

UNITING INNOCENT VICTIMS



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FOREWORD

The Uniting Innocent Victims / Uniendo Victimas Inocentes Project is an initiative developed by our two groups; South East Fermanagh Foundation (based in Lisnaskea, County Fermanagh, Northern Ireland) and Covite (based in San Sebastian, Spain)

For circa four years our groups have been working collaboratively on a range of projects and initiatives for the betterment of those we collectively serve; the innocent victims and survivors of terrorism.

This Project has been developed in the year that both our groups celebrate 20 years since formation.

This testimonies publication complete with academic article contributed by Prof Henry Patterson (formerly of University of Ulster) and Prof Rogelio Alonso (University of Madrid) seeks to illustrate the evils of two ideologies - that of Irish and Basque separatism and how they have worked collaboratively in furtherance of their own narrow political objectives.

Terrorism perpetrated via Provisional Movement/Provisional IRA is the genesis for so much other terrorism and bloodshed across the world including; ETA, FARC, PLO and even some of the tactics and methods by Islamic State are founded in PIRA developed techniques of terror warfare.

This book acts as a warning as to the dangers posed by such violent movements and also the legacy of the terrorism within a circumstance were Government appeases and empowers the political annexes of such terror movements.

We are indebted to Prof Henry Patterson and Prof Rogelio Alonso, both of

whom have been consistent supporters of our work and who themselves have done much down the years in shining a light upon the modus operandi of The Provisional IRA and ETA, who have challenged those Movements and who have stood for and by the Truth.

The UK Government has bought off the Provisional Movement and allowed them to dictate the terms of their defeat and surrender. This publication sends a message to the Spanish Government, do not appease ETA and feed its' demands, be fair and be strong but do not develop a Peace Process which results in the subversion of your natural criminal justice system and which further penalises the innocents wronged by the campaign of terrorism.

There is a great deal of commonality between those of our organisations, we each submit that there is no justification for the use of criminal violence in the furtherance of or defence of political objectives. Furthermore our members also come from a similar moral base where there is commitment to faith, respect for a law and order and a dignified yet steely determination to do what is right by those who are no longer here to speak for themselves.

The testimonies included within this Publication cover the outworkings of Provisional IRA and ETA terrorism perpetrated across borders; whether Northern Ireland, Great Britain and Republic of Ireland, or in Spain and throughout other parts of mainland Europe.

Those remembered were members of the security services/forces whether military or police. There are also many civilians represented who were murdered because of sectarian and ethnic hatred, they were deemed to represent the State or in fact were viewed as collateral damage.

South East Fermanagh Foundation (SEFF) and Covite are committed to developing our partnership and relationship further, we understand the importance of our groups working collaboratively in best effecting positive change for those we serve.

We are determined that innocent victims will work together across Nations, that we will better understand each other's approaches and how through working in unity we may best hold accountable terrorism as well as deliver upon the needs of those we serve.

Thanking those who made it happen

We would like to thank the following organisations and individuals who have worked tirelessly in ensuring this Project could be delivered.

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And all other SEFF and Covite staff/personnel who assisted families/
individuals with their contributions.

But we reserve our deepest appreciation to those who contributed testimony, those who trusted our organisations to share their personal and intimate experiences with us, we appreciate that this will have evoked deep emotions, this publication is a testament to your courage and resolve to stand by the truth.

Yours,

Eric Brown *Chairman of SEFF*

Consuelo Ordóñez *President of Covite*



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VICTIMS AND PERPETRATORS IN NORTHERN IRELAND

PROFESSOR HENRY PATTERSON



It is now a conventional wisdom of Northern Ireland's political class, echoed by academics and NGOs involved in the conflict resolution and transitional justice fields that the issues of victims and the past are the unresolved business of the peace process and that this will not be fully secure until they have been addressed. It is the argument of this paper that this is the exact opposite of the truth. In fact there was a profound dislocation between the political logic of the peace process and the interests and needs of victims.

This has resulted in the current situation in Northern Ireland where many victims of terrorism are deeply suspicious of the proposals for addressing the legacy of the past which are contained in the Northern Ireland Office's Consultation Paper. In Northern Ireland and the Basque Country it has been organisations like SEFF and COVITE who have kept the issue of innocent victims of terrorism in the centre of the political debate. Without them, particularly in Northern Ireland, the popular narrative of the past would have been dominated by a nationalist victimology which focussed disproportionately and unjustly on the state, armed forces, police and intelligence services.

This process is particularly strongly developed in Northern Ireland. Victims of paramilitary violence have looked to the British state to defend their interests but have often been sadly disappointed for reasons which will be set out later in this chapter. In the Basque Country, perhaps because all main parties in the Spanish state have regarded the region as part of Spain and not, like the British political and administrative class, a 'place apart', there has been a stronger resistance to the legitimisation of terrorist narratives. The stories told in this booklet are not ones that will have been covered by BBC NI which

has devoted much air-time to programmes about the so-called 'Dirty War' and collusion between state forces and paramilitaries. Supported by well-funded NGOs and legacy lawyers the perspective on dealing with the past in Northern Ireland has been distorted radically. Academia, with a focus on transitional justice and conflict transformation, has been a crucial part of this process. Historians with their focus on what archives actually tell us about the past in Northern Ireland have largely been ignored.

A small number of incidents, involving killings of civilians by the Army or alleged collusion by state agents, have dominated the TV screens and newspapers. We have recent films on the Ballymurphy massacre (the second in 2 years) and the Loughinisland UVF attack. I doubt we will see films on any of the stories told in this booklet. Yet these involve horrendous crimes for which no-one has ever been brought to justice or even charged. In the Teebane Cross bombing in 1992 a bus containing 14 protestant workers was the target and eight were killed. Ruth Harkness, whose brother David was one of those died, tells how she was reassured by those in the highest authority that 'there would be no stone unturned' in the search for the perpetrators. This phrase is the title of the recent film on Loughinisland. But there is little chance that any well-known US film director making a film about Teebane or on another of the mass killings dealt with here- the Deal Barracks Bombing in 1989 when an IRA bomb in the Royal Marine School of Music killed 11 bandsmen and injured 22 others. That journalists and film-makers with little knowledge of the history of Northern Ireland and the Troubles go for narratives of victimisation and state conspiracy is not surprising. What is surprising is that it has been left to groups like SEFF to try and set the record straight and that successive British governments have done little to counteract what a former Secretary of State for Northern Ireland referred to as a 'pernicious narrative' about the past. To understand this dereliction of duty to victims it is necessary put the present debate in historical perspective.

For victims the main challenge of the Good Friday Agreement was the early release scheme for members of the main republican and loyalist terrorist

organisations – a guarantee of release from prison within two years, no matter how horrendous the crimes for which they were incarcerated.¹ From the point of view of the British state and a narrow majority of Northern Ireland's Protestant/Unionist majority this was seen as a bitter necessity of establishing an end to violence. However, it soon became obvious, that the ethical compromise of 1998 was just the first in a series as the leaders of Sinn Féin extracted the maximum price for 'consolidating the peace'.

This was evident of willingness to allow Sinn Féin into government in 2000 without any decommissioning of weapons by the IRA; to ignore clear evidence of IRA involvement in killings and robberies- including the largest bank robbery in the history of Britain and Ireland; in the 'letters of reassurance' to 200 IRA members who were 'on the-run' assuring them that they were not being sought by the police in Northern Ireland or Britain and in the agreement into a number of official inquiries into state killings and allegations of collusion between members of the security forces and loyalist paramilitaries.²

The main collateral damage was done to victims and this was made evident in the official definition of a victim. This was drawn up in 2006 when the Blair government was making a major effort to restore devolved government in Northern Ireland. Devolution had originally been based on the two moderate parties of unionism and nationalist, the Ulster Unionist Party and the Social Democratic and Labour Party. However, as the government focussed on persuading the IRA to decommission, its political wing, Sinn Féin, was increasingly seen by nationalists as central to political progress and it displaced the SDLP. At the same time, the concessions to Sinn Féin when the IRA's continued activities had led to the collapse of devolution, pushed the unionist electorate towards the more extreme politics of Paisley's Democratic Unionist

1 The first Northern Ireland Victims Commissioner described the unconditional early release scheme as 'an appalling mistake and dereliction of duty'; Kenneth Bloomfield, *A Tragedy of Errors The Government and Misgovernment of Northern Ireland*, Liverpool, 2007, 105.

