

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

EOA

Support person present: No

1. My name is EOA My date of birth is 1964. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born in Glasgow. My mother was called and my father was called My eldest sister is We have the same mother and a different father. lived in my paternal gran's household and is five years older than me. Next was who is now deceased and was three years older than me. I didn't know existed until I was sixteen years old. had been moved to live with my father's side of the family and nobody mentioned her. Then there's and then me. is one year older than me. Next are and who are twins and two years younger than me. is the youngest and is seven years younger than me.
3. For the first four years of my life, I grew up in in the Parkhead area of Glasgow. Our full family came from that neck of the woods. Our father was a perpetual abuser. He had gambling and alcohol addictions. He abused our mother so severely that she fell down the stairs. She had severe injuries and ended up hospitalised for the rest of her life, which was a short life after that. Our mother died in 1972 when I was eight years old because of the injuries.

4. Our father wasn't interested in maintaining five kids. My maternal gran had her own family who were still living in her house. My Aunty [REDACTED] tried to take us on but we were too big a family. The easiest road to take in those days was the church. My gran was a staunch Catholic and, through the parish priest and social care, they came up with a plan to put me, my sister and my brothers in Nazareth House.
5. I went into Nazareth House when I was four years old. The first time I left Nazareth House was when I was ten years old. I went into foster care for six months and then I went back to Nazareth House for six to nine months. I left again when I was twelve years old and went back to the same foster carers. I stayed with the same foster carers until I was sixteen years old.

Nazareth House, Kilmarnock

6. My sister [REDACTED] and I were the oldest of the children in my father's house. We came to Nazareth House in 1968 when I was four years old. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] joined us six months to a year later. [REDACTED] was a late baby who had medical complications and he came a year and half later. We stayed in the same group in Nazareth House.
7. Nazareth House was a big culture shock. I enjoyed the building. It was a building you could be curious about and I'm a curious person. There were a lot of places that if somebody said you can't go there, then I would go. There was a big garden area. You mixed with other kids in the same age bracket. You got into trouble because we weren't angels.
8. Nazareth House was a four storey building with a basement. There was an annexe which was a care home for the elderly and an annexe for the nuns. As you walked in the front door there was a statue of the Madonna and child. The stairs were in front of you and there was a passageway that took you through to the kitchen area. Effie and Margaret were the kitchen staff. Effie was an old lady. They were ex-residents who had never progressed out of Nazareth House and lived their life there.

9. To the left of the front door was a corridor that you were never allowed into. That was the nun's quiet area. To the right was another corridor. The first opening was a lift and it was frowned upon for the children to use it. The second opening was a dining area for Sister LKE group. The third opening was my dining area. Opposite the first dining area was a playroom with a TV. We were never allowed to watch the TV. Next to that was a toilet. Further down was a cloakroom which was where all your shoes and coats were and where you cleaned the shoes. At the very bottom, before the exit door, there was a large family room where you were taken if your family came to visit.
10. Next to our dining room there was a door. When you went through it there was another cloakroom at the bottom for Sister LKE group. Upstairs was another cloakroom for my group. On the first floor were the elderly people who were mostly bedridden. You weren't allowed in the door to that floor, unless you were invited up. Up another stair were the children's dormitories. The top floor was the nun's quarters and a church.
11. There were forty to fifty children altogether. Boys were no older than primary school age because they weren't allowed to stay after primary school. Then, boys were sent to other institutions or fostered. Girls retained their place unless they were fostered. There were two groups with boys and girls in each. Sister LKE was in charge of one group and Sister LGO had my group. In our group there were about twenty children. Boys and girls were in separate dorms. The only time the two groups mixed was when you were out playing. Once you were in the building, you only mixed with your group.
12. There were other nuns but Sister LKE and Sister LGO were the ones who had control of your life. I can't remember the Mother Superior's name. She never took to do with the daily routine. Sister LGO was the boss of the convent.
13. My house-parent was Mrs Canavan. She was Irish. She was a lovely lady and had sympathy for you. Mrs Canavan did ironing, washed clothes and made sure things were tidy. She helped you in the morning and got you to school. She was never there at night. It was a job for her and she must have seen what was going on. I knew Mrs Canavan after I left Nazareth House but I never asked her if she did know. Mrs

Canavan was a staunch Catholic and must have had her own feelings about it. I built up a great rapport with Mrs Canavan over the years because her son was at my school and we became friends. I could have gone to her with my problems.

14. The nuns wore blue habits with a large cross. When I was young, I thought Sister LGO was massive because she was a large, bullying person. I met her in later years and she was very small. Although I was only five or six years old, I quickly learned the rules. When new folk came in you quickly showed them the rules.

