

Witness Name: Kenneth Charles Clearwater

Statement No.: WITN0649001

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ROYAL COMMISSION OF INQUIRY INTO ABUSE IN CARE

WITNESS STATEMENT OF KENNETH CHARLES CLEARWATER

I, Kenneth Charles Clearwater, state:

INTRODUCTION

1. That is my name. I was born on **GRO-C** 1953 in Christchurch and have remained in Christchurch for most of my life.
2. I am the former National Advocate for the Male Survivors of Sexual Abuse Trust New Zealand (MSSAT). I held that role for over twenty-five years and during that time I provided support to victims of child sexual abuse and rape.
3. As part of my role with MSSAT I have had the privilege of working with men from all walks of life. This included working with the Marylands sexual abuse survivors. I always felt able to do that work because I was once so close to going to prison with the lifestyle I was living.

4. My evidence provided in this statement to the Royal Commission covers the work I did with the Marylands survivors through MSSAT, as well as my own experiences and journey into the role I held. My evidence will also capture my own experiences with mental health services and the need I identified for those services to be more accessible to men.
5. I conclude by making observations about things that I believe require change.

My background

6. I grew up with my mum (GRO-B), dad (GRO-B) and six other siblings, GRO-B, GRO-B, GRO-B, GRO-B, GRO-B and GRO-B in a home that was located on leased land that belonged to Christ College in Papanui, Christchurch. Mum and dad owned the home we lived in but a few streets over from us there was a lot of state housing.
7. I attended Bishopdale Primary until I was 12 years' old and from there, I went to Papanui High School. I remember that the year I went to Papanui was also the year that Casebrook Intermediate was opened.

THE ABUSE

Sexual abuse I suffered as a child

8. While I was at Bishopdale Primary, mum took ill and ended up at Princess Margaret Hospital. I recall dad asking me to take stuff to mum at the hospital one day, so I took two buses to go and see her.
9. When I got to the hospital, I didn't realise that an orderly was following me. I left the hospital that day and sat outside at the bus stop, waiting for the bus to arrive. It was then that the orderly from the hospital walked over. I later discovered that his name was Alan William Davey.
10. As it was 1965, the Beatles were big. I remember that Alan was wearing a suit and tie and that his hair was cut like the Beatles. I thought he was cool. He started talking to me and he got on the same bus. At some point we both got off the bus

and ended up in the public toilets at the picture theatre. It was there that he sexually violated me.

11. At the time, I knew nothing about sex and I didn't know what was happening to me. I knew of and had heard about stranger danger but to me, stranger danger was an old guy in a coat with a brown paper bag. When you come from a big family like I did, you feel special when someone takes notice of you. He made me feel special and that was how he was able to get close to me in such a short time.
12. After the sexual stuff happened, he told me that if I were to ever tell anyone about what had happened that I would be in big trouble. We then got back on the bus to Papanui. When the bus reached the Papanui Railway Station we both got off and he sexually violated me again. It was traumatic at the time as I knew that there was no way that I could tell anyone. Each time that I visited mum at Princess Margaret Hospital he would get me while I was in the toilets. I was trapped, and I did not know how to get out.
13. One night, Alan picked me up in a taxi. I remember that on this particular occasion it was night time and it was pitch black. I got in and he said that we were going to a place called Coronation Hospital. He was living there at the time. The taxi driver said something to him, it must have been about me because he said that I was his nephew.
14. When we arrived, Alan told me to wait outside. He said that people wouldn't understand me coming in with him. He went inside and then he must have gone to a window or something because I remember that he lifted me up to go into his room. His room was small, it was like something that a priest would live in. He had a small bed with a little set of drawers in the corner. I got into bed and he took my clothes off and raped me. I remember that while it was happening it felt like I was sitting up on the wardrobe watching this frightened young boy. I know now that I must have just numbed out. The next day, I don't remember going home or saying anything to mum and dad.

