

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

GOY
[REDACTED]

Support person present: No

1. My name is GOY [REDACTED]. I have always been known by that name. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1962. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born at the Rotten Row Maternity Hospital in Glasgow and I lived in the Gallowgate, in the Calton area, with my mum, dad and siblings. My mum's name is [REDACTED] and my dad's name is [REDACTED]. They were never married. I have four siblings. My sister, [REDACTED], is the oldest. She is five years older than me. My brother, [REDACTED] is three or four years older than me. My sister, [REDACTED], is eighteen months younger than me and my sister, [REDACTED], is around four or five years younger than me. I had a sister called [REDACTED]. She was born in-between [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], but sadly, she died when she was around three months old. That is why there's such an age gap between me and my youngest sister.
3. My mother originally came from Govan. She really had two different families. She was married to a man called [REDACTED] and had two children with him, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. Then, when she divorced her husband, she met my dad and had four children to him.
4. When I was around two, my family moved back to Govan, to the Moorepark area. It was known locally as 'Wine Alley'. Sometime after that, when I was about five years old, around the time [REDACTED] was born, my parents split up. My siblings and I moved to a different area of Govan with my mum. I think it was [REDACTED]. It was down

by the [REDACTED], where [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] was. We moved into a derelict single-end building. I'm pretty sure it was condemned and I don't know why or how my mum moved us there. I think she just wanted to get away from my father. She started working part-time, here and there, because she had five kids to look after.

5. I can't really remember a lot of my life before I went into care. It's only the traumatic things that stick in my head. When we moved to Wine Alley, my auntie, who was just a teenager at the time, was watching us and my dad brought home a dog that had hurt its leg. My older brother, sister and my auntie were annoying the dog. It got aggressive and started growling. They all bolted out the living room and left me alone with the dog and it attacked me. That's one of my earliest memories.
6. When we moved to [REDACTED] I had a bad accident. As I said, it was a condemned building and there were cast iron railings missing from the stairs. One day, when my mum was trying to open the door, she was holding my younger sister in her arms and holding on to my other sister, I fell between the railings. I fell down the stairwell and hit a banister. I had quite a bad head injury and ended up in hospital for weeks with wires attached to my head to check for brain damage.
7. Living in the condemned building, and having the [REDACTED] building next to us, was like a playground for youngsters. There was also a garage that ice-cream vans used to park in. The back doors of the garage opened onto the street I lived on. We would watch the older boys break into the garage and steal from the ice-cream vans. Once they had their fill, we would help ourselves too. I got caught doing that a few times.
8. We would hang about in the old buildings and climb up on the roofs to steal pigeon eggs. The police would end up getting called out and I'd get charged for wasting police time and house breaking. Back then, even if you were in an old building that you shouldn't have been in, you got charged with breaking and entering. We weren't actually breaking in, we were climbing in the lower windows, but it didn't matter.
9. I had started going to St Anthony's Primary School by this point. I remember coming home from school and going into the old buildings and getting my school clothes dirty.

My mum would have to hand wash them and they wouldn't be dry for the next day, so I'd miss school. The charges against me built up and social work knew I was missing school. That's why I ended up in front of a Children's Panel for the first time.

10. Going in front of the Children's Panel wasn't a nice experience. I went to a good few Panel Hearings before I was sent away. I remember running away from one and managing to get home before my mum. At the last Panel Hearing, before I went into care, my mum was there with a social worker and about four or five panel members. There was a security guard walking up and down outside the room. I just had to sit there and keep quiet. I was told I'd get a chance to talk, but I never did.
11. These days, there are kids doing a lot worse, but getting away with it. Back then, they just classed kids like me as a problem children and the easiest thing to do was to send us away to an institution. That's what happened to me. I don't know if the decision to send me to St Ninian's was made at the Panel Hearing, but for some reason, I was sent home with my mother after the Panel. Then, two weeks later, my mother took me to Govan Town Hall. I remember asking her why we were going and she told me not to worry and that everything would be alright. When I realised I was being taken away, I remember losing the plot with my mother. I was crying and promising I wouldn't misbehave anymore. It was a harrowing experience.
12. I don't know why they chose to send me to St Ninian's. No one ever told me. I was Catholic and it was mostly Catholic boys that were there, so I assume it was because of my religion.

St Ninian's, Gartmore

13. I was eight years old when I was driven to St Ninian's by two social workers. One sat in the back of the car with me and one drove. No one told me what was happening. I just remember arriving there. I was small for my age and I remember thinking that St Ninian's looked like a huge castle. It was a mansion, but to me it looked like a castle with the big statues outside the main doors.

14. There was a long driveway which lead up to the main building with a turning circle outside the entrance. There was a walled garden to the left of the driveway. The road kept going beyond the main building, but I don't know where it took you. The building had three floors, a basement, ground floor and first floor. If I remember correctly, the showers and boot room were in the basement. The dining room was on the ground floor. It had doors that opened out onto a stone patio area. The dorms were on the first floor.
15. The school building was separate and was maybe five hundred yards in front of the main building. I think the joiner's workshop was to the right of the school building. There was a sports area that had had a big white, dome shaped, canvas type roof to the left of the main building. There were also two fields in the grounds. One was used for sports and the other, the upper field, had apple trees and horses in it.
16. There was a gate house at the entrance to the driveway and I think the person in charge of St Ninian's lived there. It was the *Benedictine* monks who ran the place. They were the ones we saw day to day and they were always wearing those big brown cassocks. I remember one monk called Brother Benedict. He was eventually replaced by Brother MJO. On the odd occasion, we saw some priests around and there were 'civi' staff too. The 'civi' staff were mainly teachers who came in to take the classes and I think the night watchman was a 'civi'. I remember a woodwork teacher, but I can't be sure of his name. It was either GQZ, GQZ or GQZ. I also remember the music teacher. His surname was GRA. There was also a gardener. I'm sure he was a monk, but I can't remember his name.
17. All the boys at St Ninian's were between eight or nine years of age up to maybe sixteen. I think there were around thirty boys in total. I remember some of the boys were, what we called, CP's. They were there for care and protection. I assumed they didn't have parents or their parents couldn't look after them. I was around eight years old when I went there.

Routine at St Ninian's

First day

18. When I arrived, I was met by a member of staff. I was told where I'd be sleeping and shown around the place. I was given a box number and that's where I had to put my shoes when I came back from school. I still had no idea how long I was going to be at St Ninian's. It wasn't something anyone talked about. Not to me anyway. I just remember, the day I arrived, I asked one of the monks why I was there. He told me I was a 'bad apple' and 'bad apples come to places like this'.

