

Strictly Confidential

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Congregation Charity No. 7008
National No. Ireland 7008



Nazareth House,
Fahan,
Lifford,
Co. Donegal.

21st November, 2008

HIA121 [REDACTED]

Dear HIA121

Place & Date of Birth: Killybegs, Co. Donegal on [REDACTED]

Date of Admission: 31.03.1949

Name of Mother & Father: [REDACTED]

Address of Mother: [REDACTED]

Left for Termonbacca: 10.11.1950

HIA121 This is the only information which is here concerning your early days. Perhaps Nazareth House, Bishop Street would hold some more details. You will be welcome to call here in 2009 if you so wish. We are now a Nursing Home for the elderly.

God bless and take care of you.

Yours truly,

Sr. Francesca
Sr. Francesca

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Sisters of Nazareth General Archive
Nazareth House, Hammersmith Road, London, W6 8DB
Telephone: 020 8600 6846

10/03/10

Dear HIA121

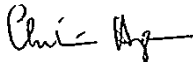
Re: HIA121 d.o.b. [REDACTED]

Thank you for your kind letter following my initial response to your enquiry.

I have now received a reply from Derry Nazareth House regarding your records for the period you spent at St. Joseph's, Termonbacca. I am enclosing everything they have been able to find about you. The first sheet is a transcript of your register entries, confirming the dates I have already given you. In addition you will find copies of two discharge receipts and a medical certificate. There is also a copy of a note made at the time of your second admission on 10th October 1959, when Donegal County Council recommended that you return to care.

I do hope these items are helpful. I have not yet heard from Fahan Nazareth House regarding your admission there. I shall contact the Sister Superior again, and write to you as soon as I have any further information to pass on.

Yours sincerely,



Christine Hughes
Assistant Archivist

NAZARETH HOUSE

CARING TOGETHER

Strictly Confidential

Regarding:

HIA121

Date of Birth:

Place of Birth:

Co Donegal

Place of Baptism:

Church, Co Donegal

Date of Admission:

10th November 1950

Left Care:

5th September 1959

Re-admitted to care:*

10th October 1959

Recommended by:

Personal Application*

Left Care:

24th May 1960

Parents:

Nazareth House, 174 Bishop Street, Derry, BT48 6UN, Northern Ireland.
Tel: 02871 262180 Fax: 02871 263254 Email: nazarethderry@btinternet.com Charity No. 228906
Locations in Ireland: Belfast - Cork - Derry - Donegal - Dublin - Sligo

Jesus entrusted His mother to the care of one of His disciples. John 19:25-27

HIA REF: 121

Witness Name: HIA121

THE INQUIRY INTO HISTORICAL INSTITUTIONAL ABUSE 1922 TO 1995

WITNESS STATEMENT OF HIA121

I, HIA121, will say as follows:-

Personal details

1. I was born on the [REDACTED] [REDACTED] County Donegal. From what I can discover, I was born into abject poverty and I may have had up to twenty siblings, all of whom appear to have been brought up in institutions. When I was ten months old I was placed in care by Donegal Social Services. From 31st March 1949 until 10th November 1950 I lived in the baby home at Nazareth House in Fahan, County Donegal.
2. On 10th November 1950 I was transferred from Fahan to St Josephs Home, Termonbacca in Derry. Both Nazareth House in Fahan and Termonbacca were owned and run by the Sisters of Nazareth.

St Joseph's Home, Termonbacca (10/11/1950 – 24/5/1960)

3. SR13 [REDACTED] was the Mother Superior and head of Termonbacca during my time there. SR8 [REDACTED] was in charge of the kitchen, SR11 [REDACTED] was in charge of the boys' section, SR37 [REDACTED] and SR3 [REDACTED] worked in the boys' section (and now lives in Malahide), SR38 [REDACTED] was in charge of

the nursery and infirmary and SR39 and SR40 worked in the home.

