

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

Ian SUTHERLAND

Support person present: Yes.

1. My name is Ian Sutherland. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1970. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born in Bellshill Hospital in Bellshill, I was brought up in East Kilbride. My mum was [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] and my dad is [REDACTED]. My mum died in 2019, I think my dad is still alive, he was born in 1946. I have three older brothers and an older sister, from eldest to youngest they are, [REDACTED], who's 62, [REDACTED] who's 57, [REDACTED] who's 55 and [REDACTED] who is 54.
3. [REDACTED] was brought up by my gran and grandad because my mum fell pregnant with him when she was very young. Being from a Catholic family in Glasgow, and the way things were back then, that kind of thing happened. The rest of us never actually knew he was our brother until much later on in life, it was hidden from us and we all thought he was our uncle. The rest of us all stayed together.
4. It was my mum's second marriage and I do remember things starting out okay and playing in a wee tractor. I was then knocked down in a car accident when I was three and a half and I broke my leg. I started to wet the bed after that and [REDACTED] behaviour kind of changed towards me as [REDACTED] started to beat me for it.

5. The bed wetting stayed with me and was just something I couldn't help. Every night I would go to bed anxious and every morning I would be fearful because [REDACTED] would ask me every morning if I'd wet the bed. I took a lot of beatings from [REDACTED] for wetting the bed. My mum was aware but I think she was too frightened of [REDACTED] as well. [REDACTED] was a very volatile [REDACTED] and could lose [REDACTED] temper very quickly. My mum and dad did try a thing called the bell and buzzer to help my bedwetting but that never worked. It was like two plastic mats with wires running through them. As soon as you wet the bed it made a beeping noise to wake you up so you could go to the toilet. I used to sleep through it so it was of no affect.
6. I saw [REDACTED] slap my sister in the face once, when she was sixteen, but I never saw [REDACTED] being violent towards any of my brothers, it was just really me which I find unusual looking back [REDACTED]. Looking back I think that might have been the opposite way about but it wasn't. [REDACTED] would hit me with [REDACTED] hands or use a belt and some of the beatings were pretty brutal, my sister remembers them as well.
7. [REDACTED] made everybody in our house quite fearful and everyone wanted to get out the house as quickly as possible. My brothers and sister were all away from the house by the time they were sixteen or seventeen.
8. I went to Catholic primary schools, I started at Lady Lourdes School and then I went to St. Vincent's School. I never understood why as it was about half an hours walk away and Greenhill's Primary was only about sixty seconds walk away. My mum also used to tell me about her childhood and being taught by nuns who were really vicious to her so I didn't understand why she would want me to go to a Catholic school where all the teachers were ex-nuns.
9. The nuns that taught at St. Vincent's were pretty mean spirited and they didn't teach very well either. They would bang children's heads off the wall, including me, when you were struggling in class. I would say that was the start, or introduction to violence from strangers. The nuns were retired nuns as far as I am aware.

10. I don't feel there was a lot of love from my mother, I think she was exhausted by that time and I was her fifth child. Looking back, men had let her down. She did provide for us, but I don't remember a lot of hugs and kisses or being told I was loved. I don't remember any of us getting anything like that. I only remember that we gave her a kiss every night before we went to bed.
11. The only real fond memories I've got from being at home during my childhood is Christmas time. We were off school for two weeks and I never had any problems for wetting the bed, [REDACTED] just left me alone.
12. I did terribly at school, I just couldn't do the work and I ran away for the first time when I was about ten years old. I ended up stopping going to school and going into the town centre where I started stealing things. I was put before a Children's Panel because they were really concerned about me not going to school.
13. I was knocked down by a car again, when I was nine, and I broke the same leg. I had lost lots of schooling because of that and when I went back I was unable to catch up. I also had terrible difficulty in learning things. I could see what everybody else was learning, but for some reason I couldn't read or write properly and I couldn't add up or do fractions. It all caused me lots of problems.
14. I was caught once and taken back to the house by the police and [REDACTED] beat me and burst my ear drum for that. I ended up having to go to hospital for operations so a whole new set of circumstances was developing.
15. My mum told me to say my ear popped when I dived in the swimming pool, that was the story I was told to tell the doctor, which I did, and we just stuck to that.
16. As a result of the Children's Panels I was initially monitored being in school but that never worked. Then when I was about to turn twelve and go to secondary school, and the Panel thought things might develop better but by that time I had started to buzz glue and I was actually running away more. The Panels were held at East Kilbride and

the social worker I had allocated to me, was Keith McIntyre. He was pretty much always the one I dealt with and he worked at East Kilbride.

17. My father then left my mum and my mother began to see me as out of her control. I would say I was just a real menace rather than anything out of control but looking back it does look more as if there was something wrong with me. I behaved the way I did no matter what anybody said to me.
18. It all became too much when I shot an airgun pellet through a window at our house and my mum called the social services. These two ladies from the social services came to the house and spoke to me. I remember they asked me what I wanted to do. I told them I would rather get away from the house, and it was just me and my mum staying in the house by that time.
19. The two ladies then took me to Wooddean Children's Home that day. I just got a wee Fine Fare bag with some of my belongings in it and off I went.

Wooddean Children's Home, Blantyre

20.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Institutions - to be published later I was there for about six months.
21.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

22.

23.

24.

25.

26.

27.

28.

29.

30.

31.

32.

33.

34.

35.

36.

37.

38.

39.

40.

41.

42.

43.

44.

45. Secondary Institutions - to be published later
46. I knew I was being sent to Calder House because I wasn't going to school, but there was no notice or anything. Secondary Institutions - to be published later
Secondary Institution I knew the area by then and I knew it was about a 25 minute walk from Wooddean, Secondary Institution a bag with some of my stuff in it and I just walked up there by myself.
47. I don't know how the decision was made. They must have had a meeting as it's normally something that's discussed at a Panel, but that didn't happen, and nobody took me, I just walked there and chapped on the door.
48. I didn't even know I was going there to stay, I hadn't been told that, I thought it was for something else. It was a semi secure place so I wasn't expecting to be staying there.

Calder House Children's Unit, Blantyre

49. Calder House isn't that dissimilar to Wooddean, but it is a lot bigger. You went in through the gates and there was a big driveway that went up to the main entrance. There was a football pitch and a massive shed, we called the 'barn', where there was lots of indoor activities.
50. When you went in the main door there was a reception area and it was quite a large building inside. It was on two floors and on the ground floor there was the girls unit, which was called Iona, the dining hall and the school. Up on the first floor there was two separate living areas with dormitories and they were all called after islands in Scotland as well. Arran and something else, I forget it's name.
51. I remember the black tiled floors, the boot room, shower rooms, a day room where the television was, although everyone had their own television. During the day we didn't mix with the girls unless it was at school or Physical Training (PT).

