

'FOR GOD AND ULSTER'
THE VOW OF THOSE WHO REJECT VIOLENCE



ULSTER

REPUBLIC
OF IRELAND

GREAT BRITAIN

SOUTH EAST FERMANAGH FOUNDATION (SEFF)

‘FOR GOD AND ULSTER’
- THE VOW OF THOSE WHO REJECT VIOLENCE

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Core messages explained from the front cover of the book 'For God and Ulster' - The vow of those who reject violence.

The 'For God and Ulster mantra' has been assumed by a terrorist organisation. But how could murdering your fellow neighbour possibly be viewed as God's will or how could those actions be viewed as advancing this Country? In reality this 'mantra' belongs to the courageous borderland people affected by terrorism. These individuals live for God, this country and the community.

These individuals reject violence, they refused to bring to another's door that which had been brought to theirs. This book is a testament to their courage and self-sacrifice.

This can further be borne out through the scripture reference **"Eye for eye, tooth for tooth"** which does not mean that someone is entitled to seek retribution or revenge rather it was spoken by God as a figurative command in the Old Testament (Exodus 21:24; Leviticus 24:20; Deuteronomy 19:21) and was never intended to be taken literally. Before God first spoke this, He established a judicial system to hear claims and determine penalties (Exodus 18:13–26), and that system would not have been necessary if simple "eye for eye" retribution were proper and adequate.

The three times in the Old Testament where the phrase "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" is mentioned all relate to a civil situation, something being judged before a duly constituted authority: a judge, a magistrate, etc. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" is not a statement that is in any way related to personal relationships. However, that's precisely what the Pharisees had done with it. They took a divine principle for the courts, and they made it a matter of daily vendettas.

How many people in this wee Country of ours have done likewise?



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Yours,
Eric Brown (Chairman of SEFF)

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Foreword

by Professor Henry Patterson

What is the role that victims of terrorism should play in Northern Ireland today? In the aftermath of the Stormont House Agreement there remains considerable uncertainty over how the past will be dealt with and the role of victims within any process of ‘truth recovery’. In straitened financial circumstances will the resources be available to support the proposed new institutions and to fulfil commitments like the very welcome one of a comprehensive mental trauma service? Can any agreement on paper really address the profound differences that exist over such fundamentals as the very definition of a victim?

In his presidential address to the Sinn Féin and Fhéis Gerry Adams declared his solidarity with all the victims groups campaigning for truth and justice and hoped that the Stormont House Agreement ‘will bring closure to victims’. Insofar as some of the themes listed for possible consideration by the Independent Commission on Truth Recovery include ethnic cleansing and attacks on off-duty members of the security forces, this possibility should not be ruled out. However, what we can be sure of is that if these issues are to be put on the agenda then it will be done by the efforts of grass roots organisations like SEFF and IVU and that they can expect, for all Adams’s rhetoric, that Sinn Féin will do all it can to oppose and delegitimize these efforts.

There is an on-going struggle to dominate the narrative of what caused the ‘Troubles’ and the role of the major groups and organisations involved. Although the focus of such a struggle is what occurred in Northern Ireland the stakes extend to the whole of the island for two reasons. One is the debate over the role of the Republic of Ireland state in the ‘Troubles’ which my recent book, ‘Ireland’s Violent Frontier’ highlighted. The second is Sinn Féin’s campaign to win power in the Republic where the IRA’s campaign continues to cause problems with sections of the electorate, something that became clear during Martin McGuinness’s failed campaign to become President where his role in the leadership of the Provisionals surfaced as a major issue. It is therefore necessary for Sinn Féin that Provisional violence be portrayed as a continuation of the civil rights marches of the late 1960s - that it was a tragic necessity forced on republicans by state repression of peaceful protest. Written out of this is the fact that the majority of nationalists

supported the non-violent politics of the SDLP and that the Provisional campaign of elitist, militarism contributed more than any other single factor to the death and destruction and deepening of sectarianism over the next quarter of a century. This is not to brush over state violence or the sectarian murder campaigns of loyalists but to note that from the beginning republican violence was aimed at provoking state and loyalist retaliation to ensure that any attempt to reform Northern Ireland would fail.

Some of the terrible human toll is revealed in these accounts of death, devastating injury and trauma. Most of those killed were members of the security forces, the majority of them part-time which made them particularly vulnerable to attack. However, others had long left the security forces or in fact had never been members. The testimonies reveal how the death of a loved one traumatised and too often destroyed the lives of other family members: the unimaginable grief of Ronnie Funston's mother who found her son dead on the tractor he was driving when the Provisionals walked across the border to shoot him. The twelve year old son of John McVitty was with his father working on his farm when the IRA men again walked across the border to murder him. The father of who had sat up at night with a shotgun waiting for his son, a librarian and part-timer to return but on the night of his shooting had been watching the Mike Yarwood show on TV and blamed himself for his son's death.

These are not accounts suffused with bitterness and recrimination. However, there is a deep frustration born out of the feeling summed up by Ronnie Funston's sister, Olive Moffitt: 'It's good that you're not listening to news every morning and hearing that somebody's been murdered. People can live in peace and go to their work....(But) They don't think of the people who have had a loss - there's no talk about them now at all, they are forgotten. You're just expected to get on with your life'.

There is little doubt that these are narratives that, republicans, for all their talk about the need for 'difficult conversations' would prefer to ignore. This is to be expected but of more concern perhaps should be attempts by some academics to define the activities of victims groups as an impediment to the peace process. In an article in Shared Space published by the Community Relations Council in March 2014 Laura Fowler Graham puts 'innocent victims' in quotation remarks to indicate her unhappiness with the notion - she does the same with the word 'terrorist'. IVU is depicted as a unionist-inspired attempt to erect a hierarchy of victims and linked to the loyalist flags protest as a part of 'hyper-sectarian rallies

for reversing the peace process.' Unsurprisingly Sinn Fein and SDLP definitions of victim are praised for being more inclusive. There is no reference in the article to the actual history of the IRA campaign, to its' victims or the fact that it was the single largest agent of death during the 'Troubles'. Nor is there any reference to Sinn Fein's campaign to justify the 'armed struggle'. Instead the reader is told that politicians and civic groups who support groups like IVU 'are making moral judgements about the conflict which they are not morally qualified to do.' One wonders who Fowler Graham thinks is morally qualified? Nor is it explained why, as claimed, their activities are the major impediment to the peace process.

Reading the article reminded me of an anecdote told to me by a Spanish student working on a comparison of victims groups in Northern Ireland and Spanish groups dealing with the victims of ETA. He recalled a conversation with a Northern Irish academic specialising in transitions from violent conflict. This person had visited the Basque Country and told the student that the groups who were most opposed to progress in Spain were the groups representing the victims of ETA.

Apparently victims should only be listened to when they don't say anything or demand anything that the current political structures cannot bear. At the same time the issue of collusion has served to allow Sinn Fein to retrospectively justify the IRA's murder of UDR men and women, on and off-duty, because the whole organisation is depicted as involved in collusion and sectarian murder. This makes it all the more important that testimonies like this are published to show the brutal and sectarian reality of the Provisionals' campaign. The courage and fortitude evident in these stories and the activities of SEFF and IVU can only be seen as a threat to the peace process by the historically ignorant and the morally obtuse.

A word from Emma Edwards (Book Facilitator)

Being involved with this project has been an enormous privilege, not least because of the opportunity to meet so many wonderful people. However, brought face-to-face with what terrorism and violence in Northern Ireland really meant for each of these individuals, the term 'Troubles' seems wholly inadequate. Crippling fear, devastating loss and deep mistrust are more than 'troubles', they are totally – and in some cases insurmountably – life-altering. For too many they were life ending.

Through this project we have been trusted with the unvarnished truth of real life and real loss throughout a devastating period in our history. That time is not so very far away, and those experiences which we have relegated to the 'past' are re-lived daily by so many in the present.

While we often seem far from finding any solutions for Northern Ireland, one thing is abundantly clear – victims and survivors are not the 'problem'. They deserve our acknowledgment and our respect, and their stories must be told.

Chapter 1

Service to the Crown

Albert Brown was a member of the security forces from the age of 15 years

I joined the army when I was 15, touring abroad - the Far East, Middle East, Germany - and ended up back in England in 1977. At that time the 'Troubles' were very bad over here but, probably because the education system was better, I brought my family home. We settled in Lisbellaw and I got a job in the DOE as a mechanic and I joined the RUC part-time. I ended up driving the van about the Country, which was quite a dodgy job being in the security forces. There was one day I got a call to go up to Garrison to service a tractor, and I knew I'd been up there the week before and the tractor didn't need to be serviced. So I thought I'd sit tight on this one and go somewhere else. That time there was a Council van up there and it was opened fire on - whether I was being set up or not I don't know, but I thought it very suspicious.

So I got out of that and went to work as a van salesperson for Lisnaskea Creameries. But again it was a dodgy job because I was at the same stops every day, every week. So it got that I thought the safest thing for me to do was to join the UDR full-time, which I did in 1979. I served from 1979 to 1992 - did quite a few ops and lost men. It was a good job, good comradeship, but you were on your toes all the time. UDR full-time soldiers, to me, were some of the best soldiers that ever put boots on.

Then in 1992 when I was pensioned out of the army I joined the RUC Reserve full-time. I got posted to Lisnaskea with the Operational Support Unit and was out patrolling the borders, mostly with the military.

12 December 1993, it was the children's police party in Fivemiletown - we were the security at it. I was finishing at 4 o'clock and big Drew Beacom had come in and seen me and said, 'Albert I might stay on here - would you work on for me if I don't come in'. I said I would, but as I was changing back into my uniform he came through the door. And that was the last I seen of him. Him and Ernie Smith were murdered in Fivemiletown that evening. That hit the unit very hard. They couldn't have taken out two men that knew the area better. They were two good men and two good policemen, but it could have been anybody that night.

It was a good life, but when you think back on some of the murders that happened - some of the good men that were lost - if you sit back and dwell on it, it will punish you.

You ask any soldier or any UDR man that's worked in these parts - you don't know when you're in the sight of a rifle. To me the part-timers were more vulnerable, as they had to go about their daily business under threat. The wives and girlfriends carried on as normal, but this wasn't normal. If you had to go out of your house and look under your car before you go to your work, that's not normal. It really did change your life - it changed it for everyone. Especially when you lived in a border area, you were taking a big, big chance.

It was my life from 15 years old, and yes I would do it all over again. The comradeship never leaves you, but it had its price. Even now if something or somebody comes up behind me I jump. I don't think I'll ever shake that off.



Albert Brown in RUC uniform



Training with the UDR.

Brent Weir from Lisbellaw served in the UDR and the Royal Irish Regiment

I was in the UDR and the Royal Irish. During my time I've been involved in more incidents than I care to remember. I was at the Cenotaph bomb, was the first incident in '87, where I picked up a woman's head - I thought it was a doll. We were actually on parade that morning. The band was 20 minutes late and the RSM had us all formed up and the next thing you heard the bomb went up. It was total mayhem. It was horrific, like, that day. That kept me awake more nights - I still have memories of it.

I was actually up and could touch the faces that were squeezed into the metal bars. There could've been a hundred people around us trying to get the wall off, and there were these big planks and there was one boy and he was roaring, roaring, roaring 'don't take the plank', whatever was going into his body when we were lifting the wall, it must've been just ripping into him, but we had to get it up. There was no blood, but there was that much dust. There was people roaring, shouting, squealing. We were there two or three hours - there was ambulances and bodies lying out. Just everything happened so quick.

My brother Grant was blown up in '79, prior to me joining. 17 July '79. I was painting in Ballinamallard and this police car pulled up. Next thing they came up - a man and a woman - and they says 'is Brent Weir here', 'yeah that's me'. I was offered a lift up to the Royal but I wouldn't go - I said I wouldn't go until he was getting better. He had horrific injuries.

The most terrifying years I did was the last six years in the army, was the public order. We were in Belfast, Antrim, Londonderry - anywhere. We were in the Short Strand virtually for six years on and off, and it was the most terrifying thing to be doing was public order. You'd stand behind a four-foot shield and them hammering you - battering you. The actual physical end of the UDR and the Royal Irish didn't bother me, but mentally it would sort of torture you. Way back then we were in the UDR, there was that much - every day there was at least two bombs and a shooting. It was just a way of life, so it was but now these memories haunt me. I remember things that happened usually when I'm on my own, mainly at night time, I have nightmares and flashbacks which are terrifying. These memories have made me take strong sleeping tablets and alcohol to help me to forget but it rarely works, the memories always come back.



A scene of horror in the aftermath of the Enniskillen Poppy Day bomb

Brian Johnson, originally from Yorkshire and now living in Ballinamallard, was a regular soldier until 1977, when he joined the UDR and settled in Fermanagh.

It was 8th November 1987 - I was on duty that day. I was a Colour Sergeant and we were parading. We were just about to set off when a mizzle of rain came on and the band went to get their capes. It left us delayed about 5 or 10 minutes and we had just formed up, ready to march off, when up went the bomb in Enniskillen.

As soon as the bomb went off we kind of froze thinking 'No they couldn't have done this - they couldn't possibly', and then of course everyone started to break ranks and run. Somebody shouted "What about a secondary device?" and somebody else, in no uncertain terms, turned round and said 'F*** the secondary device, we have families up there',

People were just covered in dust and smoke, rubble, beams bounding down the street, shop windows broken, just general mayhem. The first person I met was a TA soldier, the Cenotaph guard, and he was just shaking. It wasn't until sometime, years later, I found out it was a chap I knew quite well, but he was covered in dust and you just didn't recognise him.

We went to try and dig people out - just throwing bricks out of the way. When the Reading Rooms wall went up with the explosion it came down and trapped people behind the railings. It was not a pretty sight.

Immediately after the bomb we went back to our base in St Angelo, to get our Number Two dress off and get our combat kit on. We went up to Forthill, overlooking where the bomb went off, and people there were more or less saying 'We have got you b***** today'. But of course we couldn't retaliate - what was there to retaliate against? Somebody talking crap to you?

When all the dust had settled we found out exactly who had been killed. We found that one of the people was a retired sergeant in the RUC, but the remainder had absolutely no security forces connection at all - they were just British Legion members who were there to watch the parade. I had paraded in something like 10 Remembrance parades in

Enniskillen prior to that, and we always were on the opposite side of the road to where the bomb was. It was always the British Legion - always civilians who stood at the Reading Rooms, and the military stood at the opposite side facing towards them. To my mind it was really aimed at the poor civilians. Not only that, but at the parade that was in Tollyhommon, which is up near Pettigo, if that bomb had gone off there were only veterans at it, Boys' Brigade, Girls' Brigade, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Girls Friendly Society all those Protestant organisations and civilians.

I don't think about it every day, but there's days you do think about it. What really brought it to mind was almost 10 years later the Omagh bomb was a similar type of thing, except it was targeting both sides of the community, while the Enniskillen bomb was targeted against one side of the community - the side that supported the British Forces. There was a lot more focus on the Omagh bomb, and I thought 'What about our bomb, why have we been forgotten about?' There's something like 70 odd murders in the Fermanagh area that have never been solved, and yet they went all-out to try and solve the one in Omagh. To the people that were involved in that day, they would never ever get it out of their mind. It's always there. It'll always be there. I want justice for the Omagh families, but I also want justice for the Enniskillen families and all those wronged by that terrorist outrage.

Christine Collum feared she'd lost her husband at the hands of terrorists

I joined the RUC in 1979. I was engaged to a policeman, Joseph Rose, who was stationed in Belleek but went to Rosslea on 11th February 1980. He was murdered that day with his colleague, Winston Howe. Two other policemen survived - Ernest Johnston and Davy Andrews.

After that I met another policeman, Albert Collum, and we married in 1982. I had four brothers, three of them served - two of them in the RUC, Alan and Norman Jones, and one of them in the UDR, Brian Jones. One brother never joined - he always said he was the wise one, and we laughed at him. But later on down the road, as things have happened now, I think he was the wise one.

In 1994 my husband was shot and badly injured on the other side of the Ballygawley line, bringing a Sinn Féin councillor to Castlereagh. I have to say that was the worst day of my life. They came to tell me about the incident - the army had reported that the driver had been killed and the driver was my husband. We waited an hour and three quarters when a knock came to the door, and it was my doctor, Doctor Leary, to say that he had got word that Albert had survived but was seriously injured.

Our house had been petrol bombed on two occasions. One day my husband was on night duty and an RUC officer arrived at my mother and father's home to tell me they were moving us out. I refused and said we were moving nowhere, to which he replied 'I could make it quite difficult for you to see your husband, I could move him to Belfast'. This I was not amused about, as I thought they should have stood by us and supported us. But we never moved.

Then in 1992 my brother, Brian Jones, died of a brain hemorrhage. I think a lot of Brian's problem was the pressure he was under being in the security forces, because he also drove a lorry delivering food supplies to different parts of Rosslea and Newtownbutler. On numerous occasions my father would have accompanied him, to keep him company and see that maybe if anything happened he could do something to save him.

Then Norman died in 1997 of a heart attack. He also was in the RUC and would have been under a lot of pressure - he was moved out of Lisnaskea because of security threats.

It was a big shock when I lost my two brothers, and it was an even bigger shock when my husband was shot, because I thought things like this were over. Albert was the last person to be shot before the Good Friday Agreement.

I really, I suppose, am disappointed at the way things have turned out for people that were in the security forces, because a lot of good men and women lost their lives, and what for? Nothing. Because they're being treated like dirt now and walked over.

Gordon Lee from Ballinamallard served almost 28 years in the RUC

On 28th June 1981 I entered the depot in Enniskillen to join the Royal Ulster Constabulary. The first thing in my career of any significance was, having passed out on 30th September 1981; we went on to do further training in Garnerville. But there was a colleague of mine in my training in Enniskillen - William Coulter was his name - he didn't do the driving course, so he went to his police station in North Queen's Street in Belfast. Whilst we were still in our training, the tragic news came back to us in Garnerville that William Coulter had been blown up. He had literally spent weeks out on patrol - just weeks, it wasn't even months. While not knowing him personally I did, and still do, think of him regularly. He was a young man, only in his twenties. To add to that, we discovered his wife was pregnant, and went on to have a son that never even seen his father.

We were on patrol in Londonderry in January 1982 when a bomb scare came in. We were sent in to the Bishops Gate. It was a two landrover patrol, and the inspector was in the landrover in front. We were waiting for the inspector to tell us what to do because we were so young - still on probation, only six months out of the depot. In years to come you're told as soon as you get to the spot you get out and take cover, but it was just that innocence that night that we didn't get out. Just at that a blast bomb went off to my side of the landrover, in a window of a shop. It just rattled the landrover nearly over on its side. At that stage it was just pandemonium took over. It was mayhem, and it's still quite vivid - and that's over 32 years ago. Later, when the landrover was brought into the station, we went round to the side that took the blast, to see the damage. And the tyres were just into shreds. It was an armoured landrover, so it was meant to stop bullets etc, but it was a blast bomb and the damage it did to the side of an armoured vehicle was unbelievable to see. You look at that and think somebody's looking after you. Even to this day I thank God I didn't open that door.

In 1984 I was in the District Mobile Support Unit. We were patrolling the Belcoo area in May/June time, and the fishing competition was on in Enniskillen. Over the radio it came that there'd been a bomb explosion at the Lakeland Forum. We raced to the scene - it was an under-car booby-trap in a van that had been placed at the forum. The fishermen that were targeted were actually serving soldiers, but they were off duty from England and had come across to the fishing competition. As we arrived the scene had long since happened, and the scene was cordoned off. As the evening got

on, the part of the thing was to recover the bodies of these soldiers. Part of your job here was to be given plastic bags and gloves and go out and pick up bits of a person's body. It can't but affect you.