Routine at Nazareth House, Kilmarnock

First day

15. My gran told me that we were going to Nazareth House and we left by taxi.

Mornings and bedtime

16. My group had three dormitory bedrooms with about six children in each. Boys and girls slept separately. When I was about eight or nine years old, I became one of the elder boys. I was first up in the morning at 5:30am to serve Mass. The other children got up at about 6:30am or 6:45am. If I wasn't serving Mass then I was still first up. I was responsible for making sure everybody was up and washed and for checking the beds. After I'd done all that then I would quickly get dressed and washed at the sink with a flannel. Then you went downstairs for breakfast.
17. Saturday was the same routine as during the week except you didn't have school. Saturday was not too bad because you got a bit of free time. If the weather was fine then you got out to play on the grass in the garden. There was a big field at the side of the building with swings and play areas.
18. You got enough pocket money to buy sweeties and you were allowed out for one visit to a shop next door. You didn't get pocket money if you were bad or didn't do your

jobs. If you were out of line then you weren't allowed to go to the shop. I rebelled and a few others did too.

19. Sunday was worse. You were up at 5:30am. You did not get breakfast until church was out the way. Church could be at 10:00am or 11:00am. I was an altar boy so I had two Masses to do if I was on the rota. The early morning one was for nuns and priests and a couple of people who were in the Nazareth House organisation. Then I had to tidy up the church and make sure everything was set in place for the next Mass.
20. After that I went down and made sure everyone was up, clean and dressed in their Sunday best. We wore short trousers, a shirt and a jumper. Some wore ties. We had long, grey socks and a pair of shoes. I never saw a pair of long trousers until I left Nazareth House. Everyone had to sit and wait. Then we were marched up the stairs to the church.
21. You had your breakfast and then went out for a walk, hail, rain or snow. You could spot a Nazareth House kid a mile away. It was like a regiment with a nun at the front and a nun at the back. You were marched. There was no jovial bouncing about or jumping in puddles as weans do. You came back to Nazareth House. You never got lunch. The only time you got lunch was in summertime if the weather was good and you were sitting outside. Then you something small like a piece and Dairylea,
22. You came back from your walk and that was your quiet time or Benediction. You had to sit confined in your room. Everybody was there. You had prayers and rosary to say. Then you had your tea and then you had your chores to do. Doing your chores never changed, no matter what day it was. That was set in stone. It was a mundane, boring life.

Bed Wetting

23. I wasn't a bed-wetter but, because I was an older boy, there was a routine and it was horrible. There was a lot of bedwetting and you had to hide it. If the beds were soiled

then you had to remove the person, strip the bed of the soiled bed clothing and put the bedding into the laundry machine. That was all done before I got dressed myself.

24. [REDACTED] was a persistent bed-wetter. We used to get him up in the middle of the night and take him through to the toilet. We didn't want to endure the abuse we would get the next the morning if we woke up to a bed wet. If you were caught bed-wetting by Sister LGO [REDACTED] then your soiled underpants were taken off you and put over your head. You sat at the bottom of the bed while I disposed of and cleaned the bedding. It the most horrible, undignified thing I'd seen in my life.

Mealtimes / Food

25. Everything was regimented and on a rota. After every meal the tables were set for the next meal. If it was your turn to do the dishes then you did them and if it was your turn to do the beds then you did them.
26. Breakfast was at about 7:30am or 7:45am and you were out of the dining room just before 8:30am. You went to the cloakroom and got a spoonful of molasses whether you liked it or not. Then you walked to school. The walk took about ten minutes. You had school dinners. You had to do your chores straight away when you got in from school. There was a lot of work done before tea-time. After you did your chores then it was rosary. That took about half an hour. Then you went for tea.
27. Tea took about an hour. The food wasn't fancy. You could not leave your table until everybody had finished their meal. My sister wasn't the best eater and I ate her dinner. No-one was force fed but, if you didn't eat, then you'd be sitting there all night. The nuns would leave you. Everybody would start egging on the person who had food left to hurry up and eat. Children would bully the person who wasn't eating by twisting their ear or kicking them.
28. You had chores to do after tea and you had to clean the tables. After you had done your chores then you got washed and went to bed. The baths were only used at night-time.

Washing / bathing

29. At the top of the stairs, to your right, was your dormitory and to the left was the washing area. There were two rooms, each with just a bath in it and a couple of individual toilet cubicles. You were bathed every second night and there was a rota for bath night. There was always a nun and your house-parent present.
30. Bathing was not nice and was not an enjoyable part of your life. You were scrubbed with a brush from top to bottom by Sister LGO. Your genital area and back passage were well scrubbed. It was painful. A nun went through your hair with a steel comb and put a sort of disinfectant through your hair. You came out and your head was red raw. Boys bathed separately from the girls. One boy went in the bath and when he came out, another went in.

General Routine

31. I was allowed to go to the cubs and to Scottish and Irish country dancing at Barton's School of Dancing but that was the only time I was out at night. I don't recall playing. It wasn't a word I ever used in my younger days. There were no comics or magazines. There was a TV but we weren't allowed to put it on. We didn't watch TV often although we had to sit down all day and watch Princess Anne's marriage. I don't know why we had to endure that.
32. There were three trips every year. One was in the summertime when the local taxi drivers took you for a day to Butlins. At Christmas we were taken to the circus at Kelvinhall in Glasgow and once we went to a pantomime at the King's Theatre. We went to Saltcoats for a week, as a house.
33. Our clothes were hand me downs. The Sunday best came from my family. We had school clothes. You had a name tag on your clothes and my twin brothers used to swap the names on their clothes. Clothes were washed every day. The nuns had their

own laundry service and everything was cleaned meticulously. There were nuns whose job that was.

