

LWM – LWB WIT.003.001.2758

Shock treatment at Edinburgh hospital. I was just a child, Nazareth. I heard children screaming that haunted me till this day. I had to buff floors, wash with toothbrush. Sister LWB liked to be touched evil, disgusting, vile, creature her private areas. I hated her, I hated myself. Why me? Why me? I believed nuns were god's angels, no they were the devil's serpents. I was stripped of my clothes. My wee naked body touched everywhere(my aunt is crying) I missed my mum, I missed my family, why me?

God saved me I had faith – I had Jesus

LWM - LWB – WIT 003.001.2761

Nazareth Sister LWB evil. I was a child beaten, sexually abused by them. I give my niece little LWB permission to get justice for me. It is time now.

2018

My aunt is in hospital and has asked me to write down her memories. She wants to unburden her ghosts.

LWM

LWM – LWB WIT003.001.2762

I had my Aunt sign before I start.

She was 6 years old living out with her granda and sister LWB She loved her time there, happy memories, then all of a sudden she was taken away to Nazareth House. The beginning of her nightmares. At first she thought of this as God's house and the nuns as angels. She quickly learnt this was not the case right from day one. Sister LWB would be the one to leave her mark, many marks. She would have me clean floors with a toothbrush then say "you no that's not clean enough" and kick me all over my little body. She was evil.

LWM – LWB – WIT.003.001.2763

She would grab my hair and remark at how pretty I was. You're a pretty one LWB aren't you. I would say no, yes LWM and grab me into her office with her hand on my hair then I had to sit down – well pushed down. To my horror she lifted her garments up and had me do what no child of God's should be doing to her private parts. This continuing for the remaining time I was in that hell. As I grow I developed. She liked to play with my chest and my private parts (my Aunt is crying and takes a break). Now she wishes to continue.

WIT.003.001.2764

I have never told anyone my dirty secret. My niece assures me this is not my fault but I don't understand why this happened to me and not just me other children too. I can still hear them all now to this day screaming such evil going ons. Why hurt the little children, why.

I was subjected to sexual abuse, daily beatings, sometimes no food and I was cold as was the rest of the children. We were all scared. Sister **LWW** was a nasty wicked nun. She did her share of evil too but nothing to what Sister **LWV** did to me. I did try and tell my mum God bless her, she knew something

WIT.003.001.2765

wasn't right. I ran away several times to see my mum but always the nuns would be so nice to the police when I was taken back and I paid the price. One time I was so badly beaten I could not more for pain. I was left in my bed, cold, shivering. No one came but one girl, my friend **██████████** had food to give me but she too was scared and beaten just like me. There was no escaping this hell and who would believe me. I was told I was ugly and a sinner forever telling lies. I told my mum I was being beaten when I ran away to her. I know my mum believed me but also she couldn't understand as they were God's children too. But I told after a few.....

LWM**LWB****– WIT.003.001.2766**

days past, I can't recall how I got better, well again but I did. I didn't want to I wanted to die. I wanted God to come and take me away. The beatings, the sex abuse never stopped no matter what I did. Still I kept running away then I was put into St Claire's that was not any better. They ran that St Claire's like Nazareth.

I once went to the office and then I was taken to Edinburgh to the doctor there. He said "now **LWM** let me see what I can do to rid you of your troubles. I can't talk about that its too painful. I was a child. Why. (crying).

My aunt needs to stop, I will talk to her tomorrow. This is very difficult. I don't know how bad she had gotten.

LWM**LWB****– WIT.003.001.2820****██████████** 2018

I had left this a few days as this has been very upsetting but she wishes to continue in case anything should happen to her, this is not easy, far from it. I never expected all of this her life, her secrets, her sadness. She seems stronger today but she talks mostly of Sister **LWV** from Nazareth House. There are records from doctors. She said they still must have them and wishes me to get them for her.

What got her through she tells me was her faith in God and Jesus. She destroyed her body as it was already damaged/broken/touched.

She recalls being touched but cannot talk of this as its too painful. She is crying thinking of these poor souls, the children screaming has haunted her all her days.

She never really knew her siblings, that bond was gone but she still loved them and her poor mum. I ask her why say that about grandma she tells me her mum was 6 years old when her mum died and she was beaten and abused too like her. I don't understand and my Aunt won't discuss her mum. I'm beginning to think my grandma was in a home too but she my aunt tells me I have to keep that to myself. I promised my mum, my heart is heavy and said. (Mine is too).

I shall never forgive those Sisters and nuns, priests. They will be judged by God. Hell is where they all belong.

I got away aged 15½. I had no one but I never could get the memories, horrors of what happened gone to this day. Tell them the truth what happened in Nazareth House and St Claires. There were babies there too, neglected, abused all evil. No one did anything to help, no one opened their eyes to see how sad all the children were. She shows me her hands once where so normal but reminds me at 6 I had to do washing, cleaning, buffing, it was a very hard life and evil too. No child should go through hell. My friend [REDACTED] I never saw again, was she dead or alive, I don't know but what did they do to the bairns that were sick. God forbid. So much evil in that Nazareth went on that I don't believe anyone would believe me that's why I kept silent as who would believe me over them. I should never have been born, I never knew what love was, I never could hug anyone. My time destroyed, my own kids. I didn't know how to be a mum. I left them with my mum.

I didn't know how to love. I was never taught or shown. From 6 years old Sister [REDACTED] LWV took everything from me. I died in Nazareth St Claire's.

I was never the same happy go lucky kid since off that. Every day evil – pure evil.

Don't give away my secrets to everyone little [REDACTED] LWB make sure they go into the right hands, be aware of nuns, priests, be careful.

I am sorry you had to hear all of this but I do feel a little better talking about my painful secrets. Now swear on this cross, hail to Lord you will be careful who you tell my secrets to. Do what is needed, always do good. I have had to stop now as she is very upset and so I am too, tears all down her tiny face. So much pain.