52. I'm not sure who was ^{SNR} [REDACTED] at Calder House, I think it might have been a guy called Mr ^{GGT} [REDACTED] or perhaps a Mr [REDACTED].
53. I was probably one of the youngest, at thirteen or so and the oldest would have been about sixteen or seventeen.
54. There were staff that taught who were separate from the case workers who would look after us in the residential areas. I remember Mrs ^{GGR} [REDACTED] Mr ^{GGT} [REDACTED] Mr ^{GGS} [REDACTED] Mr [REDACTED] that's about all, as I was only there for six weeks. That was two three week assessments which were back to back. Probably the longest six weeks of my life. It was awful.
55. I never saw any member of staff in Calder House show any kind of care towards anybody at all. The staff were just really angry all the time and you would actually dread who was going to be on shift. They were all pretty shit, but some were more shitty than others. The weekends were worst because it was as if the staff hated being there.

Routine at Calder House Children's Unit

First day

56. When I walked through the door I could feel the place was totally different. It was like [REDACTED] Secondary Institutions - to be published later [REDACTED] when I walked into Calder House it was so different, there was an aura about the place, it wasn't nice. It was as if something was wrong and everybody knew about it except for me. That's about the only way I can describe how I felt when I first went in. It was an overwhelming feeling that this was a really [REDACTED] Secondary Institutions - to be published later [REDACTED]

57. The kids there made me look like an angel. Some of them had real issues and the noise was also completely different. Then I was told that I was to be staying there and getting an assessment which I had no idea about. No one had told me anything about any assessment taking place. I had no idea how long I was going to be there or where I was going afterwards.
58. I was then taken into the place, shown my dormitory and given some bedding. That was it, I was staying at Calder House.

Mornings and bedtime

59. We got woken up quite early, maybe about eight o'clock, by staff who just came in to the room and told us to get up. They would come back and check and then we would go and get washed, brush our teeth, get dressed and go down for breakfast. After breakfast we did either school or activities.
60. In the evening we had our tea after we got back from school and then we spent most of our time in the dayrooms until it was time for bed. That was pretty much it. We went to bed about eight or nine o'clock. Somebody would come and tell you it was bedtime and you would go and get washed and ready for bed.
61. If you were fourteen you were allowed to smoke, they were allowed five cigarettes a day, so some of the older boys would go for a smoke before bed. I was too young but I did try and steal dows from Mrs GGR's ashtray. She went mental if she caught you.
62. I think there were night people on during the night, but I can't remember seeing them. You could go to the toilet during the night if you wanted, that wasn't a problem.

Mealtimes/Food

63. We all had our meals together in the dining hall. **Secondary Institutions - to be published later** we had cereal and toast with jam and marmalade at breakfast. All the food seemed fine, we certainly got enough to eat, we were never forced to eat anything and I never had

any complaints about it. The only issue surrounding meals was when Mrs GGR stopped you getting any.

64. Mrs GGR had this thing, where, if you said something to piss her off, she wouldn't let you go for your next meal and you would be left upstairs in the dayroom. That actually happened to me quite a few times. It could be for stealing her cigarette dows or changing the television channel without her permission, things like that. It was only one meal you would miss, either lunch or dinner but if it was dinner that would be you without food until breakfast the next morning.

Washing/bathing

65. I don't actually remember ever having a bath or a shower at Calder House. I just remember going to the sink to get washed. There was nobody checking what you were doing though. I think the staff were there to police our outbursts more than anything else.

Clothing/uniform

66. We dressed in our usual civilian clothes, as did the staff, and the clothes I had were the same ones I'd had at Wooddean, which were fine.

Leisure time

67. We spent a lot of our time in the dayroom but there were fights in there all the time. It was really bad, people were throwing chairs about and fighting one another, so the staff were always up tight. It was just a television in there, we had no games, no board games, no books, no pens, no paper, no colouring, no nothing. I had no possessions at all when I was in Calder House, the dayroom really was all we had.
68. At weekends there was very little to do, you could do PT if you wanted, but it was an assessment centre so I think you were just there to be watched, more than anything else.

69. We did get an allowance each week and we could buy things from the cupboard, which was just like a wee shop. We could buy sweets and things. I can't remember how much we got. We could also volunteer for wee jobs, like taking the staffs food trays down to the kitchen, to pick up some extra money.

Schooling

70. We did school or activities every day at Calder House, we would just get told on the day what we were doing. The activities were things like pottery or PT, I remember I hated going to PT which was compulsory, because I had broken my leg twice, I had problems with that kind of thing.
71. It was a staff member that took that, not a teacher, as you would see him in the grounds doing different jobs, so he was part of the school, just not a school teacher. I can't remember his name.
72. We stopped school or activities at lunch time and went up to the day rooms then we would get called down to the dining room for our lunch. After lunch we went back to school or activities.

Healthcare

73. I didn't see a dentist at Calder House, I don't think I saw a dentist as a child to be honest. I was forty years of age when I was told by the dental hygienist that I had gum disease. She told me I hadn't been brushing my teeth properly, so I was forty before I learnt how to brush my teeth properly. That is so embarrassing but it's true because nobody had showed me or taught me how to do it correctly.
74. I never saw a doctor or a nurse and I didn't have any medical examinations in the six weeks I was at Calder House. I probably didn't need any but I did need to go to the hospital for appointments to do with my ear. I didn't go to any when I was there and I was due to get another operation for my perforated ear drum, because the graft never

took. I don't know if any appointments came up though, as I never got told anything when I was in Calder House. Once I got to St. Andrew's List D school I did go to appointments.

Visitors

75. My brother came and visited me once. He was in the army and I never told him about the place as he would have gone crazy. He would then have left though and I'd have been stuck there, so I never said anything to him.
76. My brother coming to visit me was my only good memory from the six weeks I spent at Calder House. It was nice to see a familiar face. It was an allocated time in the evening and he stayed for about an hour. We were in the dining room, which they also used as a visiting room so there were other people all visiting at the same time.

Review of care / Social Services contact

77. I was at Calder House for assessment but I really don't know what that assessment was. Nobody ever told me what they were assessing and I wasn't ever spoke to about it at all.
78. I found out later about case conferences and I think I did have one of them at Calder House but I don't remember much about that, and it was when I first went in. I don't remember being interviewed, or spoken to or anybody explaining anything to me at all. I didn't have a case worker Secondary Institutions - to be published later
79. My social worker at Calder House Assessment Centre was still Keith McNytre and I never saw him once the whole time I was there. I also didn't ever see any actual assessment which was the reason I'd been sent to Calder House in the first place.

Family contact

80. I didn't leave Calder House during the six weeks I was there, other than to go to my grandmother's funeral. My dad had told me my gran wasn't well, she had cancer. Staff then told me of her death and that I could go to the funeral. I was given a bus ticket and money for the bus back on the day of the funeral.
81. I didn't make any phone calls, my mum could probably have phoned me had she wanted to, but that never happened.

Running away

82. There was one occasion when me and another boy were taking trays down to the kitchen for the staff and when we got to the front door we decided to just run for it. We got out the front door and ran for it but we were caught by two of the staff who were marathon runners, so we had no chance.
83. It was quite dangerous as there was a dual carriageway right outside the main entrance that you could run right onto, and we were being chased by staff so, that could have been a lot worse, we could have been killed had we run out in front of a car.
84. We were just taken back to Calder House after that, we didn't receive any punishment, we weren't beaten up or anything like that.

