most of the day.
14. If you didn't wet the bed, you went down for breakfast. You'd get walloped if you didn't eat your breakfast. I don't remember whether we got washed and dressed before or after breakfast. That's one of the things that's a blank in my mind. I just see myself kneeling and trying to dry my sheets.

15. We ate our meals in the refectory. When I think back, I can see hundreds of girls sitting in the refectory but there couldn't have been as many as that. I see big long tables and children sitting on benches, like in "Oliver Twist". The nuns didn't sit with us to eat. They patrolled the place. You weren't allowed to talk, laugh or giggle.
16. I was called up to the top of the refectory many times by the nuns for giggling or not eating my dinner. I remember one time in particular when the nun put a bowl on my head in front of everyone in the refectory. I think I was around 13 or 14. She chopped into my hair around the bowl and then took the bowl off and just chopped into the rest of my hair. I was like a lunatic. She didn't say anything while she was doing it. I was bawling and crying. I still remember that particular incident so well. There were a few incidents that were bad and they've stuck in my mind. I wasn't the only one it happened to. I'm here passing on the information about what happened to me, but those other poor girls in there went through the same. I don't even know if it was the same nun who did it to the other girls.
17. The food I remember getting is porridge, bread and jam. It was basic. You were punished if you didn't eat your meals. You would get smacked across the head or hit with the belt or humiliated. Different nuns had different ways. I don't think one nun was the same as the next in their carry-on.
18. There was a kitchen in the home. The older girls prepared the food. I don't know if there was also a cook there or whether the girls did it all. The nuns used to get a full breakfast with bacon and eggs. There was a 'dummy' in the place, which was a lift where the dirty dishes were put. We girls used to try and sneak into it and eat the eggs and rashers that were left on the plates.
19. I think doing the cleaning in the place is one of my earliest memories. I remember washing the stairs and polishing the wooden floors. We sometimes did this before school. We were also taken out of school at times and put to work somewhere. We were just pushed around wherever we were needed. If there was no-one in

the laundry, we'd be taken out of school to work there. Whatever had to be done, we had to do it. It was part of the routine.

20. I remember being on my knees in my uniform washing the stairs before going to school. I can always remember the wetness of my uniform. I had to wear it all day in school. We were only children and didn't know how to wash the stairs properly, so the water went all over the place. I also remember washing and folding the sheets all day in the laundry. That happened mostly at the weekends. I also worked in the scullery part of the kitchen. One of my chores was to keep the dirty dishes down. Peeling potatoes and plucking chickens sticks in my mind as well. We used to plant the potatoes and pick them too – we'd be covered in mud.

21. Our schooling finished at four o'clock and then we got our tea. Bread and jam for tea sticks in my mind. After that, you got your wash and it was bedtime. We were in bed by six or half past six. There was a washroom with rows of sinks. That was the routine right up until I left the convent.

22. We used to get a bath on a Friday. I think it was in the afternoon. As I said before, we were all in lines and we stood in our lines to have our bath. I can remember there being four baths, so there was a line for each bath. You lined up outside the bathroom door. I would say there were about 10 to 20 children in each line. We stood in the line with no clothes on. I remember we'd be standing shivering waiting for our turn. Pine disinfectant and Jeyes fluid were put in the bath. The first person in was a lucky girl because she got a warm bath. If you were last in, you got a filthy bath which was freezing cold. I remember it so well. You could see the scum on top.

23. Nobody ever touched me in the bath. We washed ourselves. We all used the same towel when we got out. We got in one by one, and the nun told us when to get out. She'd stand there and shout "Out. Out". The towel was passed on to the next girl as she came out the bath. It was all very regimented. Your clean clothes were left out for you. That was the routine during the entire time I was in the convent.

24. I don't remember having much leisure time. There wasn't much time between school and going to bed. I love reading, but it doesn't even stick in my mind that I did read in the convent. I don't remember if there were books there. There's an awful lot of silly things I don't remember. There must have been books as I was really into reading when I came out of the convent. I was always reading. I read a lot of rubbish as well, not just educated stuff. I remember there was a yard at the back of the convent and we used to go out there. That's all I remember. I don't know how long we got to spend out there or what we were allowed to play. I don't even know if we ran around. I learned to crochet sitting in that yard. I think we did things like that, more activity-based things rather than running around. We used to sew and knit. The older girls taught us how to do it. We taught one another; the nuns didn't sit down with us and teach us.