In 1998 I was stationed and living in Ballinamallard. I had two daughters of 9 and 12 years and a son of 7 years of age. An incident that I dealt with was an innocent individual that was thumbing a lift out of Enniskillen. He was a Roman Catholic fella and the carload he was lifted by was so-called Loyalist Protestant individuals. And they only lifted him for one reason. They stopped by the side of the road and they gave him a hiding. It was a serious sectarian assault - it was Grievous Bodily Harm. Whilst investigating I came up with a suspect and I arrested him. It went to court and he pleaded guilty and was found guilty. But as part of that I was found to be a target. I was going to work one morning after dealing with all this, when I came round to the front of the house I looked at the garage and I said 'what is that, something's been burned there', and I saw burning around the patio doors and I saw broken bottles on the ground. All of a sudden realisation hit that my house had been petrol bombed - my house with my wife and three children in it. That really did have serious consequences, that the job was coming home.

It was so ironic that I'm from a Protestant background, and serving Queen and Country, and went through those incidents I referred to, and here as a policeman you could be targeted from the other side of the fence. I was an RUC man doing my job, and they didn't target me - they targeted me and my family in our home, that you thought was sacred.



Gordon Lee in more relaxed times

Ivan Humphreys - a man proud of his UDR Service

I spent just over 20 years in the UDR – through all the worst parts of the 'Troubles'. I suppose my story's not any different to a lot of people at that time. In '72 things had got so bad that anyone with a sense of civic duty at all felt something had to be done.

I lived in Chanterhill in those days, and we'd gone up to visit the wife's family in Maguiresbridge on, I think it was, a Friday night. Coming home late there was a tremendous explosion that rocked even the houses in Maguiresbridge, so we got into the car and headed down the road. Just as you turn off the Irvinestown Road, up into Chanterhill, the fellas from my section were all standing there out on duty. The section corporal says 'poor Alfie Johnston and Jimmy Eames were blown to bits out the road. Go and get your uniform on', which I did. We spent the rest of the night on patrol at that junction. It was a terrible scene. They were literally blown to pieces. They were in the bushes. Alfie's upper torso – he had been wearing a flak jacket - was in one piece, his legs were 30 or 40 yards away. It was pretty gruesome.

That had a tremendous effect on everybody in the estate. We were a very close knit community – we had three sections within the estate – and it was a huge blow. I can't imagine what it would have been like for the family. We didn't, I'll be perfectly honest, get an awful lot of support from the authorities. Mrs Eames, Jimmy's wife, lived out in Cornagrade, and we got a house for her in Chanterhill, and we went out and flitted her ourselves to alleviate, as best we could, her pain.

That was only a few months after I joined. I found out afterwards that Alfie had been a bit short of men, and had come down and knocked my door to see would I go out on patrol with them, but we were in Maguiresbridge.

What really got to me was that politics didn't interest the men out on the road. Alright they were mostly Protestant, but we weren't political animals in any sense of the word. I could never get over how the people you'd stop on the road hated you because you wore the uniform, you would see it in their eyes. They wouldn't look you in the face - they'd do anything but answer your questions. And we weren't there to annoy them as such. We were there to stop the bad ones, as we thought, doing what they were doing.

'For God and Ulster' - the vow of those who reject violence

I worked then in Standard Telephones and Cables in Enniskillen with a large number of people who were predominantly of the nationalist persuasion. I remember so well the day that we heard on the radio that Jimmy Graham had been shot in Derrylin and they all cheered. And you're expected to work with people like that? It comes as no surprise to me now. The Bobby Sands thing really opened my eyes - I realised that it wasn't just a few people who thought that way, that it was basically the whole Nationalist population of the constituency of Fermanagh who voted for him to a man. What can you say to that? They obviously supported what was happening, and I've never really looked at the nationalist community the same since.

I knew an awful lot of people who were murdered here, and I find it very difficult to either forgive or forget that that happened. I just couldn't do it.

On the morning of the Enniskillen bomb I had fallen for road clearance duty when it went off. We knew instantly it was at the Cenotaph. I knew the wife and my two kids were at the Cenotaph - she was to meet her sister and brother in law with their two children. We immediately got on to St Angelo, and the message came over the radio that, no, we were to stay where we were and set up a checkpoint. I was worried sick - I was going out of my mind. We stopped cars for I suppose 20 minutes, and then they gave us permission to go into Enniskillen. Just before we left, Iris and the two kids came out - she knew where I was obviously. I knew then they were alright. That was a great weight off my mind, I can tell you.

My wife doesn't remember much, she remembers a yellow flash - she didn't hear any noise - and total confusion. The two kids weren't physically hurt - a few wee scratches and rubble in their hair and in their coat pockets, but Iris had to have two operations on her knee. Apart from the physical there's obviously some psychological hurt. Steven was only a wee fella then, and you couldn't take him to a fireworks display. There was a huge fireworks display when we were on holiday in Majorca and he nearly lost his life he screamed



Picture above shows Ivan (furthest away in line up) paying his respects at Cherrymount where his comrades Alfred Johnston and James Eames were murdered.

'For God and Ulster' - the vow of those who reject violence

and we had to take him away. We were in Edinburgh, a good while later, when the guns at the castle went off and Iris went into hysterics. It brought home to me just the effect that it had on her. Paula, the eldest, she suffers from OCD and her GP thinks it may have something to do with that time.

I didn't join the UDR - the whole family joined the UDR.



Picture above shows Ivan carrying the coffin of his comrade Alfred Johnston who was murdered in an incident involving a remote controlled bomb.

The McClure family - victims of ethnic cleansing, John McClure shares his experiences

When the UDR was formed I was, at that time, with the B men and I joined the UDR. I was actually living about 300 metres from the border on a farm and things started to get really bad at the end of '71, and they were getting worse by the day, by the week.

It was a very strange situation on the border. I don't think it would have been tolerated anywhere else in the world. I was living in a house on the top of a hill - fairly high up - and I could see the three miles of the border and the half of county Leitrim, and I was able to watch what was going on. There were gun battles on a daily basis between the IRA and the army, but the IRA was dug in on the Free State side. I can remember there was one policeman out with the army and I spoke to him on several occasions about these gun battles, and he said "we've been in touch with the guards, and they've come out and said they've checked the area and there's no terrorists in it", which showed plainly - me sitting in my own house could see where the IRA were firing from, and yet the guards couldn't see. Unbelievable, they needed their eyes tested.

And then one of the fellas that was on the UDR with me, and I run about with all my life - Johnny Fletcher - he was going to work one morning on 1 March 1972, and he had to open a gate on the lane to get out to work. And as he got out of the car the four men surrounded him and they took him back to the house, took his guns, took him down to the border and shot him on the edge of the river and disappeared, of course, into the safe haven.

Then I was in a bad position because I'd five young children at that time, from two or three up to 12. We went to different places to see could there be better security. I can remember speaking to one senior army officer, 'oh', he says, 'not to worry', 'we'll send in patrols as often as we can'. Now that was a very open ended statement - that could be a patrol every day, could be a patrol every week, or it could be a patrol every month. So that was some comfort.

We packed up and left - there was three families of us left - and we moved 10 miles inwards to a wee place called Churchill and we stayed there for a few years and then we moved again to where we are now in Springfield. Thankfully we survived, and here I am today after having my 80th birthday.

The last six months that I was living there it was a bit of a nightmare. We kept a good dog left loose outside. It was known at that time that if the IRA were going to shoot you, they'd usually get rid of the dog - poison him or something. So the first thing I'd do when I got up in the morning was call the dog, and if the dog was there I'd say everything's fairly well about the house - there was nobody about. But it was a nightmare.

We left the house in 1972 and in 1974 there was a man and his wife who come originally from Donegal or Kinlough area, and they were living in Belfast and wanted to move back. They asked me if I would rent them the house and I said I would, and they were in the house about two years and there was a bomb put against the wall of the house and they blew the wall in and killed the woman in the bed and the man survived. That was the greatest tragedy that happened me. Me and my wife and family we survived, but I took it very bad that I ever let them into the house and that that should have happened.



*Pictured above are John's family - his wife, Ivy and 5 children just before they had to leave their home in Garrison.
The children are from left: Linda (3 years), Sandra (8 years), Margaret (12 years), Heather (10 years) and Richard (4 years)*

Sean Gallogly from Enniskillen was raised Roman Catholic and served with the British Army

In 1987 my older brother joined the Irish army, and in 1988 I joined the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards - a tank regiment with the British Army.

When I actually went to the army, because of my Roman Catholic background, the first person I met was a Lance Corporal from East Belfast. The first thing he asked me was what foot I kicked with. I did take some abuse from him throughout my training. When I actually left training I actually went to my Regiment in Germany. To be honest there was other Roman Catholics in the Regiment from Enniskillen which left me that I was a bit more comfortable.

Our Regiment was a very family-orientated regiment, but when you were away on courses you were with different Regiments, and it wasn't sort of til you went to some of the Regiments that had lost some soldiers in Northern Ireland, and found out that you were - well with a name like Sean - they knew I was Roman Catholic. But our Regiment was very good to me, and 20 odd years later they're still very good to me.

It wasn't then till you actually had to come home that you got the friend abuse. The people I used to pal about with - you lost friends. I actually was threatened a few times in Enniskillen by different people who had paramilitary backgrounds.

Some of the abuse that you actually got - your family were asked why one brother was in the Irish army and the other brother was in the British Army, and how much of a traitor I was by joining the British Army. A lot of it was verbal abuse, I suppose a bit of physical abuse. Every day when you were home on leave you had to be very careful where you actually went to drink and what company you were keeping. You had to be very vigilant.

After I'd finished my basic training I went to my Regiment in Germany. I was there a few months when we were told that we were preparing to do Northern Ireland training. Me thinking that I was from Northern Ireland that I wouldn't have to go and serve in it, which was wrong - I had to go. I was based in Fort George in Londonderry for six months. Out on your patrols you were stopping known people with terrorist backgrounds and they would be asking you questions

and saying that they knew you, and knew where you were from. It put a lot of worry on you, with thinking about your family and whether your family were safe, whether they were ok. I think a lot of the time you were more worried about your family than yourself.

At the start my family were a wee bit, sort of, held back on why I was joining the British Army and why I wouldn't follow in the footsteps of my older brother. But I felt it was something that I wanted to do. The events of 1987 of the Enniskillen bombing really made a change in my life. Actually two members of my family were supposed to be there - one actually passed the bomb, and the other person was to be laying a wreath that day. The person that passed it, which was my father, he passed safely, and my auntie who was to be laying the wreath had taken ill that day. My heart goes out for the ones who lost family and who were injured. I think it was a changing point in my life probably, that I wanted to do something to help, I think more than anything else. And I thought that by maybe joining the army I could maybe help more.

During my whole time, and right up until 15 years ago, I suffered terribly with depression and alcoholism. Thankfully I met my lovely wife who actually helped me. There's times there you'd have a big bubbly face, but deep down you'd be very low. Throughout the army you'd have a very cheerful face, but the physical abuse and mental abuse has been very hard on me.

I served with our Regiment for four months guarding the Maze prison, and that was very hard - really hard. I suffered a lot of abuse. I don't think anyone can really get over the emotional side of it. My friends - fellas that I was at school with, run about with - suddenly they're ready to shoot you.

Wesley Armstrong, originally from Florencecourt now lives in Enniskillen

I joined the RUC on 6 October 1969. In '69 the Troubles had begun in earnest - they were at their height nearly.

I was involved in a lot of incidents in Lisnaskea in the early '70s, but the one particular incident I really remember very, very well.... was getting a bomb warning that there was a bomb down in the centre of the town. I was first at the scene and I walked over and saw this big suitcase sitting at the flower shop. It was near tea time and I decided to give it a kick thinking 'its a hoax', but something said to me 'no, don't do it'. I didn't do it. I stepped back and we got something like 20 minutes to clear the area, which we did there and then. My colleague came down and helped me from the station and roughly about half an hour, 'bang', the bomb went up. Blew the place to smithereens. The next day we were informed by the ATO that the suitcase contained 100lb of explosives. So maybe that's one of my lucky days.

At that time there was no such thing as a doctor or counselling, you just hadn't got it then. You probably went to the pub with your mates afterwards - to take alcohol - that was all the counselling you got. You didn't go home and tell the wife anything, because she heard it all on the TV news. You kept it from them if possible.

At that time we had two small children - '81 and '83 they were born - and it was a very, very worrying time for Ruth and the two kids. You had to watch where you went to, you had to check your car - then the kids asking 'daddy why are you looking there?', and saying 'just could be a cat, maybe, or a dog'.

I lost one of my best mates Norman Prue, Norman was in the squad of mine through the depot. In six months you get to really know your squad mates. Norman was in Special Branch and in 1979, up at the chapel here, he was shot. Very sad.

I think there's now six of us left out of 24. Four, five or maybe six died through natural causes, but the rest were just killed in bombs or shootings.

The RUC was a great bunch of lads and girls. There was terrific comradeship - everyone looked after one another. I never had any regrets about joining the RUC, in fact I was probably sad in leaving it. My wife probably worried a lot more than I did, I probably wasn't the worrying type. The wives probably would have suffered more than the serving officers. On

duty you just carried on - there's some times I mightn't have been home for 2 or 3 days, maybe lying in a landrover or some old hall.

I look now at the situation and I feel very, very disappointed, really, really let down by the government. Norman Prue, shot at the chapel, and him and some of my fellow officers spent months and years putting people - terrorist, after terrorist, after terrorist - behind bars, who blew people to bits with guns and semtex. And what do they get? They're let out of jail because of a 'Peace Agreement'.

It really sickens me.

The humorous side

When I joined the RUC I had long, shoulder length hair (it was the era of the Beatles). In my first week I was sent to the hairdressers to get my hair cut to a respectable length for a Police Officer. I had to go back three times in total, each time I came back it still wasn't quite right until the third time when I was given the seal of approval. Pop star looks were sacrificed - duty first.



Wesley in Uniform.

Gordon McGowan, from Tamlaght, Enniskillen witnessed many incidents

I joined the UDR in '73 and I was the first to do full-time patrols in Fermanagh. We were doing a patrol by Rosslea - we left Lisnaskea every morning between 6 and 9 o'clock, met the helicopter in Rosslea and they left us out on patrol.

We did that for six weeks. We were going up the road one morning about 9 o'clock - we were behind two landrovers, and they blew the second one up.

There were two or three civilians standing at the bus stop. Miss Sylvia Crowe was killed, and three or four UDR soldiers were hurt - young Grant Weir was badly injured. I lifted a shirt off the road and held it up, and the blood ran out of it as if you'd dipped it in a bucket of water.

When Miss Crowe was killed two fellas left the UDR, but sure what was the point - if you're going to be killed you could be killed crossing the road. That's the way I looked at it. It didn't help my nerves after it, but I just put up with it.

There were more incidents I remember. One morning at Lisnaskea the school bus was in front of me, and the next thing the whole back of the bus came out over the car. I put on the handbrake and ran to the bus, and young Gillian Latimer was badly hurt and I took her out through the back of the bus.

The comradeship in the UDR was fierce good, and you met some good people. 99 per cent of the people you met and worked with would have been very good - you hear stories but I never met anybody with a bad name in the UDR, or who did anything wrong.

I knew myself there was stuff like the 'on the runs' that gave the terrorists some way out. When Gerry Adams got out of Long Kesh, when he was up for murder, we knew that was the way of it. But if we want peace we have to go some way down the road. It's not for me, it's for my children. But do you think there'll ever be peace for any of us?

Noel Dunlop BEM, from Cooneen, Fivemiletown, joined the UDR in January 1972

On the morning of 3rd July 1972 the IRA landed at the house. They took my mother by surprise. At gun-point they threatened to shoot her and ordered her to hand over all weapons that were in the house. But my mother is a very hard and strong willed woman; she said "there's no weapons in the house". They didn't take her word for it and wrecked upstairs looking for them, while one man kept a gun pointed at her head. She still didn't give in. My younger brothers and sisters were upstairs in bed at the time as it was the summer holidays. The IRA took my younger brother and kicked him down the stairs. They said to my mother "if you don't tell us where these weapons are, we are going to shoot your son". My mother still didn't give in to them.

At the same time as all this was going on in my house a car-load of the IRA had went to raid Cooneen Post Office situated about 400 yards away. The post mistress had a panic alarm system which she had set off. Her son was sick and heard the alarm and when he looked out the window he saw three armed men. He opened fire on them and they got away down the lane. They had to go past my house and get to the border and they fired three shots to warn the men that were raiding my home. At that point the men ran down the stairs and out of my house. The only item they found was a helmet and one of the men hopped it at my mother's foot and said "UDR bastards". They headed for the border.

We knew they would come back, but we didn't know when. So my brother and I always had to be on full alert.

On 16th November 1973 the IRA arrived back and were equipped to wipe us out. They landed around 7.30pm in the evening and it was dark outside. I was outside about half an hour before and I heard a rattle in the hedge. It could've been anything so I said nothing.

A while later I was sitting in the living room when a vehicle came down the road. The road ran directly at the back of my house. You can jump out the window and you would land on the road it is that close. The car stopped and my younger brother looked out the window and said "it's the IRA". I jumped up and went to the kitchen window to check. I could see two men with guns standing beside the car; they were taking a creamery can out of the boot. I knew straight away that

it was a bomb. I told my family to lie down on the floor and to stay there. I ran upstairs in the dark to get my weapon which I had to build up. I had to do this in the dark so that I wouldn't alert the IRA outside. The car had stalled and there were men trying to start the car. The bomb was outside the living room window and two men were trying to light the fuse.

I opened fire on the men - they all panicked. I believe that I hit one of the men, they ran down the road and I continued to fire at them as I was able to open the window wider. They returned fire with one of the bullets hitting the living room window and it ricocheted and landed beside my mother. It was lucky that no one was hurt.

There were nine of us in the house at the time and I knew that we needed to get out in case the bomb went off. I got everyone up and went out first to cover them. I took up position outside and shouted for everyone to get out. They ran down the lane away from the house towards Cooneen cross.

When the Police landed nobody was allowed to go back to the house, it was cordoned off. The next day a follow up search revealed three hand grenades found at the front of the house. At the back of the house a 200lb bomb, the abandoned car, a rifle and two magazines were also found. The army closed the road that ran down the back of our house.

In the following months after the incident my family came back to the house in the daytime but then left again at night. But eventually we all came home again permanently. We couldn't let them put us out of our home. But security had to very high at all times.

Chapter 2

Service given by the family

William Dunlop's family were targeted twice by the IRA at their home in Cooneen

I had two brothers in the UDR, but I was a civilian myself. On Monday 3rd July 1972, at approximately 9 o'clock, three gunmen burst into the house. My mother was preparing the fire - raking it out, and as she was doing this a man run in behind her with a gun, put it to her head and said, 'I'm going to shoot you if you don't tell me where the guns are' and held her up against the wall.

The other boy run up the stairs - I was sleeping in bed, as were my two younger sisters and brother. He charged into my room, he had a Thompson machine gun - he stuck it into the bed and pulled the clothes off me. He says 'up up up, or I'll shoot you'. So when I wakened up I didn't know what was happening. All I could see was this gunman with a Thompson machine gun sticking into me.

So he pulled me out of bed and threw me down the stairs to where the other man was holding my mother. He put me in the chair and put a gun to my head, and said 'I'm going to shoot you if you don't tell me where the guns are'. I said 'I don't know anything about guns'.

The third man, he was up searching and wrecking and tearing. The other boy said, 'I'm going up to shoot these children in bed', and my mother said, 'you'll do no such thing'. The machine gun was actually underneath the bed I was sleeping on. The other rifle was above the wardrobe. But all the parts were taken out of them and hid.