Mornings and bedtime

19. In the morning, we were woken up by the night watchman before he went off his shift. We got washed, dressed and went down for breakfast. After breakfast, I think we had about an hour of free time before we were taken out to the front of the building, lined up and told what class we would be in that day. After morning classes, we all ate lunch in the dining room. Then, we had about half an hour of playtime outside where we would play on the swings or under the big tree. That's when I learned all about crime from the other boys. They would tell me how to steal and shoplift. We had more classes in the afternoon. After school, we all went back to the main building and changed out of our school clothes. We had tea, then showered and we were sent to bed. Bedtime was 08:00 pm at the latest and I think all the boys went to bed at the same time.
20. During the night, the night watchman would come round to check on the boys. He would put his hand in the boy's beds to see if they were wet. He obviously knew who the bed wetter's were, but he would check all the boy's beds. I can't remember the night watchman's name, but we called him 'llio [REDACTED]'.
[REDACTED]
21. There were always some boys in St Ninian's over the weekend. I'm sure there were some boys who didn't get home leave and others would have their home leave taken away as a punishment. If we had to stay over the weekend, the staff would sometimes take us out. If it was a nice day, we'd maybe go to the beach and ride the ponies or

the donkeys. There was a veggie patch in the grounds of St Ninian's and sometimes, we would be taken there and taught how to grow vegetables. I think I remember being taken swimming as well. It was the boys who had two marks against their name that would be taken out. The boys who had more than two marks against their name would be kept back and wouldn't get to go out.

Sleeping arrangements

22. In my dorm, I remember there was one older boy. He was supposed to be the main man, a bit like a prefect. I think each dorm had one older boy that was in charge. He had to make sure that the younger boys weren't carrying on. If you got caught carrying on, you were made to stand outside the dorm, in your pyjamas, with your nose against the wall. Sometimes, you'd be there for hours and it felt like you were just getting back to sleep when you were being woken up again. I remember feeling tired a lot of the time and falling asleep in class. I'd end up getting skelped and getting a report for that.
23. The older boy slept at the top end of the dorm where there were about three or four beds. My bed was just as you went in the door. There was another doorway you went through and there were another two or three beds in there. I think there were about eight or nine of us in my dorm. There was a room between my dorm and the next. I don't know if it was a monk that stayed in there, but it was definitely one of the resident staff that slept in there at night.

Mealtimes/Food

24. We all ate our meals together in the dining hall. The monks would sit separately at the top table. As far as I remember, the food was ok. I wasn't one for eating my vegetables, but I wasn't made to eat anything I didn't want to.

Washing/bathing

25. The shower room and toilets were on the basement floor. There were toilet cubicles with doors, but there weren't full height and you could see over them. The showers were in cubicles too, but they didn't have doors. The monks would supervise us in the showers. There was no privacy. They would watch us shower and tell us what parts of our body to wash. It wasn't one particular monk that would watch us in the showers, they all did it.
26. There was no segregation in the showers according to age. The older boys would shower with the younger boys. I can't remember if we showered every day. If you were working in the wood workshop, then you would shower afterwards. If you were dirty, you were told to shower. It was the monks who told us when to shower. We didn't really have any say in it.

Clothing/uniform

27. All of my clothing and uniform was given to me by staff at St Ninian's. None of it was new, it was all second hand. My uniform was grey shorts, socks and shoes. I think we only wore a jacket when it was cold weather. We had our school clothes and our play clothes and we had two sets of each. I think the laundry was done once or twice a week. If our clothes were dirty, they did get washed and we would wear our other set. Our clean clothes would be rolled up and left on our beds for us. I remember they would put name labels in all our clothes so we got the right ones back after they had been washed. We kept our spare set of clothes in the wee locker beside our bed and our shoes and slippers were kept in our locker in the boot room downstairs.

Leisure time

28. There wasn't much we could do in our free time. We just did what the monks told us. We were usually allowed to play outside on the swings. I can't remember if there was a TV room because at that age, TV didn't interest me. I spent my free time getting educated in crime.

Trips and holidays

29. I think we did go on a couple of trips away. I remember going camping and sleeping in a big dorm with beds against the wall on both sides of the room. I'm sure it was Brother ^{MJO} that drove the van and I think there was a 'civi' member of staff with us too. That's the only memory I have of going on an overnight trip with the staff.

Healthcare

30. I'm not too sure if St Ninian's had a matron that looked after us. I remember getting checked once for measles. There must have been an outbreak because we all had to get checked, but I can't remember if it was by a monk or a doctor. I don't remember seeing a doctor or a dentist at any other time.

Religious instruction

31. St Ninian's was obviously a Catholic institution. We had to pray before bed and before our meals. I seem to remember having to pray for twenty minutes between dinner time and bed time and then there was a confession period, but my recollection of that is jumbled. We also attended mass every week. I don't think mass was just on Sundays. I think we had to go at other times too.

Chores

32. We had to do some daily chores. We were in charge of our personal areas. We had to make sure they were clean. Our lockers had to be clean and tidy, our clothes had to be neatly folded and our beds had to be made. We would also to brush the dorm floors and dust the windows. I remember I had to brush and wash the stairs once, but I don't know if that was a punishment or not.

Pocket money

33. I don't think pocket money was a thing at St Ninian's, but there was a tuck shop. The staff would just give you what you wanted from the tuck shop, whether that was a Highland Bar or a Fry's Cream. I usually picked one bit of chocolate and one bit of toffee.

Bed Wetting

34. Bed wetting wasn't an issue for me at St Ninian's, but it was for some other boys. The night watchman, who we called [REDACTED], would come round and put his hand in each of the beds to see if they were wet. He knew I wasn't a bed wetter. There was no need for him to check mine, but he did it anyway. I always tried to sleep as close to the wall as possible and leave most of the mattress clear. That was so he could easily feel that I hadn't wet the bed without touching me.
35. If [REDACTED] found a wet bed, he'd pull the boy out and make him take off his wet pyjamas. He'd make the boy stand, naked, with his nose against the wall. I don't even think the boys were taken to get cleaned up. Sometimes, the boys would be taken into the priest's quarters and I can only imagine what happened in there.

Visitors

36. I didn't have any social work visits while I was in St Ninian's. Social work only started visiting me again after I left. I was under social work supervision when I was released, so a social worker would come out to the house every so often to speak to me and my mum.

