

Reporting experience**at Nazareth Lodge:**

Born . Went immediately to St. Joseph's Baby Home, Belfast: separate building to rest. So I was a Ward of Court from the day I was born.

1958 – Transferred to Nursery when Three years old

1960 – Transferred to Nazareth Lodge – in the same grounds.

1961 – '65 First assaulted

I want to be open and transparent about the whole matter of my horrendous experiences, and to give the true facts, and to tell the causes of what happened to me as a child. My account will be very graphic. I am suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder since I was sexually abused and molested in the two Hell-homes as I call them. We learned to regard a beating a day as the norm.

The first home was called Nazareth Lodge, 516, Ravenhill Road, Belfast 6. It is now called Nazareth House. I was put into that home "for my own protection" I was told. I was not protected. I lived there from shortly after I was born until I reached the age of eleven.

I can go back to those horrific incidents which had taken place in the first home. I can remember when it all started. I was about 6 years of age. It happened when I knocked about the kitchen. The at the time was called ^{NL 116} I remember him well enough. One day the milk man came up to the Lodge to get him out to his place and cut his grass. The milkman was called . He had an . He had a red lorry. He brought ^{NL 116} home with him. ^{NL 116} died while cutting his grass: that was the end of ^{NL 116}.

I missed him, because he was all right. I used to help him – do odd jobs for him, so I got to know him. He used to boil the water, and come out to the pipe outside to un-feather the chickens. He stayed in the big concert hall. They had an upstairs in it like a photo shoot – lights that shone down to the stage. There was also a room there, where ^{NL 116} lived. They had other there. The next man to ^{NL 116} was called ^{NL 11} another nice man he was. There were some others I don't recall too much about.

And then this started – he was called ^{NL 10}. I suppose I thought first that he would be like ^{NL 116} and the others. But he was not. That is when this whole horrific horrible, horrifying horror started. Them crimes have been in my mind a long, long time since that most horrible monster came.

It began with with him taking me into a toilet – he was behind the door, and he got me to put my hand round – he said "feel my fish". I thought it was odd. If that was a fish, I wanted to see it. He led me on that way. It grew from that,

At that time I wouldn't have linked his 'fish' with my body. When I wrote the first part for the enquiry, I did not put that bit in, because I'm only putting it together now, and I did not see the relevance of some things. All I wrote then and gave to the enquiry, was written by me between 2005 and 2007, when a friend who is now dead, typed it up for me. But even then I did not understand it until I went for counselling. Also, I was also very afraid of the RUC, the Drs. the paramilitaries, and anyone in authority. I did not trust anybody.

What I always remembered was how it changed very quickly from 'the fish' thing, to his getting my pants down, and had he had it between my legs. But I didn't see it. It was dark outside – he always did it in the dark. To this day I cannot really talk about that part of it. This happened a few times before it went on to the other brutalizing stuff. It hurt me terribly; It ruins and destroys you. I could never tell even the psychiatrist what it was really like, or the RUC., particularly when I was a young man, for fear they would take my children.

At the time I did not think that people would be ready to deal with what I needed to tell – they were dealing with the troubles, and who was I to complain? I have only told it in counselling. You see, all the time I thought it was I who was wrong, not that what he was doing was wrong.

He was on-going all the time: in the concert hall, at the back of the Lodge, in the small work-man's toilet, in the hall, right hand side. **NL 10** brought me into the toilets in the concert hall to masturbate me. He also brutalised me: he grabbed me from behind, and I thought he was kicking me, it was so sore. It hurt me so much – like being kicked with a rugby ball, I couldn't sit down, maybe for hours. There was sometimes a wee bit of blood – but I don't know if he tore my flesh because there was nobody to tell me and help me afterwards. There was definitely bruising. I know he pushed his penis up my behind from behind me, so I didn't see things, and didn't know how to talk about them. Of course I did not have those words then – I just knew it was awful. It went on for years – I have it all written down. It didn't stop until I left Nazareth.