School

34. I started at St Columba's Primary School at the normal time in August 1969. I stayed there until I finished primary school in primary seven. You walked back from school. You had to be prompt and there could be no stragglers. There was a time you had to be in by because the nuns knew when school finished and how long it took to get back. If you weren't back by a particular time then all hell broke out. You were punished by being sent by the nuns to Father LQH [REDACTED] the parish priest, to be beaten.
35. I enjoyed school because it was a release and it was away from Nazareth House. School was the only time you could let your hair down. Everybody knew who you were. You got called the 'Nazy kids' and kids said not to play with us. As I've grown older, I've found out the kids felt sorry for you. I hate that. They thought we were at Nazareth House because we were the bad ones. It's not until people grew older and wiser that they knew what was really going on.
36. You played with your chosen few. You made friends at school and you'd be asked to go to their house but you were never allowed. There were a couple of guys I played with and I've kept friendly with them. They were nothing to do with Nazareth House but they were good guys. A girl called [REDACTED] was the first person I sat next to in primary school. She stays round the corner from me now.
37. We got the cane at school and later we got the belt. I never had a problem with teachers. I have a photo of me on my last day at primary school and I have a big smile on my face.
38. I didn't have anything personal. If my gran brought me a toy then it was put in with the rest of the toys and shared with everyone else. You didn't have a wee cupboard at the side of your bed that you could put your personal stuff in. The only personal things you were allowed were the clothes you got from your family.

39. There were no shortfalls in having contact with my brothers and sister. My brothers were in the same house as me. When [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] came to Nazareth House, I was told they were my brothers and I was to look after them. [REDACTED] wasn't in the same house because she was in the girl's side. We went to school and mixed. We did things together, more so me and [REDACTED] because we came to Nazareth House together.

Healthcare

40. You got your hair checked regularly for nits in the cloakroom. You got your jags at school. The nuns dealt with any scrapes. I can't remember a doctor coming in. Hygiene was good and the nuns encouraged you. Dental care was fine. If you had toothache then a nun took you to the dentist. That's where I got my fear of dentists. The dentist tried to pull one of my teeth out without anaesthetic and I hit him.
41. One of my biggest hates was being not well. Everybody went to school and you were left in your dormitory all day, by yourself. Only the houseparent came to see you to see you were okay and bring your lunch. You might get a plate of soup. You weren't allowed to go downstairs for anything. It was a horrible day. I had chickenpox and I was left in that room for a week.

Religious Instruction

42. You said prayers every morning and every night. You said Grace every day. There was a room on the top floor that was made out to be a church. You only went to morning Mass if you were an altar boy. I was an altar boy and I had Mass almost every day. You went to confession and Mass on a Sunday at St Joseph's, the church next door.
43. We knew if you stayed in Catholic institutions and didn't get fostered then we were going to be priests. If you weren't fostered then you went from Nazareth House to a Salesian Brother's house, which was even worse. It was only priests there and we called them 'Baldy Beasts'.

Work

44. There was a lot of cleaning went on. There were rotas of what you had to do and that was dictated by the nuns. You had clothes chores where you cleaned the shoes and boots. They had to have a shine. After that, you had a tidy up of the cloakroom. The nuns taught you how to darn and you darned socks. The bedrooms had to be spick and span and it was your responsibility to make sure the bedrooms were cleaned. You had to set out place settings in the dining room for whatever meal you were getting and you did the dishes.
45. You had to make sure the chores were done and, if they weren't done to the nun's standard, the chores were done again until they were. Although you were only eight or nine years old, you picked it up quick. I grew up quicker than eight year boys do nowadays.

Birthdays and Christmas

46. Your birthday was celebrated by your family coming to visit. Christmas was celebrated because it was a big thing for the nuns. The nuns opened the doors to the congregation of St Joseph's and they were made to look good. There were decorations and people handed in presents which were predominantly clothes. In the eyes of the congregation, the nuns and priests were doing a great job. You got presents from your family and you got Christmas dinner.
47. Easter was a big religious festival. You had to make thousands of palms. A palm is a palm leaf made into the shape of a cross. I could do it with my eyes closed. We went to Coodham Estate which is near Symington, for a religious day out. It was a retreat for nuns and priests where they had their big religious festivals.

Visits / Inspections

48. Although my mother died and my father was non-existent, my gran and my Aunty [REDACTED] were there for me. My gran and my aunty visited Nazareth House once or twice a year.