Discipline

85. There was no talking or explaining, and no code of conduct or rules. If you did anything wrong you got a doin, it was very firm and was usually a physical punishment. Staff would use the palms of their hands and hit you in the face or other parts of the body. It was a loss of temper and it happened so quickly, kids would be grabbed and held up against walls and thrown to the ground. Staff would even sit on top of kids. It reminded me of [REDACTED] and how [REDACTED] treated me at home, just that it was more fearful because I didn't know who they were.

86. I would say my behaviour definitely changed for the worse at Calder House. It was probably something that was in me anyway, but that place definitely brought it out. If you became too insular and withdrawn that would be a weakness and then you would be overpowered so I started to stick up for myself and my behaviour became worse.

Abuse at Calder House

87. The first morning after I'd arrived I had wet the bed again and I remember all the boys in my dormitory getting up and running out. I didn't know why that was, and I was kind of embarrassed having wet my bed, so I just laid there in bed.
88. Then this guy, Mr ^{GGS} came into the dormitory and he went absolutely crazy. He pulled me out the bed and he was picking me up and throwing me off the walls. He had me by the shoulders and was just battering me off the wall saying I had to get out of my bed when everybody else does. Then he noticed the wet bed and that's when he stopped. It was actually weird because when did it, it was almost familiar but when that guy was doing it to me, it was a very strange feeling and I was terrified.
89. The amazing thing about that was that I never wet the bed again after that morning. Mr ^{GGS} was doing that because I had been in my bed not because I'd wet the bed but once he saw I had wet the bed he changed his tune. He told me to tidy up the wet sheets and take them to the laundry. I didn't even know where that was, but somebody told me.
90. Nobody had told me anything about the routine but Mr ^{GGS} was a really mean spirited person anyway. He was a vile horrible man and was maybe in his thirties then, quite small in height but a broad build. He had big lips like that actor Jon Voight. If you annoyed him, he would shout in your face and I remember he had a garlic smell on his breath. After he did that to me on the first morning, I was terrified of him.
91. I was also terrified of Mrs ^{GGR} She was a really mean grumpy old woman who just sat and smoked fag after fag after fag. She had ginger hair, was quite tall and had a

really haggard worn face. She was a really vicious horrible woman and was angry all the time at everything. She would grab kids, including me, and give you a shake. She smoked all the time, staff could do that, the kids could smoke as well, as long as they were fourteen.

92. The fighting in the dayroom was pretty bad and it would just be over silly things, just what young boys do, but it could be awful. The staff were pretty volatile as well and everybody got man handled at Calder House, no matter who you were.
93. Staff would grab you by the arm and shake you and people got hit a lot as well. That could be a clout to the head, but they did shake us a lot. Mr ^{GGT} who was a big fat guy had this thing where he would stand behind you and force one of your arms up your back, he would then put one of his arms round your neck and lift you off your feet. He was in his late forties early fifties back then, he wore glasses and I think he had dark hair.
94. There was a room at Calder House, that the staff would threaten you with. They would say you would be taken to the room and then you'd be put in it and left there all night. It was a room with nothing in it, it didn't have a window and it didn't have a handle on the inside of the door, so you couldn't get out. It was where people were taken if they couldn't be controlled.
95. I was put in it once, but I was taken out pretty quick, Nobody wanted to be in it, as it was pretty frightening.
96. It was a pretty violent place yet I remember there was this one big guy [REDACTED] he was one of the boys there and was only fifteen but he really was huge and the staff were kind of terrified of him. He never got many problems when it came to the abuse from staff they seemed to pick on people who they knew they could do it to. I was really small and looked a lot younger than thirteen. I didn't have an idea about so much.
97. I didn't know at the time, and looking back I wouldn't know if the staff were trained to carry out the restraining they did. So much of it was uncaring, unkind and just violent,

in the same place but they seemed more liberal in how they dealt with things. Any infraction at all was dealt with physically and quite rapidly.

98. The kids weren't angels, there were children in Calder House with real anger issues, who would have these outbursts, the place really was like a zoo. Some of the behaviour probably deserved the treatment they got or some kind of discipline but so much of it was uncalled for, unnecessary and excessive. The staff just seemed to have no patience whatsoever, it felt as if they didn't have any experience and had just been pulled in off the streets. This is obviously looking back now, but they did not have any social skills or the ability to interact with people. I don't think they'd had any proper training and I didn't see anything that I would say now was professionalism.
99. I was just frightened all the time at Calder House, for the entire six weeks, and I was so glad to get out of it. When I got out for my grandmother's funeral I did contemplate not returning but I was young and had nowhere to go. If I'd turned up at my sisters she would have said yes but then she would have got into trouble so I had to go back.
100. The abuse at Calder House was a daily occurrence, it happened to all the children including me and the staff were never pleasant when you spoke to them. Not all the staff hit the kids but not one of them ever did anything to make it not happen. They would be there when it happened and they would do nothing. They were all cut from the same cloth.

Reporting of abuse at Calder House

101. I didn't report any of the abuse I received or saw at Calder House, there was never any outlet to make any complaint and there was no one there I could have spoken to about anything like that. We were just seen as vermin, we weren't seen as children who might need help.

Leaving Calder House

102. I did three weeks of assessment at Calder House then, after I came out to go to my grandmother's funeral, they decided I should do another three weeks assessment. It was after those six weeks that I went to a Children's Panel.
103. Me, my mum and dad and my social worker, Keith McIntyre, were all at that panel. First of all they asked my dad if he could take me and he said he couldn't because he was staying in a flat with his sister and there were only two bedrooms, so there was no room. Then they asked my mum and she said she was moving to a smaller flat and there was no room. Then Keith McIntyre mentioned that my sister had asked to take me in but the Panel weren't happy about that. They refused because she was a young mum, only about nineteen.
104. I was then told I was going to St. Andrew's List D School in Helensburgh. I know now that it was done under a supervision order because I was outwith parental control and I do know they were having real problems trying to control my behaviour. I didn't know what St. Andrew's school was, or what a List D school. That was pretty much what happened at that panel.
105. I went back to Calder House for that night and in the morning my mum and my sister came and picked me up with Keith McIntyre and took me to St. Andrew's List D School.
106. I remember my mum was quite quiet on that journey and my sister was quite anxious and was asking Keith McIntyre about the place because we knew nothing about it. I don't think he actually knew much about it but by then I was quite hardened to getting put from one place to the next.
107. Looking back it must have been a terrible feeling of abandonment because I was just walking to places on my own and being put into places full of strangers with all these things happening and just staggering through life.

St. Andrew's School, Helensburgh

General

108. We drove to Helensburgh and I remember arriving at St. Andrew's and the place was really huge. We drove up a big drive and there was a really big car park. There were forests all around the school, a football park at the side and lots of grass and greenery. There was like a street of houses on the grounds because the staff stayed on campus.
109. There was three main houses at the school, Shandon, Fruin and Douglas. I was allocated to Fruin house which was me about another thirty boys. I think Shandon and Douglas had about the same.
110. You could stay at St. Andrew's until you were about eighteen at that time and I was the youngest at thirteen. I think the oldest was seventeen.
111. Everything I owned was taken from me and put in a box. I was given a number, mine was 'SAS42' and all the boys were given everything they needed by the school.