Prosecution of Alan William Davey

15. I remember one day I was sitting outside a picture theatre in Papanui and two police officers pulled up. One said to me, "Kenneth Clearwater, do you want to come for a ride?" I said yes. We then drove to the police station and that's when I saw mum out the front. I remember sitting there yet feeling absent because I didn't know what was going on. And that is what Alan had been telling me the whole time, was that I was going to be in trouble.
16. Once inside the police station the cop was lovely to me. It was just him, mum and I in the room. The cop asked me questions and I couldn't understand them. The questions were sexual – about semen. I remember that I was touched around the bum and I didn't know anything about semen then, I thought it was just blood. I knew from the pain that I must have been bleeding. When I think back about it now, it may well have been semen.
17. The cop then asked if Alan had done things to me that a man would do to a little girl. I had no idea what that meant, but I didn't want to upset the police officer, so I said yes. Then there was a knock at the door and another police officer came in. That officer said not to interview me anymore because Alan had admitted to everything.
18. When we got home the whole family was in the kitchen. They didn't know what was going on they just knew that mum and I had been at the police station. After I later disclosed my abuse to my mum she told me that she recalled the orderly and said that he appeared to be 'creepy'. I was pretty much just left to get on with my life. That's when I started getting angry and attacking people.

IMPACT OF ABUSE

Schooling

19. I started misbehaving at school. I would deliberately wear my socks down. If girls called me weak, I would always try and prove that I was tough. On one occasion I flour-bombed the prefect's room. To try and get even, some of the older prefects grabbed us but myself and some others beat the shit out of them. A teacher turned

up not long into the fight. I don't remember what happened, but the teacher was out cold on the ground and I had done it. I was expelled from Papanui High School that day.

20. When I went home I expected a real telling-off, but dad just looked at me disappointed and said - "well you'll probably need a job." It's quite interesting looking back and reflecting on that now, I realise how much my dad loved me. He gave me that job. Here I was 14 years old but soon to become a man by going to work. Unfortunately, I was not developed at all and I was holding a lot of anger.

Life after school

21. At the age of 14 years I worked at B R Hamersham with some great guys. They were all about 18 – 20 years old and I really looked up to them. Dad would come in and I got to spend time with him. We would have smokos together.
22. I was rebellious, I had long hair and homemade tattoos that we did ourselves with matches and a needle. As for the store, I kept it spotless, I would tidy it. One day the other boys decided that they would get me to cut my hair. I picked up an iron bar and started smashing things. I said, "if any of you cunts come near me I'll fucking kill you." My level of anger surprised everyone, even my dad.
23. There was a big pit where they used to test the pipes and the pumps, and I remember a couple of new people started. I was only tiny. Someone said - "we should get Kenny and put him in the pit". Another person responded - "if you do make sure he is not holding a four by two or he will kill you."

The Army

24. I joined the army when I was around 19 years old. I joined because I had been in and out of court from 12 years old for dumb and stupid things like stealing and burglary. It wasn't until a Judge told me that I could turn on this path that I decided to join the army. I thought it would straighten me out and make me a real man. However, I didn't go too well because I was always getting in trouble.
25. When I was in the army, I decided I would get married to my first wife, [GRO-B]. She was only 14 or 15 and I was 16 or 17 when we were going out. The night before I

was due to leave for the wedding, we all got pissed because the booze was so cheap. The next minute I remember being attacked.

26. They attacked me from behind and stripped me naked. There was a person on each leg and each arm and they were smearing jam and condensed milk on my body and putting their fingers up my ass. They left me lying there.
27. I carried so much shame after that and never told anyone about it for years later. After the attack I picked up my uniform and my thigh high boots (which they managed to get off me) and began to walk back to the barracks.
28. Two night-patrol guys turned up - I don't know whether they were night patrol or military police. They asked me why I was up and out of barracks and I told them what happened. They told me to get showered and dressed and get into bed and said if I wasn't in bed when they saw me next that I would get arrested. So that was my big stint in the army to become a man.

Violence

29. I ended up in a scuffle one night with a couple of police officers at Doodles Night Club in the 1981. I know it was 1981 (or around then) because the police officer that I was fighting had been issued with one of those new batons that were issued specifically for the Springbok tour. He was standing next to me and smacked me on the face. I lost it and beat the shit out of him. I left him at the top of the stairs. I honestly thought that I had killed him.
30. Even thinking about it now, I did not think at the time about doing it. I had not thought about the fact he was a uniformed police officer. He had got in my way, so I beat the shit out of him. I recall that there were a couple of big guys in muscle t-shirts, and I looked at them and said, "do you cunts want to fucking go as well?" They all stood against the wall and let me go.
31. Eventually I made my way downstairs and by that time the entire police force had turned up. I was handcuffed and put in the back of the police car. I got a baton to my face and could barely see after that.
32. Once I was at the Christchurch Central Police Station, a cop came in. He said - "do you recognise me you little prick?". He identified himself as the cop I had beaten

up at the nightclub. He then kned me in the groin. I hit the deck and crawled along the ground. Once again, being dumb I said, "here we go he wants to have a go while I'm handcuffed." Then I heard a voice in the back that said, "shut up boy we aren't done with you" and I realised I was in big trouble.