My Uncle [REDACTED] visited until he died. They came for your birthday, your confirmation day and your communion day. They were the two most important people in the world to me. Gran and Aunty [REDACTED] saw me and my siblings together. They took us out of Nazareth House for the day and they brought presents.

49. The McCluskeys and McSorleys were staunch Catholic families who visited Nazareth House. They were friends of St Joseph's Church and the nuns. At weekends they were always at Nazareth House. Sometimes they'd take you for a walk or play with you. These people believe in the Roman Catholic way of life and you can't change them.
50. Other people coming into Nazareth House were Father LQH [REDACTED] Canon Littlejohn and Bishop McGee. You knew when the Bishop appeared because that was a big thing. I met him once or twice because I served his Mass.
51. I wasn't aware of any social work involvement with me.

Bereavement

52. My mother died when I was seven or eight years old in [REDACTED] 1972. My gran has told me that myself, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were taken from Nazareth House to Glasgow to her house. Mr McSorley took us there with Sister LGO [REDACTED]. I don't really remember being at the house. I didn't know where home was or where Glasgow was. I thought it was a day out and something to do with Christmas.
53. We were not told why we were going to Glasgow until we got there. My gran says I wasn't allowed to go to the cemetery but stayed in her house with the nuns. I never knew where my mother was buried. My wife and I later found my mother's grave by walking about the cemetery until we found it.

Running away

54. I ran away about four times until I realised it was pointless and I wasn't getting anywhere. When you went to school and you saw what was out there, you saw there was more to life than the mundane routine at Nazareth House.
55. My life was Nazareth House and school. The only streets I knew in Kilmarnock were the ones on the walk to school. One day, [REDACTED] and I decided to take a visit. I don't have a clue where we got to. We were picked up by the police. They knew we were from Nazareth House and took us back. The police didn't ask why we ran away but dumped us at the front door. I was put in the outbuilding which housed the furnace as a punishment, by Father LQH [REDACTED]

Discipline

56. The nuns didn't do the physical punishing, apart from a clip round the ear, the belt and the underpants on your head. Kids can be cheeky and they are going to rebel. I rebelled. It's part of your DNA, to grow up, learn and push boundaries. The children in Nazareth House were no different from other children. The nuns used a belt like the one at school. Sister LGO [REDACTED] was the only nun who gave me the belt. That happened as regular as clockwork. It was two, three or four strikes on your hand, in front of other children. You saw other children get the belt too.
57. The priest, Father LQH [REDACTED] was the man for physical punishment. You were sent to him to get your punishment. You'd be sent to Father LQH [REDACTED] for cheek and talking back, being late back from school, not doing your chores or anything like that. Being sent to the priest happened to everybody. The threat was always there that if you carried on doing something then you'd be sent to Father LQH [REDACTED]

Abuse at Nazareth House, Kilmarnock

58. Father LQH [REDACTED] was SNR [REDACTED] and the torturer. He was responsible for inflicting pain. The nuns sent you to Father LQH [REDACTED] to be punished. If you were sent to Father LQH [REDACTED] then you knew you were getting something. Me and LQH [REDACTED] didn't get on. I hated the man and he knew it. Father LQH [REDACTED] is dead now. He was in his mid-forties at Nazareth House.
59. The council didn't pick up the waste but instead, all the waste was consumed in the furnace. The furnace was in a separate outbuilding at the bottom of the garden. The door locked and there were no windows. In the outbuilding was a massive furnace with a big chain on the lid. When you lifted the lid up with the chain there was a big fire inside.
60. If you did something really bad, Father LQH [REDACTED] locked you into this outbuilding for a couple of hours. It was a dark, smelly and smoky environment. The door was shut and no light came in. The chain was lifted up and the fire was raging. We were told that was hell and damnation and that was where we'd go to if we stepped out of line again. It was evil. That was their idea of hell and it was hell. I can recall being put in the outbuilding four times. I was in twice with [REDACTED] and twice by myself but I could have been in more.
61. Me and [REDACTED] were the oldest kids in Nazareth House. We got more rebellious as we got to near the end of primary school, when we were eight to ten years old. We didn't like the 5.30am starts to go to church and we didn't like being told to come straight home from school. We were becoming young men and our ideals were different. I pushed the boundaries as far as I could push them with LQH [REDACTED] and I suffered. That's life.
62. When I ran away, if you were home late from school and at other times, you were beaten. Father LQH [REDACTED] got a hold of you and then he kicked the shit out of you. He gave you a good kicking and a good slapping about the face. You had bruises. Father

LQH [REDACTED] made sure he hid the bruises by kicking you in places that wouldn't be seen.

63. When Father LQH [REDACTED] gave you the belt, it was with his belt that had a buckle on it. LQH [REDACTED] lifted up his cassock and took the belt off. It was in private with no-one else there. He gave me the belt a lot of times. It was trousers down, bend over and walloped with the buckle.
64. I couldn't have spoken to anyone about what was going on because I was scared to. You knew the repercussions you would get and you didn't want to upset the cart. No parent would treat their child the way we were treated. You wouldn't treat your dog the way they treated children at Nazareth House.