Also there was a works' garage where they kept their tools and garden machines, lawnmowers, etc. I will never will forget his filthy hands and the filthy mind he had. I'm left with a traumatic and painful, agonizing, shocking horror of this cruel, cruel monster of Nazareth Lodge. I did not realise until I was in counselling that what he did was rape, even though I was only a little boy. I just can't come to terms with that: it stopped me from growing up understanding my sexuality. To be molested, raped, physically hurt and abused so often has affected me all my life.

I remember the lay-out of the hell home as I call it. There were four dormitories, an attic, a school, Bethlehem Nursery, the Baby Home, a big Launderette, the Concert Hall, the Nun's graveyard. There wasn't much playing facilities – what there was, were all in the Lodge compound.

I remember most of the staff there. In my group, called St. Joseph's, was **SR 34** and girl in charge, **NL 5**. Also in the kitchen, was Sr. **SR 210**. The nun's cooks were **NL 176** and **NL 177**. In the

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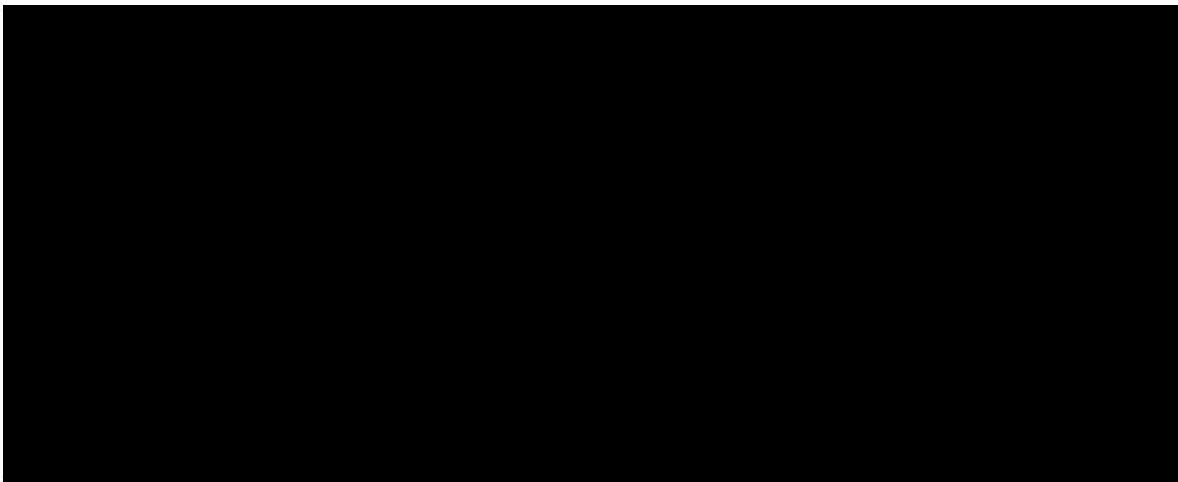
scullery was **NL 9** **SR 200** was looking after St. Joseph's baby's home. (She was a blood Sr. t **SR 34**) Across the other side of the compound from St. Joseph's was the Bethlehem nursery looked after by Sr. **SR 71** The school was run by the Principal, **NL 5** moved from the baby's home at 3 years of age across the other side into Bethlehem nursery. Joined onto it was the big house, Nazareth Lodge itself.

Looking after the Laundry was **NL 178** At the front door was **SR 150** looked after the Chapel and the Nun's Cloister. All the Nuns were very good. No beating from them at all. Many a time we got beaten by **NL 5** and **NL 4** who was very, very wicked. They nipped the arms clean out of you. **NL 5** and **NL 4** used a PVC type of bat, and smacked you hard on the thighs for absolutely nothing. They also had a stick which they hid from the nuns. **NL 4** went on to become a nun but was rejected. I heard a rumour she was sent to Sth. Africa.

My group was called St. Joseph's: **SR 34** and **NL 5** looked after this group. **SR 47** and **NL 4** looked after Our Lady's group – on the same landing as our group. Only St. Joseph's group slept in the attic. Then there was another two groups, St. Marian's and the Sacred Heart.