Review of care / detention

37. I think I was assigned to a member of staff at St Ninian's. Like you would be assigned a personal officer in prison. I seem to remember having three monthly or quarterly reviews where I'd get a report and sit down with one of the monks. We would talk

about how I'd been behaving and whether I was doing what I was told. I must have started being good at some point, otherwise they wouldn't have given me home leave. The monk would ask me how I felt and we'd talk about punishments. If I said that I didn't think a punishment was fair, or I didn't do what they thought I did, he would just say I wouldn't have been punished if I didn't do something wrong. They always stuck up for their own.

Family contact

38. My mum came to visit me while I was in St Ninian's. She usually came with my auntie because my auntie drove. My mum was poor so she didn't have money to jump on trains or busses. My mum sometimes brought my younger sister and my other auntie along too. When they visited, we could walk about the grounds or go down to the dining room to have a cup of tea. Whenever people came to visit, the staff made everything look hunky dory. My mum knew the place because my older brother had actually been in St Ninian's before me. He stayed there for three years for breaking a window and stealing a packet of biscuits. My brother's surname was [REDACTED], so the staff didn't make the connection between my brother and I until they recognised my mum.
39. After I had been there for a while, I started getting weekend home leave. I must have been there for a month, at least, because you had to be trusted to come back from home leave before you were allowed to go. One of the monks took me home for a visit before my first home leave. It was to check that my mum's house was fit and that she wanted home visits. The boys getting home would be dropped off at Buchanan Street in Glasgow. We were picked up there too. If you weren't back in time for the bus, you were left and classed as an absconder.

Discipline

40. The discipline at St Ninian's was regimental. We were treated like we were in the army, not like young boys. We were always lined up and marched around in straight lines. Whatever the monks said, we had to do. The monks used a mark system as punishment. If you misbehaved, you got a mark. Your first mark was like a yellow card

and your second mark was like a red card. If you had two marks against your name, your weekend home leave was taken away. Sometimes, if you had home leave taken away, your family could still come to visit you at St Ninian's. If you had a visitor coming, you would be taken out of whatever activity the other boys were doing.

Running away

41. I ran away from St Ninian's a few times. Once, I tried to run away down through the fields, but by the time I made it to the bottom field, the staff had jumped in a car and driven down. The first time I actually managed to run away was the first time I was punished by having my home leave taken away from me.

Abuse at St Ninian's

42. There was physical and sexual abuse going on in St Ninian's. I think it was both the monks and the 'civi' staff that were involved. I remember being made to stand in line in the morning before we went to class. Brother Benedict would look along the line and if anyone was out of line or not standing straight, he would charge at you and barge you with his shoulder. He treated us like we were in the military, but we were just young boys.
43. Once, I was out in the field with Brother Benedict and some of the other boys. He was teaching us how to hold a horse by the reigns. There was a line of us and we were each having a shot. I did it, but the horse freaked out and I let go. Brother Benedict grabbed me, shook me and dragged me inside. He took me down to the boot room. There were benches to put your shoes on. He sat down there and started smacking and skelping me on his knee. I was struggling. I didn't know why he was doing that to me. Because I was struggling so much, we both fell over the bench and I ended up in between two lockers. He had a horse whip in his hand and he started whacking into me. I was on the floor with my hands and knees up at my face trying to protect myself. I was crying and screaming. While he was whacking into me with one hand, his other hand was in his cassock. He was getting off on it. I could see his face getting redder

and redder. After a bit, he sent me upstairs and he came up a few minutes later. He just went back out to the other boys and continued the lesson.

44. That was definitely one of my most traumatic experiences. The other boys saw me getting dragged away and I was screaming so loudly that they heard me upstairs. If the boys heard me, the other monks must have heard me too, but no one came downstairs to see what was going on or to stop it. I tried to run away shortly after that.
45. Brother Benedict was one of the worst, but then he disappeared at some point and Brother ^{MJO} replaced him. Brother ^{MJO} was an animal. He would beat you up just for not addressing him correctly. He would grab you and swing you about by the collar. I was just a petite wee boy. He could lift me up with one hand and he would shake me.
46. Most of the monks were physically abusive towards the boys. If you were too slow in making your way to school, you were getting slapped on the back of the head. If you were caught talking in the line going to school, you'd get dragged out by the shoulders and shouted at in your face. It was a scary experience for a young boy. I learnt to try and abide by the rules and to try to not break them, but I didn't always manage. I was just a young boy after all.
47. The abuse happened in school as well. I was learning to play the recorder in music class. The music teacher was either called ^{GRA} or ^{GRA}. He was a monk, maybe in his late fifties, with square glasses and a wee chubby face. He would get me to come up and sit on his knee and he'd put his arms around me and show me where to put my fingers on the recorder. There was no need for that. He could have shown me what to do from his desk. It made me feel uncomfortable. He would be fidgeting around while I was sitting there. I didn't realise it then, but he was obviously getting aroused with me on his knee. I remember taking the recorder back to my dorm after school. I'd learn the notes and practice so I didn't have to sit on his knee again.
48. There was also a 'civi' woodwork teacher who behaved inappropriately. He was maybe in his late forties. He was tall and thin and always wore a long brown overcoat. I can't

be sure of his name. It was either, [REDACTED], [REDACTED] or [REDACTED]. If you were talking in his class, he would shout you up to the front. He'd pull your shorts up to expose your cheek and spank you. He'd make a point of talking to the rest of the class, but he'd leave his hand on your buttock while he was doing it. I could feel him getting aroused when he did it to me. It made me feel uncomfortable, so I'd try to get away from him. It was almost like the more I tried to get away, the more he enjoyed it.

49. I got caught out by the woodwork teacher about three times and I hated it. That's how I ended up in my first fight. Another boy in his class was trying to talk to me one day. I didn't want to get shouted up to the front so I blanked the boy and he started a fight with me at playtime because of that.
50. There was also abuse going on between the boys at St Ninian's. The older boys were abusing the younger boys. There was a lot of chat between the boys about things that went on. Once, during a mealtime, a boy came up to our table and said 'so and so is over there giving so and so a ham shank under the table'. I didn't see most of what went on with my own eyes, but I knew it was happening. One thing I did see, happened in my dorm room. I woke up one night and heard something going on at the top end of the room. As my eyes became accustomed to the dark, I saw the older boy's hand was in one of the younger boys beds. I think it was pretty clear what was going on.
51. St Ninian's was just a horrible, bad, dirty place. I can't think of one monk that I could say was ok at St Ninian's. There was no one there I could go to or confide in.