Nazareth House, Cardonald

65. Shortly before I left Nazareth House in Kilmarnock for the first time, I was transferred to Nazareth House in Cardonald. I was there for a short time and I have no idea of the reason for that. It might have been because I was coming to the age where boys weren't allowed to live in the same accommodation as girls. I have no memories of Cardonald except the building. I went back to Kilmarnock before leaving there to go into foster care.

Leaving Nazareth House, Kilmarnock – for the first time

66. When I was eleven years old, all the kids that were in my room got lined up in the hall and the foster family came and picked me out. I never knew who they were and had never met them. Then I was told to go and pack my bags because I was leaving. My brothers and sisters were there and there was a lot of tears. I was in tears and I was gutted. A lot of fighting went on because we were a unit. We had become a unit again in Nazareth House. Me, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] all looked out for each another and especially for [REDACTED] because he was the youngest.

67. When I was told I was going to live with this family part of me was shocked and I didn't want to go. I was grabbed by the nuns and told to go. Sister LGO told me it was easier to split us up and take one than to take a family of five. I was taken away by the foster family that day.

Foster Care – ENZ-SPO, Galston, Ayrshire

68. I can only assume the reason behind me being fostered. I was led to believe that the foster family couldn't conceive a child. Mrs came from a Catholic family and the route they took was fostering. There was a financial gain in it as well and they were paid good money to foster. If Mr ENZ had met my father then the two of them would have got on great. Mr ENZ was about five foot ten inches tall and had a lean build. He was in his early forties when I went to live with them. I called Mrs, .
69. I stayed in foster care for about six months the first time and things were great. Mr ENZ was as nice as ninepence. I met other members of Mr and Mrs ENZ-SPO family. had a lot of brothers and sisters and they were nice to me. When you were that age and had already gone through bad experiences then it was the lesser of two evils. The lesser evil was to be fostered and I didn't want to go back to Nazareth House.
70. The first day was strange because I went into a town I never knew existed. I lived in a one bedroom flat. There was a kitchenette, living-room, one bedroom and toilet. I slept with Mr ENZ. slept in the living room in a fold down bed. I settled in fine and there were no issues.
71. I was still at primary school. I could wear my own clothes instead of a uniform. Getting the bus from Galston to Kilmarnock and being normal, you got looked at and treated a bit different. I was no longer one of the Nazy kids and I thought this was great. I saw my brothers and sisters at school and I didn't like that.

72. I had a social worker by then called Mrs Littlejohn. Prior to that, we hadn't had a social worker. When I first moved to Galston, the social worker was there regularly. I could see her office from the window of the flat because it was directly across the road. I could see my social worker every day and go over and have a chat with her. She was good.
73. Mr ENZ came to school at lunchtime with sweets and picked me up at school. I thought that was great because other parents were doing that. I built a relationship with Mr ENZ rather than because he was doing all the running. I could go out and play football at night and do the things normal kids could do. I was a naïve ten year old kid who didn't have a clue what family life was all about. This was new to me. I now know that was grooming.
74. Mr ENZ started playing mind games. He'd say that when I went to see Mrs Littlejohn I wasn't to say I slept in the same bed as him. I didn't ask why. As far as social work were aware, I slept in the fold down bed and I never told them any differently. Those questions were asked in the beginning but the social workers never asked as the years went on.

Abuse in Foster Care – first stay

Domestic abuse

75. Mr ENZ worked as a labourer all week. At the weekend he was constantly drinking and being physically abusive towards . took everything that he flung at her. He tried to hit me once and I got him back. That wasn't nice. Mr and Mrs ENZ-SPO were portrayed as a lovely family. Mrs was getting money for fostering. She wasn't going to rock the boat and lose that income.
76. Mr ENZ was a labourer. He came home and had his drink during the week. He went out on a Friday after his work. The Friday would last until Sunday evening. There was verbal and physical abuse towards . I'd never experienced that before. I don't

know if I was put back into care because of that. I've never asked. Mr ^{ENZ} was okay when he wasn't drinking. When he was drinking, he was nasty.

Leaving Foster Care – for the first time

77. Mr and Mrs ^{ENZ-SPO} conceived after I'd been in Galston for about six months. When I was eleven or twelve years old, I was put back into Nazareth House while went through her pregnancy. Mr and Mrs ^{ENZ-SPO} were having serious marital problems and there was a lot of fighting. I listened to the arguments, day and night. You can't avoid listening to arguments in a one bedroom flat. There were more arguments at the weekend. wasn't an alcoholic but Mr ^{ENZ} drank like an alcoholic.
78. told me I was going back into Nazareth House. I didn't want to go and I told them that. I asked Mr and Mrs ^{ENZ-SPO} why I was going back. The whole point was to come out of Nazareth House. I never got an explanation.