Staff

112. I remember most of the staff. There was Mr ^{FQH} [REDACTED] who was ^{SNR} [REDACTED]. He was okay, and took mass, as there was no priest. Mass was compulsory, we all had to go. Mr ^{FQH} [REDACTED] while I was there and ^{HLL} [REDACTED], who was ^{SNR} [REDACTED]. I don't know his surname but he was a nice guy.
113. There was Mr and Mrs ^{zHMK-SPO} [REDACTED], we called them ^{zHMK-SPO} [REDACTED], they were okay as well and never bothered anybody. I do remember they seemed to be really old. She helped look after the kids in one of the houses and he was a gardening instructor. He looked as if he'd been there a very long time, they will both be deceased now.

114. There was Flash, who was called that because he did photography. He was an okay guy as well. I don't know his actual name, but he was an activities instructor, and took us for photography and outdoor activities like hillwalking and gorge walking.
115. There was also Mr and Mrs **KCR-SPO**, who were care staff, and worked in Fruin House. They were okay. **IZG** was the building instructor and he was okay as well, but he knew a lot of what was going on and didn't ever do anything about it, so he could be seen to be just as bad for being like that.
116. There was Mr **GGU**, the wood shed instructor and Mr **GGV** the paint shed instructor who were both pretty vicious towards all the boys. If you annoyed them at all they would come down hard on you. I got a few slaps from both of them, so did most of the lads.
117. Other staff I remember are wee **LOA**, **FOG**, Ronnie, the two English Ronnie's, Mr **GGW**, Mr **GGX**, Ali and his wife and the matron, Alison, I pretty much remember them all. I would say most, if not all of them knew something was going on at St. Andrew's and if that is the case and they're not doing anything about it, they're just as bad, by allowing things to happen, that shouldn't be happening.
118. I must have had a key worker as everybody would have had one but I don't remember who that was. I did have a case conference every year, again just like in prison, it's actually incredible how many similarities there are between List D and prison and how many people I meet in prison that have been through the system.
119. The feeling I had at St. Andrew's was very similar to the one I had when I went to Calder House, except it was on a bigger scale. All the areas were really large, the houses and building were big and it was just like a prison but on a smaller scale and for children.
120. Having had the experience of being in prison I can say that a List D school isn't that different from prison. It also always seems to be the same kind of people who work in

prisons, that work in List D schools. Not all of them but it does seem the same kind of people tend to gravitate towards these kinds of institutions.

121. There was a broad range of people working at St. Andrew's and there were some who I could speak and chat to, who didn't have any malice but I don't think they really cared either. I never saw anyone there that took an active interest in any people and actually tried to help them.
122. There was one shed worker Paul who was an engineer, he said I was good at welding and encouraged me to weld but that was very rare. It was almost as if you were a problem to them all the time. I never really understood that, why do they choose to do that job and then be the way they are. It's much the same in prison.
123. I'm sure the staff in St. Andrew's must have had some training and I've seen comments about my behaviour and how staff viewed me, on my file from St. Andrew's, so they must have been paying some attention to me, but they never interacted with me in any way.
124. There was just nobody who tried to take a real interest. For example, I was terrible in the classroom at the times tables and Mr ^{GGW} used to grab me by the head and ram my face into the book and say 'what are six sevens?', I would give the wrong answer or say random things and he would just shout at me. Every now and then I'd have an outburst and swear at him and he would send me to the corridor outside the classroom, which meant trouble. I would come back into the classroom and then he would be all nice asking me how I was getting on with my work. That didn't bother me at the time but looking back you have to ask yourself "who are these people, beating kids up one minute, then acting as if nothing had happened the next".

Other boys

125. I was at St. Andrew's because I wasn't going to school and was out with the control of my family. Some boys were drug addicts, one boy was [REDACTED] he was one of the youngest heroin addicts in Glasgow, and was injecting heroin at the age of twelve.

126. Some boys had solvent abuse problems, I was buzzing glue but I wasn't ever listed as having it as a problem. Some guys were there for breaking into places and stealing, or were addicted to stealing cars.
127. There was a boy at the school called [REDACTED] who was really slow, he had mental health problems and couldn't function properly. There was a lot of boys hated him because teachers would say to the boys that if [REDACTED] did something wrong again all the boys would get punished. That would put [REDACTED] under a lot of pressure and everybody would turn on him a lot of the time, it could get pretty nasty. [REDACTED] had real problems and couldn't function properly, like doing sports, he just couldn't do them.

Routine at St. Andrew's School

First day

128. I have records that I've retrieved from Strathclyde Region Social Work Department, as an adult, that show the date I was admitted to St. Andrew's School was 11th July 1984.
129. I do remember the day we arrived, and this guy called Wee Baz, who had a long beard and a humph, answered the door. He looked like something from the film '*The Young Frankenstein*' and I remember me and my sister looking at each other, not knowing what to say. It was a very weird experience. It turned out that he was a really nice guy and to start with I did think the place was really nice.
130. We were taken into a wee room, and there were some rock cakes and tea that [REDACTED] [LOA] had made. My mum and sister sat in with me and wee Baz told us about what happens there. He also showed me the uniform. My mum and sister asked him questions and I just sat there. Then my mum and sister went away and I remember giving my mum and sister a hug and a kiss and that was it.

131. Nobody told me how long I was going to be at St. Andrew's, I was just told I was staying there. I just tried to get on with it as best as I could. There was more space than at Calder House and it was really big but there were joiners, gardeners, painters and decorators, builders and engineers, so it was pretty much a prison for kids.

Mornings and bedtime

132. Everyone was allocated a dorm and there were four beds in every dorm. You had a chair by your bed to keep your clothes on and that was it in the bedroom.

133. I would say everything was far more structured at St. Andrew's, far more than Calder House. We got up, got our duties for the week, got washed or showered, and went for breakfast. After breakfast, two or three times a week, we had assembly in the church and we also had mass to attend two times a week as well.

134. We then went on parade and we would be put into our categories for the day. That would be builders, joiners, gardeners, engineers, that sort of thing, and classrooms, one, two, three and four, then we were all lined up before being taken away to our departments for the day. It was almost military the way it was all done.

135. We would come back to the school about 11:30 am and maybe have a smoke, then we had lunch and in the afternoon we went back to more activities. It was just like the routine in prison to be honest. I did engineers, joiners and gardening, I kept changing my mind because I hated them all. I was terrified of Mr ^{GGU} and Mr ^{GGV} so I never did painting and decorating.

Mealtimes/Food

136. There was no problems with the food at St. Andrew's, everything was clean and we were never deprived. We had tea and toast in the morning, we had a lunch and tea and there was plenty of food.

Washing/bathing

137. There weren't any problems with washing and showering. You could shower every day, but it was in the morning only or if you were coming back from PT. There would always be a staff member present in the shower room to facilitate should anything go off because there was always something happening.
138. There wasn't really any privacy when you were showering, there were no front covers to the showers, just partitions. I can remember female members of staff supervising the showering and they could see the boys, I remember hearing some of the older boys commenting on that but they seemed to quite enjoy the attention.

Clothing/uniform

139. I was given a pair of boots, a pair of cheap black trainers, a pair of jeans, two pairs of new underwear and socks, vests, a work shirt, a jumper and a jacket, that was about it. You didn't get your own clothes unless you were going on home leave, they were locked away in a box. All the clothes had a wee label on them with your number and you had a wee doo'cot in the boot room with your number on it.

