

Survivor Supplementary Statement

Date Completed: 31/07/2026

Survivor's full name: Murran Awe Hill

Other known name: Pamela Jamieson – **birth name** Pamela Jane Rosenburgh – **adoption name**

DOB: 02/07/1982 **Redress Priority:** Low **Serious Criminal Convictions:** None

Mother's Name: Amanda Jamieson – **birth mother**, Eileen Rosenburgh – **adoption mother**

Father's Name: Jim Rosenburgh- **adoption father**

Name of Care Home: Netherthird Children's Unit, Ladyfield East Unit, Good Shephard Centre, Kerelaw

Age in care: 12-16

Reason for going into care: Unruly and outwith parental control – decided by a children's panel

1.Introduction

My name is Murran Hill. I am making this statement to share my experiences of being in care as a child and the impact these experiences have had on my life. Some of the details are difficult for me to talk about, and some memories are clearer than others, but I will describe what I remember to the best of my ability. I understand that my records from the time are limited or incomplete, and I want to explain my experiences in my own words.

2. My time in Care – Overview

I was running away from home and generally getting into trouble and my mum struggled to manage my behaviour. This is what led to a children's panel making the decision that I would be placed into care when I was around eleven or twelve years old. I was placed in numerous care homes but the three that stand out to me were Ladyfield, The Good Shepard Centre and Kerelaw.

Netherthird Children's Unit

The first care setting I went to was Netherthird Children's Home. This was when I was 12 years old. This was a brilliant children's home, and I really liked it here. I in and out

of Netherthird multiple times and when I was at Ladyfield I was on a shared placement between Netherthird and Ladyfield. There was no abuse at Netherthird. During my time at Netherthird Liz Boye was my main social worker and she was a very good social worker. When I was forced to move social worker's, I found it very difficult. My new social worker was Liz Clelland who was my social worker from The Good Shephard Centre onwards and who I had many issues with. As I was moved between different care homes I always wanted to come back to Netherthird as this was the best care home I was in and the staff were great but unfortunately the staff didn't want to take me back because of the trouble I had caused when I was first there and I admit I had caused a lot of trouble. I was always running away, and I had gotten out of hand.

Ladyfield

I was placed into Ladyfield first when I was thirteen years old. I had been at Netherthird Children's Home and was sent to Ladyfield for a period of assessment. This period was initially supposed to be 6 weeks but ended up being extended to 12 months. While I was in here, I would suffer physical abuse from the staff. I would be slapped and pushed around. The restraints they gave me were extremely excessive and this was from both male and female staff. I would say it was predominantly the day staff, and it happened to me every day. I would see the staff hitting other children in here regularly and I would say the violence could be extreme at times. The way the staff spoke to us all was horrible and there was never any emotional support. Sometimes the staff would abuse us and dress it up as punishment but other times it was just dependent on their mood that day. There was a psychiatrist who worked there, I think his name was Dr Powel, he was particularly mentally abusive. There was also another psychiatrist who worked there named Anne Greer who was very abusive. Children's services had to get a legal advisor in because Anne Greer was trying to get me admitted to Ladyfield against my human rights. The physical abuse I suffered in Ladyfield was from the general staff and the mental abuse I suffered was from Dr Powell and Dr Greer.

I would wet the bed while I was in here and for this, I would be humiliated and shamed as well as slapped. When I went to get washed, I was in a bathroom by myself, but the door would be left open, and the staff would just come in and out. There was no privacy and to make matters worse, the staff would make comments about me being overweight, which really affected my confidence and self-esteem. Both male and female staff would make these comments.

At mealtimes, they would restrict food and I would be denied food due to my behaviour so I would often be left to go hungry. I ran away from here on countless occasions and

when I returned, I would be excessively restrained, have all my privileges revoked and even have food withheld from me.

When it came to education, there was no curriculum for learning and there were no classes at all. We were just sat in a classroom and would play cards. We were never taught any actual lessons.