Return to Nazareth House, Kilmarnock

79. I went back to the same routine when I returned to Nazareth House. There were no problems. I went back to school. My brothers and sister were grateful to see me, especially struggled in everything and went to a special needs school. education was poor, her eating was poor and she looked to me to help. They wanted to see me because I only got ten minutes to see them at school. They looked up to me because I was the elder one.

Leaving Nazareth House, Kilmarnock - for the second time

80. I stayed at Nazareth House for six to nine months until I went back to foster care. I was around twelve years old. The decision for me to go back was taken by social work. Sister ^{LGO} took me into her room and Mrs Littlejohn was there. Sister ^{LGO} told

me I was going back to Mr and Mrs [ENZ-SPO] I can't remember my reaction. I spoke to my brothers and sister but we didn't understand what was going on. None of us knew the reason. When the nuns told you to do something, you did it. There was no point asking for an explanation because you were just told to do it. I went back to Galston in April.

Return to Foster Care – [ENZ-SPO], Galston

81. I was about twelve years old when I went back to live in Galston. The baby was born and I was brought back into the fold. I stayed for four and half years. My relationship with [REDACTED] wasn't the greatest because she knew what was going on.

Routine in Foster Care – second stay

General Routine

82. The sleeping arrangements were the same as they had been before. I slept with Mr [ENZ] and [REDACTED] slept with the baby. I could have a shower or a bath when I wanted.
83. I joined the Boys Brigade and met a lot of good friends. I continued with that for thirty odd years and I loved it. There was some normality. I've got a great group of friends that I grew up in Galston with. I had a free rein to do what I wanted to do.
84. We went to Blackpool on holiday. Holidays were torture because I hated being around Mr [ENZ]. I stopped going on holidays with Mr and Mrs [ENZ-SPO] when I joined the Boy's Brigade. There was a camp the first two weeks of the summer holidays and that was my out. For two weeks I got away and lived a great life with the people in my circle of the Boy's Brigade.
85. I went to St Joseph's secondary school in Kilmarnock. I got the bus to school. I had met friends and I got on great at school. There was no problem. I met different people

and my confidence got better. Mr and Mrs ENZ-SPO didn't check my school reports or encourage me to do well at school. I passed my exams and got seven O Levels and two Highers. I got accepted to go to Glasgow University but I couldn't go. I had no confidence to go to that sort of place by myself. I was comfortable in my own group.

86. When I went to visit the doctor, Mr ENZ told me to keep my mouth shut. My gran and my aunty never came near me. I don't know why and I never asked my gran that question. No-one from Nazareth House kept in contact with me, apart from the ones that were at school.
87. I had to go to Mrs Littlejohn's office regularly. Social work visits were regulated and there was a day that you'd go to see the social worker. I went by myself and Mr ENZ told me what to say to Mrs Littlejohn. Mrs Littlejohn had no idea that abuse was going on because I never said anything.
88. My brothers and sister had gone to John Bosco House in Glasgow at the end of primary school. That was run by the Salesian priests. I was not allowed contact with them and I didn't see them when I was in foster care for the second time.
89. My birthday and Christmas were celebrated but [REDACTED] treated me totally differently to her son, [REDACTED]. He was the blue eyed boy. I was the wage and an inconvenience. I don't think Mr ENZ was well paid and [REDACTED] needed the money from fostering me.

Abuse in Foster Care – second stay

90. The first six months to a year were alright. The problem started when [REDACTED] took a job at night. People have asked me why I didn't say something. There was always the fear factor that I could be sent back to Nazareth House at the drop of a hat, through Mr ENZ. I had two choices, stay in Galston or go back to the shithole of Nazareth House. I detested Nazareth House. Mr ENZ used that against me because he knew about the torture I'd had there. I had told him.

91. I went to secondary school and realised it was not natural for a man and a boy of my age to sleep in the same bed. I never knew the word 'sex' because you were sheltered from the word at Nazareth House. You didn't get sex education in Catholic primary schools. That only started when you went to secondary school.
92. When [REDACTED] was working, Mr ENZ [REDACTED] was left with me and [REDACTED] [REDACTED] was two or three years old. The first time Mr ENZ [REDACTED] abused me, [REDACTED] was sleeping in the fold down bed settee in the living room. I was about thirteen years old. I was never allowed to watch any violent programmes on television, like The Sweeney. One night The Sweeney came on and Mr ENZ [REDACTED] put the television off. I said to him that I wanted to see it and he said I wasn't watching it. I went to my room and Mr ENZ [REDACTED] followed me through. He apologised for shouting at me.
93. I was lying in the bed and Mr ENZ [REDACTED] cuddled me from the back, as in what's called 'spooning'. I never took any notice of that until his hand went down inside my trousers in my groin area. I pushed away. All I got off Mr ENZ [REDACTED] then was him saying it was fine and not to worry. Nothing else happened.
94. A couple of nights later, a similar thing happened. I was watching television and Mr ENZ [REDACTED] turned it off. I didn't say anything about it. Mr ENZ [REDACTED] took me by the hand and through to the bed. He lay at the back of me again and did exactly the same. Then there was a progression. Mr ENZ [REDACTED] would take my hand and put it on his genitals and rub his genitals.
95. The first time he ejaculated it was all over my hand and I hadn't a clue what was going on. Mr ENZ [REDACTED] told me to go to the toilet and clean up. He said not to worry about it and it was fine, that was what men do. I never knew. I hadn't ejaculated and didn't know what it was.
96. That routine continued for a while until it became violent because I didn't want it any more. Then, Mr ENZ [REDACTED] would force himself on top of me and make me do it. The abuse became sodomising after about a year. It didn't happen every week but it happened regularly. The sodomising didn't go on for long because I stopped it. I told Mr ENZ [REDACTED] it