33. I was then thrown into a cell. I remember the concrete floor and how chilly it was because it was the early hours of the morning. I was scared at the time. However, nothing happened to me that night and the door was eventually opened. I was charged with assaulting two police officers.
34. I went to see my dad after that and asked - "why is it that every time I get challenged, especially by people in authority that I just want to kill people?" Dad was a placid man, having served in World War Two. He responded - "don't worry son, you'll grow out of it." Unfortunately, I didn't.

Drug and alcohol abuse

35. I had huge alcohol and drug dependencies. I was right into LSD and marijuana. Basically, anything that numbed my brain. I was mixed up with what the system would call the 'wrong people'.
36. On alcohol I was just a violent prick but on drugs like marijuana I was so happy. LSD was the most amazing thing I ever experienced in my life, I loved it. It took me away to a whole different place because I didn't have to deal with the violence and trauma.
37. This was around the time of Mr Asia and I was in with the sort of people where I could get what I wanted at the time. I never saw myself as a criminal or a bad person, I simply just saw a place where I was safe. A place where I couldn't get hurt. There were no patches. We were the Papanui gang and we were well known. People were scared of us, you didn't have to wear a patch for people to know where you were from. I grew up thinking that I was tough, but deep down I was just a frightened little kid looking for help.

Anger

38. One night, I was drinking with my friend Jack. Both of us were doing a business course together at the time and looked at putting a plan together to buy Wigram Air Bases and set it up as a sports institute and place for kids.
39. We had gone to the Redwood Hotel that night and I was completely sober. Jack and I were sitting there and ended up getting into a dispute about the pool table. The guy we were arguing with was pretty big, but at the time everyone was bigger than me so I was used to fighting big people. It was my 50-cent piece and the big guy set the balls up. I went over and told him that it was my game. He said that I could have the next one. I said, "you know the fucking rules of pool." He stood up and gave me a "what the fuck will you do about it?" look. I then told him to step away from the table or I'd knock him over, chop his head off and put him through the plain glass window at the pub. I felt the veins in my neck and I felt like the Incredible Hulk. I was full of rage and hatred and this guy could see it.
40. He told me that I was a fucking psychopath and he just threw the pool stick down and walked away. I went and sat down next to Jack and he asked me if I was alright. I had not done any drugs or alcohol that night, yet it felt like I was coming off a trip.
41. At the time I was a single dad. My ex had just left me because she had an affair with my best friend and when I found out I beat him up. While beating him up it didn't change the fact that our relationship had ended, it certainly made me feel better, even if it was just for a short time.

Looking for help

42. That night I went home, got into bed and curled up in the fetal position. I broke down. I was sweating. I was hot and cold. I felt like I was on an LSD trip. It felt as if there were plates of glass cutting through my brain. At that point I thought that I was a danger not just to myself but also to other people. I started contemplating suicide. Then there was a knock at the door, it was my daughters and they needed help to get ready for school. The moment I saw those two girls I knew that I had something to live for. So, I got them ready.

43. I can't remember how old they were at the time, but I think GRO-B was at high school and GRO-B was at primary school. I may have been around 35 or 36 years old. I got them off to school and I felt numb, but I knew I had to do something for those girls - I had to sort my life out. I thought where, as a man, do you go for help? I immediately thought of Sunnyside. I thought that because it was the biggest place for mental health in New Zealand and they would be able to help me.
44. I shaved, showered and walked into Sunnyside. There were about four or five people mulling around a desk. A tall fella came up to me and asked if he could help. I said - "I hope so". I told him that last night I was ready to kill a man over a pool table and this morning I woke up contemplating suicide. He said - "and you've done neither?" When I told him I had not, he said that he couldn't help me. I felt devastated because I asked for help and I could not get any.
45. I went outside and remember it being a hot sunny day. I felt like I was in a glass cage and that I had a long black cloud over me, but I could see my daughters, so I pushed on. I went to another building and another building and another and I kept asking for help and I kept getting turned away. Then I went into this prefab type building and there was a woman sitting there. By this time, I was exhausted. She looked up at me and asked if I needed help. I said I did, and she said, "you won't get it here."
46. She then asked if I needed emergency psychiatric help. I didn't know what that was, but I said yes, because she had offered me something. She told me that I would be able to see a psychiatrist or a counsellor and that I would speak to someone who would see what was going on for me. The woman asked if I would be ok to drive home. I said that I would be now because I had hope. I shouldn't have driven though because I was so out of it. It was like I was on drugs, but I was completely sober.