Anyway, the three boys hopped in a car and away, so I run upstairs and got a flare, went outside and put the flare up and waited for help to come.

I was 12 years old at the time it happened, and it had a big impact on us. The fear was put into you - you didn't know what was going to happen. Every time you heard a noise you were expecting the worst. If there was a knock at the door you were expecting the worst. You were on your guard all the time. You never really slept properly, because you were always just listening and listening and listening, and waiting for something to happen again.

On Friday 16th November 1973 it was about 7 o'clock roughly. My mother heard something at the back of the house, so I ran down to the wee pantry and pulled back the curtains. I could see a man and a creamery can, and I could see a car and I could see another man. The man beside the creamery can was striking a match and he was trying to light a fuse, and the other man was standing at the other side of the car holding a rifle, so I knew there was trouble.

I run into my brother Noel and said, 'the IRAs at the back'. He built up the gun in the dark and he opened fire on the car through the window. In the landing the noise was unbelievable and the flame of the gun going out burnt the whole curtains.

We didn't know how many, we only thought there was two. But my father was going down the lane and he seen three cars coming - he stopped and he waited. One car went away up past and stopped, one car went to the back of the house and stopped, and one car stopped down at the old chapel. He knew something wasn't right, and all of a sudden he saw these men jumping the wall at the back of the house. They left the sidelights on the car when they delivered the bomb and he could see figures, and he counted about 12 men jumping the wall. He shouted 'get them boys, get them boys' like a command from an officer. They must've thought there was a patrol that was about, so they jumped the wall again. As they jumped the wall they had grenades, and they dropped them with fear. In between times Noel had shot into the car, so they just got confused.

We come down and my mother and two sisters, and my uncle and aunt and two children were in the house so we had to get them out. Noel went out through the door, and he could've been running into anything. This was November, black, black dark. The only light we had was in the living room.

At that time you had to put up two flares if you were in distress, so Noel took a flare and I took a flare. There was a gate half way down the lane and I went through the bottom of the gate and got stuck in it, and the gate started to rattle. I was just waiting to be shot.

I run down through a field, black dark, through a hedge into the road. Noel put up his flare and the whole sky and everything all lit up. I put up my flare and my flare went about 50ft in the air and came back down again, there must've

been a fault in it. When it came down again it started to shoot away up the road. I lay on my belly on the side of the road in a big thorn hedge and this thing was flying up and down the road all in a big flame. I could hear all this shooting going on and I thought they were shooting at me, because I was all lit up like daylight. I was just waiting to be shot. But then I realised it was my brothers trying to put a fella back from going up the lane near the bomb.

I have to thank the Lord for protecting us and saving us, because he had his hand upon us that night. Everything that happened that night, we couldn't have planned it. My father was in the right place, I was in the right place, my brother was in the right place - everything was in the right place - and nobody was killed.

Andrew Kells recalls a childhood dominated by the threat of terrorist violence

I was brought up in the 'Troubles' - I was five when they started. I remember we used to go down to places like Rossnowlagh, Bundoran and go to Cavan to visit people, and then it all stopped. It was years later that I realised why it stopped - because Dad was in the security forces, he joined the UDR. We didn't talk about things - incidents happened and you just got on with your life. But there was a never-ending threat of attacks, you always knew there was another one coming you just never knew who it was going to be.

We were sent off to boarding school in Coleraine. It was like a cocoon - you were sort of shielded from the 'Troubles'. The only time you heard anything was when you were watching the news, and you used to sit and pray 'don't let it be Daddy'.

I remember one of the times they tried to shoot Dad down in the High School. Anyway he survived the attack and the next time they tried to murder Dad in the shop and one of the family said 'that's the second time they tried to shoot you Roy' and some of the family didn't even know about it. You just got on with things.

I remember one night we were coming through Caledon. We were just about to turn the car when they fired a rocket. The rocket just came over the car and into a wee bar. Dad thought they were firing at us - they were firing at the police station - and Dad just put the boot down as far down the road as he could. You went home and it was never talked about - you just got up the next day and went to school or whatever was happening the next day.

My sister was in the Enniskillen bomb and that was virtually not talked about either.

Everybody certainly that had security force connections, there was a threat from you woke up in the morning till you closed your eyes at night. There's a threat of a bomb under a car, somebody shooting through the door, police coming to the door to tell you the news. It just never left you.

Dad had a couple of attacks against him, and a couple of failed attacks - including one where a Catholic man came in and told him what was going to happen. You were always wondering 'what if?' Up at boarding school there were two lads who had their fathers murdered, and they went on in later life to take their own lives. You always wondered, if they'd had a normal childhood would that have happened?



Andrew Kells pictured at a War Memorial for County Cavan's First World War Dead.

Joyce Greaves says life changed forever when BT personnel became so called 'legitimate targets' for terrorists

I was married in 1964 to Sandy Greaves - Ernest Alexander to give him his full title. In 1971 we had our first girl, Julie, and in 1974 we had our second, Jayne.

In 1975 there was the threat made to BT personnel - those that went into police stations and army barracks - that they were legitimate targets. Sandy ended up covering up as far as Clady, Co Londonderry, and all around Fermanagh, around the borders and army checkpoints.

He had a little yellow van when he started off, but that was then changed to a car. And if anyone came about the house and enquired why there were two cars sitting outside, we'd say 'oh that's one of our friend's, they're away on holidays and the car's just parked there'.

From 1975 our life changed dramatically. From having a very active social life - the girls hadn't altered that, we had a great team of babysitters - the 'Troubles' did change things. We no longer entertained, and the only thing we had was our fortnight's holidays. That continued on until 1992. They were very stressful years.

The 'Troubles' did alter our lives completely. I've thought about whether it made me bitter, but I can't say that it has. That's life.

I had two sisters married to two policemen, one was a Chief Inspector and the other was an Inspector. Now I know what it was like for those two families, but I know that my sisters thought that I had an idyllic life being married to an engineer - they didn't realise how our lives had altered. I don't think they ever realised that mine had been dramatically changed as well, and I'd say it was the same for others doing the same job.

We never knew who our enemies were. Therefore you had to be always very careful when you were talking and you had to be very discreet. You were always looking around and watching - you were always wary in company. That's why we no longer mixed to the same degree. We withdrew within ourselves, even within the family, because you were afraid of them letting anything slip. Looking over your shoulder all the time and, I suppose to a degree, suspicious of people.

You have to just put it behind you and get on with it and try not to be bitter. At least when my husband died my children were reared and he wasn't murdered.

But I do think if the 'Troubles' hadn't been we would have had a completely different life, because we certainly had until 1975. We had 11 years that were absolutely wonderful - there was nothing we could have wished for.



Sandy Greaves who worked for BT and subsequently found himself being a legitimate target and under threat in not only his job but everyday life.

Phyllis Clarke and her family lost their home in a bomb, just as her husband came to the end of his military career

I was married to a serviceman, he served in Fermanagh, Clogher and, in the latter stages, Omagh. Ernie worked 8-5 or 9-5 for the last years, which meant he was a very easy target, which was always in the back of my mind.

On 7th May 1992 - a horrendous night for us - we lost our home. A massive bomb was left with no warning. I think it changed us all, it was the most awful night. I never heard the bang - everything just went. The youngest of the girls was trapped upstairs in the bedroom, so Ernie went up and kicked the door in and got her out. It gave me a bit of thought that there's a God above, because the wee fella was only two and that evening when I went to pick him up from the childminder he wouldn't come home with me. She said, "he's ok, I'm on my own tonight, leave him here". Well his cot was flat on the ground in our bedroom.

That left us homeless - that left us with nothing but what we stood up in. Two days afterwards the Colonel from Omagh came out and he went in and went upstairs to our bedroom and saw that cot, and a tear ran down his cheek.

At that stage Ernie had been told that he was being discharged on medical grounds. We had no home but we had to pay a mortgage and we had to pay rent on the house we were in. We had four children, the biggest family that was left homeless, and it took more out of us than anyone will ever know. We were 14 months out of our home. We only wanted back what we'd lost, but the Northern Ireland Office was a nightmare. People thought we did well out of it - but the truth of it is we gained nothing other than what we lost.

People would have come along and said, 'what odds about your house, sure as long as you're alright'. But we had been married since 1975 and we had worked hard for everything we had, and psychologically my children were affected - nobody can tell me otherwise.

Because of all the stress and the emotional upset we took everything going - every illness you can imagine. People were very good to us - the community was absolutely fabulous. Every side of the community came and offered help,

be it monetary or possessions. I remember Mrs Gallen - she's gone now - called me into the shop and said "anything you need, take it with you and I won't be mentioning money". Then there were other people who stole from our home. Someone came down a few days afterwards looking for a bit of spouting off our house for his. Those were the nasty bits people didn't see.

We didn't know whether to go back to our home or not, because we did not want to pressurise the children into going back to the house, so we had a counsellor out to speak to them.

For Ernie, in what he did, there were so many things that he saw and experienced but he kept to himself - nobody knows the heartache.

He lost his uncle as well. The year we were married - November 1975 - I was sitting looking at the TV, the last news came on and said there'd been an incident and there was two dead. Ernie says to me, 'that's Sam, that's my uncle Sam Clarke'. I said 'it is not', and he said 'I'm telling you it's him'. He went up the stairs at a quarter to 12 at night and shaved and washed his hair and all the rest and came down. The next thing our bell went and it was confirmed, it was his uncle who had been murdered.

The past can't be brushed under the carpet - these things happened, and we can't pretend that they didn't.

Ruth Armstrong, from Enniskillen, witnessed the impact of the 'Troubles' on her whole family

Bringing up two children and being married to a policeman was never easy. I was supposed to check underneath the car every time I got into it - I had my own car and Wesley never drove it because he was always worried someone would see him and maybe think it was his car and target it. I did check it every time I got in, but I hadn't the first notion what I was looking for. I just looked and saw that things looked as they had before.

We lived in the country a few years after we got married but I never liked the dark. I came home from work one day and I could see the front window just flapping about and I discovered the house had been broken into and several of the items that we'd saved up to buy had been taken. That made me really worried about living in the country, because Wesley had only two ways to come home to our house from work, so someone could very easily be waiting for him and target him. Many a night I sat in the hall because I couldn't sleep. I knew he was coming home and I just worried and waited for something to happen, but thankfully it never did. Eventually it all got too much and we moved into town, but - as the children had arrived by that stage - there was now the worry that something would happen to them.

I could never let the children answer the phone in case they would inadvertently say what shift their father was on and so set him up. I could never let them play outside without knowing where they were all the time. The first holiday I ever took the children on was to a caravan at the nearest beach to us, but Wesley couldn't come because it was in the South.

We got a post-box put beside the gate. Children, being children, wanted to collect the post but I never allowed them. I always used my left hand to open it because I thought if there was a device inside it I could afford to lose my left hand but not my right hand.

Because Wesley was in the DMSU (District Mobile Support Unit) he was hardly ever at home. There was an organisation called Gingerbread and I often thought I should join it because I was almost a single parent family.

The worst incident I remember was one day the postman came and gave me a letter addressed to me. I thought nothing of it. I opened the letter and there was just a little white card inside it, and it said - all handwritten in capital letters - 'we're very sorry we missed your husband last night, but don't worry we'll get him again', and it was signed 'a friend'. Wesley just looked at me and knew something was wrong because the blood had just drained out of my face. He took the letter and at that stage the phone rang. I couldn't even talk. It was a very good friend of ours who happens to be a Catholic and I just couldn't tell her what happened.

We couldn't tell the authorities either - we were supposed to I'm sure, but we didn't because it would have meant a moonlight flit for us, and we could have ended up anywhere. We decided we weren't going to go down that road and instead just put it to the back of our minds.

My father was an ambulance driver. I remember one occasion he said he had been called out to the scene of an explosion and he had to climb a tree to collect a man's private parts and put them in a plastic bag. That really affected him.

After the Enniskillen bomb he was one of the first ambulance drivers on the scene and he was trying to go through the rubble to find people. The first person, a policeman, he came across had a beard and he was so sure it was Wesley; but it wasn't. Then he discovered that his colleague, Kit Johnston, had been killed and Kit's wife had been killed and another couple that he knew, Mr and Mrs Mullan, had also been killed. He was 64 at that time and just shortly after that he had his first heart attack. I'm quite sure it was brought on by stress.

Chapter 3

'Legitimate targets for terrorists' - cherished loved ones to us

Florence Creighton, born at Drumady and now living in Lisnaskea, recalls the murders of three family members

In 1969 I graduated from Garnerville with a teaching diploma but I didn't have a job so I went to America for two months. The 'Troubles' started that year and it was really very frightening for me - front page news, the New York Times, was all about civil unrest in Northern Ireland. My grandmother, my aunt and my mother lived near the border which caused me a lot of worry. I thought 'what am I going home to?'

Sadly in 1972 my brother-in-law, Harry Creighton, who was part-time in the UDR, was murdered on 7th August. I was on my own that night and because two soldiers had been murdered in Lisnaskea the week before there was a lot of tension in the area. I was quite scared. I remember going to bed, in fact I didn't get into bed, I stayed in my trouser suit and brought the dog down to the bedroom with me.

At 12 o'clock this car stopped and people got out. I was really, really scared. I went to the front door and my brother-in-law burst in and said 'Harry's been shot'. The police made me come with them to Derrylin, because he was getting married a month later and I had to knock the door of Ethel Finlay's house and tell her that Harry her fiancé had been murdered. I had to stay and console her until Doctor Anderson came out and gave her some sedation. The police then dropped me to my in-laws' house. There was blood on the telephone - he was murdered coming around the corner of his house.

The sad thing was that his father was very protective of him, and if he was coming in at 3 o'clock in the morning or 4 his father would have got up an hour beforehand to go around the house with an old shotgun to check no-one was there. However, on that particular night they were watching the Mike Yarwood show - things like that always bring memories back to you - and it was 10.30pm in August. It was still daylight, so his father hadn't gone out. Then they heard the shots.

My uncle, Jimmy Gibbins - he was a Sergeant Instructor in the UDR - was called in to identify him. He said that in all his experience in the World War - he'd actually been injured at Dunkirk - he'd never seen anybody as badly injured as Harry.

It was very unfortunate as his friends wanted him to go on holiday with them to France, but he didn't go because he was getting married. The next day these boys came home, and it was very traumatic to see so many grown men crying. Everybody was crying at the funeral what I observed, 20 years later, was that people weren't crying as much - they were just thinking 'who would be next?' It's really sad to think we just sort of accepted it.

My cousin Winston Howe was murdered too - blown up in Rosslea and very little of his body was found to put into the coffin. My uncle George was very gracious about it, and said to me 'the only consolation I have is that Winston's murder wasn't premeditated', whereas Harry's was. Winston was just in the wrong place at the wrong time.

I was sitting having a cup of coffee in the Royal Hotel in Enniskillen when the news came in that John McVitty had been killed - John was married to my cousin Hazel. He bought what was previously my father Jack Howe's farm - he'd been warned not to buy it because it was so close to the border. He was actually mowing rushes for a neighbour across the way when two terrorists came out of the hedge and shot him in front of his 12 year old son.

I realise now how many of my friends were murdered too - it's heartbreaking.



Harry Creighton



Winston Howe



John McVitty

Margaret Gault's brother Derek, a serving member of the RUC, was murdered in Tyrone

My brother was Derek, he was murdered on 2 June 1977. He was in a three policeman car patrol coming down to the Ardboe crossroads and they were just fired on. The three of them were just killed outright. I was over in England at the time and I remember listening to the 6 o'clock news about three policemen in Ardboe - and you were hearing that sort of thing all the time. I remember I was sitting out - it was the loveliest 2 June - and I says to my neighbour, 'that's near Cookstown'. I put my wee fella to bed and I was tidying up, down on my hands and knees with a scrubbing brush, when the door knocked. It was my brother from London, he said 'right get packed', and I said 'no, it's not Derek', he said 'yes'.

There's not much I can remember about it. It just never goes away. The 2 June anniversary is just as depressing as ever. I have photographs, but I don't need photographs to remember him. He was 24, just married a couple of years. Even talking about it is so hard.

My dad took it very badly - he took a stroke a year after that, and died two years after Derek. He was attached to us all, but he was so proud of Derek for getting into the RUC. At the passing out parade he was just so, so proud. He took a massive stroke and the doctor said it was just pure stress. So I blame the boys that shot Derek for dad's death too. Derek had his whole life ahead of him.

My parents wouldn't talk about it for nearly a year after it. Every time we mentioned Derek's name it was 'no, no'. It took a lot out of them. Mum wouldn't talk about it much, up until about 10 years ago when she said 'it's Derek's birthday today, I wonder what he would have been doing?', but it took a lot of years for her to be able to say his name. It was eating her up inside.

I had 5 other brothers, I was the only girl. My brother David was serving with the RUC in Coleraine - we were terrified every time we heard something had happened. One day he was down in Belfast at the holding centre, and someone happened to say 'that's the boy there that shot Derek Davison' - well, they had to hold him down. I can understand how he feels, and still feels to this day, but whatever happens won't bring back our Derek. Nothing's going to change that.

I had to come home from England. I think my life would have been very different - I had a wee job and all over there, I was out and about, and I had to come home and start all over again. In truth it didn't work out all that well for me - it changed my whole way of living.



Derek Davison who was murdered by the IRA in 1977.

Charles Neville's father - his namesake - was murdered on his way home from work in Armagh

My father was murdered on 10th November 1981 on his way back from his job as a school caretaker. My father had been a member of the Ulster Special Constabulary and then he moved, once it was disbanded, to become a member of the UDR. But, at the time of his murder, he had been retired from the UDR for several years and was working as a caretaker at the college in Armagh City. One evening on his way home from work, he was about to pull out on to a main thoroughfare, his vehicle was subject to a gun and hand grenade attack and, tragically, he lost his life at the scene.

Forbye that, my uncle as well who was a full-time member of the RUC Reserve - his name was William Turbitt - he was also shot in the course of his duties in Bessbrook, County Armagh, about five years previous to that, and unfortunately he lost his life as well. My family has been greatly impacted by the 'Troubles'.

I was 21 years of age at the time of my dad's murder, and I was attending university - studying for mid-term examinations. I had other relatives and friends involved in the security forces and there was always a fear that maybe one of them would be attacked. I never really thought of my father because of course he was retired - an ex member of the security forces.

As a family unit we all rallied together around our mother. There was always a strain on the family as a consequence of the murder, because we never thought he really deserved that. We always took the viewpoint that bygones should be bygones, but because they started cherry-picking and investigating some cases with disproportionate levels of resources we've become a little bit more embittered and a little bit more hardened unfortunately.

It was very sad that my mother was left with a large family - there were two younger than me, the youngest being 16. My mother had to obviously continue in a role as a mother, and to bring her family up and make sure we all succeeded, got educated and into places of work. She also had to maintain the farm - 30 odd acres.

George Beacom, Maguiresbridge, former member of the USC and UDR and whose brother, Albert was murdered

Levels of terrorism were most severe over the period; early 1970s through to the early 1980s. The number of people killed by bombs and shootings Northern Ireland was on the brink of going into a civil war. There's no other way of putting it.

17 November 1981, my brother Albert was murdered on his farm and, prior to that in the same week, two other members of C Company were shot - one at Donagh when he was visiting his wife and a baby son who had just been born. He lived for a couple of days but it was horrendous.