Leaving St Ninian's

52. To be honest, I can't remember being released from St Ninian's. I just remember going back to St Anthony's Primary School once I was out. I remember I had this teacher, called Miss Shane. She was lovely. Up to that point, I'd never met a nicer lady. She was so helpful and she got me into the school football team. It made me feel good.

53. I didn't try to tell my mum what happened to me while I was at St Ninian's. It wasn't until I left that I spoke to her about it. My mother was a staunch Catholic, so she didn't believe that the monks could do anything like that. To her, they were men of god and I was making it up. She had similar views about the police. If I got arrested for something and I told her I didn't do it, she would just say 'they wouldn't have arrested you, if you didn't do it'. I just left it at that and I didn't tell anyone else what happened at St Ninian's until the police contacted me about it a few years ago.
54. I don't remember much about life back at home with my mum between leaving St Ninian's and being sent to St John Bosco's. One thing I do remember is going to visit an old man who must have lived in the same area as my mum. Me and my friends used to go into his house. One day, when we were in his house, I took some tablets and ended up getting rushed to hospital and having my stomach pumped. I must have overdosed. The police got involved again and I think that was the reason I was sent to St John Bosco's. I sure I was charged with theft for taking the man's tablets.
55. I don't know if I went back to the Children's Panel or if I ended up in court. Something tells me it was the Children's Panel who sent me to St John Bosco's on an indefinite order.

St John Bosco's, Aberdour

56. I was sent to St John Bosco's in 1972, when I was about ten years old, and I was there until 1974. I seem to remember being driven there in a secure van by some sort of security guard.
57. St John Bosco's was another all boys List D school. I think the boys were between ten and sixteen and there were about thirty boys in total. I can't be specific, but it was run by some sort of religious order. The boys, who were sent to St John Bosco's, were sent for the same reasons that boys were sent to St Ninian's. Some had been in trouble and some were there for care and protection (CP).

58. Within the grounds of the school, there was a football park, which had a grey fence around it, a gym building and the main building. The main building was more modern than St Ninian's and I'm sure it was laid out in a 'U' shape over three floors. The headmaster's office, classrooms and dining hall were on the ground floor. The toilets, shower room, night watchman's office and dorms were on the first floor. There were also dorms on the second floor. I think there were maybe five or six beds in each dorm room, but not all the beds were taken. There were five boys in my dorm and two empty beds. I remember, between the corridors and the dorms, there was a wall with wooden panelling on the bottom half and glass on the top half. It was so the staff could see into the dorms and make sure the boys were in their beds and no one had absconded. That didn't stop me though.
59. The ^{SNR} [REDACTED] was a man called Father ^{LOB} [REDACTED]. Straight away, he took a dislike to me [REDACTED]. He told me that himself. He was a nasty piece of work. That's why I remember his name and not the others. My memory of St John Bosco's isn't great. My only real memories are of absconding and of Father ^{LOB} [REDACTED].

Routine at St John Bosco's

First day

60. When I arrived at St John Bosco's I was shown around by a member of staff, but that's all I really remember about it. I'm pretty sure it would have been the same kind of introduction I got at St Ninian's.

Mornings and bedtime

61. In the morning, we got up, got washed, dressed and went down for breakfast. The routine was almost identical to St Ninian's, the only difference was, there was much more sport at St John Bosco's. We had maybe an hour of classes like English or maths a day and the rest of time was spent playing sports.

62. At night, we were told when to go upstairs to bed. We'd get our pyjamas on and after that it would be lights out. There were a lot of hijinks at night time though. Sometimes, the boys would wait until someone fell asleep and then lift them out into the corridor on their mattress. The night watchman would find them and then we would get punished.
63. At the weekends, the staff would take you up to places like Silver Sands or Burntisland. They let us swim in the sea in the summer months. During the winter, they would take us to the Commonwealth Pool and we would dare each other to jump off the highest diving board.

Mealtimes/Food

64. We ate all our meals in the dining hall. I remember the food being ok and we weren't really forced to eat anything we didn't want to. The monks would sometimes see that you weren't eating your vegetables and tell you to eat them or give you a clip around the ear. At the end of the meal, all the leftovers were scraped onto one plate. One person from the table would take the leftovers and empty plates to the kitchen, so no one would know who had left what.

Washing/bathing

65. In the morning, we all went to the toilet to get washed. We had to get our towel and our soap and roll them up to take with us. There was a separate shower room, but I can't remember exactly when we showered. Maybe it was at night. I can't remember if we had any privacy in the showers or not.

Clothing/uniform

66. All of our clothing was given to us by the staff at St John Bosco's. I remember the school uniform was long trousers and a jumper. I think it was the same situation as St Ninian's. The clothes weren't new and they were labelled with our names. They went off to get cleaned and afterwards, they were left for us in the dorm.

Leisure time

67. I got quite pally with another boy from Govan called [REDACTED]. Any free time we had, we spent in the gym or at the football park, kicking a ball about. [REDACTED] and I always absconded together and when he got out, he ended up coming to live with us when we were both in our teens. He was supposed to stay for a weekend, but ended up staying with us for two years, until he got charged with pickpocketing in Edinburgh.

Schooling

68. I thought the schooling at St John Bosco's was alright. I wasn't a dunce and I read a lot. I learnt maths and English there and I thought I did ok. It was the type of place, if you wanted to learn, you would, but no one was going to force you. A lot of the boys didn't bother much with education. We were getting told that we were no good and some boys didn't believe there was anything for them. That's what was breed into you. They didn't believe they would ever make anything of themselves, so they didn't try.
69. I think everyone went to school within the grounds. The only exception to that, might have been the boys old enough to take exams. I seem to remember some of the older ones going away on a bus to another school.

Healthcare

70. I wasn't a poorly kid, even though I was brought up in the slums, so I don't remember needing much medical attention. I think there was a matron at St John Bosco's, but she mainly mended your clothes if you ripped them. I had some kind of medical when I arrived. They checked me for lice, but there was nothing after that and I don't remember ever seeing a doctor or a dentist.

Religious instruction

71. St John Bosco's was a Catholic List D school, but I'm not sure if we went to church on a Sunday. In fact, I'm not even sure where the church was. I'd be lying if I said I could remember, but we must have had prayers and some sort of religious instruction.