25. We used to swap with Nazareth House in Aberdeen for a week or two. We went up there and they came down to Glasgow. That was your yearly holiday. I don't remember going there when I was young. I can only remember being there when I was a bit older. It was supposed to be a holiday, but you had just gone from one home to another and it really wasn't any different. I think it was next to the seaside. I can remember going to the seaside. I don't remember playing with anyone; I just remember the nuns taking us out to the seaside. I also remember being allowed to dance with boys there. That was a very modern thing to do in the nuns' eyes.

26. I don't remember making one single friend. I don't know why that is. I know the names of some of the girls in my group: [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. They were in my line. I made my Holy Communion with them.

Birthdays and Christmas

27. I don't remember having a birthday. I don't even remember my age changing. Nothing happened to let me know that my age had changed each year. I got to

know my age when I left the convent. I don't think anybody else's birthday was celebrated either. That's just the way it was.

28. There would have been a tree and a crib at Christmas, especially a crib. We must have got an orange at Christmas. I always remember an orange and think to myself "Is that what I got for Christmas?". I remember big crates with toys and clothes coming in one year. It only happened once. It was after the war. It must have been nearer the fifties. People had sent us gifts, but we never got to keep them. We all gathered in the schoolroom and our names got called out and we were given a parcel. I still remember the details of the woman whose name was on my parcel: her name was Mrs Guest and she lived in Diss in Norfolk. I was old enough to read so I must have been about ten at the time. It's funny the things you remember. I often say to myself that I wish I could have thanked her. The parcels were handed out to all of us and then they were taken away. Lord knows where they went. That's the only time I remember having anything to do with anyone outside the convent.

Religious instruction

29. We went to mass every day. I loved the Latin and singing hymns. We said prayers again at twelve o'clock and had benediction in the evening. I enjoyed singing. I think it was a little bit of a release. The nuns' attitude towards us wasn't any different during those times. We were just left to do all the holy things.

30. You were put in a cupboard if you laughed or giggled during Lent. We weren't allowed to do anything during Lent. It was a time for quiet, meditating as they say. I can remember being put in a cupboard once for giggling. It was a big cupboard in the hall. I think I was about twelve. I can still see it. I can see myself doing the 'Stations of the Cross'. I only got out because I stopped crying; I would have been kept in there if I hadn't. I don't know if the cupboard was locked. I was too afraid to move. I was in that cupboard for a good while. That was something that happened regularly if you were bold – if you were cheeky and didn't follow the

nuns' rules. You either stood with your face to the wall for the full day or you were put in a cupboard. It was part of the routine the nuns had.

Healthcare

31. There were no nurses in the convent. The nuns did it all. A doctor would come in if needed. He didn't stay in the convent. He only came in if someone was unwell. I remember being very sick for a long time and being in the sick bay. When I got out of the convent, I got sick again and saw a doctor at St Mary's Hospital in Southampton. I was told that I had had tuberculosis and still had a tubercle. Nobody told me that I had tuberculosis when I was in the convent. They found the tubercle again a few years ago and I was sent for tests, which came back clear.

32. I remember a girl in the convent called [REDACTED]. She got very sick with tuberculosis and was taken to hospital. I was in the bed opposite her in the sick bay. I don't think I was sick enough to go to the hospital. [REDACTED] got well again and came back to the convent. The nuns didn't behave any differently towards us when we were sick. They just got on with their job and did what they had to do.

Schooling

33. The school was a big room in the home. The nuns taught us. I liked school and I liked learning. The teaching was strict but they did teach us well. I'll say that for them. My left hand got tied to the chair because I was left-handed, and I likely got walloped many times for things I didn't do or for giggling, but on the whole school wasn't bad. At one point we went out to school. That was later on in my time in the convent. It was a primary school across the road from the home.