Finding a psychiatrist

47. Once I got there, I was introduced to a psychologist named Tony Ward. He had a guy standing next to him who was quite a tall fella with dark hair and a dark beard. Tony said this guy was a student counsellor and asked me if I would mind if he sat

in on our session as it would be good for his learning. At that point I would have said yes to a hundred people sitting in because I was so desperate for help. I remember I cried for hours. I felt that all the questions I was being asked were weird because they were questions about my relationship with my father.

48. I wanted to reflect on all the violence I had committed in my life and examine the anger I felt. I wanted to try to comprehend all the hatred and enjoyment I got from going out on a Friday or Saturday night and beating people up for no reason.
49. We talked about when I was twelve and I blurted out what Alan had done to me. I also spoke about the sexual violation that had been committed against me by a friend's aunty when I was 12. The sexual violence that I experienced in my life was nothing to do with my dad, I couldn't have asked for a better dad. But Tony kept wanting to talk about my father. Tony eventually said to me that he couldn't help me with the sexual abuse I had experienced because he was not trained in that. I thought that was weird, he was a psychologist, why could he not help me with my sexual abuse?
50. He then asked if I could see him one-on-one for ten weeks for anger. I only attended two sessions with the counsellor Tony recommended for the sexual abuse. I felt that he knew nothing about sexual trauma of males.
51. I also knew very quickly that few back then knew that men had been raped or traumatised as kids. That was hard for people to come to terms with. Despite this experience, this was how my journey of healing started.

Woolworths

52. In about 1995 or 1996, I was working at the butcher's in Woolworths. We used to bone the beef and put the bones into sacks, which would then go into a big bin. Around 3 – 4am the bone man would come and pick up the bins.
53. One day, I went out back and saw the manager (I think his name was Trevor) with one of the sacks. He had tipped it out. I asked him what he was up to and he said he was checking that I was not putting stuff in there. I asked him what he meant by that and he said meat. I said, "you're fucking kidding me" and I took my steak

knife out and held it to his throat. I told him to put the bag down or they'd be picking him up at 4am in the morning.

54. Once again, I had absolutely no comprehension that I had just done something serious. It wasn't until 3 days later over the loudspeaker at work when I was asked to go to the office that I realised I had done something wrong.
55. When I got up to the office the big manager from the North Island who employed me was there, along with Trevor and a few other people. They asked me if I threatened Trevor the other day and I confirmed that I did. I then asked to know what the issue was. They explained to me that it was unacceptable behaviour. I tried to justify the behaviour by saying that Trevor had accused me of stealing. They told me that I couldn't hold a knife to a man's throat and say that I would kill him. I don't know what happened after that because I didn't get sacked, but I know I didn't stay there much longer after that.

Boxing

56. I started boxing on and off when I was ten but never took it up competitively. Around the time I was 26 I was sick of proving that I was tough. I joined the Crichton Cobbers and started training.
57. Although I was late to competitive boxing, when I got into the ring and the bell rang, I loved it. I loved it because no one was going to hit me with a baseball bat or stab me. I enjoyed the training and pushed myself hard. Because of my age I trained 5 nights a week and I loved it.
58. I worked on the boning chain at the freezing works during (1985 - 1988) and I was the union delegate. I got into a disagreement with a man named Frank over the outcome of a union dispute and Frank came over and whacked me. I dropped my knife and gave him two nice left hands. Unfortunately, I was wearing a steel mesh glove and I split his face open. I got sacked and even then, I couldn't comprehend why. The boys went on strike for me for a week to get me reinstated. I retaliated. I tried to get my job back later, but they refused. I broke down.