If it wasn't this man abusing sexually, it was these lay folk abusing us, physically, or just being nasty when the nuns were not around – and the nuns spent a lot of time praying in their chapel. So they usually weren't around to help when we were being terrorised. When I complained to **NL 5** years later about the harmful effect of this sexual abuse, she replied: 'but you're married anyway' She added: 'Keep it away from the nuns'.

It was hard for me to communicate or pass on to the appropriate people, because no-one would listen to me. Most people thought I was mad, so you may guess what way I felt, me being a molested and abused boy at the age of six years old. That was the start of these horrific crimes. I can't find words to describe just what it was like. That little boy that was me was bewildered, sad, angry, afraid and most of the time had a very sore bottom.



Most of the boys there were orphans. Some came in from broken families and homes. Every time I think of the scenario in that hell home my stomach turns. All of these crimes committed against me are horrific and in these

modern times it is difficult to imagine the true circumstances in which many of them took place.

1979 when I first reported it to Nazareth Lodge: 13 years after last incident in Nazareth Lodge. We had come back to Ireland to marry. I went to Nazareth Lodge to visit, I wanted to see some of the boys there that I knew, because some of them still worked there. I told **NL 5** (lay 'mother figure') about what happened me there, and she said "don't be talking to the nuns about that" and "but sure, you are married anyway" as if it didn't matter. I was still haunted by what had happened there, and was very mixed up inside myself. We felt it was still our home, but she did not listen. That man **NL 10** destroyed me.

It was hard for me to communicate anywhere about all this. **DL 140** from Rubane House probably did not know the extent of the abuse, as even with my friends I could not use the words to tell anyone..... at 14 I did not see the connection between abuse there, and abuse at Nazareth. I did not even tell my wife. At that time to go to a police station was considered as "touting" and they had it in for the travelling community anyway. I grew up feeling like the priests and nuns were like our parents, and they would tell you what is right. When I grew up, I realised that they did'nt. We never got what is called now 'sexual education' and what we learned from each other was often all mixed up. I searched out my traveller roots, and got in touch with a lot of my lost family. (Cf. Family Tree)

Space here which was taken up with Rubane House instances

Cf. RUC report 1968-1971 referred to again on 20-09-96

1977 – [REDACTED] and I married in Belfast and lived in West Belfast.

[REDACTED]

With my marriage, and understanding my sexuality in a new way, I also began to be very sharply aware of all the past..... [REDACTED] it was always before my eyes...brought it all back on to me again.....though it had never gone away before that....it had only receded.

1981 – My son [REDACTED] **was born.** It felt like a real home for the first time in my life. I was then working for the [REDACTED] as a [REDACTED]

1982 – The PPU have the first date for reporting to be 2nd April, 1982 – The PSNI ref. No. is CC2010072700391

1985 – First full disclosure of life-story involving doctors / police – 20 years after. My daughter [REDACTED] was born. I was very happy, in my marriage, with my children, but was emotionally very mixed up. I think I didn't know if I was gay or not, nor did I understand myself. I was an immature 27: other lads began to push me.

There was an incident when I sexually touched a boy who was just under 16 – I did not know he was so young – I thought he was 19 or so when he approached me. It turned out he was 'planted' because he reported me. Later I was fined for indecent assault. My wife was really frightened. Everyone thought I was paedophile then, but it was nothing to do with a child. I was sent to a woman in Social Services, at Craigantlet. She reassured me that I was really from the travelling community, and the information she gave later helped me find my people.

But in those years I could not talk about what had happened me. I did not know how to tell them that I did not seek this young man out – he approached me. It was in my bones from Nazareth Lodge, and Rubane, that if someone approached you for sex, you had to say yes, or you'd be in worse trouble. That was still with me. I did not realise I was free, and could walk away from those people.

I did not connect that with sex in marriage, because it was the only thing I knew growing up. I think that because both [REDACTED] and I had had a troubled childhood, we did not learn to really talk about these things.