2 For this saga of concessions see Paul Bew, *The Making and Remaking of the Good Friday Agreement*, Dublin, 2007.

Party. The definition of a victim came as a part of a number of concessions paid by the British state for the IRA's decommissioning declaration of 2005. It gives dry bureaucratic expression to the state's willingness to accede to Provisional IRA definitions of reality: a victim is 'someone who is or has been physically or psychologically injured as a result of or in consequence of a conflict-related incident'.³ Thus terrorists killed or injured whilst carrying out attacks are 'victims' on a par with the hundreds of innocent men, women and children killed or maimed in terrorist attacks.

The moral swamp into which often well-meaning people have been dragged by the *real-politik* of the peace process was in full display at a recent discussion of dealing with the past before an audience which included 'former combatants' - the euphemism used by many in the field of conflict resolution and transitional justice to sanitise the activities of members of paramilitary organisation. The Victims' Commissioner, Judith Thompson declared that it was a 'degrading debate' to 'talk about good and bad victims or deserving and undeserving victims' echoing Sinn Féin's denunciation of a 'hierarchy of victims'. Clearly in sympathy with the demand for 'victim equality' she bemoaned the fact that 'some people are not at that stage yet'.⁴

The absurdities to which this thinking led was evident when this year's Victims and Survivors conference was addressed by Martin McGuinness, Deputy First Minister. McGuinness who was in overall command of the IRA's Army Council and Northern Command in the 1980s – at the time of the bombing of the Enniskillen Remembrance Day ceremony in which 11 civilians died⁵ - used the opportunity to demand that the British state open all its files to public scrutiny- he himself has claimed he left the IRA in 1974. When a newspaper reported the complaints of the sister of one of the IRA's victims about the

incongruity of a perpetrator addressing a victims' conference, it was chided by John Brewer Professor of Post Conflict Studies at Queens University Belfast for 'conflict journalism' that focussed on the past and only one sort of victim. ⁶ Instead he proposed a 'peace journalism' which 'balances an obligation to deal with the past, with helping us to live together in the future'. Apparently reporting on the incongruity of a former terrorist, who still justifies the IRA campaign, addressing an audience containing victims of the IRA is damaging to the peace process which demands that journalists should register the 'multiple narratives' and not focus on victims of paramilitary violence.⁷

Brewer's perspective is shared by some of those prominent in the field of transitional justice where the notion of 'innocent' is seen as linked to Unionist and state narratives of the conflict which ignore the history of the Northern Irish state and support a myth of 'magical legalism' – where the state does not violate its own criminal law.⁸ In fact it is not difficult to point to role that Unionism and the British state played in the genesis and maintenance of the conflict whilst at the same time identifying terrorism as an autonomous and determinant agency that dwarfs the others involved.

Although each individual victim will have their own history and perspective on what happened to them, at the broader level of the meta-narrative of the Troubles, one dominant narrative is already well established. As a result the current landscape is dangerously slanted towards a narrative of broadly shared blame and the effective equivalence of state and non-state forces. It has, for instance, been common to look to international examples of truth and reconciliation commissions as possible solutions for Northern Ireland.

3 The Victims and Survivors Order (Northern Ireland) Order 2006, <http://www.cvsni.org/index.php/about-us>

4 Finola Meredith, 'If we can't see the difference between victims and perpetrators, we have lost our way as a society', Belfast Telegraph, 29 April 2016.

5 Liam Clarke & Kathryn Johnston, Martin McGuinness From Guns to Government, Edinburgh & London, 2001, 168.

6 'How Can McGuinness lecture victims' conference on the past?', Belfast Newsletter, 10 March 2016.

7 John Brewer 'Peace journalism does not mean sacrificing the truth', Belfast Newsletter, 18 March 2016.

8 See for example K McEvoy & K McConnachie, 'Victimology and transitional justice: Victimhood, innocence and hierarchy' in European Journal of Criminology, 9(5), 2012 and Kevin Hearty, 'Legislating Hierarchies of Victimhood and Perpetrators: The Civil Service (Special Advisers) Act (NI) 2013 and the Meta Conflict', Social and Legal Studies, 2016, vol.25 (3)

However there is a major difference between Northern Ireland and the vast majority of international examples of truth recovery processes: whereas in the South African and Latin American examples, which are those most referred to by those making the case for a local truth commission, it was the state and its agents which were responsible for the vast majority of deaths and traumatic events, in Northern Ireland it was paramilitary organisations that killed the vast majority of victims. Republicans paramilitaries were responsible for almost 60% of deaths of which the Provisional IRA accounted for 48.1% ; loyalists 29.7% and the security forces for 9.9%.⁹ The British Army were responsible for 158 civilian deaths and the police force, the RUC, for 27. Republican paramilitary groups, largely the Provisionals, killed 644 civilians.

These figures are a major challenge to those narratives which focus , as do those of academics and NGOs working within the field of transitional justice, on state transgressions and crimes during the Troubles. There is a postmodernist flavour to many of the discussions where all narratives are treated as epistemologically equal despite the obviously one-sided and partisan nature of many of them. It is one thing to claim that all stories should be heard. It is another to claim that all stories should be equally valorised. It may be legitimate to argue that all families who suffered loss suffered equally. It is illegitimate to claim that no distinction may be made between innocent victims and those who perpetrated crimes. The political effect of failing to make these distinctions is to skewer the movement of transition towards ideologically advantageous grounds. Thus, while in South Africa there was a broad consensus that the transition was legitimate and the settlement had majority support,¹⁰ in Northern Ireland, truth recovery has become almost synonymous with a drive to legitimize political justifications for paramilitary violence.

⁹ See *Lost Lives: The Stories of the Men, Women and Children who Died as a Result of the Northern Ireland Troubles*, D. McKittrick, S. Kelters, B. Feeney, C. Thornton and D. McVea (Edinburgh: Mainstream Publishing, 2012), 1534 – 1536.

¹⁰ Adrian Guelke, 'Commentary: Truth, Reconciliation and Political Accommodation', *Irish Political Studies*, 22 (3), 2007.

However, we are already seeing the emergence of a more trustworthy guide to Northern Ireland's past in the burgeoning of work by contemporary historians who are using primary sources, particularly the archives of the British state, to write the history of the Troubles. Already that work has undermined the often self-serving narratives produced by former paramilitaries. This points to the existence of a republican tradition and organisation in Belfast in the 1960s which predated the crisis of the state. In other words what is missing from exculpatory narrative is the role of the agency of paramilitary organisations in the history of the crisis of the Northern Irish state out of which the Provisional IRA's campaign developed.

According to the revisionist narrative of the Northern Ireland conflict the IRA is depicted as the structural consequence of state repression of the non-violent civil rights movement in the 1967-1969 period. The Provisional IRA is portrayed as the continuation of a reformist mass movement by violent means. In fact the leadership of the Provisionals had made it clear from the beginning that their objective was the destruction of the Northern Irish state, not its reform and subsequently British withdrawal from Northern Ireland . Their critique of moderate nationalists – supported by the vast majority of the catholic population on the island- was that they had not achieved their objective of a united Ireland . This was obviously true but the Provisional IRA's conclusion that that which could not be obtained peacefully could be obtained violently was delusional. Violence which initially had been aimed at forcing a British withdrawal had become by the 1980s a means of blocking any moderate political settlement such as the one prefigured in the Sunningdale Agreement of 1974- destroyed by a combination of loyalist militancy and IRA violence. By the middle of the 1980s Gerry Adams and the Provisional leadership were forced to recognise what moderates like John Hume had realised much earlier- that the British state had no strategic objection to a united Ireland- if it came about without the threat of violence and with the consent of a majority in Northern Ireland . Violence continued largely to guarantee Sinn Féin a central role in future political negotiations. As some republican critics of Adams have pointed out hundreds would continue

to die and thousands be bereaved and incapacitated for a settlement not substantially better, from a nationalist point of view, to that on offer at Sunningdale in 1974.¹¹ Years of violence have if anything intensified Ulster protestants' desire to remain in the UK and if Northern Ireland is a no longer an 'Orange state' it is not implausible to argue that this could have been achieved much sooner had it not been for the violence of the IRA.