Leisure time

140. There was a TV room and a table tennis table in the dayroom. We also had lots of different activities that we got to do. In the summer we had a basketball court, two tennis courts, a football pitch and we did outdoor activities like hill walking and in the winter we could go fishing or sailing. There was certainly a lot more to do at St. Andrew's than there ever was at Calder House.
141. We did play a game called '*Murder Ball*', each house was forced to play it, and it was really just two houses fighting each other. I hated it, it was terrifying. Eventually the injuries got so severe that matron stepped in and had it cancelled. I was delighted about that because you couldn't opt out, every boy had to play and it was just a crazy game.

Trips and holidays

142. I only remember the one trip, that was to the Arrochar Outdoor Centre and that was a good experience. People that got to go on that trip were selected by their behaviour. I was told that because I hadn't run away for a while they thought they would let me go on the trip. It was all carrot and stick stuff.
143. We were also taken to the Marine Base at Faslane on a weekly basis to use the swimming pool. I had problems with my ear a lot of the time so I didn't get to go on those trips so often.

Schooling

144. There were four classrooms and six work sheds at St. Andrew's. If you were fourteen you had to go to class in the morning, so I did that and in the afternoon you went to a work shed. When you turned fifteen you could choose not to go to school and just go to the work sheds. I was at school pretty much all the time at first and I got a chance to go to a work shed in the afternoon.
145. I could read and write then but only very simple stuff and I had a real problem with learning. My teacher was Mr **GGW** a general teacher, and he was awful and had no patience. If you were taught something and had forgotten it the next day he used to come down hard on you and I used to forget stuff all the time.
146. Another general teacher who also taught me was Mr **GGX** and he was pretty bad as well, all of them were pretty bad really.
147. We were divided up into levels, I can't remember how many levels but everyone in my level was about the same. I don't remember any assessment so I don't know how they worked out your level.

148. We didn't have any sex education nothing like that. They did frown upon the boys touching themselves and things like masturbation, so you had to be careful with those kind of things, as they would be seen as a sin.

Healthcare

149. I did get taken out of St. Andrew's for two weeks to have an operation on my ear. I saw that as a break. I was happy to get away from the place to go and get operated on. When I got back to St. Andrew's after that operation, I got clattered round the head by Mr ^{GGW} in class and ended up having to get taken back in to the hospital. It turned he had dislodged the graft inside my ear. I've never had another operation since then so I've been left with an imperfect eardrum.
150. I went to see matron after I was clattered the second time and she took me back to the hospital. Matron was really nice and was always kind to me. I did tell her that it had been Mr ^{GGW} that had whacked my ear, but it didn't matter there was nothing she could do. I'm sure lads told her about things all the time and nothing was ever reported.

Religious instruction

151. It was a Catholic school for boys so there was mass twice a week but I don't remember ever seeing a priest there. Mr ^{FQH} took all the masses and you had to go you had no choice. You were actually watched by the staff to make sure you were singing the hymns as well.
152. I don't know if all the boys were Roman Catholic. I don't remember saying 'Grace' and it was always the same members of staff that went to mass, so maybe they weren't all Catholics, I'm not too sure about that.

Work

153. We did do house work on a weekly basis. Every Monday morning a teacher would come round the accommodation and everyone would have to pick a number between

1 and 30. That number corresponded with a house duty and that would then be your house duty for the rest of the week. In the mornings you would get up and washed and then you would have to do your house duty and have it checked before you could go and get your breakfast.

154. The jobs we did were cleaning the showers, toilets and back stairs, polishing the floors, hoovering the television room and table tennis room, cleaning dorms and dorm corridors, cleaning windows, cleaning the boot room, it was just lots and lots of cleaning. We did all the cleaning there were no cleaning staff.
155. Once you'd finished you went and got a member of staff to check it and if they didn't like it you had to keep doing it until they said it was done to their satisfaction. I didn't see that as any kind of punishment or discipline as it was just something we all did every day. If the staff took a dislike to any of the boys then I suppose they could make it difficult for them when checking the work.

Birthdays and Christmas

156. We didn't celebrate birthday's or Christmas at St. Andrew's. I did go home one Christmas but then I was returned after I fell out with my mum. I remember there was no Christmas Dinner or anything like that, it was just like another day. I did get cards from my mum and sister that came through but there was no celebration at all within the place.
157. The night-watchman brought in a bottle of a really strong red labelled cider at New Year, I do remember that and we went to bed about ten o'clock, so a wee bit later than the usual time, which was about eight thirty or nine o'clock.

Personal possessions

158. We had no personal possessions all I had was the clothes we were given as my own clothes were kept in a box in a locked room, and we only got them when we had home visits.

Bed Wetting

159. My bed wetting had stopped after the incident I told you about and never happened again.

Visitors

160. There were people who came in and visited some of the boys but I never got any visits, it was too far away. It would have taken about a five hour round trip for my family to get there.

Review of care / detention

161. I remember my mum and dad coming up for a case conference one year. I had maybe two or three but that was the only time they came to St. Andrew's. I can't remember if they were every year or every six months.
162. My social worker was there for my case conferences but I can't remember him ever actually coming to see me. If he had come to see me I would probably have been able to tell him something about what was going on in the place but he was never there so I never had the chance to speak to him. I just remember him taking me back home when I left St. Andrew's.

Bullying

163. There was a lot of bullying went on at St. Andrew's. There were small camps of boys that did a lot of it and some boys got it quite bad. It was really horrible and a lot of boys got bullied all the time. I got stabbed in the leg with darts and had my head flushed down the toilet. That was all by other boys, not staff.

164. There was another boy who was stabbed and nothing was done about it at all. His name was [REDACTED] and he was stabbed in the back with a table knife, although the wound wasn't serious enough for him to have to go to hospital. It was another boy called [REDACTED] that did it. Staff dealt with it, Mrs [REDACTED] and matron but there was no police involvement as far as I'm aware. The staff all knew that was going on but it was by the top boys and nothing was ever done about it.
165. You couldn't ever console anyone either as that was seen as a weakness and they would just turn on you and start attacking you. You just ended up leaving people to cry and trying not to cry was one of the hardest things. Eventually it got to the stage where I never knew how to cry because I was always holding it in. All the boys were like that.
166. The only difference between St. Andrew's and Calder House was that St. Andrew's had more expanse and was more concentrated, with more than seventy boys and a lot more staff as well.
167. There was a shop at St. Andrew's, it was like a cupboard, and you could buy sweets and tobacco and cigarette papers. Boys used to just take those things from you when you bought them and there was nothing you could do about it. You couldn't complain either because then you'd be called a grass.
168. My way round that was to find someone big and ask them to go halfers with me when I went to the shop. My mate for that was [REDACTED], so he would buy sweets and I would buy tobacco and we would go halfers and share it. Then nobody would touch my tobacco because it was also [REDACTED]'s tobacco. That was how I got round that.

Running away

169. I did run away from St. Andrew's quite a lot, because I just didn't want to be there. I was always afraid and always on edge. All the boys were always on edge. I felt so much safer when I was away from St. Andrew's.