Working in the nursery

34. I was put in the nursery to look after babies just before I left the convent. I was about fifteen years old. When I was there I used to think "Oh God, I started off here". I remember an [REDACTED] couple got killed in a car accident and their little boy

and girl were brought to Nazareth House. I remember it so clearly as I had to mind those little ones. I still remember their names. They were called [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I thought [REDACTED] was a beautiful name. I looked after them while they were there. I remember looking at those little babies lying in that cot and thinking "What life are they going to have?". That was something that was really hurtful to me.

35. The nuns had a cruel way of potty training in the nursery. It was an awful thing. They used to tie the children to the potty to make them sit. They were left just sitting there. That was part of the routine: they had to be put on the potty at a certain time each day.

Contact with family

36. Sunday was visiting day. We were all put in a big room. The visitors used to come to the side of the school, knock the door and say the name of the girl they were coming to visit. The girl would then be called out of the room. I was left in that room for years with no visitors. I obviously don't remember anything from age 2 to about 4, but from then until I was about 14, I didn't have anyone calling for me. I spent years looking out that window every Sunday waiting for visitors to come. I used to watch other girls getting their visitors, although I wasn't the only girl who had no-one calling for them.

37. Then, on one particular Sunday, I was asked to greet the visitors at the door. This only came back to me recently. A lady and gentleman came to the door. I can still see them standing there: her in her fur, both respectable and well-dressed. It's still vivid in my mind. They asked for me and I was shocked. The nuns must have known that they were coming that particular Sunday, and that's why they put me on the door. The woman was a great-aunt of my father's. They were related to me. They were nice people. They came and visited me and then they went off. That was it. I never saw them again. I'll never know why they didn't come again. That was the only time I had a visit.

38. I don't remember my father coming to visit me. He might have done during a time when I was too young to remember.

Visits / inspections

39. Nobody ever came in and asked us how we were or how we were being treated in the home. I definitely don't remember any official inspections taking place. The nuns were the ones who controlled the place. I think things were getting a little bit better as I was getting closer to leaving. I think things were getting better overall at that stage in what I call the 'health sector'. People in care were starting to be looked after a bit better; I could see a little bit of change coming.

Abuse at Nazareth House

40. The nuns walloped you with their hands on the back of your head or hit you with the strap for an awful lot of little things, like falling asleep during mass, wetting the bed, and not eating your food. That's all you would see, nuns going around smacking children. It was back in the 1950s and that was the way of the times. It happened to all the children. It wasn't only me. I'd say every child who grew up there, whether they were good or bad, grew up in the same way. That's how it was.

41. Whether you got hit or not depended on which nun was around. You never knew what to expect. You didn't know the mentality of the nuns – they could be cruel, kind or maybe just afraid to hurt someone. I think some of the nuns were a little bit manic; they had a streak in them that they had to release. I often think that that was the case with a lot of the nuns. That nun who chopped into my hair in the refectory, she was a nun with a bit of badness in her. I think she was a bit manic.

42. As I said, you had to stand facing the wall with a sheet over your head if you wet the bed. That went on for a long time for me. It would have been fear that caused

the bed-wetting, not bladder trouble or anything like that. You stood in the dorm beside what I called the nun's cabin. Whichever nun was on duty at night slept in that little cabin at the bottom of the dorm. I remember standing beside a radiator one time with the wet sheet over my head and I fainted. It was probably the ammonia that did it. I fell and split my head. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]. I didn't get any medical treatment for it. I was just left where I was.

43. I was left-handed when I was in the convent. I'm right-handed now. They used to tie my left hand to the back of my chair in school so that I would write with my right hand. It was cruel. I don't know how long it took me to learn how to write with my right hand, but I do remember the pain of learning how to do it. When I left the convent, I found out that that was the way of most schools then. I couldn't use my knife and fork properly or tie my laces either, because I wasn't allowed to do it in a left-handed way.

44. I remember my hand was swollen like a mountain after one of the nuns walloped me with an old-fashioned wire brush. I was in the washroom and was doing something left-handed, maybe I was brushing my teeth. My hand was swelling and swelling, and another nun came along and actually bit the head off the one who hurt me, and then she bathed my hand. That's the only time a nun ever stuck up for me. It didn't really make much difference. I was still treated the same way for being left-handed. A different nun would come along and she'd not be so kind. That's the way it went. I remember that time vividly – learning how to use my right hand. It took me ages to learn how to tie my laces. I remember teaching my little granddaughter and it was so simple for her. I don't know why they were like that with left-handed people. I think it was the way things happened in those times.