The state was discriminatory and it had for fifty years been run by the Ulster Unionist Party, drawing its support from the region's Protestant majority. The crisis of the state, under pressure from the British government to reform and over-reacting to mass mobilisations on the streets by the civil rights organisations created the conditions in which there were serious outbreaks of sectarian violence, particularly in Belfast. But, as the recent work of a number of contemporary historians has demonstrated, the IRA aimed to transform these sectarian confrontations into an armed struggle aimed at the police and army and whose objective was to force a British withdrawal from Northern Ireland.

Some of the most disastrous decisions of the British state were made in this period- its support for the introduction of internment without trial in August 1971 and to use the Parachute Regiment to police the civil rights march in Derry in January 1972 which resulted in Bloody Sunday. Yet these decisions were not made in a vacuum in the two weeks prior to the march the IRA had fired on the security forces in 80 separate incidents with two members of the security forces killed and two injured.¹² Historical contextualisation is also necessary to critique the current fixation on the collusive activities of members of the security forces. An inflated definition of collusion has allowed the undoubted involvement in criminality including murder by some members of the security forces to be widened into allegations of an over-

arching state conspiracy to murder. This has a patently political purpose, to increase state culpability for deaths to include many of those carried out by loyalist paramilitaries and even the killings of informers by the IRA.

What is largely missing from the literature on collusion is a historical contextualisation, thus for example there is some evidence that this activity rose in significance after the failure of the Irish state to deliver on improved cross-border security cooperation against the IRA in return for the enhanced role in Northern Ireland's governance it had been given in the 1985 Anglo-Irish Agreement¹³ and when due to the IRA's successful importations of arms from Libya there had been a significant intensification of its campaign. No matter how deplorable such collusive activities are, the fact remains that their significance is being grossly inflated.

The justificatory discourse with its emphasis on structural causes and state collusion produced some resistance from within the previous Conservative administration when the former Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, Teresa Villiers, referred to a 'pernicious narrative'- 'a version of the Troubles that seeks to displace responsibility from the people who perpetrated acts of terrorism and place the State at the heart of nearly every atrocity and murder that took place.'¹⁴ The return of devolution has resulted in some pressure from within the two main Unionist parties for a more balanced process and this has had some effects on the current proposals for dealing with the past in the Stormont House Agreement. This is most obvious in the provision for academics to play a role in establishing an historical time line and also for themes and patterns of the conflict to be examined although this would not be done until after the main work of an Historical Investigations Unit is completed. The HIU is the most important provision in the SHA because the British government has agreed to open all files relating to the hundreds of unsolved murders during the Troubles.

¹¹ Anthony McIntyre, 'We . the IRA, have failed', in his *Good Friday The Death of Irish Republicanism*, New York, 2008, 8.

¹² Paul Bew, 'The Bloody Sunday Tribunal and the role of the historian' in H. Jones et.al. *Contemporary History on Trial: Europe since 1989 and the role of the expert historian*, Manchester, 2007, 71.

¹³ Henry Patterson, *Ireland's Violent Frontier The Border and Anglo-Irish Relations during the Troubles*, 2016.

¹⁴ 'Full text of Teresa Villiers speech', Derry Journal 11 February 2016

If this proposal goes ahead a mass of new material will be available and although this may provide evidence of state agents' involvement in criminality, this could well be dwarfed by material on the republican and loyalist paramilitaries. George Hamilton, the Chief Constable of the PSNI for example welcomed the HIU proposal pointing to the 'millions of pages on intelligence documents' in police vaults which would, he claimed, correct a one-sided focus on the police and bring 'a more pro-active and more balanced perspective to what actually happened during the period of the Troubles.'¹⁵ Together with the work on themes and patterns this could represent progress in levelling the playing field which at the moment is dominated by terrorist narratives. This is perhaps the reason why at the moment Sinn Fein is withholding its consent for the establishment of the new structures. As John Ware, an English journalist who had covered the Troubles for decades, noted about the potential of the HIU: 'We may yet see an end to the one-sided reckoning that has so far dominated the history of the Troubles.'¹⁶

¹⁵ Deborah McAleese, 'PSNI Chief Constable "I want to hand over vault of secret police files on Troubles murders', *Belfast Telegraph*, 12 June 2015.

¹⁶ John Ware, 'Collusion cuts both ways', *Standpoint*, July/August 2015.

CLAUDY ATROCITY 1972

“ WE ALWAYS THINK OF WEE BILLY - HE IS ALWAYS IN OUR THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS. CLAUDY NEVER SEEMED TO GO AWAY
DAVID TEMPLE



William Temple

On 31st July 1972 the terrorist group, the Provisional Irish Republican Army (PIRA) left three car bombs in the village of Claudy, County Londonderry. No warnings were given and all three devices exploded, killing nine innocent civilians and injuring many more.

The first car bomb exploded at approximately 10:15am on Main Street. Kathryn Eakin (eight years old), Joseph McCloskey (thirty-eight years old) and Elizabeth McElhinney (fifty-nine years old) died instantly.

A police officer and a member of the public located a second vehicle, a Mini, parked outside the Post Office, also on Main Street, and discovered a suspicious device in the rear of the car. They started clearing people from the area, some of whom moved towards Church Street. At approximately 10:30am two further explosions occurred almost simultaneously. The first was in a stolen van parked on Church Street, resulting in the deaths of James McClelland (sixty-five years old), David Miller (sixty years old) and William Temple (sixteen years old). The second of these bombs was in the Mini car spotted earlier, causing



The Claudy victims

extensive damage to property but fortunately no additional deaths.

In the following days, Joseph Connolly (fifteen years old), Arthur Hone (thirty-eight years old) and Rose McLaughlin (fifty-two years old) died from injuries sustained in the first explosion.

James Miller's grandfather was killed in the attack. James, "Granda Miller (David) was in the process of moving women and children to a place of safety as a second bomb had been located in Main Street. He was on his way back to help more people to safety when a bomb exploded at the Beaufort Hotel, killing him, and with such force that parts of his body

were found on the overhead electricity cables." PIRA, by planting three bombs, had left no safe escape route for the local people.

David Temple's sixteen-year-old brother William was in Claudy that day, and was helping to deliver milk. He was injured by the first bomb to go off, but killed by the second device. David, "I remember that day as if it was yesterday. I remember my uncle calling us at work and telling us to come home." David's uncle got the whole family together to tell them William had been killed. David, "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.”

David’s father became ill after the death of his son. “He couldn’t take it anymore and he died after a short illness. I remember my mother getting the whole family together and saying, David, you are now the head of the household, you have to keep going. You have to look after the family. I was twenty-two years of age at the time – I had just started working.”

It is now known that a local Roman Catholic priest was a leading member of PIRA and there is irrefutable evidence linking him directly to the Claudy atrocity. Failures in the investigation allowed the Catholic Church to move the priest to another parish in the Republic of Ireland. The priest died of natural causes eight years later, but was never charged with the nine murders.

James, “We as family members are still seeking justice, a Police Ombudsman’s report was released on the 24 August 2010 but only focused on the priest. Yet the Police Service of Northern Ireland (PSNI) stated there may have been up to eighteen others involved. No one has been investigated properly in recent years about Claudy even though a ‘Spotlight’ programme identified a number of individuals, including ‘Man A’ who is now back living in this country.”

David, “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 Claudy is always on our minds. I look for Justice for the people of Claudy. Many times Catholics have come, shook my hand, and said, David we are ashamed to be Roman Catholics when we know that a priest was involved in the bomb that killed your brother.”

The failure of police to conduct an effective investigation and the lack of justice has left its toll on the Claudy families.