4. When you were four years old you were sent across from the baby's nursery in Termonbacca to the junior boys section of the home. At the age of four, I was very bright and could grasp things quickly. I had a zest for life. The earliest memories I have at Termonbacca were as a four year old orphan.
5. Saturday morning was cleaning day at Termonbacca and at 8.30am all the boys were given separate cleaning tasks. One group of boys were assigned to cleaning toilets, another group of boys to do the laundry and another group to clean windows. In my group we had to remove our stockings and shoes in order to scrub and polish the main passageway all day. We would stop twice – to say the Angelus at 12 noon and 6pm. The work could go on until 8pm. The long passageway was approximately 150 metres long and 20 metres wide. We formed several rows with the four year old boys to the front. We were always supervised by a monitor. These monitors were former residents in their twenties. The normal policy in Termonbacca was that you had to leave when you were sixteen years old. However they kept on a few boys after that age, who did various jobs, including working on the farm (which was part of the home), or supervising the younger boys. On Saturday's a monitor would supervise the work in the passageway as the boys scrubbed and polished. We had to scrub off the previous weeks polish and then re-polish it. It was a cold, wet and miserable chore and we were often in deep distress on our bare knees as we scrubbed and polished hour after hour.
6. One of the painful memories I still carry of these Saturdays was how we had to scrub and polish while repeating the words "river right, river left". The River Foyle was geographically on our right. The monitors would shout out the command "river right, river left" and we had to keep up with their commands and for fun they would speed up their commands so that we couldn't keep up with the pace. They did this to amuse themselves at our pain and discomfort. We often collapsed on the ground from exhaustion and then they would beat us with their sticks. I can recall Saturday after Saturday crying hysterically and being in

severe distress as I was beaten. The nuns would see us being beaten and not once did they intervene to stop it. By the end of the day (which was around 6-8pm) I would be deeply traumatised. My knees and toes were scabbed and bleeding week after week. Years later I discovered that I had permanently damaged 'bandy' knees as a result. I am now sixty four years old and these painful memories still haunt me to this day. The nuns had absolutely no sympathy for us.

7. From when I was five years old we had to prepare for the Bishop's concert each Christmas. The Bishop was called Bishop Neil Farren. I dreaded the rehearsals because if we made a mistake we were left in no doubt that we would be beaten. On the day of the concert the Bishop arrived in all his fine robes. We would all have to kneel down and he would come in and bless us. The nuns would be falling over him with smiles and we were warned to smile at him. He would sit on the Bishop's throne. This was a big chair that was specifically for him and it was only used once a year.
8. At the end of the concert the Bishop would stand up and he would bless us and he would talk about praying for benefactors. We hadn't a clue what he was talking about. He would talk about praying for the conversion of Russia - the Red Scare of the 1950's dominated our lives and we were told that they were evil. This was indoctrination. Then the nuns would take the Bishop off for a sumptuous meal in the parlour and we went off to the dormitory wondering if we were going to be beaten.
9. SND48 SND49 and a man called SND 195/196? worked at Termonbacca. They had been residents in Termonbacca. They were in their early twenties when I was there. The three of them worked on the farm and also supervised boys periodically during the day and at night. They were paedophiles and the most notorious was SND48 no words of mine can describe the sheer horror he inflicted. He sexually abused at will. During my years at Termonbacca the three of them made numerous attempts to sexually abuse me. I lived in constant fear of them. I always resisted and fought them off, resulting in beatings by them at every opportunity.

10. I was deeply traumatised by the emotional abuse and the psychological fear of buggery which dominated my childhood. I wet the bed nightly. Every morning the monitor would wake us and check the sheets. For those like me who had wet the bed the routine was that we had to stand in a line in the dormitory with the wet sheets on our head and our day clothes under our arm and run to the bathroom. The monitors would beat us on all parts of our bodies as we ran. We never had a bath on weekdays - we had to change from our wet pyjamas straight into our day clothes. The smell of urine hung on us all day and night and it resulted in our thighs and private parts being constantly reddened and sore. We only had a bath on a Saturday night. I spent night after night, lying in saturated, urinated pyjamas resulting in life-long health problems - I always feel cold and heat does not stay in my body. I have to constantly wear eight pairs of thermal long johns and six pairs of socks to keep warm. I take a normal size nine shoe but these are eleven's to accommodate the socks.
11. Every night a monitor would wake me and the rest of the boys. He would call us "the wet the beds" as that is how we were known. He would wake us to go to the toilet. This consisted of standing in a queue and taking turns urinating in a bucket in the centre of floor. If you urinated by accident on the floor instead of the bucket you would be badly beaten with a broom handle.
12. A night when I didn't wet the bed was unusual. However I would often deliberately wet the bed because I thought this would protect me from sexual abuse. I thought that no paedophile would interfere with a boy who was saturated in his own urine.
13. I witnessed buggery and sexual abuse night after night. I still recall the crying of the boys in the dorm at night. Some of the boys would call for their mother despite the fact that none of us knew or understood what a mother was. I would lie awake terrified and traumatised as I would hear the footsteps of a monitor coming into the dorm and then taking a boy from his bed to the toilets to sexually abuse him. This went on night after night despite the fact one of the nuns slept