Chores

72. All the boys had cleaning duties. We had to clean the dorms, the corridors and the stairs. We had to keep our own space tidy and make our beds. The staff would check to make sure we did that. There was no actual pocket money handed out, but we got tuck for doing our chores. There was a wee tuck shop and we could pick things from the shop, unless you had your tuck taken away.

Bed Wetting

73. I never had an issue with bed wetting and I don't remember seeing any issues with anyone else at St John Bosco's. There were some bed wetter's. They were given rubber sheets and you would see them going to get showered in the mornings when the rest of us were going to get washed in the toilets.

Visitors

74. I didn't have any social work visits while I was at St John Bosco's. Social work didn't get involved again until I was released in 1974. When I look back on my time there, I wish there had been some social work visits, so I could have opened up to someone.

Family contact

75. I started getting home leave after I have been at St John Bosco's for a few months. It was the same type of setup as St Ninian's. We would be dropped off at Buchanan Street and the bus would pick up us from there too. I think the pick-up was about two or three on a Sunday afternoon and if you weren't there, you were classed as an

absconder. Sometimes, I just missed the bus and I knew what was going to happen, so I just went back home. They didn't care, even if it wasn't your fault, even if the subway had been late or broken down.

76. I think, the whole time I was at St John Bosco's, I only got about three home leaves. That was because I just kept running away or not going back. Every time I ran, I was away from the place for weeks or months at a time. Then, when I was taken back, I'd get put on report and my home leave would be stopped for a period.

Running away

77. I absconded from St John Bosco's numerous times. Any chance I got to run, I took it. I never ran on my own, there would always be two or three of us who would leave together. I would often be away for a month to two months at a time. Sometimes, I had been away so long, when I went back, old faces had disappeared and new faces had arrived.

78. When I ran, I'd stay at my mum's or at a friend's house. I think they believed that, because my mum lived across the road from a police station, I wouldn't stay at my mum's. If they ever looked for me at my mum's, they always went round the back. They didn't think I'd be stupid enough to jump out the front windows, in plain sight of the police station, but I did. That's how I got away from them.

79. Once, I ran away and jumped in the luggage compartment of a bus. I made it to Edinburgh on the bus, then made my own way home from there, before I was caught. Every time I was taken back, Father ^{LOB} [REDACTED] was on my case, and I'd be beaten for running away. The last time I absconded, it led to me leaving St John Bosco's for good.

Discipline

80. The main form of discipline at St John Bosco's was corporal punishment, but what Father ^{LOB} [REDACTED] did went beyond corporal punishment. If you didn't get physically

punished, you would have your home leave or tuck taken away, or you would be excluded from trips out. If that happened, you would be sent to your dorm while the other boys were taken out.

Abuse at St John Bosco's

81. Father ^{LOB} [REDACTED] was the one who abused me at St John Bosco's. He was in his late forties or early fifties and wore a black cassock. He wore glasses, but he would take his glasses off a lot. He was maybe five foot nine inches and stocky built. I would end up in front of him, mainly for absconding, and he would bend me over his desk and tell me to pull my shorts up so he could belt me. It never happened in front of anyone, it was always just me and him in his office. Afterwards, he would tell me to get back to class or to my dorm.

82. It was really vicious and he wouldn't hold back. He would belt me numerous times on my bum, hands and wrists. Sometimes he would hit me with a cane or a ruler. Whenever he was beating me, he always had one hand in his cassock. He seemed to get off on it. It doesn't take a lot of imagination to know what he was doing under his cassock. That would happen once or twice a fortnight. Every time he laid his hands on me, it was abuse in my eyes, but it became the norm and eventually, I became accustomed to it.

83. There was a couple of other staff who would grab you by the scruff of the neck, or by the arm, and fling you across the room for no real reason. Sometimes it was the monks and sometimes it was the 'civi' staff. They were just as bad as each other. There were also rumours amongst all the boys about the gardener. I don't know if he was a monk or 'civi'. The rumours were that he had a cabin in the woods and he would take boys there to abuse them. That never happened to me, but it's the reason the police contacted me, later in life, asking questions about St John Bosco's.

Reporting of abuse at St John Bosco's

84. I think I tried to talk to some of the staff about what was happening to me, but it fell on deaf ears. Anything I said was disbelieved, so I learnt to keep my mouth shut and accept the punishments Father ^{LOB} [REDACTED] was dishing out. The monks would tell us that if we reported anything, we were just making things worse for ourselves.

Leaving St John Bosco's

85. As I said, the last time I ran away from St John Bosco's led to me leaving there for good. I had been on home leave and didn't go back. I was actually just staying at my mother's house and leaving early each morning so the police didn't find me. I used to like hanging out in the graveyard in Govan and looking at the headstones. I was caught in the graveyard. The police blocked all three exits, so I gave myself up. I was taken to [REDACTED] Police Station which was right across the road from where my mum was staying at the time.
86. When I was taken to the charge desk, I told the sergeant that, if they took me back to St John Bosco's, I would hang myself. I told the police that I was being physically abused there. I didn't tell them about the sexual abuse. I was only about eleven years old so the police seemed to pay attention. I think they were quite shocked. They put me in an observation cell and about an hour later, I was taken back to the charge desk and my mother was there. The police told me I could go home with her, but I'd have to appear in front of the Children's Panel again.
87. A couple of weeks later, I was back in front of the Children's Panel at Ingram Street. I told them the same thing I told the police. If they put me back there, I'd hang myself. I told the Panel that Father ^{LOB} [REDACTED] was beating me up and saying that I was a disgrace [REDACTED].
88. During all the discussion at the Panel, I was never asked anything further about the abuse I disclosed. In fact, no one really asked me anything. I thought I was just a

problem and my opinion didn't matter. Now, when I look back, I think they knew that there was abuse going on in these places. I remember the Panel discussing two other institutions they could send me to, but I heard one of them say they were full. I remember the Panel asking my mum if she was happy for me to stay with her. She agreed and they told me that I was allowed to go home with my mum and go to secondary school. I was told that if I was in trouble again, I'd go straight back into care.