James, “All of this has had an absolutely devastating effect on our immediate family and more so, on my father, who had never been able to come to terms with this atrocity. We all suffered horribly throughout the years with this ‘open wound never healing’ and with no hope of justice or recompense. With no counselling services available back then Dad tried to get on with his life, but the trauma of the Claudy bomb affected him so badly that no later than 2011 he was diagnosed with Post Traumatic Stress and underwent intensive trauma counselling. This also affected the family, as we all had to make sense of my father’s abnormal actions and try to make sense of his disruptive coping mechanisms and alcohol abuse. Although his mental health suffered continuously he did his best for us all and he always clung on to the hope that something

positive would eventually be achieved and justice would be done”

The families still hope to find the truth about the Claudy atrocity, and hold out for justice. David, “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 to give me answers are the Irish Catholic Church and the police. I know myself that the answers lie between them and the two governments (UK & RoI). Everybody is hiding it, but we will not, as a family, leave this unfinished. I will fight it with every court in the land to get justice for my brother.”

James, “Sadly Dad passed away on 25th March 2018 with no closure, no answers and no one held to account. I promised my Father that I would fight on and finish what he had started. I have come to learn that Post Generational trauma is passing down through the family and this will not ease until we have the truth and potential closure we deserve. All we want is to understand why Claudy was blown apart and for our wounds to heal so as we can return to a normal life. Sadly Dad will never see this day but I hope and pray I will make him proud of me when we get the answers we crave for and the closure we deserve.”



Claudy memorial

M62 COACH BOMB 1974

4th February 1974

“THE M62 COACH BOMBING HAPPENED ON 4TH FEBRUARY 1974 ON THE M62 MOTORWAY IN NORTHERN ENGLAND, WHEN A PIRA BOMB EXPLODED IN A COACH CARRYING OFF-DUTY BRITISH ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL AND THEIR FAMILY MEMBERS.



The bus wreckage on the M62

The M62 coach bombing happened on 4th February 1974 on the M62 motorway in northern England, when a PIRA bomb exploded in a coach carrying off-duty British Armed Forces personnel and their family members. Twelve people (nine soldiers, three civilians) were murdered by the bomb, (11 at the scene with a twelfth dying four days later) which consisted of 25 pounds (11 kg) of high explosive hidden in a luggage locker on the coach.

An entire family were murdered in the blast - the Haughtons, whose entire family, consisting of Clifford, his wife Linda and his sons Lee (5) and Robert (2) Numerous others suffered severe injuries, including a six-year-old boy, who was badly burned.

The driver of the coach, Roland Handley, was injured by flying glass, but was hailed as a hero for bringing the coach safely to a halt.

Leslie David Walsh remembered by his brother Albert

My fondest memories of Les were the happy childhood we shared growing up together in Blackpool. We shared a bedroom for most of our early years as we were the youngest of five children, two years and ten months separated us, to our parents Jack & Doris, although we never had much money we had everything we could ask for- our parents kept us fed and clothed and we were always happy. At Secondary School Les was always getting into trouble for either fighting or smoking - or both! Our headmaster always asked me why he was not like me (I was the 'good' boy - Les was a rebel!) and asked me to try to change him-this was NEVER going to happen!

In the summer holidays, Les and I used to travel from the stables to the beach with the donkeys where we would walk the donkeys giving rides to holidaymakers-our parents never had to worry where we were all those summer days. We always had a large group of friends and enjoyed-what appeared to us-to be an idyllic childhood.

In 1970, following our Dad suffering a heart attack at 49 years old, we moved from Blackpool to Tyldesley, a small mining & spinning town on the outskirts of Manchester, I had started work at a VW & Ford Dealer in nearby Bolton, Les, being only 13 joined a local secondary school where he found it a challenge-his school mates spoke with



Albert Walsh

broad Lancashire accents and it took him a while to settle down. When he left school, he started working for the local butcher but again it wasn't what he really wanted and he decided to join the army, joining the Royal Signals Regiment, based at Catterick Camp, North Yorkshire.

I genuinely think he was never happier as he had made some genuine friends and I think he needed the discipline the Army gave him.

Les had been on leave for the weekend, he enjoyed his life in the army and I considered he had 'grown up' there. He was amongst a group of Service Personnel returning to Catterick Camp

in North Yorkshire from Manchester, a coach had been laid on due to the rail strike so I drove him to Piccadilly Station to catch the coach. On the way there he really didn't want to go back as he had enjoyed his weekend break, I just told him that he needed to return as otherwise he would be put on a charge and then leave would be cancelled as a result. He did eventually accept this fact – I have lived with this regret for 43 years.

A member of the IRA had placed a bomb on the coach which exploded on the Eastbound carriageway of the M62 motorway near Huddersfield. The bomb destroyed most of the coach killing Leslie and eleven other Servicemen and their families.

The immediate impact on my family was devastating. We had no phone at home, my Mother had heard about a bomb but there were very few details, the first my parents knew was when the police called at the house to inform them of the tragedy, my Mother was distraught, my Father had been in bed as he worked nights and he phoned me at work to tell me the news. My brother and sisters all came round to be together at this time. Mum took it the hardest as she had lost her youngest child, I declined to visit the funeral parlour as I wanted to remember Les as I had last seen him, I will never forgive myself for taking him on that fateful journey. I had lost my best mate and Brother.

The lasting impact on my family- my parents split up a year later after 29 years of marriage, my older brother stayed with Dad and I split my time between them both, both my sisters were married with young children of their own, I married in 1976 and the family, as we were previously, was shattered. Our parents are no longer with us and sadly never got to see the new memorial at Hartshead Moor Services. Mum never got over losing Les and I still miss him to this day, wondering what he would have achieved as he would have now been 61 years old.

I think the Family would like this never to be forgotten, my own son and daughter who are now in their thirties and never knew Leslie but know all about him, will continue to attend the annual memorial service in February after I am no longer able.

We would love to see lasting peace in Northern Ireland as I am sure the vast majority of people would - I have met many Irish people over the years and count many as close friends, we need peace to prevail.

THE VICTIMS

Bombardier Terence Griffins	Aged 24
Gunner Leonard James Godden	Aged 22
Signalman Michael Eugene Waugh	Aged 22
Signalman Leslie David Walsh	Aged 17
Signalman Paul Anthony Reid	Aged 17
Lance Corporal James John McShane	Aged 28
Fusilier Jack Thomas Hynes	Aged 20
Fusilier Stephen Whalley	Aged 18
Corporal Clifford Haughton	Aged 24
Linda Haughton	Aged 24
Children - Lee Haughton	Aged 5
Robert Haughton	Aged 2

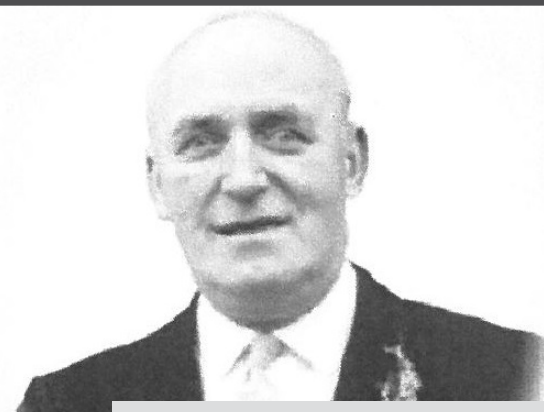


Leslie Walsh

JOY BINGHAM 1976

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.”



William Herron



Noeline Herron

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.



Beth Herron

THE NORTH FAMILY 1977

Martin Walsh



In 1977 Ken North and his wife Maureen were at their niece's wedding when they received a phone-call telling them that the IRA had left a bomb at their shop. They immediately returned home but were not allowed near the shop due to an unexploded device that still had not been cleared by the Army.

The Provisional IRA (PIRA) had left a bomb behind the counter of the shop, and also had robbed the money from the cash register. The Army bomb disposal officer was killed when the bomb exploded as he was trying to dismantle it.

Maureen, "I realised then what the British Army had to cope with. They just had to pick him up and put him in a plastic bag. The helicopter then came and took away his body."

"I was so annoyed about it. You know about the man losing his life at our house. He had told us he had two children, a wee girl of four and a wee boy of two. We wrote a letter to his family saying that we hoped that someday someone would tell them that he was a very brave man and that he gave his life for his country. Twenty years later the soldier's two brothers came over

“THE NORTH FAMILY LIVED IN A RURAL AREA OF SOUTH EAST FERMANAGH, UK, THAT WAS BORDERED ON THREE SIDES BY THE REPUBLIC OF IRELAND. THEY OWNED A GROCERY SHOP AND PETROL STATION, AND ALSO HAD A SMALL FARM. THEY HAD THREE CHILDREN.