in a separate room in the dormitory. Not once did she ever intervene to protect us despite the cries of the boys.

14. Two particular incidents of sexual abuse that I witnessed will remain with me forever. The first involved [SND48] One day I walked into the junior section of the dormitory where I slept. As I walked in I could see a boy who was no older than eight years old on his knees performing oral sex on [SND48] [SND48] I screamed and turned to run out of the dormitory. Just as I turned to run, [SR11] (who is now deceased), was standing behind me. She saw what was going on. I started screaming. It made no difference - [SND48] [SND48] continued to supervise the boys after this. I was terrified of him.

15. The second incident I witnessed involved the monitor called [SND 195/196?] When I was about seven years old I woke up one night. I heard a noise and crying. To my horror he was buggering a boy in the next bed to me. I started to cry and he screamed at me to cover my head. To this day I cannot sleep unless I put a blanket over my head. The cries of terror of the boy being buggered in the bed next to me have haunted me to this day.

16. I spent my childhood in Termonbacca in fear of being sexually abused by these three paedophiles. I was determined they would not abuse me. Then one day [SND48] grabbed me and tried to drag me into the dormitory to abuse me. I was ten years old. I kicked out at him and kicked him violently screaming and shouting - he eventually gave up and threw me down the steps of the furnace that heated the home. I fell on my face and broke part of my front tooth and I was bleeding heavily from injuries to my head. I was deeply traumatised and frightened. I was left there until almost midnight. From time to time a nun would open the door and look down at me with a smirk on her face and leave me there. Eventually I was bandaged up. [SR38] kept me bandaged up for nearly a week.

17. The following week [SND49] who was the monitor in charge at the midday meal time approached me with a heavy aluminium ladle in his right hand. With all his force he struck me on the left hand side of my head knocking me

unconscious. I remember as he struck me I fell onto the dining table. I felt a gush of hot red blood gulping from my head and down my neck. As I fell unconscious, I could hear the other boys screaming "Sister, Sister". Sister SR11 was there and she witnessed this. Sometime later, perhaps the next day, I woke up in the infirmary which was in the baby section. I spent almost three months there. I was bandaged up and my dressings were changed daily. I shall never ever forget the smell of brown iodine. I recall one particular occasion of the many visits by the Doctor when he gave off to the Mother Superior Mother SR13 (who is now deceased). Years later I realised he was leaving her in no doubt how serious he viewed the injury that the assault by SND49 had left on my head. SR38 would often sit and read when she was on her own in the infirmary and she would hold my hand in sympathy. I was just like a zombie at that stage. To this day I still carry the imprint of that assault on my skull. I am happy to submit myself to a medical examination if required, to confirm the nature, extent and approximate age I was at the time of the injury. As a result of this injury, I was shattered and I never recovered the great potential that I had for learning. My powers of comprehension were greatly diminished because of that assault. My mind was never the same after the assault. I have tried hard at adult education over the years, but I couldn't manage it. Following this assault I became deeply introverted and withdrawn. My trust in friendship collapsed that day. I continued to wet the bed and as a punishment I had to stand outside the dining hall and was not allowed to have breakfast.