There was a bit of bullying within the home, and the staff knew it was going on and did nothing. Some encouraged it. There was a day I was being bullied by one of the other boys in here and it was being encouraged by a staff member who told the boys I pushed him when I was nowhere near him. He then almost stabbed me, and it was actually another child in here who stepped in and prevented it from escalating. The staff would lie to my parents and say I never wanted to see them which was completely untrue and then they would tell me that my parents didn't want to see me either which wasn't true. In fact, it was the other way around that the staff did not want my parents being around. The staff were also making up things about my mental health which were simply not true. The staff did not do their jobs properly at all they forced me to sit down and do forced therapies where they just spoke at me the entire time and wrote down whatever they wanted to write down and took no notice of anything I was actually saying. This had a big effect on my mental health at the time.

My mental health was poorly affected by being in here and I began to self-harm. The staff were aware that I was self-harming. On one occasion, the cuts were so deep, and I was not given appropriate medical attention. I had a social worker who I told how much I hated the place and what was going on in there, but she just told me that she had nowhere to move me to but that wasn't true because I was already going back and forward to one of my previous children's homes. My family noticed a change in me while I was in there, but they assumed I was just getting worse because they thought I was being spoilt in there because as I said they were being lied to as well, but this could not have been further from the truth.

The Good Shepherd Centre

After Ladyfield I was briefly moved back Netherthird before being moved to The Good Shephard Centre. I would have been around fourteen or fifteen when I was in here. The staff in here were violent towards me. I would be slapped and punched which happened regularly. There was one nun there, but it was the female staff who were the ones beating me. Elaine Gorrie was the worst of them all. She was the reason that I ended up getting moved to Kerelaw because she went to hit me one day, but I actually managed to hit her first and I got moved to Kerelaw because of that.

I did wet the bed while I was in here and for this, I would be humiliated. We had to put everything in our pillowcase and because mine was wet they would mock me. On top of that I would also be beaten for wetting the bed. The abuse in here was slightly less frequent than in Ladyfield but it was still frequent.

I can remember being removed from my bed at night and I would be screamed and shouted at. This would be due to self-harming, but it never made me feel any better. I was taken to hospital on this occasion due to bleeding through my clothes. They actually did take me to get stitches at the hospital in here, so I received some form of support, but I had no emotional care from them.

I did run away from here on a few occasions and when I returned, they were horrible to me and would turn the children against me. The staff encouraged another child to beat me and actively encouraged them to bully me. I actually wrote a letter to my social worker to explain that. I told Liz Clelland about not just what was happening to me but also what was happening to the other kids in there and that the staff were telling groups of kids to gang up on other kids.

This establishment was a Catholic school, and I had to attend chapel for mass and pray every day. I am a Protestant and could not understand why this was being forced onto me. I definitely think I was treated differently because I was a protestant.

They took us to Jersey on holiday and while I was there, I was sexually abused by a group of men. I was raped. The staff left us unsupervised and did not come back until it was all over. The group of men weren't part of the staff they were a group who were staying at the club we were staying at. I think that was just before my 15th birthday. I ended up running away from there and bought myself a plane ticket to send me home and the police surrounded the airport and came on the plane. This was at Glasgow airport even though I had already had to change at West Midlands airport by myself. They treated me like a criminal rather than someone fleeing sexual abuse. This was another incident I wrote to my social worker to report. They never listened to me nor did the staff at the time. I wrote a letter to my social worker explaining that she didn't have any idea what was actually happening in that place. I didn't tell my social worker I got raped because by that point I had completely given up on them ever believing me. When I told the staff what had happened, they told me to shut up and called my adopted mother and told her that I needed counselling for lying. The staff tried to say that I had been talking to these men but that isn't true we didn't know them previously they were just staying at the same place and the staff had introduced us all and then left and while they were gone that happened but when the staff came back, they tried to blame me for it.

When I returned to the home after this incident Elaine hit me and due to the high level of anxiety, I lashed out and as a result of this I was removed and taken to the prison cells for the weekend. On the way to the prison, I remember the police officer saying I was

the happiest he had ever seen somebody being taken away for being unruly. This is because I knew that I didn't have to go back to the Good Shephard. I was later placed into Kerelaw. My time at the Good Shephard Centre was one of the worst experiences of my life, it was by far the most abusive place I was in.