170. I was once on home leave and rather than go back I told my mum I had appendicitis. I knew both my brothers had had their appendix removed so I just winged it, and I ended up having the operation and had mine removed just to get two more weeks at home, away from St. Andrew's. I remember I was literally celebrating that, which is pretty unbelievable looking back.
171. When you first ran away they took some of your clothes off you to stop you running away again. At first you would get a pair of PT shorts and top, a pair of boots and a jacket. You got no socks and no underwear. You wore that continuously and weren't allowed to go out in any other clothing whatsoever. It didn't stop me running away though so they then took away my boots and then my jacket. Eventually I just had a wee pair of black plimsolls. Sometimes it would be during the winter and it could be really cold as well.
172. I would also get threatened with being taken to 'The Kibble' when I ran away. Apparently it was a lockfast place that you couldn't escape from. However they couldn't do that, because of the law, because I wasn't committing any crime when I ran away, I wasn't stealing or breaking into places so they had no reason to place me in such a secure place. I was just running away and buzzing glue, that was it.
173. I remember I was once in front of a Children's Panel and the guy was asked me why I kept running away. I told him it was because I was getting hit by the staff at St. Andrew's and he just told me not to tell tales as St. Andrew's was a good Catholic school. That was it for me, I decided I wasn't going to say anything else to anyone after that.
174. On a couple of occasions the local uniform police at East Kilbride Police Station ended up battering me as well, when I was running away. They got sick and tired of me running away from St. Andrew's and wasting their time so they ended up taking me down to one of the prison cells, battering me and threatening me, saying that's where I would end up if I didn't stop running away. I don't know the names of any of those police officers.

175. From records I now have I can see that I was recorded as having absconded from St. Andrew's, or failed to return from home leave, over a dozen times and for a total of 237 days. Sometimes it would be just for a day or two but I once absconded for 43 days. I would say that's quite a lot of running away. When it was for longer periods I would be with other boys and I would go with them to where they stayed. I would also go to town centres or into Cambuslang, that was when I was buzzing glue a lot as well.

Abuse at St. Andrew's School

176. When I first arrived at St. Andrew's I was given a tour of the school and one of the very first things I was introduced to involved Mr **GGU** and Mr **GGV** in the woodshed. They took one of the other boys and held an electric wood saw, which was switched on, right up close to his groin. It was just a mess around and people were laughing and found it funny but the lad was screaming and if he'd moved at all he could have been seriously injured. I was really perplexed by that, as a young kid.

177. They had this habit of treating people really poorly, particularly Mr **GGU** and Mr **GGV**. They used to hold your hand down on a table and pretend they were going to hit it with a hammer, but just hit the table next to your hand. I even saw them throw axes and other tools at boys, but it was done in such a way that it wasn't going to hit anyone.

178. One of the worst things for me, when I arrived at St. Andrew's was to be told to go and ask for 'A Long Stand'. We've all heard of it, and it can be a laugh but it can also be too much. I would get sent for them by **ZG**, the building instructor, and he knew what was going on. I would go into Mr **GGV**'s paint shed and he would be really serious about it and sometimes he would have me standing there for over an hour. Everybody would walk by laughing at you, but once you knew what it was and it kept on happening, it got beyond a joke.

179. As I have said I ran away a lot and sometimes **FQG**, who was a manager guy, would say to Mr **GGV** in the morning that I had been running off so I needed to get

tired out and needed a long stand. I then knew what was coming at some point that morning. The whole long stand thing was just one of those things that I never liked.

180. Mr **GGU** and Mr **GGV** also had this thing about poking people all the time, with their fingers, in the middle of your chest. They were very intimidating men and the way they behaved just seemed normal, looking back, it's something that would have been going on for a very long time. It was like a normal process or culture for them, it was never laboured. Those two were just generally pretty nasty to all the boys all the time and they talked to all the boys like crap. I think they saw all the boys as vermin, or pests that came from broken homes and had learning difficulties and for them, coming out their houses to teach us, was like an inconvenience.
181. The main violence that was inflicted upon me was in Mr **GGW**'s class and Mr **GGX**'s class. They were incredibly violent towards the boys. None of the instructors or boys swore in St. Andrew's, but if you ever did in their presence they would come down on you really heavy for it. They would hold your face down into the jotter on your desk and if you were to lose your temper, which I occasionally did, they would then take you out into the corridor and smack you around.
182. That could be hitting you across the head with their hands, or pushing you off things, or against the wall, just smacking you about. That happened to everybody which made it just seem normal. I don't remember it being for nothing, it was just that it happened for any infraction, even the smallest infraction, and they would always come down heavy on you.
183. It could be for just not knowing your times tables and because some of the boys had problems, they sometimes lost it. So what started off as a boy getting his face pushed in a jotter could turn into a beating because the boy told them to '*go fuck themselves*' or something like that, because the boys would lose their tempers. That happened with me, I had no filter and I would just say something stupid and get a beating.
184. I was once told to '*fuck off*' by one of the other boys and Mr **GGX** got up out his chair and gave the lad the most horrible beating. He kept hitting him across the

head with the palm of his hand then he grabbed him and threw him all over the place. At the same time Mr ^{GGX} was telling the rest of the class to get on with our lessons, it was so weird.

185. Mr ^{GGX} really was vicious and the violence was a weekly occurrence for me personally, but it happened every day to somebody in St. Andrew's, it was happening all the time, particularly from Mr ^{GGX} and Mr ^{GGW}
186. I mentioned ^{FQG} and he was quite a vicious guy as well. He would use intimidation tactics, like telling me I'd be put in a lock-fast place for all the running away I was doing. He wasn't actually violent to me, but I was absolutely terrified of him, and I did see him being violent towards other people. I saw him smack other boys, but never punch them, it was usually the palm of their hand, and it was always towards the smaller boys, never the bigger ones. It was usually in the classrooms as well.
187. ^{FQG} had a bald head, he wore glasses, had a really stocky build, about 5'8" tall and about forty years old then. I don't know why they called him ^{FQG} He was always really forceful and intimidating and often threatened me with violence. He did the parade every morning, when we all lined up for classes.
188. ^{FQG} was always very happy to say I had just missed caning, because it had been made illegal just before I got to St. Andrew's. Apparently they used to cane boys across the ass when they were bent over the table tennis table. He liked to tell you all about that and tell you how lucky you were that the caning wasn't allowed anymore.
189. Caning and belting wasn't supposed to be replaced by anything but I would say they were replaced by other forms of violence and lots and lots of intimidation. That's by grown men to young boys as well.
190. A lot of the abuse was psychological but it was certainly enough for me not to want to be there, all of the time.

Reporting of abuse at St. Andrew's School

191. If you did tell a member of staff, you would just be told not to tell tales and that would be it. I did tell matron about Mr ^{GGW} whacking my head but nothing ever happened, so it made no difference if you told anyone.
192. When my mum telephoned me at St. Andrew's a couple of times, I did tell her about some of the abuse. She told me she was going to phone somebody and speak to them but nothing ever came about, so I don't know if she actually did do anything.
193. The police ended up being really nasty to me as well, they saw me as a nuisance and a pest so I didn't trust telling them anything.