18. I have no doubt that this assault by SND49 was a direct result of my resisting the attempts by SND48 sexually abuse me the previous day. As far as I know, SND49 was not punished or reprimanded in any way because of this. He continued to work there and to supervise the boys.
19. I shall never ever forget October 1958. I was ten years old. About 40 boys from Termonbacca went to Bridge Street Primary School. We were normally accompanied there and back by a man called SND15 (who is now deceased). SND15 was a former resident at Termonbacca and was in his forties. He never abused a child and he was kind to all the boys. He would occasionally give you a clip on the ear, but that was fair enough. On this

particular day, we lined up as usual in formation to march back to Termonbacca after school. To our horror [SND48] appeared instead of [SND15]. [SND15] was on holiday. When we were halfway back to Termonbacca [SND48] brought us through a short cut half up a hill with bushes and high trees on either side near the Braehead Road. It was invisible from the main road. Suddenly he ordered us all to strip naked, which we did. We all stood in a line, naked, in terror, with our clothes at our feet. I was crying in terror and fear. Suddenly I heard a cry of terror from another boy to my right, maybe 15 boys down from me, who was no more than 10 years old. He was being buggered by [SND48]. [SND48] and screaming in pain. [SND48] screamed at us to look away and after several minutes he told us all to dress. We were all frightened and crying and when we were dressed, we all ran off up the hill with [SND48] screaming for us to stop, but we kept running. As we arrived back at the door of Termonbacca [SR11] (who is deceased) was waiting anxiously, wanting to know why we were late. We all ran past her in distress. I didn't have the words to describe to her what had happened. I went into the day room and it was the first time I had ever seen a television (black and white) which was showing the funeral of Pope Pius XII. Despite this incident [SND48] continued to supervise us at night.

20. From that day onwards I ran away from Termonbacca at every opportunity. However I was always brought back by the RUC, who were very kind to me. I didn't have the words to describe the sexual abuse to them. I always slept at the rear of the shirt factory on Foyle Road/Street and the RUC always knew where to find me. When I was brought back [SR3] who was only about nineteen or twenty years old would smirk and say "welcome back, your Majesty". Then she would leave and the monitors would come and beat me for running away.
21. I don't recall seeing any inspections during my time in Termonbacca. I do recall that there wouldn't be any beatings around Christmas because that is when the St Vincent de Paul and the BSR workers (a local bicycle factory) would be liable to call in at any time with gifts for the boys.

22. In 1952 as a four year old boy, I, and about 20 other boys walked approximately one mile to and from Nazareth House School in Bishop Street, Derry. This school was run by the Sisters of Nazareth and was part of the girl's home. We walked there and back regardless of the weather without wearing an overcoat or any protective clothing. We would leave Termonbacca at 8am each morning and return about 3pm.
23. I can remember two things of international significance in 1953 (when I was five) because [REDACTED] SR24 [REDACTED] who was a deeply cruel and sadistic nun, was always listening to the radio in the classroom. The two international events were the coronation of the Queen and the conquering of Mount Everest by Sir Edmund Hillary and Sherpa Tenzing.
24. During the four years I went to Bishop Street School we regularly arrived drenched to the skin, cold and distressed. Not once did we ever get a change of clothing or a warm meal. The nuns had a deep hatred and distaste for the boys from Termonbacca. I shall never forget the late [REDACTED] SR41 [REDACTED] who coined the phrase "Girls, don't speak to those filthy farm boys from Termonbacca". She would regularly clap her hands and say this to the girls. This put-down worked because not once during the four years, did any of the girls ever speak to us boys from Termonbacca.
25. We had low self esteem and lived in fear. At playtime the boys were never allowed to speak to or play with the girls in the playground. We were always put in a separate classroom at playtime and dinner time. It was totally demeaning treatment that to this day hurts me deeply. The nuns would just ignore us in class and never ask us a question. [REDACTED] SND50 [REDACTED] as the head of the school and [REDACTED] SR42 [REDACTED]
26. In my classroom sometimes the orphan girls would wet their underpants and were badly beaten by [REDACTED] SR24 [REDACTED] who is deceased). I remember once she beat a fourteen year old girl seventy two times on the hands with a rod. The rest of the class had to count each stroke out loud. [REDACTED] SR24 [REDACTED] as cruel to us all.

The girls had to dry their underwear on the radiators and the smell of urine was in the air all day.