Kerelaw

When I first went to Kerelaw I was kept in the open unit called the Wilson Unit while I was waiting for a panel. I was then moved to what I think was called Unit 2 which was the secure unit for a period of time before being moved back to another unit called the Baird unit in the open school.

When I was in the secure unit in Kerelaw the depute manager of the unit called James Roland Puttock admitted to an inappropriate relationship with me, he admitted he wanted to sleep with me and the police were involved. No inappropriate relationship actually occurred but he later admitted that he was grooming me at the time. The case ended up on the news, and I was moved to England early as a result of this. I was supposed to move to England when I was 16 but I got moved down earlier because of this. Rolie called the unit drunk one night and said he was going to kill himself if he never saw me, so I had to go with another member of staff to get him on this night. The case can still be found on the news.

The staff were violent to me in here more than anywhere else especially John Muldoon. John Muldoon was in the Wilson Unit. This would happen on an almost daily basis. Although I was only in the Wilson Unit for a short period of time I spent much longer in the Baird unit which was right next door to the Wilson unit and John Muldoon used to come across to the Baird Unit all the time. Rolie was protecting me from a lot of that at the time, but what I didn't realise then as that this was because he wanted to sleep with me. I have had years of guilt about Rolie, and I had been defending him for years because he didn't actually touch me and I just thought he was looking after me. It is like Stockholm syndrome in a way. John Muldoon actually took my medication off me one time and threw me to the ground and was punching me and had to be pulled off me. The only member of staff that was on duty was a female member of staff and John was staff for the Wilson unit so the female staff had to call Rolie from the secure unit to come down and help and Rolie and John basically ended up having physical fight because he was pulling John Muldoon off me. I would see the staff beating the other children in here on a regular basis. It was mostly extremely excessive restraining.

When I would go to get washed John Muldoon would just stand and watch me while I was in the shower. It made me feel incredibly uncomfortable. There was no education in here at all. All we did was play games and cards. There was no structure.

I did tell my social worker Liz Clelland what was happening in Kerelaw but by this point we weren't getting on at all, and I was believing everything that Rolie was telling me. While I was in the open unit Rolie was coming to visit me and taking me on days out and things like that. Unfortunately, the police and newspapers got involved in the case with Rolie and after this I was thrown into isolation rooms. I was put into the old part of the school that was closed down. We had to sleep underneath desks and drawers that had been turned upside down. I was left in here for three days at a time. This was after the newspapers got involved with Roland's case as I was speaking to the news defending him because I genuinely believed he was on my side.

I ended up leaving Kerelaw to move to Bowscar in Penrith in around January 1998. I wasn't due to move to Bowscar for another 6 or so months but due to everything that was going on with the Rolie case. They moved me straight from the isolation in Kerelaw down to Bowscar or radical services as it was called then.

During my time in Kerelaw, my sister was unable to see me, so I never had any family visits the whole time I was in here. I was denied contact with my sister. She had tried to get in touch with me through her own social worker and it was denied so we were kept from one another. This was a decision made by the social work department who decided that it wasn't a good thing for me to see her, but they never even told me at the time.

Kerelaw probably messed my head up the most out of all the experiences I have had in my life, and I still don't know how to deal with the Rolland situation. My social worker said publicly that I had a full sexual relationship with Rolland which was simply not true and I believe this contributed to his suicide.

3. Emotional and Long-Term Impact

My experiences in care have had a profound effect on my mental health throughout my whole life. Kerelaw probably messed my head up the most out of all the experiences I have had in my life, and I still don't know how to deal with the Rolland situation. My social worker Liz Clelland said publicly that I had a full sexual relationship with Rolland which was simply not true and I believe this contributed to his suicide. I need continued support from mental health services and will for the rest of my life. I do not have many friends due to the lack of trust I have in other people. I still have flashbacks and nightmares about everything I went through.

4. Closing Statement

I am making this statement to help Redress Scotland understand what happened to me and how it has affected me. I am doing this in the hope that my experiences will be acknowledged and that I can continue to move forward in my life.

Thank you for taking the time to read my statement.

Signed: Murran Hill

Date: 31/07/2026