45. As I got older, a nun used to take me to a [REDACTED] farm and leave me there with [REDACTED] LVS who raped me. It happened on a number of occasions. I didn't know at the time that that's what he was doing. It went on for quite a while. When it

stopped, I heard that the nun had left the convent but I don't know what happened to the farmer. I don't remember the nun's name.

46.

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]. I don't know what age he was. As far as I know, there was never anyone else there when it happened.

47. I don't know whether the nun stayed around or whether she watched, but I'm 100% certain that she knew it was happening. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]. I was supposed to be going down for eggs from the farm. That's what I was told. I don't remember ever carrying eggs. I don't know for certain if other girls went through the same thing, but I don't think I was the only one. I think other girls would be able to tell stories too. The nun also sexually assaulted me. She didn't penetrate me, but she mauled me all over my body on a regular basis.

Leaving Nazareth House

48. I think I was more or less put out of Nazareth House. I think there's something more to me going when I did; there's more to the story of that nun who used to take me to the farm. I got up one morning and the Mother Superior called me into her room, gave me a bus ticket and told me to go to Glasgow bus station and get on a bus to Victoria where I would be met by my father. I had no idea where the bus station was. I had never really been out of the convent. Nobody came with me to the bus station.

49. As the years go on, I think "Why was I just left like that? ". The nuns had had me for all those years in the convent and then I was literally given a bus ticket one morning and told to go and make my own way to somewhere I didn't know, with

nobody around to help me. These are the words the Mother Superior said to me: "Look for a bus with the word 'Victoria' on it. Get on that bus and it will take you down to London where a man called [REDACTED] will meet you".

50. Getting from Glasgow to London in the 1950s was like going from here to Australia nowadays. The journey was horrible. I was all on my own. I got travel sickness and was in such a state when I met [REDACTED]. Up until then I didn't even know I had a father. Nobody had come to visit and tell me that I had a father. All I knew from the convent was that my mother was dead. I was given a certificate when I left the convent which had an 'F' for female on it. It had no information at all about my family on it. I never had any personal belongings in the convent, so I left with just the bus ticket and that certificate.

51. When I got down to Victoria, this man came up to me and asked me if my name was [REDACTED] LKY. He could have been anyone. He then took me on another bus down to Southampton where he lived. That's the journey I made in one day, from Glasgow all the way down to Southampton.

Life after Nazareth House

52. I knew I didn't like [REDACTED] as soon as I met him. He wasn't a nice man. The fear was there again. There was always fear. I spent six months living with him in Southampton and left because he was abusing me. He was doing what the farmer had done to me. I knew straight away that I had to get out of that house. I left [REDACTED] in 1957. I had just come out of the convent and I knew nothing of the outside world, yet I was able to do that. I hadn't yet turned seventeen. I had become friends with a girl and it was through talking to her about [REDACTED] LSV and [REDACTED] that I got to know what it was they had done to me. She expressed it to me. She and I went to London together and just got on with life.

53. I never really had any dealings with [REDACTED] again after I left Southampton. He came on the scene when my first son was born, but I moved to Ireland and that kept the distance between us.
54. I met girls in London who had come over from Ireland to work. They were in much the same boat as me; they all had similar stories to mine. I became friends with three Irish girls from County Mayo and made my life around them. They taught me everything about the outside world, as I knew nothing. I had a good time in London. It was like a release to me. I enjoyed my few years in London on my own. There was always something holding me back, though. I always lived with fear and had an instinct for knowing when something was wrong. I think my time in care made me more aware of what was around me. I think it also made me strong-willed.
55. We sat exams in Nazareth House and I left with qualifications. I applied for a job with a scholarship to be a pharmacist [REDACTED] in London, and I got it. I didn't do it for long. I was only young and a bit giddy. I was enjoying myself, put it that way. I did every sort of job after that. I was a PAYE clerk in [REDACTED] [REDACTED] in London, and worked as a [REDACTED] at one point. I was good with numbers and held down some other jobs working with numbers.
56. I ended up marrying an Irishman who I met in one of the Irish clubs I went to with my friends. He was a good man in the beginning. I wouldn't take that away from him. I was seventeen and a half when I met him. That's the only thing I regret. I didn't give myself much freedom. I moved to Dublin with him. I got married in 1961 and had my first son, [REDACTED] on [REDACTED] 1962, which coincidentally is the same date I was put into the home back in 1943. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] I later had two more sons and a daughter: [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I had [REDACTED] in 1967, [REDACTED] in 1968 and [REDACTED] in 1982.
57. [REDACTED] was severely handicapped and was in need of a lot of attention. He had to be tube-fed and was wheelchair-bound. He was the most important person in our house. The children were very good to him. They helped me to look after him. We