27. My four years at Nazareth House School was a time of terror, fear, torment and abuse. It remains in my memory to this day.
28. At eight years of age we left the Nazareth House School and went to Bridge Street School, Derry. The teachers in Bridge Street were kind and compassionate to the boys from Termonbacca. The headmaster was called Mr [REDACTED] and there were teachers called [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I cannot speak highly enough of them. They were so kind to us and I shall never ever forget their kindness. They often would get us warm caps and clothes from the BSR factory workers. I stayed at Bridge Street School until I was twelve years old. We were marched to and from Bridge Street School from Termonbacca each day.
29. In Termonbacca I was known and referred to as number 10B. Not once during my childhood was I ever addressed as [REDACTED] HIA121 I think another boy and I were number 10 so to distinguish I was called number 10B. This number was sewn into my clothes and put on my shoes.
30. Termonbacca had a farm which we were made to work on. We were kept off school many times to work on the farm depending on the season, for example we were made to collect potatoes in the fields. We were deprived of an education because of this and it has had a detrimental effect on the rest of lives.

Life after Termonbacca

31. Apart from running away, I was never in trouble in the home. I was very quiet as a child, deeply traumatised, withdrawn and introverted. On 24th May 1960 when I was on my way to Bridge Street School, I was stopped outside Termonbacca and put into a black car along with another boy and taken by Donegal Social Services to the Christian Brothers Industrial School at Salthill, Galway. I had a

terrible time there. The physical abuse, bullying and sexual abuse was rife. BR34 was in charge. He was a paedophile and abused the boys. From the age of fourteen I worked in the kitchens under BR35. He was also a paedophile. He committed suicide in 1982 by burning himself. I remained in Salthill until my sixteenth birthday on 5th May 1964. When I was discharged I was totally traumatised and psychologically damaged. I think it was completely illegal that we were sent to Salthill – we had committed no crime apart from being poor.

Life after care

32. It was not until I was in my twenties when I went looking for family and records that I discovered I had two brothers at Termonbacca at the same time that I was there. The other boy who was taken with me in the car to Salthill was in fact my brother HIA46. The pain, loss and anguish of not knowing about this, or about my five sisters have haunted me to this day.

33. Sometimes I think it would have been better if I had been selected to go to Australia under the British Migration Scheme in which Termonbacca was involved in the 1950s. I think it was around 1955/1956 there was a selection process and all of the boys were paraded for inspection and selection to go to Australia. All of the nuns were there and approximately four civilians, one of whom I believe was a doctor. We were told how sunny it was there, that those selected would have to go on a big ship and that they would play with kangaroos. We were all told that the boys who were selected would go to families in Australia. Many of the boys were excited but equally many like me were afraid and frightened. Some weeks later about forty to fifty boys were named to go to Australia - they were given new clothes and a photographer came down from the Derry Journal. The nuns brought all the boys to the front garden of the home and he took a group photograph, which I think appeared in the paper under a headline something like "Termonbacca Boys go to new life in Australia." The Derry Journal should still have records and photographs of the Termonbacca boys going to Australia.

34. When I was sixteen years old I left the Industrial School in Salthill. I was all alone, had no education, had no family (that I knew of) and was fearful for the future. I made my way back to Derry. I was distressed and lived on the streets eating from the bins alongside the old Northern Ireland Railway station on Strand Road. One day I got the courage to go up to Termonbacca in June 1964. I was hungry and dehydrated and I asked the Mother Superior for water and food. I asked her for help and to my shock and horror she looked down on me and with a dismissive wave of her hand she said "how dare you - we don't do those things, go away or I will call the Police". She then slammed the door in my face. I broke down crying in the realisation my life was over. I could only think of one thing – to commit suicide by throwing myself off the Foyle Bridge. I had no future, no life, no family and no one to turn to. I walked down the avenue from Termonbacca in a distressed state, but then about 100 metres from Termonbacca I felt a sense of peace that one day things would change.
35. After that a man from Derry arranged for me to go to Dublin where I got a job as a waiter in a hotel in Harcourt Street. After that I spent six months working as a kitchen hand for the Jesuits in Rathfarnham Seminary. They were very kind to me and helped me with my reading and writing. In May 1965 I joined the Irish Army and served for the next forty three years. I did ten tours of duty and I retired in 2008.
36. I returned to Termonbacca in 1986 for a visit. I met with SND15 as he still worked there as caretaker. The home was closed in 1982 and taken over by the Carmelite Fathers. SND15 told me that when the home closed he had been instructed to take out and burn hundreds of documents and records, including birth certificates. He said it had taken him over an hour to do it because there was a lot to burn. SND15 had since passed away.
37. In 1993 I spoke to the Gardaí about my time in Salthill Industrial School. They passed on my details to the RUC who came down to Dublin a couple of times to interview me about my time in Termonbacca. I don't believe any prosecutions resulted from this.