1986 on – When my son began to go to school, and grow up, I got more mixed up inside me. I wanted to protect him from anything bad happening him like had happened me. I did not understand then that a person could be bi-sexual, or even if I was.

It was really bad when my son was 5 or 6, and going to school first. I was angry all the time and did not know how to protect my son at school. I did not know then that I was remembering what it was like for me at 5 / 6 years old, and that my son's experience was different, because he had his mother and father there for him all the time. I was around 33 at that time.

First began to dare to talk about it. It's a scar you can't repair – deep inside all the time....I cry inside all the time.

There was something terribly wrong. One time I went to the Sunday World paper: [REDACTED] saw me there. He brought me round to the BBC telling them what happened me: they did an extensive interview, but they did not air anything. This was because the Fr. Brendan Smyth case had come up. But I knew nothing about him.

Then one day soon after I was taken up by the police, and kept overnight. [REDACTED] was beside herself, reported me missing. Then Social Services came to the door to take the children away. They suggested that it was for their safety. In fact, she says she is scarred for life because of it. They called me a paedophile – but I could never touch a child..... I just could not do

that. Her fear of losing the children put all the family against me: and she was right, because I too would put the children first. But I couldn't dream of touching them. I moved out to her Sister's house, so she would not have to give the children up. But that started a big misunderstanding between us about our lives together. It was only in counselling years later that I learned that paedophile, and being bi-sexual or gay were very different things, and sometimes even the law mixes them up, and the general public uses the labels that they are fed.

RUC – Report page 4 - "subject is a married man. He is presently unemployed. He has no physical abnormalities. He was referred to a psychiatrist by Social Services in 1991 (???) A report is attached at Part IV pages 13-16

1991 – Psychiatrist report - said first referred to Clinic in 1991
But Schedule 1 Offence that was earlier, 1n 1985

Later, I was transferred to Dr. O'Gorman at the City Hospital. (she has 1991) I went to her for a couple of years, every week. She knew about what had happened me in both homes. My wife went as well. After a long time, [REDACTED] stopped it. I did not understand my sexuality after it, and was still very troubled.

This was the first full disclosure of my life-story involving doctors / police – 16-18 years after the first abuse, rape, brutalization stopped because I left that institution. This might be the statement made referred to above, 1982. (Cf PPU letter) I'm not sure now. It was a terrible time.

1994 – 12th Dec. Is the next date that the police have re reporting: and another in 1995: same reference number. My dates seem a little different about these incidents. But I did go to Donnelly Wall, Solicitors at this time.

As my children grew up I got more mixed up inside me. I wanted to protect my son from anything bad happening to him like had happened to me – I did not then think that it could happen to girls too! I did not understand that a person could be bi-sexual, or even if I was.

And when the police made me make those statements in the 90's, I wasn't able to put it in the right words. What you have to know about us boys that were truly abused, is that we thought we were bad in some way, we thought we were guilty, we were made to feel that we were to blame for everything.

In my Statement in 1994, when I was 39, and asked about it for the first time by police. I said "At no time can I recall **NL 10** touching me" I stopped there, and never told all that happened after that. And how it went on for years. I meant he didn't touch me at THAT time: the "fish" incident. But once he had me curious, he took me on and on, until it was only brutality, molestation, as I have described above..

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Even when I was with Dr. OGorman I could not talk about that part.....I was weeping all the time. She never got me to talk. Always blamed myself, not for anything I did, but I blamed myself for what HE did.

But that was when it was at the 'fish' stage (which I now know was grooming). Even though I was a grown man, I was very frightened, and did not tell all that happened.

During the rest of my time nobody else interfered with me whilst I was at Nazareth Lodge – true

When I read those statements and transcripts now, it is like they were putting cob-webs in front of me - I'm fed up. I just want them cleared.

The 1990's - to around 2000 – the new Millennium. Spent trying to work and take care of young family. Still very troubled. Eventually sought help from Nexus.