Living with Mum, [REDACTED], Glasgow – 1974-1976

89. After I got home, I started going to St Gerard's Secondary School in Govan. The head teacher was a man called Mr Henretti. His sister was the headmistress of my primary school. He said he was going to give me a chance, but he put me in a class full of hoodlums. I couldn't handle being told what to do in school. At home, I was staying up late and at school, I was falling asleep in class. Once, I was dozing off and the teacher threw a book or a duster at me. I jumped up and threw a chair at him. I got suspended for that. From there, it went downhill.
90. I started getting in trouble and committing crime again. I was back and forth to the Children's Panel and court. I was charged numerous times and I was initially sent to Larchgrove then Longriggend. When you were sent to Longriggend, you would be taken to Barlinnie first for processing. Sometimes, they would keep you at Barlinnie overnight before taking you to Longriggend. I'd say I was in and out of Larchgrove about three or four times and Longriggend and Barlinnie about five or six times between 1974 and 1976.
91. Then towards the end of 1976, a group of four or five of us did some crime and we were all arrested. Because one of the boys was older, we all had to appear in the Sheriff Court. I was sent to Longriggend Detention Centre for reports to be prepared. I went back to court and was sentenced to either twelve months or two years. I was sent back to Longriggend to wait until a space opened up for me somewhere else. They decided to give me a chance and that's when they put me in the open unit at St Mary's in 1977.

Larchgrove Assessment Centre, Glasgow (between 1974-1976)

92. Larchgrove was like a young boys remand centre. I was sent to Larchgrove maybe three or four times and I think the longest I was there was eight weeks at a time. I think the staff were 'civis'. It was ok. It was certainly better than other places I'd been. I wouldn't say there was any abuse while I was there, maybe a clip around the ear if I was out of line, but that was about it. We slept in dorms, but they had a cell they used as punishment. It was called the 'rubber room'. I ended up in there a couple of times for fighting.
93. I spent my days in the day room playing cards or chess. As far as I can remember, there was no schooling. My mum came to visit me a few times. One of the things I remember about Larchgrove was that at fourteen, your visitors could bring you cigarettes and you were allowed four a day. I also remember you could open the secure doors with a comb and you could climb out the gym windows. I absconded from Larchgrove about three times for about a month at a time.
94. I saw a psychiatrist twice at Larchgrove. I can't remember how that came about, but the Psychiatrist sent me to The Royal Infirmary twice for tests. I remember having wires attached to my head. I'm sure it had something to do with me falling off the landing and hitting my head when I was younger. That's the only reason I can think of.

Barlinnie Young Offenders, Glasgow (between 1974-1976)

95. I was never actually sent to Barlinnie, but I was in and out of the place either going to court or on my way to Longriggend. When I was in Longriggend, if I had to go to court about other charges, they would sometimes take me to Barlinnie and keep me there for the night. Then, they would take me to court the next morning with the rest of the cons. After court, they would take me back to Barlinnie, sometimes for the night. If your trial was on a Friday, you could be kept in Barlinnie for the whole weekend.

96. There were also times I was kept in, what we called, the 'dog box', until they decided whether I was going back to Longriggend or being kept at Barlinnie overnight. These dog boxes were about two feet wide by three feet long. There was one bench which two people could fit on. Sometimes, they would put four of us in one dog box for hours at a time with just a bowl of slop to keep us going. We would all be sweating and sometimes the heating was on. It was torture.
97. I was always kept on a different level from the other cons and had to exercise on the landing because we weren't allowed out in the yard to mix with them. I was pretty young when I was in and out of Barlinnie. It's a scary place, but because I was a Govan boy, I knew some of the older guys from Govan. I knew I was safe with the cons, but the guards were ruthless. In the cells at Barlinnie, we had a chamber pot and had to slop out. If you were too slow, the guards would give you a doing. They would come into your cell and shut the door over a bit. You would get punched, kicked or even carted. They wouldn't hold back. I was cheeky, but there was never any need for punching and kicking the way they did.

Longriggend Young Offenders, Longriggend (between 1974-1976)

98. Longriggend was full of crooks. I was always in the school boys section which was a separate unit from where the adults were. When you arrived, you had a medical and were checked for lice. One of the times I was in, I had head lice so they put me in D Block for three days. The first day, they put stuff in my hair to try to kill the lice. Then they said it hadn't worked so they shaved my head. It was just badness. Everyone knew why your head had been shaved and would laugh at you. We ate in the same dining hall as the adults, but the school boys had four tables off to one side. I remember having a couple of fights in the dining hall because boys were laughing at me.
99. In the school boys section, the cells didn't have a proper cell door, it was more like a secure door. There was two boys to a cell. At the end of our corridor, there was a dog leg with cells for people who got in trouble in the other halls. They would be sent there

as punishment. We used to get the older boys, who were put in those cells, to sell us tobacco and we would get them chocolate or whatever they needed.

100. I got caught with cigarettes a few times when there was a cell search. My punishment was getting put into a proper cell. They would take the mattress out during the day and leave you with nothing but a concrete block. They would give you the mattress back at about 6:00 pm or 7:00 pm. Then, in the morning, you had to roll it up and hand it back. I think I got three days cells for getting caught with tobacco.
101. During the day, there wasn't much to do. I used to ask for a book to read and I just had to take whatever I was given. Other than a bit of reading, I'd just pace up and down or do some press-ups in my cell.
102. I didn't have any social work visits in Longriggend, but my solicitor came to see me every now and then. My mum also visited. I think you were allowed a couple of family visits a week.

St Mary's, Kenmure, Bishopbriggs

103. I was sent to St Mary's in 1977. I would have been around fifteen years old. It was a List D school and it was actually an ok place. It was for boys between the age of twelve to sixteen and I think there were around twenty to thirty boys in total. I'm sure it was run by the Catholic Church, but I mainly remember 'civi' staff working there.
104. To look at, St Mary's reminded me of St Ninian's. There was a long driveway and at the top was the main building which looked like a big mansion. There were two statues at the front door.
105. The only staff I remember by name is ^{HHG} [REDACTED] because he was [REDACTED]. There was a headmaster, matron and a joiner, but I couldn't tell your their names or describe them.

106. There were all types of boys in St Mary's from first offenders to repeat offenders and some care and protection boys. My best friend, [REDACTED], was in at the same time as me. There was a clique of Govan boys and we all stuck together.

Routine at St Mary's, Kenmure

First impressions/memories

107. I remember being taken to the school by a social worker and my mum. I was shown around, like I had been in the other institutions. I remember thinking straight away that the atmosphere was completely different. There was laughter, shouting and a lot of banter about the place. I saw boys running about, not walking in regimented lines. It felt much more relaxed than anywhere else I'd been. You could call the staff by their names. I quite liked St Mary's to be honest. I was in the open unit. I was taken into the closed unit, but I never stayed there. The staff occasionally threatened to send you there if you misbehaved.
108. The only staff member I had any issue with was the joiner. He was a big tall guy. I don't know how it escalated, but I ended up swearing at him one day. He told me to 'come here' and I told him to 'fuck off' and I bolted out the door. He chased me, but that was about all that happened.