kept [REDACTED] at home and he was looked after very well. I didn't really worry about that part of [REDACTED] life.

58. Life with my husband wasn't good. He was quite violent. He was a vindictive man. If things didn't go right for him, everyone had to look out. He did time in jail for [REDACTED]. He deserved to go to jail. The boys had a hard time of it. [REDACTED] had quite a traumatic upbringing. He took the brunt of it. He had to go out and earn the wages after my husband left in 1989. I'm not doing the hard luck story here, but [REDACTED] always had to try to get the money together to pay the bills after my husband left. [REDACTED] was the strong person in our house. He was so young. I wonder how we got through it sometimes. The bills were high and our mortgage had to be paid. We then had to pay my husband his share of the house after [REDACTED] died. [REDACTED] got a mortgage so we could do that.

Impact of experiences

59. Fear has been a constant thing in my life. It's been there all through the years. I was always afraid going through life. I was always scared of what was going to happen next. All of that happened to me when I was young and then other things happened. [REDACTED] was born with [REDACTED] and died at age forty. Then [REDACTED] had to have a big operation on her bowels. It took them such a long time to find out what was wrong with her and I was so worried. I thought she had cancer. I had myself all psyched up for that. I keep saying now "Please God, no more. That's it finished now".

60. I've always been frightened that something bad will happen and that has made me very protective. I used to look after my friend [REDACTED]'s son and I never let him go far from sight. He couldn't leave the keyhole – that's how I put it.

61. I used to have dreams about a big hefty man marching up and down the bedroom in a black cloak, which went over his head, and if you moved he'd belt you. That went on for a long, long time. It was horrible. It took a very long time for me to

analyse the dream and work out that it wasn't a man belting me, it was a nun. It came from my fear of going to bed at night in the convent because there was always a nun marching up and down the aisle making sure your eyes were closed and your arms were crossed over your chest. I had listened to that for years in Nazareth House, lying there in fear of the nun's strap. That's what I was seeing in my dreams all that time – the nun marching up and down.

62. What **LSV** did, and the fact he got away with it, has stuck in my mind all through the years. I would hate to see any other children go through that. They can't fight for themselves or protect themselves. It's very sad when you think about what's out there.

63. Because of the sexual abuse, I feel disgusted with myself. I feel dirty and ashamed. I've always felt like that.

64. I think the way I was treated at Nazareth House impacted on my relationship with my husband. I couldn't stand up to him. I've never been able to deal with confrontation and I avoid arguments.

65. I suffer from claustrophobia. I have a real fear of being closed in anywhere. Even going to the toilet can be quite difficult for me, if I feel I can't get out. I think this is because I always felt closed in at Nazareth House, and I have a fear of that happening again.

Treatment and support

66. I tried counselling, but I was just repeating myself and I didn't want to keep going somewhere and just repeat myself over and over. I didn't find it helpful. I used to think about the poor woman who was doing the counselling. She had to just sit there and keep listening to me repeating myself. A friend of mine was brought up in a different convent and she had a traumatic life too. Counselling helped her immensely. She was very grateful for it. I'm glad it helped her.