59. In 1995 I was reading the community section in the Christchurch Press and a page read, "are you a male and were you sexually abused as a child?" It said if you're interested in a support group to ring a man named Andrew. I kept that piece of paper for a long time and eventually rang the number. A woman answered, and she had a pleasant voice. She gave me all the details for the group.
60. It took me ages to pluck up the courage and go. I went in a suit and tie but had a couple of beers first. There were about 30 men in that group in all shapes sizes, and nationalities. Some were nicely dressed, and others were rough as. They just started talking about their childhoods.
61. I felt shitty because I could smell the alcohol on me. I also felt shitty because I wasn't out of place. They were all talking about where they were at, what they were doing and how what happened to them had affected their lives. It got to me. I don't remember talking a lot that night, but I remember a man named **GRO-B-1** coming up to me and asking if I would be interested in coming back.
62. I started going to the groups and there were anywhere between five – ten guys. We would have cups of tea and we would talk about things that triggered us from our childhoods.

Joining the MSSAT board

63. MSSAT roots can be traced back to 1991 and functioned as a peer support group. Between 1996 – 1997 **GRO-B-1** set up MSSAT with two other male survivors and David Petitt, a counsellor. David was in the group but didn't say much. He was always there if someone got triggered. He had the courage to help set it up. By 1997 the trust was set up.
64. Looking back now we were a bunch of crazy hurt men helping other crazy hurt men. I felt comfortable being there. I heard the stories from these men and the trauma they suffered from the system including boys' homes, the Catholic church, the Anglican church and psychiatric hospitals. They reported being despondent about the support and care they received from these places, often saying that staff and counsellors in psychiatric hospitals didn't listen to them and 'drugged them up'

instead of trying to find out what the cause was of the issues which lead them to be in these places. I thought that what had been happening in terms of men's support was wrong, so I agreed to join the board when [GRO -B-1] asked me.

65. I don't think that much was known about male sexual abuse and trauma at the time. A man named Mike Lew had written the first ever book ever about male victims. We emailed Mike and asked if we could use the image on his book (which was a little boy holding a teddy bear) on our pamphlet. He said we could use anything we wanted.
66. We sent our material to ACC to try and get assistance for male counselling. One of the things we were advocating for during 1998 was the ability to get counselling, regardless of gender. We got a letter back from ACC saying we had to remove that from our pamphlet because if the perpetrator was a female, a male victim was not entitled to get counselling.

MARYLANDS SURVIVORS

Michael Banks

67. I met Michael Banks through MSSAT. He started telling me these stories of what he experienced at Marylands and I couldn't get them out of my head. It was like listening to a Stephen King novel. It was difficult to believe what he was saying about these priests doing things like making him lie on top of dead nuns while priests were masturbating. I didn't want to not believe him, it just took me a long time to work through what he was saying. Sometimes I avoided it, depending on where I was at with my own journey and depending on how much space I needed.
68. Michael was with us when the St John of God story broke in the media in 2002. I rang him to check in and he said he couldn't come to the group. He said he had a letter from St John of God that said he was not allowed to tell anyone about what had happened to him. Michael thought that if he did talk about what happened to him, the Order would take his house off him.
69. I went to see him, and he had this contract that was about an inch thick. He thought that the contract was to protect him but really it was to protect St John of God. I

found a clause which said that he was able to get support, so I told him that he was able to come back to the group. It was so embedded in him, that he felt he couldn't come back to the group otherwise he would lose his house.

70. Michael told me that on Sundays while at Marylands, pupils with local parents or guardians would be collected by them for the day. The boys would wait in the hall waiting to be uplifted. He recalled the brothers often walking past the boys waiting to tell them that no one was coming for them, and that God didn't love them. On one occasion he told his mother about what the brothers were doing to him. She complained to one of the brothers who told her that Michael was lying. Later he was beaten by an unnamed brother who threatened him not to complain to his parents.
71. It was horrendous how they had treated him and several others. I can't remember what year it was, but I asked him if he wanted to tell his story. I wanted to let people know how he had been treated.
72. Michael, like most of the survivors I dealt with, often didn't provide specific detail about the abuse suffered at Marylands. Generally, they would mention both physical and sexual abuse occurring and perpetrated by the brothers. I made it clear to them that they could discuss specifics relating to their abuse with counsellors, or me if they wanted, and that I would also assist them with day-to-day issues, such as, obtaining housing, work, counselling support.
73. I was contacted by a reporter named Matthew Conway who had interviewed me on a previous occasion. He wanted to know about these confidential documents that the Church was making everyone sign. I asked Michael if he was prepared to go public, but anonymously. He agreed and said he would speak to Matthew Conway and another reporter, Yvonne Martin.
74. He rang me the night before the story was meant to break with a change of heart and said that he did not want this to go forward because he was afraid of losing his house, and of losing everything. I told him it was his choice and that I would support him all the way and in any way I humanly could. I remember the phone went silent after I said that to him. He said he would do it if there was a chance it would stop other little boys being raped by those bastards.