Leaving St. Andrew's School

194. I do now have records that show my last Children's Panel was on 13th April 1986, so I was coming up for sixteen, when it was agreed on the closure of my case with the Strathclyde Social Work Department. I never went back to any school after that, I went back home to my mum and dad. So, as far as I'm aware the 13th April 1986 was the date I left St. Andrew's.

Life after being in care

195. I was totally feral when I was back home. That's the only way I can describe myself. That is me describing myself from where I am now, looking back. I wouldn't have known that back then.
196. I just couldn't settle and my mum couldn't cope with me at all, she was demented because of my behaviour. On my 16th birthday my mum called the police and I was kicked out on the street after [REDACTED] of that behaviour.

197. I had been away a long time so I didn't have any school friends so I just headed to the town centre and met up with other radicals like myself, that were in similar positions to me.
198. That was when I first started using all the drugs. When I started using cannabis and things like that it felt amazing because I was thinking that was the way you were meant to feel. Everyone else felt that way and I didn't, so it was only natural to think that.
199. I ended up hooked on one of the worst drugs, amphetamine, and I was still buzzing a lot of glue and gas then as well. I was homeless and that led to petty crime. I got done with a few breach of the peace's and some shoplifting charges and that was the lifestyle I led for quite a while.
200. Then I thought I'd try travelling and I went over to France and Australia. Looking back I could never settle, there was always something wrong and I just got into more and more trouble. I also started to inject drugs as well. I would say drugs really became my life and when I was high I just wasn't feeling the pain. I know that now but I didn't back then because I was just running on empty.
201. It wasn't all bad and I did manage to have relationships. I met a lovely girl called [REDACTED] in 1995 and we had a lovely wee baby together. I had a good job and a nice car at that time but I just couldn't hold anything down. I kept getting fired from jobs.
202. I even went to college and studied to be a chef. I did feel I was always trying to do the right thing and I did have good opportunities. I wanted to settle down but something in my heart just wouldn't let me settle. I always felt deep down that something was wrong.
203. I had so much trauma going on throughout my life, I had been knocked down twice, I had an abusive [REDACTED] and I'd been in the care system where I was beaten continuously. I had no idea of the impact that had on me and I would never know until I was a lot older.

204. I don't want to be seen to be using all that as an excuse for what I went on to do in life but it's certainly a reason for why I ended up on the path I ended up on.
205. Things then became a bit more erratic in my life. In 2000 I picked up a prostitute, I saw needle marks in her arms and ended up losing my temper, stealing her money and kicking her out my house. She cried rape and I got convicted of that and went to prison for 21 months. I was then released on interim liberation pending an appeal and when I was out on appeal I was done with murder. That was in 2004 and I am currently still serving that sentence.
206. When I first came into prison I was kind of leading the same life that I was leading outside. Life was erratic, I was smoking heroin and taking uppers, but I ended up taking anything at all. I started in Shotts prison, where lots of drugs were available then I was moved to Dumfries for assessment. After about six months there, I came across this book 'We're All Doing Time' and I started reading that. It was all about meditation and yoga that these guys in prison in America were doing.
207. I decided to give it a shot and that's how my journey began and I started to look into meditation. A yoga teacher then came to the prison and I took that up. In 2005 I kicked the drugs and I had a look inside myself. I wanted to try and discover why I ended up on the path I was on. I ended up getting too consumed in the meditation and things actually got worse before they got better. I thought I was taking some kind of nervous breakdown and I went to the doctor and got medication. That had me completely 'monged', so I was back in a similar situation I'd already been in. After about six weeks I threw that medication out and went back to the meditation. A lot of stuff came to the surface of my mind then and I was unable to deal with it so in 2012 I backed off from the meditation for a year or so but I did go back to it.
208. I started leading a more peaceful life and stayed away from all the bad things and then in 2016 I met Joanne Richley. Joanne is the prison based social worker. That was when I discovered about Adverse Childhood Experiences and I started to realise what was going on. In many ways, unfortunately, Alan Wilson's death saved my life because if I had been outside I would have either been dead or in some terrible state. It was

Alan Wilson that was the victim of the murder. It kind of makes me grateful to have had this time and to have had the opportunity for my universal consciousness to get myself together.

209. Joanne had the wisdom that she passed on to me and with that wisdom and the knowledge I had, things started to make sense to me and I understood what was going on. I had been in pain and was suffering when I had done all the horrible things I had done. It was a massive empowerment to my life. I knew I had been unwell but I wasn't a mental case, there was nothing wrong with me, that hasn't been made.

Impact

210. The impact isn't just from my time in care, it's also from being in the care of [REDACTED] as well. Those first blows that were inflicted upon me by [REDACTED] set off a sequence of events that was going to cause the death of another human being. There is no doubt in my mind that was going to take place, either I was going to be killed by it or somebody else was.
211. There is also the impact it went on to have on other people because so many people were hurt as a result of my actions, throughout the course of my life. I had no empathy for others, I didn't really care what happened to another person. I didn't care if someone else was hurt, I just went through life blinkered. It was a very self-centred way of living, if it benefited me that was fine, if it didn't then I cast it aside.
212. I didn't like men at all, I didn't like being in their company, they made me feel uncomfortable. I suppose I was more or less like that to all people but I do remember that when my wee baby was born, for the first time I never felt like that towards another human being.
213. I just saw the world as a place that hurts you and causes you pain and suffering. I was thinking if that's the way the world is then that's the way I'm going to be too. Even though I met a lot of nice people on the way, I then destroyed relationships with people

who really cared for me. I probably would have carried on like that. I'm talking about these things from where I am now as I didn't know all this back then, and with hindsight I can see what was going on. I had no idea that I could relate all the things that had happened in my life to what happened to me in my childhood.

214. The minute authority came into my life I would tell lies. All I needed to do with that girl in 2000 was to say I got upset about her using drugs, there was an altercation and I stole her money. I didn't though I lied to the police, and I lied about everything the minute authority came into it because I knew I was always going to get the blame for it.
215. Even in 2004 when I ended Alan's life, I didn't pick up the phone and tell the police something had happened. We ran away, and then came back and tried to hide what we had done. As I look back now, I wasn't really trying to get away with anything, it was the pain that it had caused, that caused me take certain action.
216. Even today when anybody in prison tells me something I just assume they're lying to me. I also believe that anything I say won't be believed because I've lied throughout my whole life and it just became second nature. When you have lied that much, to learn not to lie is then so incredibly difficult.
217. With authority I have always found it difficult. There are a lot of very nice people in prisons and I've had a lot of kindness shown to me from people that work here. I've also seen how people can be though. It's very difficult for me to have absolute trust in anybody who I know is being nice to me and wants me to see me do well but who I then see with somebody else and they're treating them like shit. I have to just manage them to the best of my ability. I do try to be true to myself to the best of my ability but it's like sailing a ship through a storm. Joanne Richley is the only person I feel pure trust towards because she saw something in me and explained it, and to me, that was huge.
218. It was only after I met Joanne that I started to get an understanding as to why things had happened in my life. The more I then read literature about the impact and the

science behind it the more interested I became in it all. Everything just started to make sense and I felt relief. I do think I was probably a really unwell person because people don't do the things I did if they're firing on all cylinders. There has to be something seriously wrong but until I found out what that was, I was still in the dark even though I was trying to do the right thing.