Up to about 2006/7 - A few years going to Nexus around this time – [REDACTED] at Templemore Ave. About 2 years. But I still could not really talk to anyone about it. I might say a word or 2, if questioned, but I could not explain what happened.

I thought after this that going **through the law was the only way to be heard:** request a court case. I thought that was the way. I did not want by hiding to let men like this do it to other children. Around this time, when I went to Donnelly Wall Solicitors, [REDACTED] NL 41 there offered me £3,000 in his office 'for what I went through in both homes' and would I not be better to get another solicitor.

I went to the papers, to the television, to try and tell but no-body would listen. And then the Smyth case came out, and people began to listen to some of the victims, but he wasn't there in my time.

2007-2008 – It came to a court hearing on Dec. 8th, 2008. Cf. Letter Donnelly Wall, with hand-written statement I had to sign going to court without any preparation. It seems to mean that I will never be able to get a case against that gardener at Nazareth Lodge. But I was a Ward of the State at the time – where does this leave me?

And it wasn't a real case in 2008: the statement I was made to sign on the steps of the court going in was saying that I was only claiming for what happened at Rubane House.

Later, a letter from John J. Rice, Solicitors said that I had 'withdrawn the claim against the Sisters of Nazareth'. But I did not withdraw anything – on the steps of the court going in they told me that only the De La Salle order claim could be heard, and did I understand that. I told them I did, but it wasn't right because all the worst damage had been done when I was 6 years old at Nazareth Lodge. I understood that it would have to

be at another time, another case. But that never happened. Also [REDACTED] was fed up and frightened of it all – she kept saying ‘Do what they tell you to do’.

Without investigating anything, they made an order for £15,000 compensation and a statement re the ‘Limitation’ re Nazareth Lodge, as it was then ‘40 years ago’ – but it had first been reported in 1969, 3 years after leaving, and then directly to Nazareth Lodge within 14 years of the last incident before I left Nazareth Lodge. And the police have the full story dated 1982, which was 16 years after.....and again in 1994-1995, which was 28 years after. So the ‘40 years statute of limitations’ does not apply to me: I was a ward of the state and they did nothing.

When I came in to Counselling I was very troubled and upset that this gardener might still be abusing children, and nobody would listen, until I came here. He would be in his 70’s by now, I suppose. I thought it had all been reported, and they knew about him, but there were things people said which made me doubt that.

I registered with the Historical Institutional Abuse Inquiry as soon as it opened.

In a letter on 07.02.11, the PPU state that ‘Police previously recorded statements from you on 2nd April, 1982, 12th Dec. 1994, and 6th Oct. 1995. “No prosecution” was directed in regards to this matter.

BR 27 brother **BR 6** and Brother **BR 15** are now deceased.”
(This part of the reflection written by me early 2013)

This is not about me getting money. It never was. Boys, children like me, were sent into orphanage homes and they should have cared for us. Not raped and abused and beaten us. Punched and kicked us. We lived in fear and silence. Someone needs to act.

The second home I was in – this is such an historical case in a lot of senses of the word, it is a source of frustration that goes on. It is just driven by outside forces, the insurers, court cases are just a big machine that no one can stop (cf. experience 2008)

The scenarios and patterns are so familiar now that its immediately obvious someone is speaking the truth. The sad thing is that there are so many more out there. The enormity of the case means that there are a large number of men whose lives have been blighted What happened at Nazareth Lodge and Rubane house where I lived – some in prison, many dead, some other lads committed suicide. These were my friends. I often feel alone.

I need to be believed (I wrote about this in the Irish News (around 2009) and children like me were never believed. That’s why I need the church and the state to say sorry. It’s not going to change anything. My life is destroyed. It’ll stay destroyed.

Everyone had been left devastated by what happened at the orphanage. Boy's: I'm talking about the boys. Terrible things happened to children, terrible, just terrible.

Discrimination against me and travellers remains a big problem: being barred in shopping centres, pubs, clubs, parks, activity centres, and even barber's shops. Insults been thrown at me, grabbed by the throat, being rejected and harassed. It is still very strong and mutual lack of trust can feel impossible to break down because the reality is that I'm discriminated against every single day, even in the newspapers. I can't see an end to that.