St John of God survivors

75. After Michael's story broke, we set up a separate group for the St John of God survivors. We had between 6 – 10 survivors to start with, this then grew and then it levelled out.
76. The idea of the St John of God group was to find out what was happening and what support people required. We got Grant Cameron, a Christchurch based lawyer, to assist. We had been told that he was the one that could get all the people together. Grant Cameron's firm had assisted groups who sought compensation from various church and government organisations in New Zealand in relation to physical and sexual abuse claims. He had separate dealings with the Marylands survivors and assisted some with obtaining compensation from St John of God.
77. Peter Burke from St John of God contacted me and asked if he could come to the group. Peter Burke and Michelle Mulvihill came to the group. Peter Burke went over and above the call, nothing was too much trouble. He was empathetic, understanding and absolutely amazing and the guys really respected him.
78. He wasn't around when the abuse occurred, but he was ready to accept what was wrong. Michelle was a psychologist and was brilliant at helping the survivors with any issues as they arose.

Stephen Long

79. I first meet Stephen when he was an inmate at Christchurch Prison. GRO-B-4
GRO-B-4, another prisoner I was assisting, provided him with my contact details. This was sometime around 2002.
80. I would visit Stephen in prison on a regular basis. Provide him with support and arranged counselling. He disclosed to me that he had been a pupil at Marylands, and while there had suffered both physical and sexual abuse. He never went into any detail about his abuse, but I could see that it had significantly affected him.
81. Stephen hated Brother Bernard McGrath. One incident that he told me on several occasions regarding McGrath was an assault. He informed me that McGrath had beaten him about the head and body in front of his class. The beating had been

severe and traumatized him. I don't recall if he mentioned having required medical attention. I haven't seen or heard from Stephen in nearly 10-years.

Darryl Smith

82. Darryl was one of the initial members to attend our Marylands Support group. He had spent time at both Marylands and Campbell Residential home. Like the others he disclosed being both sexually and physically abused while at both institutions but did not provide detail. I've kept in contact with Darryl.
83. Darryl spent a lot of time inside and then one day it just clicked for him, and he realised he didn't want to be in there anymore. He has gone on to write two books regarding his life and abuse.

GRO-B-4

84. It is difficult for me to understand why GRO-B-4 is still in prison. He was always straight up with me about the horrible things he has done. He has never really had an opportunity to talk about what happened to him, but he has always taken responsibility and wanted to look at why he became the person that he did.
85. I spent years working with GRO-B-4 and it saddens me to think about what he has been through. His story needs to be told and people need to hear about the horrendous things he endured.
86. One of the good things that happened is that a church representative saw him, believed him and treated him with respect, but I don't think that he got the compensation that he should have got for what he suffered. This is something that I believe how compensation amounts are calculated should be looked at, both by the church and Ministry of Social Development. How do those entities figure it out? How do you put damage on a scale?

Parent Support Group

87. Just after we set up the support group for the Marylands survivors we set up a separate one for parents of ex-Marylands pupils. These parents had sent their children to Marylands in the hope that they would be provided with support and care to assist them in obtaining some education and positive life skills.

88. The group ran for about 18 months. They would meet once a week and we would discuss the issues that they as parents were facing in relation to abuse suffered by their children. I don't recall the names of the parents who attended.
89. The parents felt extremely betrayed by St John of God and the Catholic Church. Their children were vulnerable and Marylands had been recommended to them by the church and government departments, including the education department as a place that would look after and assist their children. Instead, their children were robbed of their innocence and often left Marylands with little or no education, and with significant psychiatric and anger issues.
90. I recall some of the parents telling the group how they could still vividly remember returning their children to Marylands after the weekends or holidays and having to drag them kicking and screaming into the school as they didn't want to return. They looked back and now realise that in some way they had unknowingly assisted in handing over their children to those who were sexually and physically abusing them. These parents, and no doubt many others associated to Marylands, carried significant guilt.
91. Unfortunately, we could not obtain any further funding to continue with the group and had to close it after 18-months.