Mornings and bedtime

109. The daily routine in St Mary's was pretty much the same as all the other List D schools I've been to. In the morning, we got up, washed, dressed, had breakfast and went off to our work groups.
110. We slept in dorms which were upstairs. Each bed was partitioned off and each partition had a wardrobe and a bit to put our shoes. I remember whoever was on the backshift would come round to check you were ok before you went to bed.

Schooling

111. I thought the schooling at St Mary's was good. We were taught maths and English and if you were struggling, you could get extra classes or go to night classes. There was also a lot of practical classes on offer, like joinery and things like that. We got one hour of physical education per day where we could play football or badminton. You could also go out with a local farmer and help muck out the stables and get a shot on a horse.

Leaving St Mary's, Kenmure

112. I absconded from St Mary's in 1978 and I turned sixteen while I was on the run. I was caught by the police and I wouldn't tell them where I'd been staying. The police officer dealing with me didn't like that and said to his colleague 'clear the books'. That meant he was going to pin a load of charges on me that were nothing to do with me. The police knew that most of the charges were nothing to do with me, but they were corrupt and I was an easy target for them. I think I ended up getting charged with about forty offences.
113. St Mary's agreed to take me back after that, but I absconded again and ended up getting charged with attempting to open a lockfast place. I appeared in front of a judge on an indictment was given borstal at Polmont. While I was in Polmont, I appeared on the forty other charges. My solicitor worked out some kind of plea deal with the fiscal I think I plead guilty to fifteen charges. I should have plead not guilty because I wasn't guilty of most of them. That was the end of my time at St Mary's.

Polmont Young Offenders, Polmont

114. I was sent to Polmont in 1978, when I was sixteen years old. You could do a minimum term of eight months at Polmont and the maximum terms was two years. I was there for ten months.

115. When I arrived, I spent a good few weeks in the allocation centre, or 'ally cally' as we called it. Then, I was moved to the general population. I was classed as an escapee because of all my previous absconding. A guard had to be with me, at all times, for the first three or four months. At night, I had to fold my clothes and put them outside my cell door so I couldn't run off.
116. I just tried to keep my head down and get on with it because I didn't want any more time added on to my sentence. I did get put on report once for getting into a fight when I was getting washed one morning. The guards were always there when we were getting washed and they broke it up. I got three days cells and a week's canteen taken off me, so I couldn't buy cigarettes or tobacco. After that, I wasn't in any more trouble and eventually, they didn't class me as an escapee any more. I went up for parole after nine months, but I got a knock back. I worked with the engineers at first, but moved to work on the scaffolding when they started building a new gym. I screwed the nut and got my head down, so the next time I went up for parole, I got it.
117. There was no help whatsoever to prepare me for leaving Polmont. I had been in care most of my life and now I was sixteen, I was seen as an adult. When I was released from Polmont, I was given a week's money and I was put out the door. That was it. There was no help to get me accommodation or to set me up in any way. It was as if they were expecting me to end up back inside. I didn't disappoint because that exactly what happened.
118. I was only out of Polmont about three or four weeks, when I was down at the Clyde with my friends. We were sitting drinking and we saw what we thought was a doll, face down, in the water. One of my friends used a stick to turn it over and it was actually a dead baby. We phoned the police and a van came down. We were all a bit pissed and rowdy because of what we had just found. It wasn't an easy thing to see, so I went away and got more drunk in the graveyard. As I was coming out, I was singing to myself. The police were passing and they charged me with a breach of the peace. I tried to explained to the police that we were the ones who found the child and called them, but they were having none of it. I went up in front of a judge the next day and he admonished me.

119. Sometimes, if we were just standing in the park, the police would come flying down in their motor. If you see a motor flying towards you, you don't know if it's a gang of guys coming to attack you, so you'd take to your heels. Once the police caught up with you, they would find something to charge you with. That's just the way the police treated me. It was an easy shift for them to charge me with something, so they could get off the street and get back to the station for a cup of tea. I was a marked man.

Glenochil Young Offenders, Alloa

120. I've was in Glenochil twice before I turned eighteen. The first time I was in, I was charged with an offence. I was convicted and sentenced to two years.
121. Glenochil was laid out in sections. There were two sections on one level and one section on the higher level. The guards could sit in their office and look out over all the levels.
122. The guards at Glenochil were rough. They were wolves and bullies. When they were restraining you, or carting you as we called it, they would give you a severe doing. They would punch and kick you. I was in during the same period that about six boys hanged themselves in the space of four months. That's got to tell you something about how it was.

Life after being in care

123. As far as I see it, I was in care in the List D schools up until I was sixteen. Then, after sixteen, that was the start of my prison life and it was chaotic. I've been in and out of young offenders institutions and prison most of my adult life. I've been through a lot and I've seen a lot of things in my life. I've been through abuse, I've seen people murdered and I've seen people overdose. When I was in Glenochil, I turned to drugs, mainly heroin, to help me blank it all out. My drug habit only got worse during the periods I was out of prison.

124. One of the times I was out of prison, I met a woman and she fell pregnant. I went to rehab, but it didn't work. After my son was born, I didn't know how to be a father or connect with him because the men in my life were either not around or abusive. As an addict, my only concern was getting drugs so I could get out my nut and forget about everything.
125. My son's mother died when he was eight or nine. I was in prison at the time. My mother used to bring my son to the prison for visits. At that time, I was only allowed closed visits, so I couldn't even give him a hug when he came to see me. I couldn't be there for him when he needed me the most. Even when I was off closed visits, I had to sit at one end of the room, my son had to sit at the other end and there was a social worker in the middle. There was also a prison guard watching us the whole time. I wasn't allowed any physical contact with him.
126. My life was just about crime and addicts. It became mechanical. There was no compassion. I didn't feel anything for anyone. I didn't feel guilt for any of the crimes I had committed or for the victims of my crimes. It wasn't until I got off drugs that I realised that I hadn't just hurt my own family, but I hurt other families too.
127. In all the times I was in and out of approved schools or prison, I never got any help. There was never any follow up to see how I was doing. I was introduced to a life of crime in care and because I never had any guidance from anyone, that's all I knew. Every time I was released from prison, I was just given a week's money and sent on my way. There were no opportunities for me. I did try to find work a couple of times, but as soon as an employer asks about you previous convictions, that's it. Especially for me because mine were all crimes of dishonesty. There was no chance for me.
128. All in all, I think I've spent the best part of fifteen years in prison. In 2005 or 2006 I got out after a seven year sentence. That's when I decided I'd had enough. I was scared my son would follow in my footsteps. Crime was also changing. It was too easy to get hold of a gun and I knew if I didn't change something I would either end up with a bullet in my head or doing a life sentence. I managed to distance myself from the people I knew and I got it together. It took a while, but I got myself cleaned up and sorted my

life out. I've got grandchildren now and I've tried to make up for my past mistakes with them.