When nobody else would listen to me, I went to the papers and told them. What about statements that individuals like myself made when we were interviewed over offences which were alleged to have occurred in children's homes from 1960 onwards. That was in the statute of limitations. It's been the same story all the time. Then later on it seemed that people were accusing me, and not the other way round.

From the time that happened to me at Nazareth Lodge (investigations to find the perpetrator **NL 10** - was there a conspiracy of silence a cover up? As far as I know, there was no formally effective complaints procedure until 1975. Meanwhile everyone was dealing with the strain of the troubles.

I want someone like Michael Mansfield QC a Human rights Lawyer or someone like him to take my case. I have no time for lawyers who sides with Catholic Church or state-government. I knew in my head I was depressed. What happened inside me was all logical – reason. It was because of the horrendous experiences, being sexually molested, physically beaten, constant abuse that happened to me all through childhood.

The church has destroyed the sympathy for those who suffered in subsequent years. Look at what they put about me in that report I've just got. It said that I had a name for getting in trouble sexually with the boys, it sounded like I had run away because I was bad. Yes, I said boys will be boys, like with being curious, needing comforting, having someone to talk to. When I made those police reports I was open and true.

I will continue to fight my own corner and try to redeem my reputation in some way, rather than being expelled from everywhere, like at the Wellington Park hotel 'Time for Justice' conference on 7th Oct. 2010. They said they were delivering a human rights complaint enquiry for the victims of historical institutional child abuse in Northern Ireland.

Now I know who had me expelled. I pointed out my story is different from theirs, (e.g. the Women's story), but the landmark case centred on whether the so-called religious principles had more to do with the religious figures that abused rather than the lay people who also abused: what about my human rights? I was thrown out that day.

Cf. Reference to Savia report

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I went to everybody, RUC PSNI – lawyers and all - many of them a long long time ago. For me they were behind schedule in all aspects. [REDACTED] was at the Wellington Park Hotel and witnessed what had happened to me when I was expelled – he did not agree that that should happen. I did not get to hear the conference. But I did pass a 2 page account of what happened to Savia and Amnesty Int., and some politicians’.

(Maybe I was heard – at least one of the voices – because the enquiry that came out later did extend it to lay people working within religious inst. And allowed the enquiry to go back further – (statute of limitations). – supposed to protect both ways – but ended up not being heard)

In the last few years, all the following happened to me and my family. To this day I am not safe:

Finger pointing, name calling paint on my daughters car – her side window broken up, paint on my car all over (2009) House attacked front window broken, bricks, bottles-stones.

As what happened at my old house, windows broken.....

We can all see through the smoke screen. The cardinals, bishops and priests should have resigned. If they had any integrity – but no – ‘suffer the little children’.....

The stigma, disgrace, reproach attached to anyone is a scar for life. To keep me out of sight from the general public is a hidden secret – and yet to expose me with my story caused me all the above.....(persecution) I am caught both ways. And that’s so for a lot of people who never fought for themselves until they got on programmes like Faoiseamh... TH.

Signed:

HIA 147

15/1/15

STATEMENT OF **HIA 147**

I was born on [REDACTED] and when I was about 6 months old I entered into the care of the Sisters of Nazareth. I was in the babies section first and later entered Nazareth Lodge where I remained until I was about 11 years old when I was transferred to the De La Salle Order at Rubane House in Kircubbin.

I can remember the [REDACTED] for a period of time was called **NL 116** who died and was replaced by a man called **NL 11** and then there was a [REDACTED] called **NL 10** in fact I was subsequently abused by **NL 10** He had taken me into the toilets in the concert hall where he made me masturbate him, he also physically assaulted me. This happened on a number of occasions and also in the workman's toilet in the hall and in the works garage where the tools and garden machinery were kept.