With regards to my own brother Albert, on 17 November he had taken his two sons to Brookeborough to the Boy Scouts, which he did every week. He was milking his cows and of course in November everywhere was black, dark. It was about 7ish or quarter past, twenty past, around that time, my home phone rang - I had just finished my evening meal. My daughter Alison was there and my son Keith - Alison was 16 and Keith was 12 at that stage. The telephone rang and of course Alison was always quick off the mark so she went to the phone first. The message she got was from her cousin, Albert's eldest daughter who was 17 at that time, to 'tell Uncle George that daddy's been shot'. So Alison came flying back into the sitting room, and I immediately went to the phone and I said to Anne 'what happened?' She says 'daddy's been shot'. I told her that I would come immediately.

When I arrived he was just lying on the street. I got out of the car; I went over to see what the situation was. Because I'd done a bit of first aid probably way back in the 1950s I felt for a pulse, and he had a pulse at that stage. Although he wasn't talking - in the dying throes I suppose.

As I was doing that the police car came in, and I said to them 'he's still alive, I can find a pulse', and he went straight to the police car, took out a foil thing and put it over him to keep the heat in his body. I lifted his left arm, and part of his left forearm was blown off.

They weren't going to take him away because they said he was dead but I said, 'well now I felt a pulse' so they put him into the ambulance and I got in along with him. We got out onto the side road and we met the doctor - Dr Anderson from Lisnaskea - and he got into the ambulance and he got in and felt around and felt holes in his chest, and he pronounced that he was dead.

At the funeral service the rector, Brian Courtney, said that under no circumstances did the family want anybody to get themselves into trouble by doing the wrong thing. He brought that out loud and clear in his sermon. I am delighted to this day, because back then things were just terrible. We got through it, but we've not forgotten it and we never will.

I am not going to give up looking for justice, not particularly for my own self or for my family but for all the people - irrespective of whether they were republicans, loyalists or whatever. This province has got to be cleared and dusted down of all of those people who have actually got away with murder - there's no other word for it. We're not looking for reprisals or anything like that at all - we want proper justice for the people that have been victims, murdered, killed. Until that is all sorted, there will be no peace in this province.

Jonathan Hallawell's father, a Community Policeman was murdered in October 1983.

My dad was John Hallawell, he was a police officer in the RUC and served in Londonderry. Dad was a community relations police officer, trying to bring the two sides together. He was organising a cross-community disco, the blue lamp disco in those days. He was in plain clothes and on that morning he went to a youth worker's house to organise this disco. Unfortunately he was seen going into the area - it was a predominantly nationalist area - and Dad would never have carried a personal protection weapon, he trusted the people he was going to see. On the way leaving the house he was ambushed in his car. I think five IRA terrorists shot him. He had no chance.

We were at home at the time when Dad was shot. We were actually waiting for him, as on that day he was coming home to take us to another disco he'd organised in the local primary school. A police car arrived first and then the Minister. I was 10 at the time and I knew then something was bad or something had happened. It was tough, it was very tough.

We made the decision in Summer 1984 that we were going to go back to Ballinamallard - that was Dad's home town. It was the best thing that could have happened. We were back among Dad's family and a good circle of friends and neighbours. It's a good village. I'm thankful for that.

I was 10, my sister Carolyn might have been 12 and my brother David was 13 or 14. It was basically Mum left with the three of us, but I can safely say I never saw her down. She never gave that impression - she was very positive - and I suppose that helped us. I think she might have made a conscious decision herself that she was going to be strong for all of us. She's wonderful.

We always respected people. We know who did it, but we're not going to blame everybody for what a few people have done.

This is the first time I've ever talked openly about Dad, about what happened and the impact it has had on us. We were brought up not to be bitter. You do get angry, but you know who your friends are - we've got a lot of Protestant friends

and an awful lot of Catholic friends. We've never differentiated, we never will. They took Dad but they're never going to take us - they're not going to change us.

I have a daughter called Elizabeth, named after my partner's grandmother and my auntie, and my own son is called John Patrick, JP - named after Dad and his other grandad. You just realise how special that relationship is.

Joy Graham's brother, Ronnie Funston, was murdered on 13th March 1984

At times it seems a lifetime away, and other times it just seems like last year. My brother was outside, as usual, feeding the animals before he went to work. He'd have been out on his tractor in the lane, he was giving silage to his cattle, when a gunman came in from across the border in Pettigo and shot him on his tractor. Ronnie was shot dead.

My mother was a very short distance away milking a cow and she heard the gunfire, and she ran to where Ronnie was and found him slumped across the tractor and saw the gunman running up the field.

I was at school in Enniskillen and I was brought home by the police to a scene of something you couldn't describe. Army and police were everywhere that morning. We just couldn't believe what had happened.

Ronnie was supposedly killed because he had been in the UDR. He was a part-time member for a short time, and he'd left a few years earlier. He was 28 years of age, single, lived at home on the farm with my mum and dad and myself. We always believed it was because he was a Protestant man living on the border, and he was one of the many living on the Fermanagh border who had to be taken out so he wouldn't prosper and do well.

Obviously at the time it ruined my mother. It destroyed her completely. She couldn't stay on the farm, we had to leave because she was distraught. Every day she got up she was distraught - she could still see the gunmen. I suppose a lot of people saw that as giving in to what the IRA and their supporters wanted, but we couldn't go on as a family living there.

I was 17 when my brother Ronnie was killed and I was left alone in the aftermath with my parents. I had to grow up very quickly. I was at school at the time, hoping to go away to university but I couldn't do that. I had to be a supporter and a driver for my parents. Until we moved away from the farm our life couldn't start again.

Some other members of my family were in the security forces and they couldn't really come home very much after this happened. So I had to try and help my mother cope with the family farm at the time. We had to try and continue things as best we could until the farm was sold. It was very upsetting because, Ronnie being the farmer, my mother had to take over that and everything she did reminded her of him and the loss.

My brother's death had a traumatic effect on my mum and dad. My mother developed cancer shortly after he was killed and subsequently died, and my dad died shortly after. We always felt that if Ronnie hadn't been killed my parents would have had a long and healthy life.

Olive Moffitt says that her family never recovered from the murder of her brother

My brother Ronnie Funston was shot on the family farm on 13th March, it was a Tuesday morning. I was at work in Desmond's Factory in Irvinestown when the police came and took me out of it to tell me. That's 30 years ago past.

The shock of his death, I'd say, was the beginning of my mother's death, because she developed cancer after that. Ronnie worked on the family farm at home and, after his death, my mother and father tried to keep the farm going for a while but they eventually they had to sell up and move because they weren't fit to work it.

Mummy never really got over it - none of us did.

At that particular time I had three young sons who were very fond of him and they missed him terribly. They would go down to the farm in the evenings and at the weekend to help him, and they missed that terribly when he was killed.

If he'd have been killed on the roads or took sick and died, I think it would have been a different thing. But being shot down at 29 years of age is something, as a family, we never got over. Manys a time after it happened I met a tractor and thought it was him.

If he was still alive we'd still be visiting the farm, but the farm had to be sold.

The HET set up a big enquiry which was a waste of time and money because we knew no-one would ever be got for it. I'm sure it was the local people who set it up and who knew his movements. I would say somebody across the border in Pettigo knew what was happening and set all up. There were a couple of nights before it happened that the dog went mad and the cattle in the shed went mad, and Mummy often thought afterwards was there somebody about that night. They didn't go crazy for nothing.

It's good that you're not listening to the news every morning now and hearing that somebody's been murdered. People can live in peace and go to their work. Back in those days every day you put the news on you were anxious that you might hear of somebody belonging to you or a neighbour that had been killed.

They don't think of the people who have had a loss - there's no talk about them now at all, they're forgotten. You're just expected to get on with your life.

David Kerrigan, originally from Castlederg reveals the cost of service

When I turned 18 I joined the UDR. I was part-time for a couple of years, but there wasn't much work about so I went on full time/part time - 30 duties a month. At that time when you went out on patrol there could have been two or three members of the one family patrolling. In March 1984 I had a brother-in-law, Thomas Loughlin, murdered via an under car booby trap bomb outside Castlederg. My sister was waving goodbye out the window with their child when it happened. He died instantly.

On the 14 July 1984 myself and my brother and my other sister, Heather, were in the same patrol, being flown out to outside Castlederg. We were about three or four hundred yards from the border, checking cars. We were out on the ground about 15 minutes when the fella on the left hand side had stopped a car. My sister was directly behind me. I went back and was sitting talking to her, and just as I got up to walk away the bomb went off. I was thrown into the crater. I crawled out and we returned fire into the direction we thought the terrorists were. I heard my other brother shouting 'she's still alive'.

I collapsed then with a collapsed lung and back injuries. About five minutes after that the helicopter landed and we were both carried in. I was lying on the floor and Heather was being cradled. I could see her clothes were torn off and her foot was hanging off. I could see her lips moving and nothing more. The blood was running out of Heather onto the helicopter floor, under my body. I was lying in her blood.

We were flown to Omagh Hospital. I was taken into intensive care, and they told me just shortly after that Heather was dead. Heather was only 20 years old when she was killed. At that time I didn't know anybody else was injured until the next day. Then I heard that Norman McKinley was blown into the next field - he was killed instantly.

I was taken the next day to Musgrave military hospital, where I was a week in hospital. I didn't get to see Heather, go to the wake or nothing. I didn't get to grieve.

After a week I came out and there was very little talk about Heather - it was too emotional for everybody. When I came up to the house my father was standing crying. Day by day it got a wee bit better. We kind of accepted it.

My sister, Elma, after Thomas was killed, moved back home again. It was a very difficult time, and she needed a lot of support from Heather. Then when the 14 July happened it brought it all back. I don't know how she coped. She'd been through it before and had to go through it all again.

It was a difficult time that year for the family. Thomas, Norman McKinley and Heather were all in the one wedding photograph, and all died in the same year. My father just couldn't accept it, and he died a few years after of a broken heart. My mother gave up the will to live - she was only 49 then, a young woman, and she just couldn't get over it.

We thought we might get some justice, but with the 'on the runs' bombshell dropped on us, my mother is devastated. I'm diagnosed with chronic post-traumatic stress. I just can't accept it. I can't get over it - I'll never get over it. I have flashbacks, nightmares - I can see the whole thing as if it happened yesterday. I'm living day to day just, and sometimes I can't get out of bed. I get that depressed I just have to go to my bed and sleep it off. I think my children have missed out.



David Kerrigan (on left) in Uniform and out on patrol with a fellow comrade from the UDR.

Irene Kerrigan, UDR Greenfinch soldier originally from Irvinestown

In 1982 I joined the UDR, and in June 1984 I got engaged to David Kerrigan. On the 14 July David was blown up and his sister Heather and another colleague, Norman McKinley, were killed. With me being a Greenfinch, everyone just assumed I'd pack the UDR in, but for some reason I didn't.

The day of the bomb I heard details on the news, but never gave it a thought. I knew David was out on patrol but it never crossed my mind. My sister arrived at our house saying that the hospital had rang her, because we didn't have a phone, and that David had been in the bomb and was looking for me. Off we went to Omagh hospital and there were all these people outside we knew and that David had been on patrol with. I remember walking down the corridor and the nurse stopped me in the door and said 'his sister's been killed in the bomb' - she may as well have given me a kick in the stomach - and she said 'he doesn't know'.

The first thing he said to me was 'I can move my feet', which meant that I'd know he wasn't paralysed. And then he started to cry. He said about Heather being injured, and I just said 'Heather's dead'. And he said about Norman, but he doesn't remember me telling him that Norman was dead. I stayed with him for a long time.

It's hard to believe, but I'd never met David's mother before this. To meet David's mother I was going to her daughter's wake. I can remember still going. I can remember the way she looked at me. I went to see Heather in the coffin and you'd still wonder why she'd died. She had a plaster up around one of her eyes, but she looked perfect. She was in her Number 2 uniform.

It was a taboo subject. It was something I think they really should have discussed, but they didn't discuss. It was hard. I think, you know, the fact that us as a family didn't face up to reality, discuss it and get it out in the open. This had a long-term impact, even on his brothers and sister.

There was no real help at that time for bereaved families, or psychological help. You just go on and get on with it. After about six months they told David 'there's nothing wrong with you, get back to your work'. He just couldn't cope with it. He went back to the UDR for a couple of months but there were too many painful memories, so he left and joined the police instead in October '85.

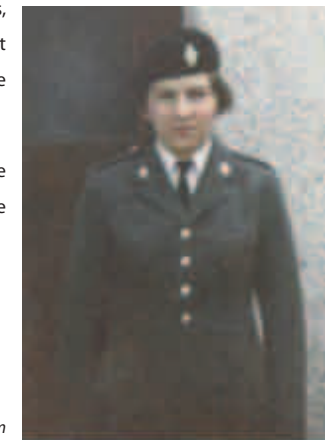
I stayed on in the UDR and, with both of us in the security forces, we were always very vigilant, particularly given the dangers of living near the border outside Castlederg. Many a night you would get a phone call telling you to check your car in the morning or change your route to work. The children were always told never to tell anyone what their parents worked at, and we were advised never to dry uniforms outside and to close curtains before turning on lights in the house.

Life was hard. You could have been working with a colleague today and they may have been murdered the next. And family life suffered due to shift work, with one coming home just as the other left.

In 1998 David's health really changed for the worse and he now suffers from PTSD. I, as his wife, and our three sons have not had an easy life, living with the mood swings, bad tempered outbursts, long periods of silence, and spending a lot of time in bed. There are constant complaints of a pain in his head, tiredness and just no interest in living. People forget what the families go through.

Looking back I wonder what life would have been like had we not been in the security forces and our lives ruined by terrorists. I would not have lived my life in the shadow of a dead woman.

Irene pictured in her UDR uniform



Alan Irwin, Rector of Colaghty Parish - originally from Sixmilecross lost his father and uncle to IRA terrorism

My story really begins when I was in my early teens, at the Omagh Secondary School - now Omagh High School - when I can remember vividly my father coming in to take us home and knowing at that time that there was something seriously wrong, yet he didn't tell us anything, he just took us home. When he got us home he told us that our uncle Fred had been shot on his way to his work on the Oaks Road in Dungannon, with Dungannon Council. The terrorists had opened up and basically pumped about 30 rounds into him, which left it that the family weren't able to see the body afterwards.

Seven years later we were to be in the same experience ourselves. On the 26th March 1986 my father was murdered whilst he was at his work at Mountfield sewerage works. It was at a time in the afternoon, around two or half two, when he was half way down a service manhole.

My uncle was said to have been shot because he was a part-time member of the UDR. He was a corporal in the regiment in Dungannon. That's more or less why he was shot. Up until that point he'd always taken his Roman Catholic neighbour to work every day, except for that day he wasn't going to work. My father was also a part-time member of the UDR. He was a Private with F Company in Omagh when he was shot. He worked alongside two Roman Catholic colleagues, who seemed to think it was more important to drive seven miles to Omagh to raise the alarm, as opposed to going to a neighbouring house.

We as a family weren't informed of his murder until at least 6 o'clock that day. The entire countryside around us seemed to know that he had been shot - gunned down at Mountfield. The police were supposed to have come and informed us but hadn't. They had been running around looking for our rector at the time and couldn't get him. Eventually when they did come we had already been informed by Ivan Anderson, a part-time captain with the UDR. Ivan Anderson was murdered just over a year later on 21st May 1987, the principal of Sixmilecross Primary School.

My father's murder threat on his life was known the evening before and they didn't do anything about it. They didn't do anything to ensure that he wouldn't go to work. My father wasn't afraid; he wasn't going to allow the terrorists to control his life. If he had any fear it was for us as a family, how we would be provided for afterwards.

It had a great deal of impact on my mother, given that my uncle had been murdered previously and in the intervening years she lost a son - my twin brother - who took his own life. It had a vast impact on how you live life, and how life evolves around that. There was no counselling and no support, except for what my mother received from the UDR welfare association which, I have to say, were exceptionally good in what they did and how they responded to her.

Nobody really knows until they have walked in your shoes just the impact that it does have. How it destroys more than the one life that has been taken - it destroys countless other lives. Sometimes you find that your life's put on hold in many ways, because you're trying to fulfil roles that you weren't intended to have to fill. You lose trust, You never have trust with a capital 't' again with anyone, regardless of who they are. The only trust with a capital 't' is with God and a few others who really know what you're going through. It was very much faith that brought me through what I have endured. It's when you go through trials in life that you realise the strength of faith and the measure of the faith that God has given to you. It doesn't make it any easier- 20 years from the day that my father was murdered I still really struggled to say his name.

It's hurtful that individual atrocities are just forgotten - wiped out - where they're still very real for the family and others. Life in general is probably in a time warp, where you find yourself engulfed in a time zone it's hard to get out of, because you haven't been able to process and you haven't been able to file it away because you've been denied justice - you're denied so many things. Nobody's prepared to accept that what they did was wrong.

I can't speak for mum, but I think she is still quite angry. I don't think it controls her life yet I know she has been robbed of so much. Being able to grow old together, celebrate specific anniversaries - she would find it difficult to go to other people's anniversaries, and even sometimes weddings, because her partner is no longer with her.

Myself, I suppose in many ways there is a certain element of anger, a certain element of just being let down by the system, but I suppose because of my faith and because of what I am doing now, in many ways I handed it over to God and will let God deal with it. I don't have to forgive the terrorists for anything. The only thing you can forgive is the pain and hurt that they've caused you, but if that person doesn't want forgiveness is there any point?

'For God and Ulster' - the vow of those who reject violence

The forgiveness for murder? Well that's between them and my father, them and my uncle, and all those lives they've destroyed.

I think we get on with life. We park the hurt and the pain and we mask it. By God's Grace we are where we are. We may be denied justice in this life but justice will come, and the murderers - amongst others - will find their place in the fire that burns for eternity.

I certainly would want to see justice in this life. Anything built on lies is liable to fall. I'm angry that people are not expected to stand up and give account of what they have done in this life and the harm that they've caused to all of the families that they have destroyed. Though they may think that they were justified in their actions, they'll discover that that justification has no merit when they stand before their maker.

The legacy is one that we shouldn't forget about and the experiences that we share in our lives hopefully are a reminder that terrorism is wrong and terrorism can never be justified. There is no justification for murder, in any shape or form. For anyone, any government, to say 'we denounce terrorism' yet let them off - that's hypocrisy.



Above left, Frederick Irwin and right Thomas Irwin, brothers who both served as part time soldiers on the UDR and whom were murdered by IRA Terrorists in separate incidents.

'For God and Ulster' - the vow of those who reject violence



Above is St Michael's Church of Ireland in Sixmilecross where both Frederick & Thomas Irwin are laid to rest along with Captain Ivan Anderson.

Roy Crawford, funeral director in Enniskillen whose Dad was murdered

Our whole family unit had become broken harshly and abruptly on a Friday evening at approximately 10 o'clock on 9 January 1987.

My late father was Ivan Crawford. He was a motor mechanic with British Telecom. He also had a small garage at home where he would have helped both sections of the community, irrespective of who they were. He was a part-time police officer at that time with the RUC - he would have done a couple of duties mainly at the weekends. It was fun - it was something that I respected, and that I looked upon that he was doing something for the community. We knew that we were in troubled times - we grew up with it at that time....you knew that there was unrest and you knew that there was people being killed, and you felt for them but it's only really when it comes to your own door that you really appreciate and understand, at the coal face, how it is and how hard it is to look at the fact that your father - in my case - was never going to be there.

It was a litter bin bomb. It happened at that time it was Hanna's Toyshop was in the hollow of Enniskillen. It killed my father - it was a fatal blow to the side which basically tore the side of his organs and everything out. He certainly had shed his blood innocently for the cause of, I suppose, duty and trying to help people in the community in a town he passionately adored and respected.

He was a church warden and rector's warden - he had Christian values and that's what stabilised us as a family. We had good Christian values. It didn't make us go out to seek retaliation or maim or hurt or destroy any other family. That certainly wasn't the objective of our thoughts as a family.