Maureen North pictured with the Walsh brothers and PSNI Insp Roy Robinson and Kenny Donaldson (SEFF's Director of Services)

and contacted the police, as they wanted to see us. When we met them, one of the brothers said to us "Do you know, this letter was the only thing that gave us hope to live again, even my mother." Ken brought them out to the place and told them exactly what happened. They went back home, and ever since, every year, they have come over on his anniversary."

The farm was attacked again in 1985, the Norths were at a function in their Church, when their hayshed was burnt down. Then, in 1987, they received a phone-call in the middle of the night telling them there was another bomb at their shop. It exploded outside but didn't cause too much damage.

But the worst incident for the family was to come in 1989 when PIRA arrived at their house.

Maureen, "They made us lie on the floor (Maureen and her son Peter) and they took Ken out and beat the hell out of him. Then, they came in and took Peter away. They got Ken and me up and manhandled us to the field and tied us up."

Two gunmen stood guard over them whilst they lay in the corner of a field for five hours. When a helicopter was heard overhead, the gunmen left. Maureen managed to untie her hands and then helped her husband down to a neighbour's house. They were later taken to the hospital where Ken had to have stitches in a head wound.

PIRA had put a bomb in Peter's van and ordered him to take it to an Army checkpoint nearby. Maureen repeated the words said by the gunmen to Peter, "If you don't, we'll shoot your father and you, but we won't shoot her. We'll leave her to bury the two of you."

He had no choice. When he arrived at the checkpoint, the soldiers there knew him because he was a local. Peter shouted a warning, and the Army helped him out of the van, as PIRA had beaten his legs to prevent him running away. Fortunately only the detonator had gone off in the bomb.

By now Maureen had enough, and moved temporary into a rented house. They later bought a new house and Peter had bought another farm. Some time later, Ken and Maureen went on a holiday, and whilst they were away, PIRA threatened Peter and his brother Alistair. They left the house, frightened, and later it was robbed of all the family's personal possessions. Peter eventually decided to move to England for a new life.

Maureen discussed why she believed they were targeted by PIRA, "I definitely think it was ethnic cleansing because they didn't want Peter there and they knew Ali was doing marketing in England with a view to maybe taking over the shop and they didn't want us there. It was definitely ethnic cleansing."

GRANT WEIR 1979

Grant Weir, UDR (who was left seriously injured via a Provisional IRA terrorist bomb)

“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 Weir second left pictured with former UDR colleagues.

Grant's sister and main carer Michelle Nixon recounts:

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

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. Mum 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.

Mummy died six years after Grant was blown up. I was 19, so me and my sisters, and all those still living at home, 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 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.

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 sister's 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, 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.



Centre in the pic is Grant Weir.

THE GRAHAM FAMILY 1981

“my family are the only family over the years of ‘The Troubles’ to have three siblings murdered in individual attacks”

“ I DON'T REALLY HAVE THE WORDS TO FULLY EXPRESS THE HURT AND INJUSTICE OUR FAMILY FEELS, WE HAVE FOREVER WONDERED; WHY US? WHY DID THE PROVISIONAL IRA SYSTEMATICALLY TARGET AND ASSASSINATE THREE BROTHERS, ONE BY ONE?



Ronald Graham



Cecil Graham



James Graham



Hilary Graham

My name is Pam Morrison (nee Graham) and three of my brothers; Ronald (Ronnie) Cecil and Jimmy (James) were murdered one by one by Provisional IRA terrorists. My sister Hilary who was a Greenfinch UDR soldier also died in 1979 some time after being run down at a checkpoint.

I understand that my family are the only family over the years of ‘The Troubles’ to have three siblings murdered in individual attacks.

I don't really have the words to fully express the hurt and injustice our family feels, we have forever wondered; why us? Why did the Provisional IRA systematically target and assassinate three brothers, one by one?

My family, the Grahams' are known as a proud Ulster family, we have a reputation of being strong and determined and not easily cowed, that was very true of my brothers and perhaps was a factor in the Provisional IRA's determination to murder them.

I am the last of eight siblings, three others have since died through cancer and heart related problems, the strain upon our family has been severe, just as we picked ourselves up, we were knocked back down but I am here, I am blessed to have a wonderful husband and our family as not been broken - the Provisional IRA have failed to break our spirit.

Ronnie (an off duty Lans Corporal in the Ulster Defence Regiment) was the first brother to be murdered on 5th June 1981

“Ronnie's widow Josie emotionally recalls “Before my husband was killed was great - we had the two children (Noreen and Ronald) and it was wonderful. Ronald our son was always out on the van run with him in the summertime, but of course I would worry when he was out at night with the UDR. My husband was a good husband and good to the two children. He worked night shifts in the factory (Sir Richard Arkwright's in Lisnaskea) and then did the van run during the day. At weekends he would go out with the UDR. He was a very hard worker. It came as a shock when they told me that he had been murdered. Even after all these years you have your moments when you could sit down and cry your eyes out”.

“I think that if there was justice in Northern Ireland that people would not be afraid to go out. I have a wonderful son but he never goes

anywhere. He is very good with me and I don't know what I would do without him, but I live alone and if a knock came to the door at night, I wouldn't open it. I would shout ‘Who's there?’ and go to look through the window. I would be nervous of opening the door even though I have good neighbours. I feel afraid because of what has happened”.

And son Ronnie (named after his Dad) adds: “The day my dad was killed - 5th June 1981 - I was at high school. The knock came to the classroom door and I was asked to go to the headmaster's office. Whilst I was walking down the corridor, I met my sister and we both wondered what was happening. The gun carrier for my dad's murder was caught, but he didn't pull the trigger. I would just like to know who shot my dad but I know it will never happen. If I did find out who shot my dad I don't know how it would affect me - maybe I would go and face them and ask why they did it. To the politicians who say we should just move on, I would say that that is just their easy way out. As far I am concerned they sit up there on their big money and they don't care about little people like us, all they care about is their pay cheques. They don't concern themselves with what happened to people years ago – they don't want the hassle – they just want to wash their hands of it”.

Cecil was next to be murdered, a Private in the

Ulster Defence Regiment. Cecil was aged 32, and married with one child.

He was fatally wounded on 9th November 1981 then dying two days later on Remembrance Day after being shot by PIRA when visiting his wife and their five-week-old baby.

His wife, a Roman Catholic, was staying with her parents in Donagh, as the baby was premature and required constant attention.

Cecil was spotted and ambushed after a short visit. He was hit by 16 rounds from an Armalite rifle and died two days later in hospital.

"His father-in law told the inquest (into his death) that he was upset that in the two years following the shooting, none of the neighbours had extended sympathy or even mentioned the murder" (from 'The UDR' Chris Ryder)

Cecil, Ronnie and Jimmy's father (a former B-Special) joined the UDR with his three sons and one daughter, Hilary.

Meanwhile Sharon Clarke, daughter of James (Jimmy) Graham again an off duty Private within the UDR when murdered reflects upon life after being left fatherless aged just 15 years.

"In 1985 I remember hearing a motorbike often

going up and down the road whenever my Dad would come home. Then, on 1st February that year, he was eventually shot in Derrylin whilst working as a bus driver, driving a group of kids to the Lakeland Forum. After he was murdered, another guy in the UDR told Mum that Daddy had received threatening letters every day of the week leading up to his murder, but he refused to give up - he was a hero".

"As well as my dad, I had two uncles shot and my aunt was in a hit and run whilst out on patrol with the UDR - she died from her injuries".

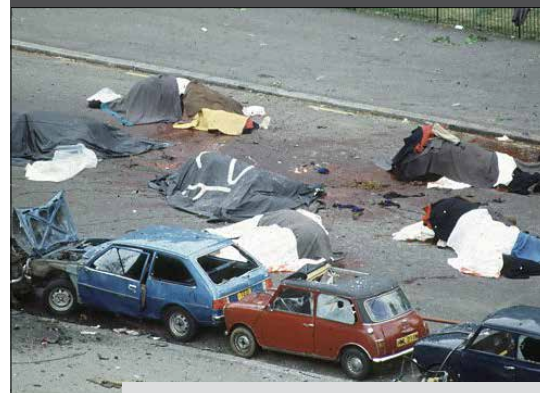
"Granny was dead at this time but Granda lived to see them all buried. All of this turned us against the Roman Catholic community because we just didn't know who to trust"

"I would like justice for my family. For me this would mean for the murderers to admit what they did and say why they did it. This would put my mind at rest. The fact that no-one was caught means that it is always in the back of my mind that you could be speaking to them down the town, not knowing it was them, and yet they would know what they did to you".