129. I'm still on Methadone and Dihydrocodeine because of my past habit. I walk with a stick because I've got a blockage in my leg through nicotine. It causes me a lot of pain and I can't walk very far, but the doctor said they can't do any bypass. The only thing they can do is amputation, so I just need to live with it.

Impact

130. My time in St Ninian's and St John Bosco's made me toughen up, but not in a good way. I had to toughen up to survive the way they treated me. Before I went into care, I was growing up without my father in my life. I was just a young boy and I was looking for a father figure. That's not what I got. If the people looking after me had been more compassionate and caring, if they had shown some leniency and understanding, I don't think I would have ended up on the path I did. I remember one of the monks saying, 'there's three kinds of apples, decent, bad and rotten. You're a rotten apple'. That always stuck with me and I became what everyone told me I was, a criminal.
131. I was always brought up in the catholic faith. My mother was a staunch catholic, but because of what happened to me at St Ninian's and St John Bosco's, I lost my religion. I think the Catholic Church is the biggest con going. How can you believe in something like that when monks are abusing kids and getting away with it?
132. I would definitely say I'm institutionalised. That became really clear when I was released from my last sentence. I prefer my own company. That's something that comes from being in care and having no one to turn to or put your trust in. In the system, it's us and them. Even now, I can spend an hour, maybe two, with my family then I need to be on my own.

133. I think, as part of me being institutionalised, I have a distrust of people in authority. In my experience the police tell lies. If you can't trust the system, how can you trust the people who work in it?

Treatment/support

134. I told my doctor that I was getting nightmares about my time in care and about finding the dead baby. My doctor referred me to a counselling service. She was going to refer me to a psychiatrist too, but then the pandemic happened and that got put on hold.
135. I started seeing the counsellor a while back, but every time I went home, after meeting with her, I would just sit and think about things. As an ex drug addict, I would think about getting out my nut just to stop things going over and over in my head. I didn't want to relapse because I've been clean for twenty years. I've been through all of that. I decided to stop seeing the counsellor because I didn't think it was doing me much good. The Counsellor got back in touch with me recently and I told her that I was going to speak to The Inquiry. She said she thinks the more I talk about it, the easier it will become. I've decided to go back to see her.

Reporting of Abuse

136. Around two or three years ago, before the pandemic, I was contacted by Fife Police out of the blue. They were asking me about my time at St John Bosco's and during the conversation, I mentioned St Ninian's to them. I was then contacted by Parkhead Police who wanted me to give a statement about St Ninian's. At first, I wasn't going to do it because I wasn't sure if I'd be believed. I thought about it for a while and I decided to talk to the police. I went to Helen Street Police Station and gave a statement.
137. After a while, I got a call from witness support at Edinburgh High Court. They told me that the case against Brother Benedict was going to trial and I would be called as a

witness. He was charged with abusing a load of other boys and there were two charges involving me.

138. The witness support people explained that I didn't have to go into court to face him. They said I could give evidence over video link or from behind a screen. I didn't want to do that. I wanted to look him in the eye and tell him what he did to me set me on a bad path in life. When I went into court to give evidence against him, he wouldn't even look at me. He kept his head down. I think I was hoping for some sort of apology or some flicker of something from him, but I didn't get that.
139. I found the court case difficult. When I was giving evidence and being cross examined, I was getting frustrated with Brother Benedict's lawyer. He was calling me a liar and questioning why I had remembered stuff in the court case that I hadn't told the police. I know he was just defending his client. I've been there and my lawyers had to do that for me, but it was tough being called a liar about stuff I went through.
140. As far as I know, Brother Benedict was found not guilty on one of the charges involving me and not proven on the other. He was found guilty on the charges to do with the other residents though. I think he was already serving a sentence for child abuse when the trial happened. He was given another sentence of seven years. In my opinion, he got what he deserved, but it should have been more. He got away with a lot.
141. When I was sitting in the witness room, waiting to give evidence, I got talking to another witness. It was him who told me about Talk To Us and that's how I found out about The Inquiry. I didn't want to keep what I went through in anymore so I decided to get in touch. I also instructed Thomson's Solicitors to pursue a civil compensation claim for me. I'm not sure what's happening with that at the moment.

Records

142. I've never recovered my records. The only paperwork I've seen was to do with the court case against Brother Benedict. I'm not really interested in seeing anything else. I just want to put it all in the past, where it belongs.

Lessons to be Learned

143. I think social work needs to think of ways to help and support kids that doesn't involve sticking them in an institution. I think that all staff, including monks and priests, need to be heavily vetted before being allowed to work anywhere near children. I'm not sure how you'd go about it, but it needs to happen. I also believe that if a monk or a priest discloses a serious crime during confession, that should be reported.
144. When I was a boy, there was nowhere for kids to go to keep them out of trouble. The only place we had close by was the Pierce Institute, but you needed money to get in there. Not everyone has the money to do stuff like that. We didn't. My mum was looking after five kids on her own and working part-time jobs here and there. If she had given one of us money to go and do something, like go to the pictures, she'd have to give the same to all of us. She couldn't afford to do that. We didn't have any community centres around, offering kids somewhere to go and something to do. I've heard there is more help like that nowadays, which is a good thing.
145. There needs to be support put in place for kids in care and for care leavers. I had no support and I went down the wrong path. That's just what happens if you go through the care system without any guidance. If I had someone to open up to and someone to support me, my life could have turned out very differently. Every kid who is in care, or who has been in care, needs someone who they can talk to or pick up the phone to if they are feeling depressed.
146. I just don't want anyone to go through what I went through. Something has to be done to make sure that what happened to me isn't repeated for the younger generation.

Other information

147. I think it's a shame that the prosecutions of these monks and priests didn't happen long before they did. A lot of these individuals have taken their own lives or passed away and have never been punished for what they did. I think the Catholic Church owes me and others like me an apology. They need to apologise to everyone who has been hurt and provide them with compensation.

148. 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. .....

Dated..... 27/10/22