My father was there, laid out in the coffin. It was very graphic, it was very open. My mother was distraught, I had two brothers who were numbed as well. The first thing I noticed was my father's hair was parted the wrong way - it was only afterwards that I found out it was because of the horrific injuries.

I've been happily married to a wonderful wife, Carole and have been blessed with a son, Mark who's doing very well

at school. He's at the age now where, thankfully, I'm still there to be a father for him and doing what I can to support him. I think he's extra special - he's my only child - and certainly I will do what I can. It's not a case of showering him with gifts every day, it's not that. It's just the sheer presence of being there for him, helping him through teenage years, and giving him all the opportunities of getting a good education. Something that I was deprived of and also so many other things. I'm there to give Mark that extra sense of love and security and presence. I've lost that presence - which I never had. On reflection of being married, it was also the fact that my father wasn't there and never got to meet my wife, Carole.

It's my journey, my personal journey. If the question's asked, how do I feel as a victim or a survivor, I think I'm both. I'm a victim of the 'Troubles' and I suppose I'm surviving and I'm re-living the trauma. It has to be said, there's never a day it doesn't enter my thoughts. It is what it is and you can't take that away. It's the reality of Northern Ireland, of the 'Troubles'. I suppose we have a choice - we either let it eat us up like cancer and kill us or we can say, it wasn't my father's fault. He was out doing a good job. It wasn't for the money - it was something that he wanted to do. He wanted to serve the community with pride.

I live my life the best way I can, holding in my heart dearly that these terrorists have to face their maker - as we all have to. I'm very passionate about what happens to Northern Ireland and I'm very concerned about what will happen the next generation. I've always described the peace process as it's a step forward, but sometimes it's too far a step for the victims to accept.



Ivan Crawford, Roy's father who was murdered by the IRA in Enniskillen.

(Anonymous) grew up on the Fermanagh/Donegal Border

From an early age I realised that I was a member of a minority community. I did get abuse in the local village for being a Protestant. Largely people left you alone, largely people were friendly, but there were some who didn't accept you for what you were. Even on the school bus there were a small number of young people who threw abuse and spat at me. It's bullying in another way. You step above that because the reality is bullying goes on everywhere. It's not right but it happens. It's when you take bullying to another degree - you take bullying to using a weapon or a firearm - it changes things.

My oldest brother had joined the UDR a few years before my second oldest brother. I don't think at the time they realised what they were getting involved in, threat wise. Obviously they felt they were doing the right thing by their Country.

In 1978 I also left the area to join the Royal Marines and sort of got detached from the 'Troubles'...When I came home on leave, that was when reality used to kick in, when I realised how vulnerable my family were on the border. At night time, coming back to the house, wary of everything around you as such - really you parked the car up and ran from the car to the house. You were aware that you were totally exposed. Targeting-wise, when you travel back down your laneway to your house, that's when obviously you have to set a pattern - you have to go down that laneway. My brother, who lived at home with my parents, he was obviously totally exposed, because he was on the UDR part-time. He had to travel down a narrow minor road which went virtually alongside the border for two miles, then in a laneway to the farm, so he was really a sitting target.

In 1984 I was called into the company commander's office - the captain's office - in the Royal Marines, in Scotland and told that my brother had been murdered. I think at the time you don't really realise, as such, that when one of your brothers, or sisters, or your parents are murdered it is a life-changing experience. The fact is at that stage things aren't the way they were, because such a traumatic incident has happened in your family.

I came home to my brother's funeral. At that stage I was quite a young man and I was very, very bitter. I don't think I

was bitter enough to take the law into my own hands, but certainly I was very, very bitter. And I can understand how young people on both sides of the community have got into criminality and terrorism, because it leaves you very, very isolated and exposed, and the wrong people can touch you at that stage - you could go by the wayside. I've no doubt that is what happened - they've been used by people for 30 years and have went badly wrong, who never probably would have ever got involved in anything except for terrorism coming to their own door.

Time is a certain amount of a healer. Probably more so than anyone else, the person I felt sorry for was my mother. My brother had left the UDR seven years and probably understood obviously there was still an element of threat, but probably thought he was out of it as such - they'd leave him alone. He was trying to better himself; he had his own farm at home, he was trying to rent another farm and move on with his life. He lived at home with his parents - my parents - and a younger sister. The rest of the family had moved away so, to all intents and purposes, he'd inherited the border farm, so he probably did believe to a certain extent that he'd be left alone to live his life.

They shot him on his tractor, tending to the cattle at a shed slightly away from the house. My mother heard the shots. She ran out to him, he was lying slumped over the tractor, and she saw the two guys running up the field cheering. And you can imagine how that affected her - probably to a certain extent affected all of us. She contracted cancer a few years later, came out of it, but got it again and died. I've no doubt stress did affect her badly.

We'd a young sister still at school, I was in the Marines - couldn't help on the farm, my other brother [also UDR] couldn't go down there otherwise he'd have compounded the situation because they would have murdered him as well. So really the farm had to go. The cattle had to go cheap, the farm had to go cheap, all the machinery was sold cheap. My parents then built a house up near my brother's.

There was a Roman Catholic chap used to help on the farm, who to this day the family believe was involved in setting up my brother... He used to take drink and used to visit the farm and burst into tears - couldn't talk about it. And we, still to this day, have no doubt he - whether deliberately or through loose talk, through drink - set my brother up, because where we lived somebody had to go down and know his pattern of work, his pattern of life.

There were dark times. You were wary of all your neighbours. Even your Protestant neighbours, who maybe you didn't particularly like or have any contact with, but you felt you could trust them. It was false trust because you thought you can't trust your Catholic neighbours. It was wrong, when you look at it now, it was wrong, because most of your Catholic neighbours probably were absolutely fine. But that's what terrorism wants - that's what they're trying to engender within society is that mistrust that each side of the community will withdraw into their own communities and rely on their own paramilitaries as support.

I left the Royal Marines in 1985 and joined the RUC. I've seen a lot of things over the years in relation to terrorism, a lot of dead bodies, a lot of incidents. It's still there, I'm still dealing with it. I've come out the other side and certainly people aren't being killed nowadays - or very few people are being killed nowadays - but it's still not a happy land.

Chapter 4

No Uniform, No Mercy

David Temple lost his younger brother, William in the Claudy bombing

I was born 1953. My name is David Temple. I lost my brother in the Claudy Bomb in 1972. I was brought up to treat everybody as your friend. I went to Roman Catholic Schools, I attended college and I liked the community back then everybody looked out for each other- didn't matter if you were Roman Catholic or Protestant. And everything moved on- both parties got on well together and then coming up to '69 the Troubles started. I was working during the start of The Troubles. Everything went well until '72. I remember that day- 31st July- my brother William was killed in the Claudy bombing. I remember that day as if it was yesterday. I remember my uncle calling us at work and telling us to come home. And we all came home and sat down in the house, my father and mother were there, we were all sitting on the sofa and my uncle Ernie says 'There's one of you missing' I said 'What's wrong?' and he says 'I want to tell you that you lost your brother, he's been killed in Claudy,' At that time, it was hard to take, we didn't know why this had come upon us because we liked both sides of the community, we were a well-respected family in Donemana. As time went on we had a lot of grieving, a big funeral at the house, a lot of people called with us. Our own friends called, Roman Catholic people called, clergy men called, politicians called, everybody called. But they couldn't bring William back. We appreciated everybody that came to the house.

The next thing then was my father couldn't take the strain of rearing a son till he was 16 years of age and at 16 years of age he was took away from him. He couldn't take it no more and he died after a short illness. I remember my mother getting the whole family together and saying 'David, you are the head of the household, you have to keep going. You have to look after the family- I will stay in the house and you work.' I was 22 years of age at the time and just started out working. I worked long hours day and night to get the family a good standard of living.

We always think of wee Billy, he is always in our thoughts and prayers. Claudy never seemed to go away even to this present day it is always on our minds. I look for justice for the people of Claudy. It has come out that a Roman Catholic priest was involved, Father Chesney. Many a time Catholics have come and shook my hand and said 'David we are ashamed to be Roman Catholics when we know a priest was involved in the bomb that killed your brother.'

I know at this present minute that there are a lot of people out there who know everything about Claudy. Then as you move on, the people I look on give me answers are the Irish & British Governments, the Roman Catholic Church and RUC / PSNI. I know myself that the answers lie between those governments, I know that they know who done it, everybody's hiding it. We will not as a family leave this unturned, I will fight it with every court in the land to get justice for my brother. The Roman Catholic Church always tried to cover their tracks on this one. As time moves on there have been other tragedies that they tried to cover up. There are even people in Belfast who know about (who is responsible for) Claudy. One of them was just eight miles down the road from it on the day the bomb went off. The politicians they always talk about it but they never seem to admit what they know. What I want from the people in government is to stand up and say what part they took in the Claudy bombing, where they were on that day and stuff like that. When Martin McGuinness visited Father Chesney on his death bed, he must have heard about what happened in Claudy. Claudy was one of the worst atrocities after Omagh. My good friend Michael Gallagher from Omagh gave me advice- he said 'David, keep fighting' and fighting I will do until I get justice. I owe it to my brother when I meet him in heaven that I can turn around and say to him 'I tried my best down there to get justice for you sir.'

To me justice means that at least when I go to heaven I will know that I tried my best for Billy, for all the people of Claudy, all the victims in The Troubles, I want to keep fighting for them.

I have chatted to Roman Catholic priests, to clergy men and they say as we grow older, we move closer to God and these certain people are now trying to get their sins redeemed before they go to heaven. And they may try but there is one man who will judge all of this and it's the eternal father- he will judge the man that was right, the man that was wrong and he will pass judgment on that day.

I have chatted to Roman Catholic priests and to clergy who have said that Martin McGuinness and others are coming to the Church now to get God to forgive them of their sins, that's true.

And Martin McGuinness said a year ago that he wants to meet the people of Claudy and tell them. Has he met them yet? No! Why did he not meet them? The people of Claudy are waiting. I remember sitting in Claudy and a woman was sitting with Rossary Beads, she said to me 'David, I'm ashamed to be a Roman Catholic.' 'Don't worry about it' I said 'Your loss is the same as my loss.'

I want the future of Northern Ireland to go back to where we started off- bring it back full circle. Having mixed education- start from the grass roots and from the cot right the way up- that's my vision of Northern Ireland. Before The Troubles, I went to dances and they were mixed - times were good.

But I know the troubles started because civil rights said that one side of the community were getting more than the other. That I believe, you cannot have a community with them and us.

I think everybody should read this book - it does not matter what their religion or creed is. I want people to learn from their mistakes we had and I hope to God that it will never, ever happen again on this island.



William pictured as a young boy full of life



The scene of devastation in the sleepy village of Claudy

Joy Bingham's life changed forever when her parents' shop was Fire bombed

I was in bed when the phone rang. It was a Tuesday night, the 7th April 1976. When I answered there was a lady on the other end of the line asking for my husband, Frank. I asked who it was and she identified herself as the woman who owned the shop a few doors down from my parents' shop. She sounded distressed - I knew something was wrong so I went to fetch my husband to the phone and threw on some clothes. I jumped into the car and drove down to the shop, two minutes away.

I'll never forget the sight I saw. The shop was engulfed with flames. The fire brigade were there - they had been on their way to another incident in Dromara when a fireman spotted the smoke and flames coming from the shop. The two areas had been hit in the one night, Ballynahinch as well. I think the idea was to cause as much mayhem as possible. I don't think the people that did it realised that my family lived above the shop.

I saw my father at the open upstairs window - he was still alive. The flames were engulfing the window and my father couldn't get out. That was the last time I ever saw him - my last vision of him still alive.

Our family doctor threw a coat over my eyes - he thought that I had seen enough. He owned the chemist's next door to the family shop. He said that I was the last person he wanted to see down there. I remember saying to him, "they will never get out of there alive", to which he replied, "just prepare yourself for the worst".

I was bundled into a police car along with the doctor and brought home, where he gave me an injection. My husband was anxiously waiting for me, and a police woman stayed to keep me company when he left to go down to the shop with the doctor. She made me a cup of tea and I got up to go to the cloakroom to make a phone call to my mother's sister, my aunt Helen and her husband George. They couldn't make out what I was saying - they thought I'd gone crazy.

My father's brother, Robert, went down to the scene with my cousin David. By the time they got there all hope had gone. It was smoke inhalation that killed them all in the end. The fire had blocked the stairs and there was no way of escaping. My mum was found in the kitchen near the window and my youngest sister Noeline by the telephone. They had all been trying to escape, to get help.

The only reason I can think of why my family were singled out was because my father had a factory in Belfast which made collarettes for Orangemen and bands' uniforms.

It was such a shock, not only for our family but for the whole area. No-one could quite believe it had happened - to lose one would have been tragic.

My children kept me going but it was very hard. I was 32 and felt like an orphan. Although I had my husband and was a mother myself, I still needed my own mother and father. My father and I were very, very close - we had a great relationship. I was left with no father to talk to, no mother to take out shopping on a Saturday afternoon, no little sister. They were gone, and what for? What did it achieve? Nothing, absolutely nothing.

The mainstay of the family was gone and the family unit gradually disintegrated. We all had to try and move on and rear our own children.

Dromore had never experienced anything like this before - no-one cared about religion and just went about their own business. I had, and still have, a lot of Catholic friends and couldn't ask for better people. The first person who came up to my door the morning after the fire was the Catholic Priest for Dromore. We lived in a very close-knit community. My children were never brought up to know the difference between a Catholic and a Protestant.

I received £750 in compensation for the death of my parents and sister. I wasn't looking for a huge lump sum - no matter how much I received it would never change the fact that they were dead. I felt like giving the money to an animal shelter - it meant nothing to me.

My husband has since passed away, and every night I read the Bible and talk to my mother and father. It gives me some sort of comfort, and I often talk about it to my children.

Two sisters from Portaferry and a man from Downpatrick were charged with their manslaughter in December 1980 and October 1981, just over four years after it happened. Jeanette Griffith was a 16-year-old schoolgirl when she walked into the drapery shop that day. It was Marion Clegg, her elder sister, who planted the device while Jeanette bought a pair of socks.

Marion was 27 - nearly the same age as Noeline - when she was charged. She had got married two weeks after the explosion and had two children when she was sent to Armagh Jail.

By July 1985 the women had been released from Armagh Jail. We were never consulted or asked how we felt about it. To me it was a calculated insult to the memories of the members of my family who were so brutally murdered in that firebomb attack. We were the ones who were left to suffer the consequences of this cowardly deed and it only served to add to the mental anguish and heartbreak suffered by each and every one of us on that day. I wrote to Margaret Thatcher and to the Secretary of State, Douglas Hurd, demanding an explanation and received letters back acknowledging that my correspondence had been received - that was all.

We, the remaining members of the Herron family, are never going to be released from the life sentence that had been placed on us the day we lost three much loved members of our family.

They say that time heals - it certainly takes a lot of it. Left behind are the scars, the loss that never goes away.

Cyril Liddle from Drumgole, Lisnaskea whose Dad was murdered

My father was Gordon Liddle, and he was blew up just down below the entrance to our bungalow. It was one of those fishline bombs. My mother was in the house, and they wouldn't let her down near it. He died on the way to hospital.

He was going to work - he was a part-time postman - and, because his other two brothers were in the police force, they say it was just wrong time, wrong place.

I was eight months old.

There's a hole in the bank along the road from our house that I used to crawl into when I was younger. I didn't know what it was from, but I used to play there. It turned out that was the crater from the explosion. To this day I can go and find that hole, and you could still fit a 40 gallon barrel into it.

I don't really mention it, but since the day of my wedding I've found it really hard. I just wished he was there. Da's older brother, Ivan, is a bit like him, and there's different occasions when I just wish I had my proper father. I had to do with a step-da. It was hard growing up. There were so many occasions when people made fun of me for not having a proper dad. They said my mother had to marry again because my father couldn't stick her. My mother never spoke about what had happened - I'd say it was my teens before I was told. When I started working people would say 'sorry to hear about your father' and all this, and I didn't know what they were talking about. I started asking questions and that was the first I knew about it all.

My mother still doesn't talk about it or about him, and I only have one picture of my da, from his driving licence. I have a friend who used to mind me as a child. She told me a bit about it, and a bit about him. Otherwise I don't know what I'd ever have been told. None of the family talks about it. I'd like to ask, but I'd be afraid of stirring up trouble or memories. In any case, the response I'd probably get would be 'what are you bringing all that up for now?'

At times I feel stressed about what happened to him. I've wondered if, having done my father, they'd come back to get me. But since I've joined SEFF I'm starting to understand that life's life. I was very close to my wife Gwen's father. Then

when he died it hit me really hard. It was like losing a father I'd only just found.

A pile of files about my father's case were burnt in a fire, so there's nothing I can do about it. Even if they found out who done it - what's the point? Am I going to knock on their door? The past is gone now, and it won't bring him back.

Laura Kirkpatrick's brother, Malvern Moffitt - a civilian - was murdered by the IRA while cutting hedges near Omagh

On 27th June 1983 my husband got a phone call from my mother to say that Malvern had been shot dead. We went down to Omagh, down to Malvern's house, and the whole commotion was on. All we knew was that he had been shot dead, we didn't know whether it was mistaken identity or why, but we knew it was the IRA.

I remember that the eldest boy, Daryl, got a school report - his first one in secondary school - a day or two after his father died. It was a really, really good report and his father would have been so proud.

I was off for a few weeks after it happened - I just wasn't fit to work - so I brought the children up to our house. It was the school holidays, and I remember taking the two girls out on the boat to Devenish Island with my sister's daughter. There are tombstones on the island and I remember the younger girl, Diane, wouldn't go near them. She just froze. And then around that time, maybe the second or third week after his death, we went into Veitch's Newsagents shop. I had her by the hand and, again, she just froze and started to shake. I looked down and there was a pile of newspapers with his photograph on the front page. My heart broke for her - for all of us.

The local community, church and wider family circle were extremely good to Malvern's family in the immediate aftermath of his death, and for many years afterwards, both financially and by offering practical support.

We had no support from the police and nobody came to explain anything to us. I was just thankful that I lived in Enniskillen and not Omagh, because going up the street tortured me, wondering 'was it him, did they know?' You were constantly pointing fingers in your own mind.

My father was in his late 60s - he wasn't a well man to start off with. He lived three years after that, but he had no quality of life. He became very bitter, even against God, and Roman Catholics, because he reckoned somebody had set Malvern up. I remember my mother and father saying, 'now tonight we won't talk about Malvern' but every night, without fail, they would. The effect it had on them was cruel.

Malvern's eldest boy, Daryl, used to come up to me many a time and he would sit for hours - all he wanted to talk about was his father. His father was his hero and they got on so well - my brother was a great father to those children.

It was a pretty tough year. Malvern was killed at the end of June, my mother-in-law took ill in September, my husband took ill in November - and nearly died a number of months later - and then my mother-in-law did die in the December. For the first months of the new year my husband's life was constantly in the balance - I was even starting to make funeral arrangements at a stage. By the time Malvern's inquest arrived I was too far down the line to cope with it.

My husband was very unwell for many years - when he died it was his fifth battle for life - and I realise now my life since Malvern was murdered has been one problem after another, each lifting your mind from the last. Now it's all coming home to roost.

Although we have some information about the people we believe did this, I do want more concrete answers - I want to know what, if anything, the HET can tell us.

Malvern's death unfortunately wasn't our family's first brush with republicanism. My grandfather, John Moffitt, was a widowed farmer with three children. In the early 1920's he was threatened repeatedly by the local community in Cavan - it was ethnic cleansing. He wasn't the only one, most of the Protestants in that area were being threatened and tortured, but he said he wouldn't give in. But then they tied him to a tree - he was there all night - and he gave in because he was afraid for his family. The Roman Catholic priest announced then that his flock were not to bother buying Protestant land because they would get it anyway - it would be taken over. A Catholic neighbour did come and buy his property but, as a result, they themselves were put out - the IRA set it on fire. My grandfather just packed up and moved to Omagh with his sister and children, and bought another farm.