Reflections

92. I have had a connection to Marylands for 20 years or so now. We were really thrown in the deep end as we had no resources. For me it was important to hear these stories and to sit with these men and let them be angry. I remember one night in the support group, one of the guys walked in and announced that he was going to Australia. I recall asking him why and he said that he wanted to kill the person that had raped him. I had never experienced this – all these guys suddenly were saying what they wanted to do to their abusers and how they wanted to do it.
93. As he left that evening I asked him if he still needed to go to Australia and he said he didn't need to because he had done all he needed to do. As he was walking away, I realised that if had he said that to someone else he probably would have got locked up. I realised these guys needed to be able to say - "I want to kill that

cunt and chop that bastard up” and that they need to be somewhere where it could be worked through, when they said that. It was one of the most powerful things. Survivors with other survivors.

94. The police that were involved went above and beyond. They were so easy to work with. I admired the work they did at the time especially with the lack of resources, which was appalling. We are talking about people who had spent their lives fighting police officers being able to work with them through this process due to the empathy that the cops showed. Without that empathy I doubt things would have gone far. That needs to be acknowledged.

REDRESS

95. I have always maintained that it is not about the amount of money. It is about these men being taught what it is like to live outside an institution. They have no idea how they should and should not spend their money. These men need education or job training rather than a big lump sum.
96. The following examples reflect why a lump sum payment does nothing to repair the harm. These are examples that I have first-hand knowledge of:
- a. One man got \$12,000 in compensation and bought himself a diamond ring. He had been at Campbell Residential Home. He had \$7,000 in his house stolen by a prostitute. He was worse off after that. I don't think anyone really took the time to fully understand the psychological damage.
 - b. Another man I worked with had \$30,000 stolen from him by a religious couple. He was talked into moving to Australia with them where they spent all his money. He eventually had to move back to New Zealand and later got cancer and died.
 - c. Another guy I worked with blew \$80,000 within 3 weeks because nearly every guy he was in prison with knew about his payment. He was continually approached by people asking to be lent money. At the time he received his payment he was working at the church. He lent a church

member (who was a problem gambler) \$10,000. He never ever saw that money again.

97. Nearly all the male survivors at Marylands were treated the same way. It is the same for those in the boys' homes. The whole system makes you wait years before it finally offers you an amount. It is an appalling system that has been set up.

LOOKING FORWARD

98. I also think we need specialist training, especially for anyone who engages with male victims and survivors. Lawyers and Judges need to be trained specifically. On behalf of male victims, I now go to Police College and train Senior Detectives on working with victims of male sexual assault. I think it has made a difference and that this type of work should continue.
99. Male perceptions about sex and trauma need to change. Traditionally a male has been seen as a perpetrator and not a victim so our whole psyche is not able to comprehend the damage to a male victim. There is only one way we can break the cycle. We can do this by acknowledging and accepting that boys get sexually violated.
100. The fact that there are only limited services available for boys that have been sexually abused needs to change.
101. Some go on to sexually offend and in one way or another and end up in the system. When you are sexually violated at a young age and the perpetrator tells you that they love you and you are special this affects how you view your relationships that follow. Automatically you think sex is a part of that relationship and your whole sexuality screwed. If this is not repaired, it can go on to horrendous damage. Boys need a place where it is safe to disclose what happened to them.
102. As I mentioned previously, financial compensation for abuse suffered by survivors has not changed what happened to them or made much difference in their future because they do not have the skills to handle it. Those responsible pay the compensation and then wipe their hands of the victim/survivor and many are not left any better off. Some are even worse off than before.

103. I would like to see the following points addressed so that long-lasting and meaningful change can be made to survivors' lives:
- a. Education – many did not receive the education they should have received and now should be offered that.
 - b. Job Skills – like education, they were not given any skills to enter the job market.
 - c. Living skills – again skills not received in “care”.
 - d. Health – they need free medical check-ups and dental care.
 - e. Housing – safe and healthy living conditions.
 - f. Counselling – life-time counselling must be available when and if the victim/survivor requires it.
 - g. Criminal record – did being in “care” lead to criminal activities for survival? If so, this needs to be looked at and there needs to be consideration for records to be 'wiped'.
 - h. Support – someone to help them make decisions on their futures.

STATEMENT OF TRUTH

This statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and was made by me knowing that it may be used as evidence by the Royal Commission of Inquiry into Abuse in Care.

Signed:

GRO-C

Dated: 14 June 2021