wasn't happening any more. He kept threatening me but I was older, about fourteen or fifteen years old. I was becoming a man and I knew what was right and what was wrong.

97. The more I pushed back and Mr ENZ wasn't getting what he wanted, the more violent he became towards me. I pushed back enough that I wasn't getting Mr ENZ's sexual abuse any more. Then I became protective of [REDACTED] because she was getting the brunt of his abuse. Mr ENZ got more and more angry.

Leaving Foster Care

Continuing to reside with Mr ENZ

98. When I was sixteen years old, Mr and Mrs ENZ-SPO were separating. [REDACTED] was applying for a two bedroom council house in Newmills. [REDACTED] told me I was coming with her but said I had to write a letter to the social work department saying I was going to live on my own. It was a ruse to the social work department so [REDACTED] could get the size of house she wanted, with a bedroom for her and a bedroom for [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] was primary school age so social work would not have allowed us to share a bedroom. The plan was when [REDACTED] got the two bedroom house then I would move in with her.
99. Once [REDACTED] got the house, she told me I wasn't moving in and [REDACTED] left. I had two options, to stay with Mr ENZ or to disappear. I had no-one to turn to. I had no contact with my family since the day I left Nazareth House. I decided to disappear but I couldn't handle it. I had two weeks on my own, living in doorways.
100. I went back to Mr ENZ and stayed for a year and a bit. That was torture. Mr ENZ was an angry man. He wouldn't give me a key to the house because he didn't trust me with a key. I had to go back to the house when he was back and go out when he was out. Mr ENZ lived like a pauper although he always had enough money to buy a drink. Social work didn't know I was staying there and I saw them rarely.

101. I couldn't take any more and, when I was about seventeen years old, I went to stay with a friend in a flat. Mr ENZ asked me if I was still going to pay my dig money. I never got any help from the social work department. I had to stand on my own two feet from the day I was sixteen years old. The social work department were a disgrace. It was a case of dotting the i's and crossing the t's.

Life after being in care

102. I met my wife when I was about eighteen years old. She encouraged me to go and live in a bed-sit so I did that. We've been together for 38 years and have one child. I've worked in the motor trade all my life.

Impact

103. When I left school, I became a very reserved person and wouldn't mix with anybody. I couldn't get rid of Mr ENZ. I couldn't go into a pub because Mr ENZ would be there and he was a nasty drunk. I stopped going out with my friends. Galston is a small community and there are only four main streets. For a small community, there are a lot of pubs. You didn't know what pub Mr ENZ would be in because he never stayed in one specific pub. If you walked in and he was there then he'd say, "Get me a fucking drink." I couldn't take that abuse.
104. When I got married I was the same. It wasn't until I had my breakdown that I started opening up. I started going out and socialising again and I've never stopped since. I had a breakdown when I was 26 or 27 years old when my son had just been born. I wouldn't get out of bed. I spoke to my mother-in-law and my wife got the doctor in. The abuse all came out then.
105. Horrible thoughts went through my head when my son was born. I was protective of him and I still am. I flung out so much love to my son because I never got love myself. That should be naturally built into a parent and that's the way I was. I don't feel hatred

for Nazareth House. Kids back then didn't have any choice. There was no love in Nazareth House. My boy is thirty years old and I still tell him I love him.

106. I get more angry at the nuns than I do at Mr and Mrs ENZ-SPO. I get angry at the social work because they never took due care. I should have been treated as a kid and not as a burden. I used to think I was partly to blame because I kept my mouth shut and told the social work lies. I made it easier for Mr and Mrs ENZ-SPO because I told the social work department what they wanted me to.
107. It was easy for nuns and priests to be the way they were because they never had any kids of their own. I'll never condone what the nuns and the priests did but I will condone their strength on education. They taught you things in life. It was a Catholic way of life. Whether it was taught or bullied into you, I don't know and I don't care. They taught me values and what's right and wrong. I'll never lose that and I'll never take that away from the nuns.
108. When I went to secondary school and left Nazareth House, I got lazy. In Nazareth House you had to do your homework at a specific time. When I left, I thought it was great that I wasn't there anymore. I did different things at night but my education suffered.
109. I didn't have any intimate relationships before I met my wife. My wife is a great help to me and she pushes me. My experiences have caused difficulties and our relationship has been pushed to the limit. I wasn't a nice person. I didn't want to go anywhere or do anything. I lost interest in what was going on in life. I wasn't even interested in my work. My good friends know about the abuse now and not one of them treats me any different.
110. My general practitioner, Doctor Black, asked me if I'd ever had any thoughts about abusing my own son. I couldn't contemplate answering that question because it's not something I'd think about. When he asked that question, I began to doubt myself and think, would I do that? I had shut the abuse away and tried to move on in my life. Somebody once said that the abused are more likely to become abusers as they get

older. I don't believe that. I think it's easier to become that as long as you let the abuse work away inside your mind.