I can remember a number of the staff in Nazareth Lodge. I was in the group run by **SR 34** **SR 34** and there was a **NL 5** also and in the kitchen a **SR 155** I can recall also a **NL 4** and I was beaten on a number of occasions by **NL 5** and **NL 4**

I have read the witness statement of **HIA 36** which he alleges that I abused him in a large dog kennel. I absolutely and utterly deny this. There was no dog kennel as far as I can recall at Nazareth Lodge.

Signed:

HIA 147

Dated:

9.1.2015

TRUE STORY: PAINFUL SECRETS UNTOLD: ORPHANAGE HOMES

By [REDACTED] HIA 147

WRONG-DOING CRIMES COMMITTED AGAINST ME

I want to be open and transparent about the whole matter of my horrendous experiences, and to give the true facts, and to tell the causes of what happened to me as a child. My account will be very graphic. I am suffering post-traumatic stress disorder since I was sexually abused and molested in the two Hell-homes, as I call them. We learned to regard a beating a day as the norm.

My first home was run by nuns. It was called Nazareth Lodge, 516 Ravenhill Road, Belfast, Northern Ireland (now called Nazareth House). I lived here from shortly after I was born, until I reached the age of eleven. The authorities put me into that Catholic orphanage for my own protection. I can go back to those horrific incidents which had taken place in the first home. I can remember when it all started. I was about six years of age. It happened when I knocked about the kitchen. The head gardener at the time was called [REDACTED]. I remember him well enough. One day the milkman came up to the Lodge to get him to come out to his place and cut his grass. The milkman was called [REDACTED]. He had an [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] He had a [REDACTED]. He brought [REDACTED] with him. [REDACTED] died while cutting his grass: that was the end of [REDACTED].

They had other gardeners there. The next man to [REDACTED] was called [REDACTED] NL 151 and some others I don't recall too much about, and then this new assistant gardener started. He was called [REDACTED] NL 10. That is when this whole horrifying horror

nuns' graveyard. There weren't many playing facilities: these were all in the Lodge compound.

I remember most of the staff there. In my group was Sister SR 34 Girl in Charge NL 5 also, and in the kitchen was SR 155. The nuns' cooks were NL 176 and Mrs NL 177. In the scullery was Molly. SR 200 was looking after St Joseph's babies' home. Across the other side of the compound from St Joseph's was the Bethlehem Nursery (looked after by SR 71) and the school (run by principal SR 34). I moved from the babies' home at three years of age, across to the other side, into Bethlehem Nursery. Joined on to this was the "Big House" (Nazareth Lodge itself). Looking after the laundry (behind the nursery and the Lodge kitchen) was NL 178. At the front door was SR 150. SR 150 looked after the Chapel and the nuns' clothes. All the nuns were very good: no beatings from them at all. Many a time, however, we got beaten by NL 5 and NL 4 - very, very wicked beatings, nip the arms clean out of you. NL 5 and NL 4 used a PVC type of bat, and smacked you very hard on the thighs, for absolutely nothing. They also had a stick, which they hid from the nuns. NL 4 went on to become a nun, but was rejected. I heard a rumour that she was sent to South Africa.

My group was called St Joseph's: Sister Sr 34 and NL 5. NL 5 looked after this group. SR 47 and NL 4. NL 4 looked after Our Lady's group - on the same landing as our group. Only St Joseph's slept in the attic.

Then there was another two groups, St Marian's and the Sacred Heart. The scenario in that Hell-home turns my stomach every time I think of it. All the crimes committed against me are horrific. In these modern times, it is difficult to imagine the circumstances in which many of them took place.