HYDEPARK AND REGENTSPARK BOMBINGS 1982

20th July 1982

ON 20TH JULY 1982 ELEVEN SOLDIERS ON CEREMONIAL DUTY WERE MURDERED AS TWO PROVISIONAL IRA BOMBS ROCKED LONDON'S ROYAL PARKS.



It exploded just as soldiers of the Household Cavalry were passing as part of the Changing of the Guard procession.

The first bomb, packing 30lb of nails, went off at 10:40am. It had been stashed in the boot of a Morris Marina parked on South Carriage Drive in Hyde Park. It exploded just as soldiers of the Household Cavalry were passing as part of the Changing of the Guard procession. Explosives experts believe it was triggered by a Provisional IRA terrorist looking on at the scene.

Three Blues & Royals soldiers, Anthony Daly 23, Simon Tipper 19 and Vernon Young 19 died on the day. The fourth victim, Raymond Bright 36, a standard-bearer, died from his wounds three days later.

Other soldiers in the procession were badly wounded, and seven of the regiment's horses were either killed by the blast or put to sleep due to the severity of their injuries.



Musicians of the Royal Green Jackets were performing songs from the musical *Oliver!* on a bandstand in Regent's Park.

Just across town, musicians of the Royal Green Jackets were performing songs from the musical *Oliver!* on a bandstand in Regent's Park. At 12:55pm, with a crowd gathered to enjoy the music, a bomb hidden under the stage was triggered by a timer. The seven bandsmen who lost their lives were Graham Barker 36, John Heritage 29, Robert Livingstone 31, George Measure 19, John McKnight 30, Keith John Powel 24 and Laurence Smith 19.

18 soldiers, a police officer and three civilians were hospitalised as a result of the blasts. Most were treated in Westminster Hospital, where striking workers called off their action to respond to the needs of the casualties.

The Provisional IRA admitted responsibility and echoed Margaret Thatcher's declaration of war on Argentina, made not long before, about the right of self-determination, stating that "the Irish people have sovereign and national rights which no task or occupational force can put down".

Mrs Thatcher responded with "These callous and cowardly crimes have been committed by evil, brutal men who know nothing of democracy. We shall not rest until they are brought to justice."

Justice has proved elusive so far.

In 1987, a 27-year physics graduate named Gilbert McNamee was found guilty of bombing offences that included the Hyde Park bomb, and he was sentenced to 25 years in prison.

However, he was released in 1998 under the terms of the Belfast Agreement. Later that year his conviction was overturned by the Court of Appeal, which ruled it "unsafe" on account of withheld fingerprint evidence that implicated other bomb-makers.

In 2013, John Anthony Downey, who has a conviction for IRA membership in the 1970s, was charged with murder in relation to the Hyde Park bomb. However, his trial collapsed after it emerged he was one of the 187 'On The Runs' who received letters assuring them they did not face arrest and prosecution for IRA crimes. This assurance was erroneously based. Even so the judge ruled that it would be an abuse of process for him to stand trial for the Hyde Park murders. He walked free.

To date no-one has been charged in connection with the Regent's Park blast.



The memorial to those who died in Hyde Park

A memorial marks the spot of the Hyde Park bombing and the Household Cavalry honours it daily with an 'eyes left' and salute with drawn swords. A plaque commemorating the victims of the second attack also stands in Regent's Park.

Atrocities have many ripples beyond the toll of the dead and obviously injured and can manifest many years later. In Sept 2012, Sergeant Michael Pedersen, 51, who miraculously escaped serious injury in the Hyde Park bomb took his own life and those of his son Ben, seven, and daughter Freya, six, after he separated from their mother. The link between his Hyde Park experiences and these terrible actions cannot easily be proved but neither should they be easily dismissed.

Behind these stark facts lie a myriad of emotions and perspectives, which some of those affected by them have agreed to share with us:

Judith Jenkins is the widow of Cpl Jeffrey Young who was one of the four Household Guards killed by the IRA bomb. Judith says "the bomb turned my life upside down and my whole world collapsed, it saddens me each day that my two children grew up without knowing their father. My eldest daughter Sarah Jayne Young has been particularly impacted, as she was only four at the time. When Sarah Jayne was growing up I considered her naughty or spoilt, but it was when she turned twenty six and she was diagnosed

with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) that I realised the tragic loss of her father had long-term effects. I feel like a very bad mother, as I didn't speak about him - I thought this would be more painful for my daughters".

Sarah Jayne Young is the daughter of Cpl Jeffrey Young and remembers "the discreet smile on her father's face as he gazed up at her - they weren't allowed to wave back at us - I watched with pride. I then remember the juddering blast that shook the nursery, several storeys up in a tower-block at the barracks...hearing the panic in the courtyard below...seeing the walking wounded trudging back, their uniforms bloody and torn. Worst of all I remember then being told that he wouldn't be coming home. The teacher was there comforting us, of course, but I just remember feeling so lonely. I felt as though I was all on my own".

Mark Tipper is the brother of Cpl Simon Tipper who was age nineteen and killed during the Hyde Park Bombing. Mark has been heavily involved in the Hyde Park Justice Campaign and states "one thing that would help us greatly is to learn the truth of who was responsible and see them held to account".

"It is frustrating that over the years instead of backing us, the Legal Aid Agency has refused again and again to fund this case on irrational grounds, including, absurdly, that justice in this



The memorial to those who died in Regents Park

case isn't in the public interest. How can it not be in the public interest to bring suspected terrorists to trial? In February 2018, when the families were eventually awarded legal aid Mark Tipper advised "the funds will help us in our quest for the truth. I'm elated that we have got this far. There has been a lot of fighting to get to this day. I honestly didn't think we would get legal aid. When you have been refused five times, you just

don't think it will ever come about. Now we are at the stage where the funding is in place and we can start for the first time really looking forward and trying to get chief suspect John Downey into a civil court. We, as the public, if we can do this, it might help other victims find the strength to carry on forward."

IRISH DEFENCE FORCES PATRICK KELLY 1983

**Murdered 16th December
1983 by PIRA terrorists**

“DAVID AND ANDREW KELLY ARE SONS OF IRISH DEFENCE FORCES SOLDIER PATRICK KELLY, MURDERED ALONG WITH A NEW GARDIA RECRUIT BY PIRA WHILST SEARCHING FOR KIDNAPPED BUSINESSMAN DON TIDEY IN BALLINAMORE, COUNTY LEITRIM, ON 16TH DECEMBER, 1983.



Pte Patrick Kelly

David Kelly (Son) recalls: My father was an ordinary working class man from County Longford. As a young man he joined the army and then married my mother in 1974. Life was very contented. We didn't see too much of him because he was very busy but he provided for us and he was a very gentle father, very loving and as far as I was concerned everything was just perfect in life.

In 1983, when Don Tidey was kidnapped it was part of a series of kidnappings by the IRA to raise funds for their campaign of violence.

They held him in isolated woodland in County Leitrim, not too far from the border with Fermanagh. Garda intelligence got word that this was where he was being held.

After three weeks, it all came to a head on Friday, 16th December and my dad and a young Guard came across the Provisional IRA hideout and saw a figure, dressed like a soldier, crouching, cleaning a rifle. The Guard asked him who he was, but in these vital moments this man was preparing his rifle to use it.

The young Garda looked over his shoulder to my father and he said 'there's a soldier here and he will not speak to me'. My father came up over an embankment and at that moment the man opened up with a heavy machine gun. He shot the Garda in the head and he used the machine gun to riddle my father from his ankles up to his neck and both men fell. They released Tidey but then made good their escape.

Little did I know how the events of that day were going to affect my life and my family's life. That evening I was sitting at home waiting for my father. I was looking out the window and I saw Guards, soldiers, a priest; I knew straightaway even as a nine-year-old something was up. Then my mother and us were told the terrible news that our father had been killed.