My father's life was affected so deeply by the IRA - first when he was three or four years old and again three years before he died, there he was suffering again.

Gabrielle Olorunda's husband, Max, was killed in a bomb on a train from Ballymena to Belfast

My husband was killed on January 17th 1980, and on that day my life ended. Since that day I don't live, I survive day to day. I get up in the morning and think 'oh my God, another day - I can't get through another day'. The only respite I get is a sleeping tablet at night.

My husband was at work on the 17th January. He rang me at 4 o'clock and he said to me 'I'm taking the later train, I want to get this audit over and done with. I never want to be in Ballymena again'. I said 'that's silly, take the earlier train', but he said 'no, no'. It came about half past 7 that night and he still wasn't back. Helicopters were zooming past my house - I went outside and I watched all the choppers with spotlights, and it hit me. So I went into the house and I lifted the phone and I rang my parents. My mum's first words were 'Jesus, Mary and St Joseph, I knew something bad was going to happen on that train'.

My daddy and my brother in law decided that they would go to the police station and see exactly what was going on - where my husband would be - because I had rung every hospital in the country. I telephoned, nobody knew. And I thought 'why do they not know', because my husband was dark skinned, but I didn't know that the bodies were so badly charred they couldn't have known.

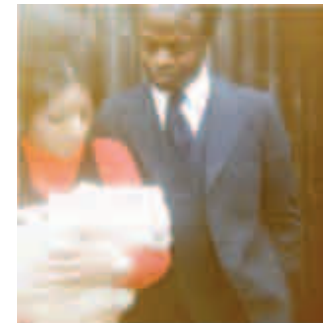
We had no body at all to bury. I sometimes think if I had've had a body maybe things would've been different. But there was nothing. I moved down to live in Strabane, simply because it's a small town and with my children being mixed race I didn't want people thinking 'who is she, or what is she', so I went down home. I lived down there for six years. It was a very, very republican place to live - I hated every second of it. In Strabane the IRA were glorified.

Martin McGuinness was having a talk in the town and they'd a podium up. So I took my three children - Jane as a baby in my arms. And I said 'listen', to the public, 'this is a guy who has robbed all these children of their father and left me a widow'. But they never said a word and the crowd never said a word. But it was all over the town a couple of days later, when Alison and Maxine went to school, 'your mummy's a very sick woman', so they came tearing home to me and I said 'I'm not sick, the town's sick'.

A friend of mine who was very charismatic and very into being such a good Christian said to me that I should send a card to the man who did it saying 'I forgive you in Christ'. I felt like a hypocrite, but I did it. About three years later we were over in West Belfast - there was a shop that I had to go to. We were sitting in the taxi booth waiting on the taxi driver arriving, and there was a guy down at the bottom playing on one of those silly machines. Alison, my eldest daughter, was with me, and I said 'that's the guy who killed your daddy'. She said 'how do you know?', and I said 'look at him - 70% burns'. He was so badly charred, he was so badly burnt I broke my heart looking at him. Alison didn't break her heart looking at him - she took an umbrella and beat him up. But what stood out for me was he just stood there - didn't matter what was said to him.....He said 'I can't apologise for what I've done', and I said 'but are you sorry?' and he said 'I am'.

But I was left as a mother and a father, full time work, and three children. And it was a living hell. I had to put the children through the 11-plus, then they had degrees, then they did a Masters, and there was nobody there. That's the part that really got to me - our lives would've been so, so different if Max had been there.

It's been a really, really awful life. I pray constantly for forgiveness, that I can forgive the people who have done what they've done.



Gabrielle with her husband, Max and Jayne - one of their three children

Annie Johnston's daughter was murdered at the family farm between Belleek and Kesh

Jillian was born on 17 April 1966 - she would have been 22 the month after she was killed. It was on the 18 March 1988 that she went to the café with her fiancé, and they came home about quarter past 10. I was on my own at the time - my husband had gone out to visit neighbours - and I heard awful automatic gunfire. I was terrified. I rang my sister in law who lived not far from us and she came up. Just as she came up I heard Jillian's fiancé calling out - lamenting. I ran out and the minute I saw her I knew Jillian was dead. I lifted up her head and it fell down again. I will never forget that night.

They had pulled up into the yard, in the car. The post mortem said there was 27 bullets in her body. It was awful. The gunfire seemed to go on and on and I can remember the sound to this day.

Her fiancé, the blood was running down his face and he was calling out 'help me, help me'. I ran back in and my sister in law rang around to the doctors and then people started to come. That was on the Friday night. She was buried the following Sunday. I could never get over it. Still you're tortured and there's times it's back as bad as ever. You see people laughing and wonder how they can laugh. But one day goes on after another and it doesn't get any easier.

We stayed on the farm till the September, but we couldn't stay with the border just a couple of miles away up the back road. In the August William Hassard and Frederick Love, who had been working up at our farm previously, were shot coming out of Belleek police station. That was it for us - we left, farm and all, and bought a house in Kesh. I've never been back home since.

There's never been anyone caught for the murder. They must have been lying in wait for them. Gerry Adams said afterwards it was wrong information - at least that's what was in the paper. Jillian was the second youngest of a family of six. She was engaged to be married, but instead we buried her in Muckcross Church Graveyard.

Apart from the sorrow, there was an awful fear. There was no reason, and we never, never thought anything like that would happen. It's still unbelievable. I couldn't think of going back up home. Even yet I would be really afraid of what could happen. We never thought of anything like that happening. In the midst of the 'Troubles', you'd think 'well they

must've been in something when they were shot', but when that happened we realised you didn't have to be at anything or in any organisation. The result of that was you wonder who you could trust. The fear is terrible.

Sometimes I'd like to know who done it - sometimes I think am I better without knowing? It's just hard to know. What good would it do? I really don't know what way it would affect me if somebody was got for it. I think maybe I'm better without knowing.

There's not many families that haven't been touched in some way. Her brothers and sisters were a long time until they got over it, and they still talk about it as if it was yesterday. So many families broken up, so many families suffering, and all for nothing really.



Jillian Johnston pictured with a beaming smile



Jillian's house between Belleek & Kesh where she was murdered.

Chapter 5

Over my dead body

Dianne Woods from Enniskillen whose Aunt and Uncle were assassinated

My mother was Georgina Bullock from Maguiresbridge. She had two brothers, one of whom was Thomas Bullock. When my great uncle died he left the farm at Aghalane, which is near Derrylin, to my uncle Tommy.

Tommy had been in the Home Guard, the B-men, and in the Customs at Aghalane and as soon as the UDR was formed in 1972, he joined. He was a Member of 'C' Company and he lived right on the border, just a stone's throw from Aghalane Bridge.

My uncle and aunt had got married about 10 years previous to that. Whenever he went on duty my aunt used to get very worried, because there is a long lane up to the house and she was always very worried that he would be ambushed driving up the lane coming off duty. They had no children - there were just the two of them in this big house and my aunt used to lie on the landing in a sleeping bag with a flare beside her, watching for uncle Tommy's car coming up the lane. She knew then that he was safe for another night.

She always used to say that if anyone tried to come and get Tommy it would be over her dead body, and that is literally what happened. On 21 September 1972, it was 6pm - a lovely bright, sunny evening. My uncle had a habit of watching the 6 o'clock news and he would have had his gun on the cushion where he was sitting. Several gunmen arrived, knocked at the back door and Auntie Emily went to answer. The police think that she may have known who it was, although we can never really be sure, and they blasted her and stepped over her body - sprayed bullets everywhere, and shot my uncle. I remember seeing him in the morgue with a bullet hole in his temple.

The gunmen escaped over Aghalane bridge, and made their getaway into County Cavan. They were blowing their horns and cheering after the murders and apparently they phoned up the local abattoir and said 'We've got two more bullocks for you'.

That night their bodies were to be transferred from the house to the morgue. Whenever the two hearses were on their way out to the where they lived - up on the left there is a Roman Catholic Hall and there was some sort of a dance or

Edna Simpson from Lisnakea also lost her aunt and uncle, the Bullocks, and experienced numerous incidents as a neighbour of the police station

I live over in Castlebalfour Park in Lisnakea. I've lived there for most of my life from I was married. Previous to that I lived across the water on the Derryvore side of Crom, where my father and my brothers worked on the estate all their life.

It was in 1972 when we were living in Crom after we married, that we got word that there had been a serious incident and my aunt and uncle - Tommy and Emily Bullock - had been murdered up at Killlynick. I had a baby boy who was very young - a babe in arms - at the time. When Lord Erne came to tell us the news he knew there was something wrong, the child. He didn't know what but he started roaring and clinging on to me. My husband went off with Lord Erne to tell my mum and dad who were also living on the estate at the time. And then they went around to Killlynick, but by that stage they wouldn't have got near the house, everything would've been sealed off.

My mum was the only sister at home - there were two sisters in England at the time, her and aunt Emily were very, very friendly. My mother used to visit her two or three times as week. They were married about 10 years and they were just jogging along like everybody else, having an ordinary life. It was hard, especially on my mum. My mum lived till she was 88 so she would have had a good few years with her, but it wasn't to be.

When we settled in Lisnakea I was living close by the police station. I started work in there when the kids were going to school. I used to come home for my lunch break and there was one day I'd come out through the gate, and over across the road to my own home. And I just had a habit of cleaning the fireplace out when I came in at lunchtime and going to the bin with a pan of ashes. And I was just going through the back door when there was a bang and the windows came in and the ashes went over me. The mortar that was aimed for the police station, it had hit the road just short of the police station. There was a young fella coming down in a car and he was the one got it - he lost an eye in that incident. But he was very lucky that he wasn't killed or I wasn't killed - I had just come across about ten minutes before that - so there was somebody looking after us that day.

cellidh going on - apparently some youths were hanging around at a chip van and they went up and told the people that these hearses were coming. So when the hearses were on their way back to the morgue with Uncle Tommy and Aunt Emily's bodies, they came down out of the hall and they blocked the road and wouldn't let the hearses through. The police had to move them.

As soon as the UDR took Greenfinches on, which was in 1973, I was in the first intake. I joined as soon as I could. Our family will never, ever forget what they did. It was ethnic cleansing - because they were on their own, they had no family and that house lay empty for 16 or 17 years until it came back into the family.

About four or five years ago I engaged with the HET. It took two to three years for a report to be produced, and it was a complete waste of time. We don't expect anybody ever to be brought to justice for it. The IRA / Sinn Fein might say that because my uncle wore a UDR uniform he was a legitimate target, but my Aunt wore no uniform. It's just barbaric. Even yet - and it's 42 years ago - I still get emotional about it. But it's all forgotten about now - except by the families. We'll never forget it.



Tommy pictured outside his home at Killlynick, Aghalane in his UDR uniform.



Tommy and Emily Bullock (extreme left) attending a friends' wedding.

Joan Bullock has lived on the border most of her life

We didn't know anything about any trouble at all until the 1970s. It started with the buses being hijacked, and then there was damage done to the Customs post, which was just at our back gate. But then things got much more sinister in 1972. There was three carloads of men came to the area and they visited three houses. The third place they came to was Tommy and Emily Bullock's. Tommy was sitting at the fireplace looking at the news, and his wife Emily heard something coming into the yard and she went to the door. The gunmen came in and - I think she had a brush in her hand whenever she was found - they just shot her, then they stepped over her and they shot Tommy. There was three different guns used to shoot Tommy.

That afternoon I had taken Emily, with my mother-in-law, down to Derrylin. My mother-in-law was going to visit Mrs McMullan - a lifetime friend. Emily was at the shop, on her bicycle getting her groceries, so she came along with us. She had a bunch of sweetpea in the basket of her bicycle and she brought it with her and gave it to Mrs McMullan. I left my husband's mother off and we came home to the shop again, and Emily got out and we were chatting about one thing and another when a car went past - just crawled past. And the people looked and looked and looked - watched all the time as the car was going past - and Emily said to me 'well they'll know me the next time they see me'. Just about two hours later they arrived and shot the two of them.

The day after they were buried I went up to see Stephen Bullock in the shop. I could see he was all annoyed about something, and he shouted at me to get back. Boys had put bombs in his shop - one in the shop and one in the store. They said to Stephen, 'this is what you get for talking to the media'. After the murder the BBC were talking to some people at the shop - they didn't speak to Stephen but they spoke to somebody else, and that person said that they'd seen the terrorists. So that was it, he lost the shop. So after that we never spoke to the media at all.

It took a long time for people to get over that. It's always something you never think is going to happen. You'd think perhaps the people who were on the Ulster Defence Regiment or forces were targets, but you didn't think they'd just shoot his wife who was unarmed.

I've been doing a lot of work with both communities for quite a while, and I work with everybody, and that's the way I really would like to continue. Things really are quite fragile all the time you know, but there is some progress being made. But then when something happens you can see how there's a thin line. Something could happen and it would spark things off again.

Chapter 6

Injuries which changed our lives

Alan Spence, a former RUC officer, was injured in the line of duty

My first station was Belleek - I went there in November 1981. On the day in question we were out early. The road the incident happened on, the Commons Road, Belleek, was out of bounds, but we were allowed to drive in and out. What we usually did was to drive so far out the road and we would pull in waiting for a civilian car and then we would tag along behind, sticking close to get out the road.

At that time the whole policy for the station was two car patrols, but it ended up that one of the cars had gone to Enniskillen to get the post. They were making their way back when Kesh rang us to say that Superintendent Glasgow was on his way out. So, knowing the policy, we decided we had better get out. We were going hell for leather to try and meet up with the other car. This time we didn't do our usual stunt. There's only one main culvert on the road to Belleek - once a week we'd have stopped to check everything was ok, but this day it was out of bounds so we weren't allowed to stop on it. We went around the bend, just where the culvert was, and there was just a flash and a bang. I knew straight away what had happened. I'm sitting, still driving, on the roof trying to steer the car. Eddie beside me didn't know what had happened - he thought I'd crashed the car. We ended up about 100 metres up the road, upside down and wrong way around. I managed to get the door open but Eddie didn't know where he was so I had to drag him out. It was an experience never to go through again.

I fractured my collarbone at the shoulder, cuts and bruises, broken rib and a bit of shock. The two of us walked away from it. When you look back on it, you always put it down to driving faster than we should have been. Basically when they set the bomb off they caught the back end of us and flipped us over.

The Commons Road runs parallel with the border with the Irish Republic - the border was only two fields away. In the days to come they traced it back and I think the firing point was only 10 feet inside the north, so they pressed a button and away they went.

The euphoria that evening - you'd escaped death. So we went just had a night of it in Kesh to celebrate, that's how close you've come to death and you hope it's the only time.



The remains of the car as it was after the explosion



A picture of the car in colour

Jeff Smith bares physical and psychological injuries caused by the terrorist campaign

I joined the RUC when I was 22. I joined the RUC Reserve first of all for a year in Dungannon, which I loved. I enjoyed it so much I didn't want to be packed off after a three year contract, so I went to the Depot.

I joined traffic branch about October '83, and I was then caught up in a landmine explosion near Kinawley in June '85. This left me paralysed from the waist down.

That morning I had slept in, and whenever I eventually got up in a hurry and went out, I discovered that we were on our way to do traffic duty out in the border area, near Kinawley - an area I had never been in. I was partnered that day with Bob Gilliland - a lovely man - and I knew it was going to be a good day. But I don't remember anything more.

We were caught in a landmine explosion about Killesher. On the sharp end it was. I don't remember anything more about it. I was unconscious for five weeks maybe, but whenever I sort of regained consciousness my question was 'did Bob survive' and I was told no, which was a terrible thing. He was a man with two sons - I was a single man, so I did think he should've been alive and not me. If I had known where I was going and been driving it probably would have been me. As time went on in the hospital though, I thought that Bob wouldn't have wanted to live like this. It was an awful thing to have to get used to. But it's my lot. It's what I was left with, and I just have to get on with it.

They never caught anyone for it. It was the way it was mostly in Fermanagh. There's a letter now to say the Queen has pardoned them for their actions. It's a terrible state of affairs we're in.

I was a single man at the time - just engaged six weeks. My fiancée stayed with me - never missed a day at the hospital visiting me, and we got married more or less at the time that we originally planned to.

Life went on for us. We made the best of what we had. Knowing when we got married that we couldn't have a family because of my injuries, we then learned that there was a possibility for us and started to investigate that. We went about that for years it seems; in fact it was years of failure after failure, disappointment after disappointment. So we

gave up, and went on ahead just with ourselves and had our holidays. Then we had an opportunity and Debbie said we'd give it one last try, and it worked for us. We had planned a cruise and the consultant told us to go ahead with it, and we did. Debbie said it was the most relaxing holiday she'd ever had.

We went for the scan when we got home, and the consultant told us that the baby had enjoyed the cruise too because it was lying back with its feet crossed and hands behind its head. And that's the way it's been ever since - he's a cool kid.

Once I start talking about him I can just start thinking about all the good things – the hugs and the kisses. Justin is six now, and he's just the light in our life after all the trouble we've had. He's just a lovely boy. I couldn't ask for anything better.

Ruth Patterson (née Emerson), originally from Moy, was shot by the UVF at the age of 10 years

It was 3 January 1992, we were going back to school a few days later and, as was traditional, we had to go and get our hair cut. We were going down to the Moy, and cut across the side of the square. We had to stop because there was a car outside McKearney's and it was blocking our way. Then we heard a couple of bangs and somebody came out of the butchers, turned round and knelt down at the side of the car and fired shots at our car.

I honestly think I passed out or something, because when I came around Mummy wasn't there. She didn't realise the car had been hit and had got out to see if everybody in the butchers was ok. I looked around and my brother and my cousin had ducked down in the car - they were still on the floor, and that scared me thinking something had happened to them, so I ran out of the car to find my mum. She put her arms around me and felt the blood. I'd been shot. It went in the side of my arm, out the back, into my side and out my back.

The Rev Boggs was there and his wife took us in and bandaged me, and the Minister drove me to the hospital. I was taken to theatre to drain my wounds - that was the Friday - and they let me go home on Sunday, but I had to go in every day to get the dressing changed until I got it stitched up. It missed vital organs by millimetres.

The mental and emotional pain is just beneath the surface. I got no psychological help at the time, and the older you get the more you realise that it left a mark beyond the physical. I get pain where I've been shot, but that brings flashbacks on. They just expected a 10 year old child to deal with something like that.

If I go away from Northern Ireland I feel easier, but here I think that somebody's still going to finish me off. I know in reality it's not going to happen, but my mind keeps playing games on me.

There was nobody charged for the shooting, but there were people charged for driving the car and holding the guns. It annoys me that I have to see it in the paper when something happens with the case. It seems I have almost been wiped from history.

There was an HET report produced and now there's a coroner's report, and I didn't know about any of that until I saw it in the paper. I rang looking to see the report and they won't let me see it because I'm living. No disrespect to those who have lost loved ones, but they weren't even there that day and they can see it and pass it to whoever they want, but I'm still re-living the effects to this day and I'm not allowed access to the report.

I was aware that Kevin had died in the shooting, and when I was in hospital I went up to see his uncle, John, who was paralysed in the shooting and died a short while later. Times I do wish nearly that I wasn't here, because I wouldn't be still living it.

I used to just joke it off and not speak about it, but increasingly it's close to the surface. I honestly don't think this is going to get any better for me. I needed the help when it happened - even my parents tried to keep everything as normal and not mention it, and that didn't help. No one ever asked me if I wanted to talk about it.