67. The only thing that maybe came out of it for me was that I was a bit better at talking about my life in Nazareth House. Also, being able to speak to my children about it has been helpful. I lived with my time in Nazareth House always there in my mind throughout the years, but I put it to the back of my mind while I was rearing my children. There was so much going on in my life and my children always came first. I kept my past to myself and didn't talk about it with them. I didn't tell them until 2010. I started to bring it all out after [REDACTED] looked into my family background. I wrote down some of my experiences. I have a feeling my son [REDACTED] hasn't read it all, though. He'll maybe need to get some help for himself to deal with it.

68. I've had my friend [REDACTED] who's supporting me to give this witness statement, with me all along. I had her mother [REDACTED] before that. She passed away. [REDACTED] was my good friend. She helped me when I was trying to get information about my life and find out who I was in 1994. I'd say that [REDACTED] was the only one who knew what had happened to me and then [REDACTED] came along and I told her. I've never made an official report to anyone.

69. I'm the type of person who has to express themselves. I'm always writing. I keep saying that I'm going to write a book. If I did, I wouldn't want to be known as the person who wrote it or be named in it. That's not for me. I don't want to be out there as someone who feels sorry for themselves. I would have to give my story to someone else and tell them to change the names.

Records

70. I got a bit curious in 1994 and sent off to Glasgow for my birth certificate. I got the certificate, but I never looked into my background any further at that point. I had so much going on in my family life at the time, and I just put the birth certificate to the back of my mind. I always thought there was something odd about it, though.

71. When [REDACTED] died, my daughter [REDACTED] said to me that she wanted to look into my birth certificate. On doing so, she discovered that my mum had signed the birth certificate and had obviously not died giving birth to me like I was told. My daughter and I then looked into things on the internet and we discovered a lot about my family. I found out that my mother had had six other daughters, two of whom were younger than me. I was so emotional and annoyed when I found out all of this. To think that all of that had been going on and I knew nothing about it. None of my siblings were put into care. I know that because I've met them. I don't have much contact with them, as there's not a lot of shared history between us.
72. My daughter also wrote to the archivist in Nazareth House. He was a nice man. He wrote back and sent me my Nazareth House entry and leaving forms, which he had photocopied onto one sheet for me. It says on the sheet that my mum was dead. My actual name was [REDACTED] and the nuns changed it to [REDACTED] because [REDACTED] wasn't a Catholic name. My mother was a Protestant and my father was a Catholic.
73. I got in touch with the Scottish Human Rights Commission as I was so upset to find out that my mother had not actually died at my birth and had in fact been alive until 1990. That was in 2010. I spoke to Moyra Hawthorn and she told me that it wasn't uncommon, and she referred me to a woman called Helen Holland from a group called INCAS.
74. Before I got in touch with INCAS, I telephoned Nazareth House in Glasgow and spoke to a nun called Sister [REDACTED]. I told her what I had found out about my mother. I was quite sharp with her as I was so upset to find out that my mother had been alive all those years. I was quite traumatised talking to her. I apologised to her for my outburst. She was very kind on the phone. She was very sympathetic towards me and referred me for counselling. That's the counselling I've spoken about which I stopped going to.

Hopes for the Inquiry

75. I got to know about the Inquiry through INCAS. I don't have any contact with INCAS now, as I tried to phone Helen Holland a few months back and she didn't answer my call. I don't know what's happened to her.

76. I'm glad I've now given my evidence. I'm glad it's over. I'm sick of writing things down on bits of paper. I hate repeating myself. I annoy myself when I do it. I want to try to forget about it now that I've done what I had to do.

77. I wanted to do take part in the Inquiry to try to make sure it doesn't happen again. Although, I can't see it not happening again. When you see what's out there, I'm not sure it can be stopped. I think it'll always be there.

78. I think it's important that today's children know how children in care were treated. They need to be told what happened to the children. I'm not ashamed about it. I've spoken to my granddaughter about being brought up in care.

79. I hope that the nuns of today are not judged by the behaviour of the nuns of yesteryear. I am not anti-Catholic or anti-nuns. The nuns of today are so different. They were very kind to my son [REDACTED] and he loved them. I am grateful to them for their kindness. He loved the priests too.

80. 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.

LKY
[REDACTED SIGNATURE]

Signed.....

31/8/2017 2017

Dated.....