219. I find I'm always questioning everybody's motive but I do try to understand to the best of my ability. There is a psychology department here in prison and they are monstrous, they've wronged me really badly, which made it worse. So even if a nice psychologist comes to see me it's very hard and I'm just thinking they've been sent by the vampires and all they're after is blood. That's just the way my mind works and unfortunately I don't think it'll ever go away. Authority is just very difficult for me.
220. It can all be related to my childhood but that's not to say I've not been responsible for someone's death because I have, I don't deny that. It wasn't until 2016 when I met Joanne and had a wakeup call when she told me all about the effects of the adverse childhood experiences and the childhood trauma I had experienced.
221. If I'm talking in a setting and I'm saying something wrong I immediately think that they think I am telling a lie and my body will react. I instantly get hit with adrenalin and that's the way it is for me all the time. It's like this child remains within me at all times, and warns me people are going to hurt me, so before that could happen I would blow up.
222. When I was in the care system I could tell when an adult was going to be bad to me, by the way they were carrying themselves, and that always served me well, as in I would try to avoid them. I think I learnt, from experiences how adults were going to behave before they were going to hurt me.
223. I then took that into the adult world, thinking it would serve me well, but it didn't and I ended up hurting people. I got hurt as well because I was making bad decisions.
224. It's not an excuse but I was definitely made into the person that I became, by all the things that went on in my life. But for a twist of fate anyone could have ended up where

I am. The unfortunate set of circumstances in my life led me down a path and I had no way out of it. I believe whole heartedly that if I had been treated differently, the chances are things would never have transpired the way they have.

225. I don't really have any religious beliefs, Catholicism was kind of rammed down my throat as a child so I turned my back on it and had no religion at all. Then when I started to meditate I did Buddhism and quite liked the concept of no god. I would say I don't have any religion per say I believe in a universal consciousness and to just be kind, do your best and be the best you can be.
226. For me, I will always be a recovering failure of a human being, that's just the way it's going to be for me because I'm always going to have to live with and carry the weight of the damage and the hurt that I caused to humanity. The only thing I can do with that is to try and live every day as best I can, and I do try and do that.
227. I have better relationships now with my family than I've ever had. That's partly down to me cutting everything off in 2010, when I decided I couldn't serve the sentence with anybody, it was too long, so I cut everything off and did it on my own. I then picked up a pen and started to write letters and I made friends that way. My mum then died in 2019 and my sister got in touch and our relationship is stronger than ever.

Treatment/support

228. I've never had any mental health treatment or assessments which is unfortunate because it might have given me some answers or have been able to get me on medication, something like that.
229. I did go to the doctors around 1999, not long after my daughter was born, I was asking questions about why I was feeling certain ways and why I couldn't understand why I was feeling certain ways. All he did was advise me to go home and enjoy being with my daughter and prescribe me Librium. All I did was eat the lot in a week so that was of no use to me. I was going to parties and stealing things and I would know the people

would know I'd done it, but I had this mentality that I just didn't care what I do to other people.

230. I was given propranolol in 2012 for my anxieties, I suffer from terrible anxieties that can be really overwhelming. I sometimes play the guitar for the guys in prison and when I first sit down I get initial thoughts to just get out of there, and I panic but after a bit it calms down.

Reporting of Abuse

231. I've never reported anything to the police. I don't think I've actually phoned the police, ever, in my entire life.

Records

232. I did apply for my files from Lanarkshire Council in 2019 and they only sent me about nine pages to start with. They also said I'd only been in Calder House for one day, which wasn't true so I wrote back again. They then sent me about 150 pages but none of it was the stuff that had been written about me, it wasn't anything that could be called an assessment. There were no recommendations or anything recorded about me but that was because nobody ever spoke to me or interviewed me about anything. The assessment could only have been about watching me to see what I was doing.
233. I have no idea if staff kept records of when and how children were restrained, I wouldn't think there would be anything like that.

Lessons to be Learned

234. If I had met someone like Joanne Richley back in 1982 or 1983 when I was a child in care she would have taken an interest. There was no interest or guidance in my life

and if I'd had someone like that I think my life would have been completely different. I can't be sure but that's certainly what I believe. Joanne would have known all these things about me.

235. How is it I can meet a woman in 2016 and after all these years of my life, she speaks to me for about three hours and then a year later she gives me this literature, says she knows what's wrong with me and everything just lights up for me. It was a life changing moment. I love going to see her because she always interacts with me and she knows what's going on in my head and sees the expressions on my face. She picks up on all the signs, she's read about it and speaks about it. We need lots and lots more people like her. The sad thing is that she is a bright light in a big mass of darkness.
236. The only person that came anywhere close to Joanne was matron at St. Andrew's. She showed kindness, and that's the one thing that shines out above all other things, just being nice and being kind. People respond to it very well in prison but that's not been cottoned onto yet so it's a hate factory and the people that are leaving aren't leaving any better than when they came in.
237. So many people in prison have the same backbone issues, there's been some form of abuse or trauma. Children just want to know that they're loved and that somebody is there for them. That just did not happen in my life. The same as a multitude of the other people who were at the same places I was at.
238. If we want to have a nice society then we have to be treating children really well. As I've said, that first blow set in motion a sequence of events that led to a certain thing happening and a multitude of other things happening in between.
239. I am ashamed about my actions and all that I've done and all the people that I've hurt but at least I know there are reasons behind it. I don't think it would have been possible for someone to do all those things had they come from a loving caring family. These people are guided and don't do these things. I was buzzing glue at the age of eleven, that's just not normal.

Hopes for the Inquiry

240. If children are badly treated in the care system it affects everybody. Maybe not personally but somewhere along the line, it affects everyone, even if it's something like the public's taxes increasing.
241. Staff need to be trained, it's still happening now, even here in prison, training is everything. There are morons through the back here that work in the psychology department but they are not psychologists. A psychologist is someone that cares and knows what they're doing.
242. People need to know what's going on in a child, they need to know why a child is behaving a certain way, instead of just seeing a wee brat. It's also all about showing kindness because the kinder you are the more that imprints all the time. If you have a class of 30 children and you have one child who is behaving badly if you show that child more and more kindness or attention, everybody else might be getting pissed off at the child getting that attention but you will find out later on that it will pay off. The other people don't need it but that one child does and it will pay off.
243. You have to try and understand children, true love is born from understanding. I'm just not sure Scotland is ready for that because it would be expensive and I don't think they will have enough people trained up.
244. Children in care now are still being restrained in certain ways that are not right. I hear about that from guys in here and it might be getting better but it's still there.
245. It seems to be the same sort of people that gravitate towards these institutions and I think a lot of the time, people come to these institutions because they've got problems of their own and they think they can solve them by coming here where people have got similar problems. They then cast their problems aside and you have to deal with their problems because they're trying to help you with your problems.

246. If you can't swim you can't help people who are drowning, and in these places you have lots and lots of people who are all drowning. The people who work here are drowning and the people who need help are drowning.

247. I am really hopeful that as a result of the Inquiry people will take notice. They need to highly train the people that are going to work in these places and pay them well so they want to do the job. We seem to be following the American model instead of other countries, like the Scandinavian countries who are getting it right.

Other information

248. 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 30-9-21