38. In my twenties I discovered that I had five sisters who had lived in Nazareth House in Bishop Street at the same time that I was attending school there (as well as two brothers at Termonbacca). The fact that no one told me this has left me emotionally shattered and I was almost driven to suicide by it. I find it hard to imagine that anyone could be so cruel. I find it hard to believe and accept that for six years I sat in the same classroom as my sisters and passed them in the corridor and yet we never knew we were brother and sisters. I find it incredibly demeaning and unchristian that someone would deprive a child of knowledge of his family in this way.
39. I have made various attempts to find out about my family and make contact with them. I have never met some of them. HIA136 is the eldest sibling. I last met him 26 years ago. HIA46 was the brother who was taken to Salthill with me. He left Ireland 43 years ago and lives in Sweden. HIA46 said the only way he could address the horrors of his childhood was by emigrating completely and changing his name. I met other siblings ten years ago and it was a disaster. For the first time in my sixty four years I have decided to let go of family and I am happy that I did as much as I could but I just had to let go.
40. I am now sixty five years old. I have lost my family. I have tried to love and have relationships but I haven't been able to. I want to love but I can't. It's too late now for me. I know I will never have a son or a daughter or a brother or sister to send a Christmas card or a birthday card to. I will never experience the love of a family because all of that was taken away from me in childhood. My childhood was one of pain, loss, sexual abuse, physical abuse and emotional abuse. I still have to live with that every day.
41. I survive through the power of prayer. I am a devout Catholic and I pray daily for the strength to live with my pain and loss. But I am totally estranged from the Catholic Church as an institution because it really is impossible for me to be part of a religious institution which did what it did to me. I have had some contact over the years with the Sisters of Nazareth as I tried to find out about my family and to come to terms with what happened to me. One nun in particular, called

SR43 [redacted] who is deceased) was very kind to me and told me that she believed me. She understood what had happened to me.

42. I live on my own. I try to be kind to everyone. I thank God I have reached this day and had the chance to tell my story.

Statement of Truth

I believe that the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

Signed [redacted] HIA121

Dated Aug 2nd 2013.

6

has never been found.

SND 48

PAEDOPHILE.

SND 48

was the most Notorious PAEDOPHILE that was ever reared or walked the doorway of Gernonbaca, anyone who was in Gernonbaca in the 1950s on mention of his name will without any prompting or encouragement will within seconds think of only one word PAEDOPHILE, he truly was Satan & evil, he raped the children at night & day and at every opportunity, how the Sisters of Nazareth did not know the abuse that was going on is beyond me & my understanding.

One fortuitous day I walked into the smaller, dormitory & to my shock & awe, I witnessed with my own eyes a boy no more than 7 to 8 yrs old performing oral sex on

SND 48

I will never ever forget that sight, that memory has & will remain with me to my grave. That evening I was walking in the Passageway, & I saw

SND 48

approach me, I felt deeply frightened, he grabbed me with a view to abusing me in the dormitory, I kicked out at him with my legs, feet & arms, screaming, he threw me down the steps of the furnace which was just beside the medical room. I lost part of my front tooth which is visible to this day, I was crying, deeply, deeply traumatised, & fearful, I remained there for several hrs.

One fortuitous "Rape" has & will forever remain with me forever, was that when we went to Bridge at National School it was normal for

SND 15

to bring the boys to & from school, this fortuitous day

SND 15

was not available & to our horror

SND 48

turned up at Bridge street to escort the boys back to Gernonbaca.

Halfway back to Gernonbaca, the boys as a group, after took a short cut through a gate, & up

210/20

48

†



Date: May 2010.
 Phone:
 Mobile:

Olson Sister **SR 3**

I was good to talk to you on the phone the other day & to know all is going well for you, also I got a lovely card from Sister [redacted] & God she will be fine, please remember her as I know you do & I in our Prayers.

Sister I am starting a months special Prayers dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus starting on June 1st, & I write to let you know & all the Sisters you will daily be in my special Prayers. On 1st June I am attending a special mass in Honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, so I am looking forward to it so much.