111. To this day, I still scrub my body when I'm bathing. I've got the worst back passage because of it. I have flashbacks every day. I go through in my mind what happened and I can visualise anything I want. I can tell you the décor, the colour of the carpet and the colour of the bathroom where Mr ^{ENZ} [REDACTED] abused me. I couldn't say I don't care because that's not true. I don't care to the extent that it can't hurt me anymore. There's nothing on this planet that could come close to hurting me anymore, apart from the death of someone close. I've had family bereavement and that's hard. It still doesn't come close to the hurt I had. I've dealt with my hurt and anger.
112. I haven't seen my brother [REDACTED] in thirty years and I don't know his whereabouts. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] blame my gran and my Aunty [REDACTED] for not taking them on and leaving them in Nazareth House. My brothers won't talk to them and they haven't spoken in 25 or 30 years. Social work gave me my gran's address when I was in my late teens and I went to Glasgow to see her.
113. I'm an atheist now. I gave religion up a long time ago, when I went to the Canon and asked him to bless our marriage in church. I told him I was in Nazareth House and went to St Joseph's church. The Canon said I'd know Father ^{LQH} [REDACTED]. He asked if I went to church and I said I didn't. The canon asked why I was at church now and I couldn't answer him. I didn't understand at the time why I'd come to the church. I think I went because religion was engrained in me but it's not engrained now.
114. I wish more folk had come forward earlier and we wouldn't be at this point now. I met up with a guy who had been in Nazareth House. You wouldn't want his life. It's full of negativity because of the way he was brought up by the nuns. I'm fortunate because I'm maybe a wee bit cleverer than these guys. I don't take it personally any more.

Reporting of Abuse

115. The first person I spoke to about the abuse was Doctor Black when I had my breakdown. Doctor Black recommended I start therapy. He also suggested going to the police.

Reporting to the police / criminal proceedings

116. I went to the police in Kilmarnock when I was in my mid-thirties. I was told to go by my solicitors, Ross Harper when I complained about the Sisters of Nazareth. Ross Harper were only dealing with the Sisters of Nazareth.
117. When I was going through therapy, I realised that Mr ████████^{ENZ} was the person I should be going after. I gave a statement to the police and they spoke to Mr ████████^{ENZ}. There was a denial. Mrs ████████ knows about the abuse now. She says she never knew anything about it at the time.

Other action taken

Compensation

118. I saw the news about the abuse scandal in Nazareth House. I went to Ross Harper solicitors in Glasgow because they were the designated solicitor dealing with the cases. The case went to court in the 1990's for a civil trial in a group with other cases. The case was flung out of court because there was a time-bar issue.
119. I went to another solicitor in Ayr, Mr McKinstrey. I thought if I couldn't sue the Catholic Church for what happened to me and get an apology, then I'd sue the next best person. That was Kilmarnock and Loudon District Council because they were responsible for my care. Nothing happened with that.

Treatment / support

120. I started therapy when I was 28 or 29 years old. Initially I went to a clinical psychologist in Ayr. He referred me to group therapy in Dalry. I went there until I got flung out. I didn't like their rules.

Records

121. I have tried to get my records. I went back to Sister LGO and asked her for them. She showed me some records. I was confused because I found out my mother had been married twice. The father's name on the records was [REDACTED]. He was my father's brother and died before my father, [REDACTED], came along. I didn't pursue that. Sister LGO didn't apologise for the way I was treated at Nazareth House. The scandal hadn't come up then. As far as Sister LGO was concerned, she was doing her duty. Her opinion was that I'd turned out a decent chap and the nuns did well.
122. I've not tried to get my social work records. Part of the reason for me not looking for my records is that I don't want to keep casting it up. The past needs to be shut and I'm not waiting until the day I'm in my coffin. I want the past shut so I can get some peace of mind before I die.

Lessons to be Learned

123. Treat kids as kids. Give them the respect they are entitled to, whether they are in care or with their family. That's all kids want. Let kids grow and flourish within the rules and regulations of the law. If a kid wants to be a goth or a punk, let them. When you take respect away from kids then you get an angry person.
124. Catholic institutions should never have the power they used to have, when it comes to childcare. That would never be allowed now.

Other information

125. I hope the same mistakes aren't made again. Blaming others won't get me anywhere but if one person would say, "Sorry" then that would be like winning the lottery.

126. 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.

EOA


Signature

Dated 25-1-2022