The gunmen robbed me of my childhood. And on top of that the NIO threw a bit of money at me and that's my name rubbed out - forgotten about. Taking nothing away from those who lost people, but just because I survived doesn't mean I'm ok.

I keep seeing the whole thing replay - it's like watching a film over and over. And then when there's something about it in the news or on the internet they'll use pictures of me, and there's always the one of our car sitting the way it was left after the shooting, and that just sends chills through my body. I just get down that I'm forgotten about - it feels like why did they not just kill me, at least then somebody might care about what they did to me.

Even now I get really anxious and panicky when a car is behind me for any length of time, especially if they indicate down the same roads as me. I even freak out when I see children playing with toy guns, because it isn't a game for me.

The bit that really destroys me is that when my children wake at night, terrified because of a bad dream, I don't feel that I can tell them I'll never let anything happen to them. I can't say those words, because if my mum couldn't protect me, how can I honestly say I can protect them?

Chapter 7

Those who cared and continue to care

after all we had uniforms on but we're only human beings, and we do feel it and feel it greatly too. You try not to get too emotionally involved, but we are emotionally involved whether we like it or not.

The physical injuries are one thing; the internal scars I don't think will ever be cured. You feel so helpless that you can't do anything for that person.

Breda Hickey nursed 'Troubles' victims in Tyrone County and Erne Hospitals

I found nursing a very rewarding and very worthwhile job, and I was in it just to look after people and do anything I could. And it always went against the grain with me, anyone that took life. Because I was there to preserve life - that was my job, regardless of who the person was, the colour of their skin, or anything else didn't matter. I always saw the person.

I couldn't understand people that would inflict injury on other people. When I realised as a nurse that went into the health service and we worked so hard, and to think that people injured people for whatever reason or whatever cause, and to me that was totally wrong. And I often wondered what prompted them to do it.

On one occasion I was coming into work on a dark winter's night in the month of November, and I wasn't very far from my own home, less than a quarter of mile I'd say, when four individuals jumped out in front of me on the road. I didn't see their faces. But indeed I felt their presence and I heard them. And they asked me where I was going, and I felt what felt like metal to the side of my face. I don't know where I got the strength from, I really don't, but I didn't speak for a few minutes and then I said 'well I'm going to help to preserve life or to save life, I wonder if you would know anything about that; And with that the people just went - I was left there. I got into my car and I drove to work, shaking I might add. Maybe I felt in some small way that those fine big men went away and realised what cowards they were really.

I was indirectly involved with relatives and patients and I saw the pain that was inflicted on them, and indeed I saw the pain that was inflicted too on the surgeons that worked on them when we went in for a cup of tea afterwards, and there were tears in their eyes.

In any circumstance it's not easy telling someone that they've lost their loved one. In a road traffic accident it's not easy, but in something like that that is totally avoidable - totally, totally avoidable - it's barbaric.

Many a time I came home from work, and I'd gone in there and I'd done my job to the best of my ability and I just walked along and passed no remarks, but many a time I came home and thought and thought, 'why does it happen?' Because

Canon Walter Quill, Rector of Castlederg Parish from December 1981 to April 2007

Between 1983 and 1991 14 Protestants from Castlederg were murdered by the provisional IRA.

I think many of the relatives of the victims would be prepared to accept maybe that the gunmen or the bombers came from outside, but always at the back of their mind they wonder who in their community gave the information on their loved one - where they would be at a certain time or whatever. It could be someone who posed as a friend.

I was back to Castlederg recently to dedicate a memorial plaque to Corporal Heather Kerrigan [murdered in a roadside bomb while on patrol]. I said about Heather Kerrigan that she was a hero, and I believe that not only of others who wore the Queen's uniform, but their families, because I know right well that if a member of the family was in the UDR or RUC they were also targeted.

I used to check under my car every day because I would have spoken out against the terrorists. In fact, one time I knew that four of my parishioners had been targeted. One very vigilant fellow, he was part-time RUC and he discovered a device under the cab of the lorry he drove. Before that there was a chap who was in the UDR and he was sent a St Valentine Day card, and he opened it and lost part of a finger. One of his colleagues heard about this and he received a St Valentine Day card but didn't open it, and I think it was semtex in it as well. And the fourth fellow, he was out driving at Victoria Bridge and the device fell from under his car.

Bishop Edward Daly then gave an interview to a newspaper, and he complained that thirty Roman Catholic homes had been searched by the security forces - no Protestant homes. I gave an interview as well and I said I didn't question his right to speak on behalf of his people, but it was my parishioners who had been targeted by the IRA and I said that 'I'm sure they would much prefer to have their homes searched than to be targeted by the IRA. And of course the paper when they printed it, they had above it 'Bishop puts his two big feet in it'; I remember the local clergy were invited to the army barracks in Omagh for lunch and I collected the then Roman Catholic priest Pat Grant and he let me know that what I'd said hadn't gone down too well with his people. He said, you know, these were all very good, church-



Canon Walter Quill

The terrorists have shown themselves to be ruthless, callous, cold-blooded murderers who, so far, have evaded justice. That fact must add to the suffering of their victims, and victims' families. Perhaps the day may come when the weight of their guilt will lead them to make a full confession of their crimes. How wonderful it would be if they were to turn to Christ in repentance and faith and strive to be peace-makers for the rest of their days.

My prayer for the victims of terrorism is that they'll be given all the support possible to help them to live with the pain of their suffering and loss. I've ministered to victims and to their loved ones, and witnessed their grief and heartache. Let's continue to keep them in our thoughts and prayers.

going people, and I reminded him that one of his people who was 'good, church-going' blew himself up trying to kill a parishioner of mine. So I don't think just because a person goes to church - any church - that they're going to be an angel and that they couldn't take someone else's life.

(Anonymous) Originally from Merseyside I was a Nurse in the Erne Hospital for many years

I came to work in the Erne Hospital and live in Enniskillen in October 1971. 'The Troubles' were very much in evidence in Northern Ireland so everyone at home thought I was mad to come over here to work and of course my mum was very worried about me going. Despite all their concerns I came and I am still very happy to be here.

In September 1972 my aunt's neighbours Tommy and Emily Bullock, were murdered by the IRA. This was the first time I knew anyone who had been murdered personally and it really brought home to me the serious and brutal nature of 'The Troubles'.

Then of course there was the tragedy of the Enniskillen bomb. At that time I was working on the maternity ward. On the Saturday morning I had just returned from my break when a midwife informed me that a reporter had been on the phone to ask how many babies had been delivered since the bomb. When she questioned him why he wanted this information he told her he had already had a conversation with the person in charge of the hospital the previous day and he told him to ring maternity the next day as there may have been babies born overnight. As she believed what she had been told she gave him the information he requested. The next day in a well-known Sunday newspaper the main story was headlined '11 died and 11 born'. On the Monday morning we got into trouble and were questioned about who and why she had given the reporter the information as he had been informed on the Friday when he enquired that the number of babies born had nothing to do with the bomb and therefore he was not given this information. This was our first experience of how low reporters can stoop in order to get a story. This was further demonstrated during the week after the bomb as the other nurses and I never knew who were reporters posing as visitors. They were interviewing patients and their visitors to obtain a story for their newspaper. I thought this was a serious invasion of people's privacy during a very difficult time in their life thus resulting in me having a fairly low impression of reporters since.

The next major event to affect me was the Omagh bomb. I had just returned home from a friend's funeral when the children informed me that there had been a phone call from the hospital asking me to go in as there had been a bomb

in Omagh and they needed me in to help. When I got to the Erne I was given the job of looking after the relatives and friends who came looking for their loved ones. As the phone lines to Omagh and Altanaglevin were out of order because of the bomb damage we had very limited information as to which hospital the injured had been taken too. When the relatives asked about a certain person I did my best to find out if they were in the Erne or another hospital but it wasn't always possible to be able to locate the person they were looking for. Bearing in mind most of them had already made the journey from Omagh to Enniskillen and were now having to travel to Altanaglevin I cannot remember anyone getting cross with me or insisting I must find their relative they just left. Whether it was shock or what I will never know but what I will always remember is the dignity of those relatives some would have been relatives of people who they would later find out who had died. They were so grateful for what I had done and even thanked me even though I had not managed to locate the person they were looking for.

The atmosphere in the hospital after both of these disasters was one of disbelief that anyone could do such a thing but that was the times we were living in and we just got on with the job of caring for people but at the back of people's minds was a distrust of people from the other community.

I am very thankful I stayed in Fermanagh I have seen peace return to this beautiful land and pray it will remain so that my children and grandchildren never have to live through what others and I had to. Thankfully I was brought up to respect others and have very good friends from both sides of the community.

It's been horrendous when you think of the number of funerals I've had to follow just in this Lisnakea area. How many cortege's, how many broken-hearted widows, and sons, and daughters, and mothers and fathers you shake hands with. You go to a funeral and it's as if they are glazed - their eyes are staring - it's as if they don't even know you're there.

If only they could see that six by two is all any of us is going to get. One side of the country says 'not an inch, we'll not give in, we're British', the other side says 'Tíocfaidh ár lá, our day will come, we'll have a united Ireland', but bury those two groups of people in the same cemetery and the fighting and arguing and spitting, and ignorance towards each other is over. What's it all for?

A child doesn't have to be hurt, physically hurt, if they're standing beside their daddy's coffin, holding the handle, walking beside the cortege. The cold body of their daddy has been put into a coffin, the child's holding their mother's hand and being supported by a member of the family. It's unreal and I've seen it too often. It's atrocious what man can think to do to man.

On 29 July 1979 I personally asked the Lord Jesus Christ into my heart and into my life. He changed my life completely. I want to tell other people - I tell my Protestant neighbours, I tell my Catholic neighbours - but for the grace of God I could be the one squeezing the trigger or pressing the plunger. But I'm not, thank the Lord.

Kenny Douglas is an ambulance driver from Lisnakea who attended many 'Troubles' related scenes

I have 29 years' experience in the Northern Ireland ambulance service. I have been brought into contact with many situations over 29 years, varying from the very young to the middle aged to the very elderly. One thing that does upset me is when children are hurt.... but something else that upsets me even worse is the fact that I've had to go out to scenes that weren't accidental - that were deliberate. Where somebody sat thinking, in their own narrow minded fashion, and planned somebody else's demise or injury.

It's when the scene's completely cleared and everything's over and done with, when you get time to think about it, that you realise that somebody has deliberately caused this injury, deliberately done this. Willfully they waited for somebody to be in a certain location that they could injure them, harm them or - in a lot of cases - actually take their lives away. If only they could be left a few minutes after and left to stand there and see what their actions have caused, what they've actually done to them. The hurts don't just stop with the individual - it's the wife, the husband, sons, daughters, mothers, fathers - it goes right down the family chain.

Having brought in somebody's loved one and they're waiting at the hospital, because they've heard of an explosion or a shooting, and you're arriving and you know what you have in the back of the ambulance - there's no hope for that person, they're no longer with us. You're arriving there and the family are holding each other up, waiting for us to reverse into casualty, and we don't go to casualty - we go to the morgue. The family then get the realisation that their loved one isn't alive anymore, and the actual screams, the squals, the cries, the laments - it's heart rending. On many occasions I've went home crying myself, thinking not necessarily of the individual - yes, they're no longer here - but of the family, the parents.

I have come from scenes where I have transported people that I knew well, knew very well personally, and there was a lifeless corpse in the back and me driving and the tears running down my face.

With the greatest of respect to those who have lost loved ones, I feel that with time bereavement gets easier, but with Grant as time goes on it only gets harder.

Apart from the likes of SEFF and Justice for Innocent Victims of Terrorism we don't get any outside help at all. He lives with me, my husband and son on a permanent basis, but my sisters and brothers would take him for weekends to give us some respite. He goes to Drumcoo Day Centre and has done for as long as I can remember, five days a week. I don't know what we'd do without it.

It doesn't just affect this generation, it affects the next generation. My son does a lot for him, and my sisters and brother's children do a lot for him. He can have you pulling your hair out one minute and laughing the next. It's very frustrating for him. He knows what he wants to say but he can't get it out. Everything's repetitive with Grant. When you're going somewhere he'll ask you 20 times where you're going, he'll ask you when he gets up in the morning what day it is, what month it is, if it's spring, summer, autumn, winter - the same, repetitive questions over and over and over again. You have to take a step back and think of the frustration locked inside him. He didn't choose to be like this. He was out doing a day's work and was left mentally and physically disabled. That split second changed all our lives, and our children's.

He was in hospital for a week after Christmas this year, and we were doing things for him that no sister should have to do for their brother. In that week he had no dignity, and people don't see that side of it. That gets me angry, when I think of the people who did this to him walking about without a care in the world.

Grant was in the Royal Engineers, away in Belize, and then transferred to the UDR. He had only been in the UDR for 13 months when it happened. He was the apple of my mother's eye, and he used to get up to a lot of devilment - when he was home on leave it used to be a lot of fun. He was in the prime of his life, and lived life to the full but all of that changed that day due to a cowardly act of terrorism. It's very, very cruel.

His short term memory is non-existent. The sad thing about it is that he's been to so many places and seen so many things - and met nearly all the Royal family - and he has no recollection of it. It's like having a child again. He could never,

Michelle Nixon, sister of Grant Weir and his main carer

It was on 17 July 1979, Grant was out on a UDR patrol and there was a roadside bomb. There were four women standing at the bus stop and a missionary, Sylvia Crowe, was killed.

I can't remember an awful lot - I was only 12 at the time - but Grant had severe brain damage and wasn't expected to live. He had spent 11 hours in theatre. He was six months in the Royal Victoria and we were told he would never walk or talk again. Mum and Dad spent the next six months in the Royal, so we were all split up amongst aunts and uncles. When he did come home to our three bedroom council house - there were 9 of us at home - he slept in a single bed in the living room. He couldn't walk, he couldn't feed himself, he couldn't talk, wash himself or anything. Mummy had to do that all for him. Then he went to Chessington (rehabilitation hospital) for two years, and he came back a very different person. The UDR would only pay for one of mum and dad to go over to him and in those days money wasn't very available, so mummy and daddy were only able to go over and visit him twice in the two years. None of us, his brothers and sisters, were able to see him the whole two years. When he came back he could walk, but couldn't have a conversation with you, tell you what day of the week it was or what time it was.

Father died five years ago in December (2008) and Grant wanted to come and live with me. Basically became Grant's carers. My dad wasn't well either, so my sisters and I have always had to care for him too. My Mummy died six years after Grant was blown up. I was 19, so me and my sisters, and all those still living at home, father died five years ago in December (2008) and Grant wanted to come and live with me.

It's not easy. He is now quite independent but still needs 24/7 care. He has epilepsy, no power in his right arm and would have difficulty on stairs and things like that. He gets very frustrated and can be quite bad tempered - very bad tempered sometimes.

We feel very blessed to still have Grant in our lives, as he enriches us on a daily basis but there are times when the burden can feel very heavy especially those times when he doesn't necessarily feel like doing the things you want him to do like taking a shower, getting a haircut and simple everyday tasks.

Sarah Beattie recalls the tragedy of the Enniskillen bomb and the pressures that came with serving in the UDR

I worked in the hospital in the kitchen end, and also in the conservatory - the dining area for the nurses.

On the day of the Enniskillen bomb there was just two of us on, and just before 11 we had all the cleaning done and my colleague said 'will you have a cup of tea?' We had just sat down when we heard the thud, and she said 'oh my God, it's a bomb'. Shortly after that Sister Dundas, and I think Sister Hughes, shortly after that came flying in and said 'right girls, big pots of tea - go around to the front hall and keep hot, sweet tea going; I will never, ever forget that day.

That day is still very vivid, because I remember Marie Wilson coming in on the stretcher. They were pumping her chest and it was just from a hole in her tights that I saw it was a girl. Some of us knew that people's loved ones were dead before they did. It was an extremely hard day to cope with.

Because I was in the UDR, working in the hospital things were made very difficult for me, so then I went full-time/part-time.

I was out on patrol one night, being the person doing the stopping, and I asked this man I knew for his ID. It was a freezing night and my face was all covered with a scarf we'd been issued, so I didn't think he would recognise me. He said 'I'd know your eyes anywhere Sarah' - it was a colleague from the hospital.

There was great camaraderie in the UDR and when I finished I missed it very much. I left the UDR because when my two grandchildren were babies, when granny would go out to the car the pair would have their bums up in the air because they were used to me looking under the car no matter where I was, and it did make me think that it wasn't only me who was vulnerable. At that time my daughters put a bit of pressure on my husband, saying that they were worried every time I was out and that I didn't need to work those hours. In any case, you get to stage in your life that you're just not fit to run as quick, so I finally decided I had to go.

ever be on his own - even for a day. Live with him for a month just to see how hard it is.

My mum fought for four years for his compensation, which has had to do him his whole life - 35 years so far. What annoys us most is that because he got that he's entitled to nothing else. It's not right. It's the family left to pick up the pieces. It wasn't just Grant's life that changed that day, all our lives changed.

Grant couldn't cope with a care home, even for respite, and we couldn't do it to him. I dread the thought that, as we get older, we might have to do that. He's very precious to us all.



Grant pictured (centre) with colleagues before he sustained life changing injuries from an IRA bomb.



The UDR boys having some liquid refreshments, Grant is pictured second from the right

Chapter 8

Enniskillen Bomb – Impact then, Legacy Now

Stephen doesn't get the chance for a new father or to get his health back. He has sacrificed so much, and I suppose in a way I have sacrificed it as well. We can't have a family naturally because of the IRA. The IRA robbed Stephen of his father, and in turn they have robbed us of our family. Due to all the medication that Stephen has taken for the last 26 years, it just wouldn't be safe. Currently we are fighting for more cycles of IVF. But innocent victims of terrorism, they always have to fight for everything, and they shouldn't - it's just wrong. They have to fight for justice, fight to have medical treatment/medication, fight for financial assistance, the list is endless.

I know there's a lot of local people walking around who helped carry out the Enniskillen bomb along with countless more individuals murders during the Terrorist campaign. And I do find that it does affect me, especially around the anniversary time. I work in Enniskillen town and I always wear my poppy with pride, when I would be serving customers I see them staring at it and they make no secret that they don't approve, I'm left thinking 'do they know who planted the bomb? Did they bring it in?'

There's a difference in forgiveness and reconciliation - the Gault family didn't need to reconcile with anybody, it was the terrorists who needed to come and ask for forgiveness. To this day, 26 years on they still haven't received that despite promises from the Government at the time.

I fully support Stephen in his campaign for seeking justice for his father's murder and I will be with him every step of the way.

Their voices are as fresh to me as nearly 27 years ago, and it does have an impact the way victims' issues are treated now. It's as if it's supposed to not matter any more, and that makes it matter much more, and it hurts more. It should not be forgotten about - the people should not be forgotten about and the evil that took them shouldn't be forgotten about. It shouldn't be played down and it shouldn't be trivialised.

It does make it much worse, not just for this particular case, that justice has to continue to be fought for. And we shouldn't have to fight for it, it should be a given. The world is a lesser place because that happened to her. It's an even lesser place if you want to write it off and tell me that my mother's murder should be somebody's 'free go; Nobody's murder should ever be anybody's 'free go; It should always matter. Justice should always matter.

People say you've got to move on and away from the past - I don't want to move on away from justice, I want to move towards justice. How you deal with the past is part of today's reality and it sets the framework for the future - if you want a good future you have to clear up the past.

There's lots of things that you should be prepared to do for real peace, but not for phony peace. Justice is one of those things that people expect us to give up for peace, and that never makes sense to me, because justice is the fundamental building block for peace. To me it's like selling the TV to pay for the licence. If peace is threatened, who is threatening it? You don't get peace by giving into them. Giving into the threat of violence makes the world a much more dangerous place.