A great emptiness came into our lives. My father's presence was gone. He was the driving force of the family. My mother was a very shy person and totally depended on her husband. Little did I know things were going to get a lot worse. Unfortunately a man came on the scene making out that he would help her and he would take us to London, but he hadn't a property arranged for us and, on the third anniversary of my father's death, we ended up living in a squat in London.

I learned later my father received no bullet wounds to his heart and head and it took 20 minutes for him to slowly bleed to death. I wonder

what he was thinking in those 20 minutes. I'd say he was thinking of his young family and what the future held for them, and to think how things would go in a few short years.

We grew up, we survived the whole experience, but I feel traumatised out of it all. All four of us eventually moved back to Ireland. Adjusting to life back here has been a challenge. We were told in 2008 that a court case was coming up in Dublin of a man being accused of the kidnapping and firearm offences. He wasn't up for murder but we were still very interested in the case.

It was very strange on the first day of the trial when the accused walked past me; I got a chill all down my body. Unfortunately he was acquitted. It was hard to watch him walk free from the court that day.

Now we're in a situation where we're asking, is anyone ever going to take any responsibility for killing our father? Our father's killer is walking around a free man.

It was all brought up again in 2011 when Martin McGuinness decided to run for President of Ireland. It was so shocking to me that a man with his track record was in that position. During the campaign he was in a shopping centre and I went there with a photograph of my father. I approached him and asked him directly, 'You want to be the President of Ireland, can you assist

me with finding the murderers of my father?'

He stretched out his hand to shake mine, but I wasn't having any of it so he walked away. It was only a five minute encounter but it made quite an impact. It turned the public mood against him. People were reminded of this man's shady past, to say the least. I have never received any information back from him.

And brother Andrew Kelly remarks:

Being so young at the time, I was only 11 weeks old, I have no memories of my father, but I remember my brother David telling me stories from time to time, my mother was a lovely lady and quiet in nature.

My mother never told me about my father's death until I was 11 years of age. Up to this point she had had little confidence and been in an abusive relationship with another man, who I actually believed was my father.

I relied on my brothers, who I looked up to almost like father figures. They told me stories about my dad and that he was in the army and was killed. I could tell my brothers weren't over our father's murder a deep void is still there to this day, they needed guidance and support, which wasn't there, and we were living in 1980's London where you weren't accepted socially at the time. We were often referred to as IRA, and it would be said 'you're scum, go back to Ireland'.

My mother suddenly passed away in 2010. A couple of days before she died, she was asked by the army if she'd like to come over. They were unveiling a cenotaph in Athlone for all deceased members of the Defence Forces. We found her dead in bed the next morning. My mother had such a hard life, it upsets and angers me very much when I look at all the suffering she endured in her 57 years.

We'll never get justice because of the peace process here but I live in hope. It's just a can of worms and no one wants to go near it. That upsets me and I know it upsets my brothers. I'd like to know who killed my father. I'd like to see some people owning up to it, but that's not the way it works. We are being denied Justice.



David Kelly (son of Patrick Kelly, Irish soldier) and Christine Huggins (widow of Robert Huggins, British soldier) jointly laying the SEFF wreath in London at the cenotaph.

THE FUNSTON FAMILY 1984

Tuesday 13th March 1984

“THE FUNSTONS WERE ORIGINALLY FROM THE IRISH REPUBLIC BUT MOVED INTO NORTHERN IRELAND IN THE LATE 1950S. OLIVER AND FLORENCE HAD A FAMILY OF FIVE GIRLS AND THREE BOYS, AND LIVED ON A FARM VERY CLOSE TO THE INTERNATIONAL BORDER.



Ronald Funston

The Funstons were originally from the Irish Republic but moved into Northern Ireland in the late 1950s. Oliver and Florence had a family of five girls and three boys, and lived on a farm very close to the international border.

When Oliver retired, his son Ronnie took over running the farm. On Tuesday 13th March 1984 at approximately 7.45am, Ronnie was feeding cattle from his tractor. Two PIRA gunmen had been lying in wait and opened fire with two rifles, shooting Ronnie in the back many times; he died on the tractor. He was 28 years old. His mother Florence heard the shooting and rushed down to where he was, and saw the two gunman running up a field, they were cheering what they had done.

Ronnie's youngest sister Joy was the only other sibling living at home, "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."



The Funston family - front left to right: Eva, Joy, Ruth and Olive (now deceased) and back left to right: David and Ken.

The murder obviously had a profound and lasting effect on the family.

Ronnie's younger brother, Ken, "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."

Joy, "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 distressed. Every day she got up she was distraught - she felt 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."

The family had to sell the farm, all the animals and the machinery, cheaply and move away from the area.

Ronnie's oldest sister Olive, "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 twenty eight years of age is something, as a family, we never got over."

The family questioned why Ronnie had been singled out and targeted for murder.

Joy, "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."

Joy, "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."

Olive, "I'm sure it was the local people who set it up and who knew his movements. They wanted us out of the area."

Ken, "It is my firm belief that his murder was part of PIRA's strategy of ethnically cleansing Protestants/Unionists from the area. There is clear evidence of this where they murdered the head of the household, or the person running the business or farm.

Ronnie was trying to better himself; he had his own farm at home, he was trying to rent another farm and move forward with his life."

Victim's issues are still very prevalent for some within Northern Ireland, but attitudes vary. Olive states, "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."

CHIEF PRISON OFFICER BRIAN STACK 1984

Shot by Provisional IRA terrorists on 25th March 1983 and died on 29th September 1984

“ CHIEF PRISON OFFICER BRIAN STACK - SHOT BY PROVISIONAL IRA TERRORISTS ON 25TH MARCH 1983 AND DIED ON 29TH SEPTEMBER 1984



Brian Stack with his medals and trophies and sporting achievements



Austin Stack's father Brian Stack was chief prison officer in Portlaoise Prison. He was shot by the Provisional IRA in Dublin on 25th March 1983.

My dad always told us not to tell anyone about his job and, if anyone asked, to just say he was a civil servant. He was very much involved in the local GAA club; he'd played for them and had refereed an All-Ireland football semi-final. He was also secretary of the boxing club, so he was very much involved in the local community.

Our lives were always very full with him. He'd bring us different places during the weekend, and it was always sporting related. In March 1983, my father went to the national boxing finals in the stadium in Dublin.

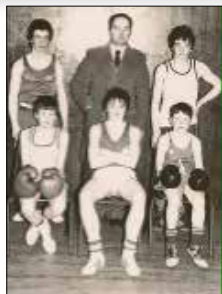
I wasn't sleeping easy that night and then I saw headlights coming down the driveway. I went to the front room and my mother, grandmother and my uncle were there. My mother was crying and my granny said 'go back to bed; your father's

been in an accident'. I sat up in the bed the whole night. I waited for the six o'clock news on the radio, which told me my father had been shot and he was critically ill in hospital.

I went to my younger brothers' bedroom and woke them and told them what was happening. I was 14, Ciaran was 13 and Oliver was 12. They wouldn't believe me so I put on the radio and it came on again and at that stage we all got into the one bed and we were kind of hugging each other. Dad was in a coma for three months. They knew there was some form of brain damage because his spine had been severed by the bullet and they knew he had been paralysed from the neck down, but because he was in the coma they didn't know the extent of his brain injuries.

When he did regain consciousness, he was very childlike, but he had a really good memory of stuff that had happened to him from his childhood, but if you were talking to him five minutes later he wouldn't remember.

There was nothing more the hospital could do for him and he was with us for about six months and one day he took a fit, he went back in the hospital for two weeks and he died, 18 months after the shooting.



Brain Stack with
young boxers

At the time my mother thought the Gardai would do their job, find who was responsible and bring them to justice. She wouldn't have been the type of woman banging down doors. Six years after the funeral she wrote to the Gardai and asked about the progress. We'd had absolutely nothing in those six years, nobody had come near us. She got a one line letter back to say the case was still open and she followed it up 12 months later and the same response came back.

We didn't really have any understanding of the true facts around the case. What I found strange was that people were doing everything to say it wasn't the IRA.