Sister never before in Irish History has Ireland & our

PT

Nazareth House,
Hammersmith Road,
London W6 8DB.

HIA 121

96/6

Dear HIA 121

I have now discussed your letter of November 15, 1995 with our solicitor. The letter has been handed over to the local police for such investigation as they deem appropriate.

Initially it was not my intention to write to you other than advise you to this effect. In fairness however to the Sisters in charge and to those Sisters who worked in our two Houses in Derry during the relevant period of your stay there, I feel in charity and fairness to them that you should be immediately aware of my own conclusions as a result of as thorough an enquiry as I could possibly have in view of the time that has lapsed since.

I am satisfied that those Sisters working in our Derry homes during the relevant period spent themselves in providing you and the other members of your family with as caring, loving and normal upbringing as any child in their circumstances could have reasonably expected. The resources to provide for the very many children whom the Sisters were asked to care for at that time were limited and state support was negligible.

One allegation which I must refute since it concerns another Institution which you obviously have a similar complaint about is the suggestion that our Sisters had "you transferred 250 miles to an Industrial School in Galway". This allegation is outrageous. The contemporaneous records show that your father took you from our Home in Derry. After being at home for some time you professed to be unhappy at home and requested to come back to our Home in Derry. This was what you wanted. There was no vacancy for you and your father made any relevant decisions as to what should happen in the circumstances. It had nothing to do with the Sisters.

The records which we retain and which we do not claim to be complete since your leaving Derry show inter alia the following:-

1. Your calling on numerous occasions when you were working as a labourer and on route to a labouring job in Glasgow prior to joining the Irish Army.
2. A serious illness you had in 1959.
3. Your joining the Irish Army in 1968 and four visits to the Home inside the next two years when your brother [REDACTED] was also in the Army.
4. Your spending at your own request Christmas 1981 at our Home in Derry.

The Sisters have a vivid recollection of how you expressed your thanks and appreciation to them not only on your own behalf but on behalf of the other members of your family for the care and attention and goodness they had given to you all. Thereafter you corresponded with the Sisters even to the extent of writing to Sister [REDACTED] from [REDACTED] when you were serving there.

I have no apology profound or otherwise to offer you. In justice and charity I consider that you should offer an unqualified apology to the Sisters for the hurt you have caused to Sisters whom I am satisfied attempted to do their best for you when they took you in and reared you when things were difficult.

If you agree, it would be my intention to send a copy of your letter and this reply to your Commanding Officer so that your authorities are satisfied that your complaints have been and will be fully enquired into. This is despite the abusive and despicable reference to our Homes in Derry as "Concentration Camps".

Yours truly,

Mother [REDACTED]
Superior General.

13.

SR 2 as I said earlier I kept running away, and in 1956 or 1957, & it is on 'the Record' in the Diary Journal of the Revised 'several assemblies were held in Terenure with the purpose of sending children from Terenure to Australia under the British migration scheme, both myself & **HIA 46** were selected, by mother & father, until Ballistic when they heard about it, & we were taken off the list. It is now recognised that many of the orphans sent to Australia were badly sexually & physically abused.

Gay found I believe the British PM Brown, will issue a full apology for the abuse of orphans in orphanages in the UK, Australia, New Zealand & Canada, also there is a belief that there will be a Royal Commission of enquiring into child abuse in Religious Run orphanages in N Ireland, UK, Canada, Australia & New Zealand, many of the orphans who left Terenure in the 1950, left Ireland to live in the UK, Canada, Australia & New Zealand.

But I will not take part in it in any form, though the Power of Pardon, I have learned to forgive those who did what they did, & failed to do is the Protection of orphan children.

As I was saying earlier **SR 2** I ran away constantly from Terenure, & suddenly on June 27 1960, I was on my way to school leaving the front of Terenure, with **HIA 46** we both were put into a Black Car, I didn't know who **HIA 46** was, I was deeply stressed & traumatised, & driven 300 miles to the Vatican St. Joseph's CBS Industrial school, where for 4 yrs I witnessed Rape of children from Ireland, sadistic beatings, starvation, several years ago 4 Christian Brothers were arrested & convicted of Rape & gross indecency.

They were sent to Prison, & one of them is doing