Aileen Quinton says that nothing could have prepared her for the loss of her mother

My mother, Alberta Quinton, was one of the 11 murdered in the Poppy Day massacre in Enniskillen in 1987 - another victim died years later as a result of their injuries.

I was living in London at the time - I was actually crocheting her Christmas present, a lace tablecloth, when there was a newflash to say that there was a bomb at the Remembrance service in Enniskillen. I remember I was in shock but still didn't imagine she would be one of the fatalities. I was looking forward to feeling guilty at the relief that these deaths were someone else. And then the news came through. It was so hard to take it in.

It was many years before I really got enough information to be reasonably sure that she died instantly. It had taken sixteen or seventeen years for me to be assured that she just knew nothing about what was going on. It was nobody's job to tell us how somebody died, what they would have been aware of and how long it took them to die. For weeks afterwards you were hearing snippets and trying to put things together, but also not wanting to ask people.

I'd been talking to her the day before, and one of the last things she said was about getting ready for Remembrance Sunday which for her, as former RAF, would have involved getting her medals ready. On the day my brother parked the car while my mum walked up - she'd seen someone people she knew and had walked over to them. She was talking to Kit and Jessie Johnston, who also died in the bomb.

It was devastating; the scale of it was hard to take in - there's just nothing that prepares you for that. It's one of those cliches, something that happens to others. One of the things that's made it even more difficult is that I had undiagnosed ABD, dyspraxia and autistic spectrum disorder. It meant that I didn't get diagnosed until away into my 40s because any manifestations of that would've been masked by the trauma and put down as that. I think that's an area about trauma and the trauma response that nobody has got a handle on.

It was just really, really difficult. My dad had died a few years before, and I suppose I'm just getting to the point now when I'm going to be as long without them as with them.

Joan Anderson's parents William and Agnes Mullan were killed in the Enniskillen bomb

I went out to the United States in 1983 - it was very difficult leaving my mum and dad, it was very difficult leaving my family. In my fourth year out there, on 8 November at 8 o'clock in the morning, my life was shattered.

The phone rang and we weren't even out of bed, and it was my brother-in-law, Sam Blair. I knew by the tone of his voice that something had happened. He said 'there's no easy way to tell you, your mum and dad are gone'. At the very same time I had the latest photograph I had taken of them on my bedside table - I had just recently had it framed. It would have been taken in August, and all I could see was my mum and dad smiling. I couldn't understand what I was being told.

I don't know how I filled a case; I don't know how I got through the day. I can't remember how I did anything. My parents were my life in every way.

I don't know much about the day that we arrived home. I just know there was a lot of people in and out. The next few days I was in a fog - I think I was in a fog for at least five years. I couldn't do anything.

The night before the funerals was heart-breaking because we were told to go up to the hospital where their two coffins were. You just walked in and there were so many people - and I'm thinking to myself 'my mum's in one and my dad's in another, and the last time I saw them they were both incredibly healthy'.

The funeral service was very difficult because you knew that they were up at the front in the church that they both loved, and they never would be again. Going out to the burial you didn't know whether to follow your mother's coffin or your father's coffin. The whole thing was so painful - I'll never forget it as long as I live.

I had spent a month at home when we went out to mum and dad's house, and everything was just as they had left it that Sunday. That was just agony. Seeing things like their shoes and seeing things like my mother's bag would break your heart. We had such an amazing relationship with them. They were the best; my mother was an angel, my father was the most principled and honourable and upright man I ever knew.

All through the hard times in my life, my parents were there for me completely. I was still their little girl. I was so grateful that I had the parents I had, and that I had them for 37 years of my life, and I had this relationship that was absolutely, totally complete. Now if my parents had been killed in any other way, I think that would have been horrific. It would have been awful. But I think the fact that my parents were killed in the way they were - the ramifications of murder, there's no other word for it. It's murder - it could have been prevented, it should have been prevented, and it didn't need to happen. As my Mum and Dad would have been in their sitting room watching the programme from the Royal Albert Hall, as we did every Saturday night prior to Remembrance Sunday, somebody was planning their death. I can't find words for it - its indefensible.

When I was living through this terrible, terrible time in my life, absolutely nobody in America could understand what I had gone through. They had no clue what it was like living in Northern Ireland. Then 9/11 happened. I went into a terrible state of pain and anguish, because I knew these people were going to be going through what I had gone through. Obviously it was on a much bigger scale, but people died - they were innocent, they went to work and they didn't expect not to come home. It was their families I was grieving for.

We knew what they were going through - the loss and the futility of it all.

Margaret Veitch, daughter of William and Agnes Mullan recalls special parents

Both my parents died in the Enniskillen bomb - 8 November 1987 - I'll never forget it as long as I live.

I was on holiday with my husband, in fact I won it - I did a window-dressing competition and the first prize was a trip on safari to Africa. The bomb was on the Sunday (the day before we were due to come home) and I heard about it on Monday morning. My husband went down to the foyer and lifted a newspaper, and down the side in 'World News' there was 'Bomb in Enniskillen'.

My husband Crawford's father was looking after the shop in Belmore street - we had a newsagents - and my first thought was 'I hope his father's ok'. I never ever thought my father and mother would be involved. The next thing Crawford rang home and we were told the news, and I nearly went berserk. I could not believe it, in fact I started to thump Crawford because I thought 'you're not telling me the truth', but why lie about something like that.

The trip home was absolutely horrendous. Even on the plane from London into Belfast the plane was full of reporters and newspapers, and I could see photographs of my mother and father. And all I wanted was to run up and down the plane and say 'you want news?' Unbelievable.

The thing that really hurt me the most was that my father and mother weren't involved in politics, they had nothing but love in their hearts, concern for everybody. My father was a chemist and a workaholic. He lived for his shop, his work, his wife, his family, and he was a really good Christian and they lived for their church. Mum was an absolute angel. Fabulous woman - she couldn't do enough for other people - she never had anything but love in her heart, there was no hatred.

To die the way they did, it just grieves me so much. The IRA have admitted that Enniskillen was a mistake, but they don't know how great a mistake it was. To take two good people like they were - for what? Peace, at any price?

There's life before the bomb and there's life after the bomb. They missed out on so much - they missed out on their grandchildren getting married, and my mother-in law who was 91 saw her first great grandchild.

My father and mother who lived and died together must never be forgotten. I feel our family has paid an awful price (as indeed other innocent families in Northern Ireland have) at the hands of the IRA. As victims we have been really let down - we badly need justice to come to terms with this great loss.

I miss the fact that I never had the chance to repay them for all the kindness, the concern and love and care that they gave us. No words can ever describe how bad it is. You have to let bitterness go, because that kills you as a person. You'll get over the bitterness, but you will never, ever forget and I will take this to my grave.

At the funeral there was hundreds of people, and out of that crowd a priest came. He came over and shook hands with my sisters, and he said 'I've come the whole way from Cork to be with you today - this wasn't done in our name'. I'll never forget that. And I know there was a lot of people horrified about the bomb, but nobody has ever given any information.

I had to go back to my fashion shop in Belmore Street, about a hundred yards from the Cenotaph, and look at that every day. It's very hard for me - I walk up Enniskillen Street and know that somewhere somebody knows something. A murder is something you never get over.



Pictured above: William & Agnes Mullan

Stella Robinson, from Enniskillen recalls the impact of losing her Mum and Dad

It was on the 8 November 1987 - 27 years ago - that I lost my parents. The night beforehand my mother had called me, as she always did, and said about meeting after lunch the next day to go for a walk or a drive. She said my dad was watching the Remembrance service on BBC, and she was just chatting away to me, and said goodbye saying 'we'll see you tomorrow afternoon'. That was the last time I spoke to her.

The first I knew of the bomb was hearing a noise, but I thought it was the neighbour behind closing their garage door. Then a short while after the doorbell rang and it was my husband's aunt, Angel Robinson, standing at the door. I could see dust on her coat, on her shoulders, and she looked shaken and was in hysterics. She said "Stella, your parents have been in an accident". I just thought she meant a car accident, and she came in and said there was an explosion at the cenotaph.

She told me she'd been standing across the road from my parents - she'd waved and my mother waved back and that was it, the bomb went off. She'd seen my brother standing upright and a soldier taking him away, but she didn't know anything else.

When I got to the hospital I was just frantically looking for them, asking everyone 'have you seen my mother and father, you know my mother and father'. Nobody could help me, until I saw Julian in one of the cubicles. I asked him where they were and he said "they're gone". I kept asking him was he sure - I couldn't believe it was possible. He said he wasn't sure about my dad, but definitely mum was gone - from the way she looked he just knew she was gone. My dad's body just shook, he said, and he was trying to get the rubble off him.

I couldn't and still can't understand it. Why would anybody want to hurt people on their way to church? They just wanted to respect and remember the dead of two wars.

When we went back to the house there was still the Sunday dinner. My mother had left it on cooking low. I'll always remember it was roast beef and Eve's pudding.

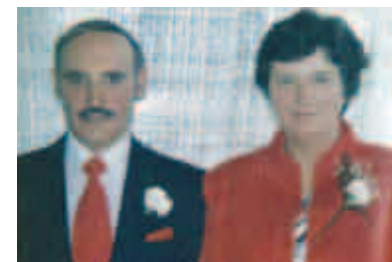
My brother Julian was just 16 when they died. My brother Trevor, who was 28 or 29, lived with him and my sister and I made meals or had them around to us. But the truth is they just had to do it on their own. We were very protective of Julian, but he never gave us a day's bother. I found it very hard losing them, but it must have been terrible for Julian - he didn't even really get to know them.

First of all I reached the milestone of my mother's age. She was 55 and she'll never be any older than that to me. I really do miss her so much. I could have told her anything - she was my real friend. Now that I'm a grandmother myself, you think about what she, and we, have missed out on.

It's never been the same. There's always a part of you missing. There's never a day when you don't think about them - they're always in the background. Even yet. Confirmations, weddings, the birth of my grandchildren, are all times I feel their loss so strongly. They should have been there. It has also been difficult this year since I lost my brother Trevor, he died on 26th June 2014, he is buried beside them.

Even if they did find my parents' killers, they'd only get two years at the most. Maybe they're somebody I know, that maybe I pass in the street. I don't like to think about it too much. It just feels like there's no point, because it feels like government and everybody is always on the side of those who do these things. They always seem to be allowed their say, and it doesn't matter what we say or what they've left us to live with.

I do believe you need a lot of prayer to get you through it. It's the only comfort you can get sometimes.



Pictured above Stella's parents, Wesley & Bertha Armstrong

Chapter 9

1st Light Infantry – The Ballygawley Story

James Leatherbarrow, a former soldier with 1st Battalion Light Infantry, was seriously injured in the 1988 Ballygawley bus bomb

It was 25 years after the Ballygawley bus bomb explosion - which was horrendous - before I came back to Omagh. It was overwhelming and emotional but it has helped a hell of a lot. Every 20th August I tend to go quiet - it'll never, ever go away. A lot of young lads died that day, and they shouldn't have.

I was only 21 years of age. We were given an extra-long weekend because we were going down to South Armagh for about a month without any communication at all to families. I went home, as normal, had the long weekend and got back to Belfast International and waited for the last flight to come in. This chap got on to the bus and asked if this was the Belfast bus and was told in squaddie fashion to get off, then he came back on and seemed to be looking towards the back of the bus and asked again, and was told to get off again. We did have wives and children on the bus, but transport turned up and took them because we were going to be late back - after midnight. The last plane came in and, as we were leaving, this bloke - who we later found out was a terrorist - gave a death threat to the bus driver. He gave a throat slash gesture and the thumbs down, but we got that all the time so we just carried on.

Me and my mate noticed we were being followed by a car - it would hover around and then just disappear and come back again. We asked the driver which route we were taking back, and he said 'we're going Cookstown way', because we had set routes to take because different roads were out of bounds depending on what was going on. We came off the M1 on to the A5 and were actually diverted from Cookstown and we all started cheering, because it meant we'd get back to camp earlier. We noticed this car again but thought nothing of it. I was sat beside a little lad, Stevie Wilkinson who was killed, and just before the bomb went off I put my legs up on the seat in front. We saw the car again - it flashed its lights and disappeared - and that was it, up we went.

I was knocked unconscious. I came round and the way the bus was in the ditch - thrown 200 metres up the road - I was under the back with the bus laid across my chest. Lucky enough there was a couple of coaches behind us - one with the Omagh Protestant Boys flute band on board. At first all we heard was 'kill the bastards' and we thought that was the IRA coming to finish us off. I reached up as far as I could to pull something over me and that was when one of the lads that was killed rolled on top of me.

Gordon Burnside of the Omagh Protestant Boys Flute Band found me at the back of the bus. About five of them lifted it up and pulled me out. I got taken up on the roadside and I lay in this young girl's lap and all I wanted to do was just fall asleep, and I remember her slapping me across the face telling me to stay awake. I remember saying 'please don't let me die'.

I woke up in the Tyrone County Hospital with Dr Pinto. I suffered a broken back, perforated eardrum, body scars and facial scars - I still have a big piece of glass behind my eye.

Apparently the car that followed us flashed its' lights to tell the bomber that we were there. Then it turned left and was the getaway car for the bombers. They were cowards because they hit us in civilian order. Allegedly it was the Harte brothers and, about a week later, the SAS shot them because they were planning to ambush Fred the coalman, who delivered coal into the married quarters at Lisanelly. In a way it's sad because it was a loss of life on both sides, which shouldn't happen. They should have been caught and tried in a Court, but if they're going to play with fire they'll get burnt.

Anyway, after that everything went upside down. I tried to carry on, but it didn't work. PTSD set in really badly within my first year of marriage and everything went downhill from there. I got out in 1993 and civvy street was so, so hard.

The PTSD ruined my marriage. Our friends were scared of me, I was drinking a lot, I was on a lot of anti-depressants. I was screaming for help. I was diagnosed with PTSD and I thought, 'well that's my army career over'. And when I got out that was me brushed under the carpet - the army didn't want to know. Nobody ever thought about the effect on my wife, on my mother and father, on my brother. But all the lads from 1 Light Infantry know and we support each other.



Above: The Ballygawley Bus Bomb

Jeff Leatherbarrow served in Northern Ireland with 2nd Royal Green Jackets and his brother, James, was seriously injured in the Ballygawley bus bomb

I decided to retire out of the army without telling my brother, who was in training. I told him I was coming out of the army at his passing out parade. He was quite shocked, because he wanted to come to the 2nd Battalion Green Jackets, so he decided to go with his friends instead and joined the 1st Battalion Light Infantry. So that's where my brother's army career started.

Of my own time in the Royal Green Jackets and in Northern Ireland, well we had some fantastic times, and we had some sad times and we had some really, really bad times. The bad times were very bad. You were seeing civilians getting blown up and we were picking people up who planted bombs. I couldn't understand why there were people doing that because, when I spoke to the Irish people they were excellent people - they didn't want this trouble and we didn't want to bring trouble to them. We were sent here by the Government and I hope that we helped, just like today a lot of them are helping us to get over our problems

After I left the army I lived in Plymouth and, when my brother came to Omagh on his first posting to Northern Ireland, he had a bit of leave so he came over to stay with us. The day before my brother got blown up on the bus we had a night out in Plymouth and he had to leave early the next morning. I used to work for a papermill and they had a big viaduct where the train used to go across and I used to get on top of the building. We used to wave goodbye to each other - he used to shout out of the train and I used to shout back, 'I'll see you next leave'. The day after that I got a telephone call as I was just on my way to work to say that somebody was going to come around from the army and see me. I said 'don't bother sending anyone around, just tell me now'. They told me that soldiers had been travelling back from the airport and a coach got blown up, and my brother was on it. It was a great shock, and I had to tell my mother and father who were elderly at the time. He was pretty injured and, in some ways, in his mind he still is to this day. That was one of the worst times I've ever known. To see my own kin get really hurt in Ireland - it didn't matter about me, because it was my job, but seeing your little brother get injured, it was absolutely terrible.

Being back to Omagh and being able to meet the members of the Omagh Protestant Boys who helped them that night, I can't thank them enough because they actually saved my brother's life.

What I would say is that we had some fantastic times here too - the Northern Irish people are lovely and would do anything for you. It was not all bad.

Marcus Bargery served with the 1st Battalion Light Infantry and lost his best friend in the 1988 Ballygawley bus bomb

I served in Northern Ireland from 1986 to 1989. When I arrived I was the youngest soldier to come to Ireland - I was 17 at the time and, because I was so young, I wasn't allowed out on patrol. That was the reason I wasn't on the bus.

As soon as I was 18, literally the next day I was out on the streets. I've seen plenty of incidents, seen a lot happen - good things, bad things. I really enjoyed the tour and loved the people.

One of my best mates, who I joined up with - Blair Bishop - was on the bus and got blown up. I was on training with him from day one, and he slept in the next bed to me. We were like brothers. We went through training and we wanted to join the same battalion. When he used to go on leave he'd come to my parents' house - my parents were like second parents to him.

I saw him literally the day he went on leave and that was the last time I spoke to him. It was hard to get over that. All I remember is being woken up and told. Everyone at camp was totally dumbstruck, no-one knew what was happening. I phoned up my parents and said, "look Blair was on the bus but I've heard nothing yet". They were heartbroken. Five or six hours later I found out Blair had lost his life. It was hard to overcome that.

Then when I was out on the streets, doing patrols, there was a lot of anger and a lot of tension. A lot of people were supporting us, but we'd be out on patrol in places like Strabane or Rosslea and they'd be coming out of the pubs and taunting us, "eight nil, eight nil". It was hard to deal with, but we got on with our jobs like professionals and got through it as a unit.

Despite what happened here it was the best posting I ever had. I loved it here. It's just a handful of idiots really that spoil it for everyone else.



SUPPORTING VICTIMS AND SURVIVORS, STRENGTHENING COMMUNITIES

South East Fermanagh Foundation (SEFF) formed in 1999 as a result of identified needs amongst those who have been the innocent victims and survivors of terrorism in the Northern Ireland context.

Over the years, the Foundation has steadily grown where it now offers the following services:

1. Drop in Centre and Signposting services.
2. Counselling support.
3. Befriending service.
4. Welfare/Benefits advice.
5. Complementary therapies.
6. Truth, Justice and Advocacy based services and support.
7. Respite and other social integration programmes.
8. Development of services for Older people (FACT Project)
9. Youth-based services and activities.
10. Volunteering and Personal development opportunities
11. Community engagement projects.

SEFF is committed to supporting individuals to make the personal transition from "victim" to "survivor" as part of a process of healing and confidence building.

SEFF is positive for the future and will strive to continue its' work on behalf of victims/survivors. We wish to assist the conditions whereby some of the most traumatised may have some sense of peace and will feel empowered to build their lives for their own betterment, their families and the communities to which they belong.

SEFF is an integral part of the Innocent Victims United umbrella organisation which supports 21 victim/survivor groups with a combined membership of over 11,000. This organisation provides a lobbying and representational function.

SEFF will further develop its' outreach arm particularly around the areas of youth and community development so enabling victims/survivors to re-integrate back into the wider community.

SEFF is Lead partner for the FACT Project (Fermanagh Armagh Connected Together) which is a partnership initiative between South East Fermanagh Foundation and County Armagh Phoenix Group and is funded by the Big Lottery Fund. The project involves community based services being offered for the over 60's within Counties Fermanagh and Armagh over an initial 5 year period up to end June 2018.

SEFF is non-political, non-sectarian and is very much a family focussed organisation.

'For God and Ulster' - the vow of those who reject violence



SEFF
SOUTH EAST FERMANAGH
FOUNDATION




VICTIMS &
SURVIVORS
SERVICE

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