STATEMENT CONTINUATION PAGE

PAGE NUMBER 2

STATEMENT OF **HIA 147**

which was over at the back of the main house. This wasn't that far from the kitchens. Inside the hall **NL 10** would go into one of the toilets and close the door over a bit. I would stand outside the door and he would tell me to put my hand around and feel the fish which I done. I later knew what I was doing was wanking him but at the time I didn't know what I was doing. I remember saying to him that I wanted to see the fish which he promised he would do but never did. At no time can I recall **NL 10** touching me. During the rest of my time nobody else interfered with me whilst I was at Nazareth Lodge. In 1965 I was moved to Kircubbin Catholic Boys' Home from Nazareth Lodge. This home was run by the De La Salle Brothers and the head Brother was

BR 6

I can remember watching England playing in the World Cup in 1966 at the home. The boys in this home were between 11 years and 15 years old. I stayed in Rubane House which was the main house and I shared a dormitory with 10 or so other boys this was beside

BR 6

room. After a period of time when I was there a

BR 27

came to work in the main school itself. I can remember he was about 27 or 28 years of age. He had ginger hair and had freckles. He mostly wore a robe. This had no hood. Sometimes

BR 27

would look after the boys during lunchtime and in the evening time. I can recall at least 4 or 5 times **BR 27** would have put me on his knee. At this time I would have been wearing short trousers. He would put his hands inside the short trousers and feel around my privates. He would have pretended that he was playing with me and he would tickle my privates. He was like hugging at me as well. I can remember when he had me on his knee I could feel

PRIVATE

4. You had two sheets and a blanket and pillow and you were warm. You had to take the pillow off at night and leave it on top of the locker. I now understand that this was for the safety of residents to prevent asphyxiation.

5. I was abused in Nazareth Lodge by a lay worker, he was a and had He was an old man at the time and he abused me in front of another resident called **HIA 56**. He worked in a boiler house and it was roasting and he made us strip off. It happened maybe three times. I would describe the abuse as fondling. On one occasion I remember a nun coming to the boiler room and we were naked in it and although I cannot recall his name now I remember her calling him. You had to come down a flight of stairs but she did not come down.

6. I told my mother that it had happened and she made a complaint and a social worker got involved. I didn't really want to go in to all the detail of it but I just told what happened to me. It also happened to **HIA 56** who was there with me at the time. ^{HIA 56} is still alive and remembers everything about it. I have spent many years denying it as it was like a stigma and I just tried to blank it out.

7. I had a lot of hassle from older boys too in Nazareth Lodge. I wasn't streetwise and an older boy, **HIA 147** abused me in a large dog kennel and this boy went on to abuse other children outside the home. He was a dirty, evil person. I see him in town now and again. I would have been about eight or nine at the time. He looks at me as if it never happened.

8. I was a resident at Nazareth Lodge and Rubane House. Most of my time spent in both places was very good and I remember it fondly and most of the staff were really good people and were good to me. I feel as if I am betraying them by talking to this Inquiry but the truth needs to come out and even if it doesn't do me any good at least it will protect other children in the future.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

HIA 147 – HIA 147

83. I remember HIA 147 well. He was in my group.
84. HIA 147 alleges that at some time he returned to visit Nazareth Lodge and that he told me about abuse he had suffered and that I told him not to tell the nuns and that I mentioned that he was married. In fact I have a very clear memory of my seeing HIA 147 for the first time after he left Nazareth and it took place in a furniture shop in Castle Street in the city centre. I had just been to mass in St Mary's and I ran in to him in that shop. Whether he was working in the shop or not I don't know, but he came over to me straight way.
85. He greeted me and I remembered him immediately. We said hello.
86. The only thing that HIA 147 asked me was strange and I recall it clearly. He said "tell me was I a [REDACTED]". I asked whatever made him ask me that as I wouldn't necessarily know anything about a child's background. He said [REDACTED] used to called him [REDACTED]" and he wondered if it was because he was a [REDACTED]. I am aware that these people are now known as Travellers but I didn't and don't know if HIA 147 came from that background and I told him this.
87. I said that [REDACTED] was from a rhyme or a phrase or maybe a song and perhaps that's what SR 34 meant – he said that he felt that he had been collected by a relative in a caravan at one point and taken out up the Ravenhill Road in it.
88. He mentioned nothing to me about abuse nor did I tell him not to tell the nuns anything. The conversation about [REDACTED] was the only topic discussed, I don't think he even brought up whether or not he was married.
- [REDACTED]