In 2006, a reporter called Barry Cummins approached me, he was writing a book on unsolved murders. He got to see the original Garda file, and the stuff he came back with was earth shattering. There was a lot of hard physical

evidence and we were told there was an eye witness. We wrote to the Garda Commissioner and the Gardai decided to review my father's case, but we felt very duped by that process.

In January 2012 the Garda liaison guy came to see me in work one day and said they were nearly at the end of their investigation and they didn't believe the IRA did it. I got quite irate with him and he left.

I called Gerry Adams out publicly to meet with me and he eventually agreed to a meeting, which took place in May 2013. He started to say 'we're all victims here' and I thumped the table and I pointed at him and I said: 'You're not the victim here. You didn't have to shave your father or get out of your bed in the middle of the night to scratch your father's nose because he couldn't do it for himself. That's what a victim is, don't you try to play the victim with us.'

Then I told him all I wanted was an admission from the IRA. He said he could work with me and we met him four or five times over the next two months. In the first week of August, they took me to a meeting where we met a senior IRA man who read out a prepared statement. They said it was carried out by IRA volunteers acting on the instruction of an IRA commander but it hadn't been sanctioned.

The main thing for us was that the IRA had admitted it. For us that was an extremely important moment for them to admit after 30 years that they did this. We've got 70 per cent of the truth. The Gardai, in 30 years, couldn't get that much for us.

The problem was they didn't admit they sanctioned it and that left a sour taste in our mouths, but at the time we were so happy with what we had got that we decided to let it sit for a while.

We realise we are not going to get any justice in the form of people coming before the courts. What we wanted more than anything else was the truth. We wanted the IRA to say they'd done it. We want them now to say they sanctioned it. We want them to take full accountability and responsibility for what they did to my father and our family.

To my family, it's not going to make one jot of difference whether someone serves a prison sentence but as long as Gerry Adams and people of that ilk continue to tell lies, continue to deny, continue to re-victimise us, continue to try and make themselves the victim, I'm going to keep getting under their skin and getting at them.

That's all we want, we just want the truth. We're not going to let up on it.

THE BRIGHTON BOMB 1984

Lord Norman Tebbit (former Government Minister) and survivor of the 1984 Brighton Conservative Conference bombing

“LORD NORMAN TEBBIT (FORMER GOVERNMENT MINISTER) AND SURVIVOR OF THE 1984 BRIGHTON CONSERVATIVE CONFERENCE BOMBING



Lord Norman Tebbit

My speech at the 1984 Conservative Conference at Brighton had gone well and I had little more to do than to be on the platform to support the Prime Minister the next day. After a drink or two at Alistair McAlpine's party my wife and I were in bed and asleep soon after midnight.

We were woken by the sound of an explosion. Having grown up through the early 1940's I had no doubt that it was a bomb, as first the ceiling, and then the floor collapsed and we were tumbled out of bed under a hail of debris.

I had no idea how far we had fallen and still the bricks and lumps of concrete and wood rained down. Eventually there was nothing but pitch darkness and silence, broken only by the fading screams and groans of others buried somewhere in the ruins of the central block of the Grand Hotel.

Margaret answered my call to her and I realised that we were not far apart. I was unable to move

my head, lower body or right arm, but reaching out with my left arm towards the sound of my wife's voice I was able to touch her hand as we lay, uncertain of how far we had fallen, or even which way up we were.

I began to explore around me and found that we were both still entangled in the duvet and sheets from our bed, then that my left side had become an agonising sticky mess of torn flesh and what I realised must be blood.

My mouth too seemed full of dust, blood and bits of teeth, my legs were trapped but I could at least feel they were still there, but I had no response from my right arm which I feared I might have lost.

My wife seemed to be crumpled up into a ball but we could at least touch and speak to one another. There was little sound as the other trapped victims fell silent apart from that of water running from a severed pipe.

I realised that although rescuers would be on their way it might be a long wait, but my wife, unusually less patient than I, began to cry out for help.

"Don't waste your strength." I advised her. "Wait until you hear the rescuers, it might be a long time."



The Grand Hotel, Brighton, East Sussex in 1984.

"We were woken by the sound of an explosion. Having grown up through the early 1940's I had no doubt that it was a bomb, as first the ceiling, and then the floor collapsed and we were tumbled out of bed under a hail of debris."

We fell to talking, giving each other messages for our family lest only one of us survived. From time to time there were sounds as more of the wreckage collapsed, and I drifted in and out of consciousness wondering how many of our friends and colleagues had survived.

Suddenly there were voices calling out for survivors. We struggled to reply and they asked us who we were.

The rescuers were led by Fireman Fred Bishop and with him was reservist fireman Ash. Tony Trafford, a doctor who had been at the Conference, joined them to assess our injuries and found an arm so battered and cold they thought it had been severed, but turned out to be mine. Slowly, delicately, in order not to cause another shift of the wreckage, they began to dig us out. I had to be shifted first and will never forget being strapped to a stretcher and eased out from the debris into the glare of floodlights and the sweetest night air I have ever breathed.

Then the cold sent me into great shivers as I was loaded into an ambulance and on my way to hospital and the sudden glare of the lights of an operating theatre and once again oblivion.

My broken bones and other wounds were repaired although I have hardly known a day without pain for the last thirty-odd years, but my wife though scarcely scarred has been largely paralysed from her neck down.'

We are but two of the casualties of the troubled years of the Sinn Fein/IRA insurrection. Nor was the ceiling of our room at The Grand Hotel the first I saw come down from the blast of a bomb, but the Luftwaffe I can forgive.

Those who far from repenting still glorify in their crimes, I cannot.

The victims:

Sir Anthony Berry
MP

Eric Taylor
(North-West Area Chairman of the Conservative Party)

Lady (Jeanne) Shattock
(wife of Sir Gordon Shattock, Western Area Chairman of the Conservative Party)

Lady (Muriel) Maclean
(wife of Sir Donald Maclean, President of the Scottish Conservatives)

Roberta Wakeham
(wife of Parliamentary Treasury Secretary John Wakeham).

JEFF SMITH 1985

Seriously injured in a Provisional IRA terrorist attack

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.



Jeff Smith

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.

ALAN IRWIN 1986

**Alan Irwin, rector of Colaghty Parish
- originally from Sixmilecross**

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.



Thomas Irwin (Alan's father)



Frederick Irwin

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?

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.

ENNISKILLEN POPPYDAYBOMB1987

Surviving family members recount their memories of that fateful day and their thoughts over 30 years on.

“ON 8TH NOVEMBER 1987 AS A COMMUNITY HONoured THE WAR DEAD IN ENNISKILLEN, THE PROVISIONAL IRA CALLOUSLY DETONATED A BOMB FROM THE ROMAN CATHOLIC OWNED READING ROOMS (SITUATED IN CLOSE PROXIMITY TO THE TOWN'S CENOTAPH) WITH 11 INNOCENTS BEING MURDERED.

Bertha Armstrong, Wesley Armstrong, Samuel Gault, Jessie Johnston, Kitchener Johnston, John Megaw, Nessie Mullan, William Mullan, Alberta Quinton, Marie Wilson and Edward Armstrong. A twelfth victim (Ronnie Hill) died 13 years later having never come out of a coma.

Over 60 others were injured; with many suffering life changing physical and psychological damage.

The struggle for justice, truth and accountability continues for the Enniskillen families.

What happened in Enniskillen was an attack upon humanity and however Republicans seek to 'airbrush' their past evil deeds the reality and facts of Enniskillen will not change - people were murdered because of sectarian and ethnic reasons. Those guilty of the crime murdered their own neighbours and fellow Countrymen and women.

On the same day the Provisional IRA sought to cause carnage in Tullyhommon when a bomb was detonated but because the command wire was cut it did not explode. The victims of this merciless attack would have been young children who were on parade that day.

Surviving family members recount their memories of that fateful day and their thoughts over 30 years on.

Samuel Gault's son Stephen states:
"On 8th November 1987 our lives as a family changed forever and I lost not only my dear

father, but my best friend. For an 18 year old to see his dad lying beside him, brutally murdered alongside 10 others (the 12th victim, who remained in a coma since the explosion, died 13 years later), is unthinkable".

"It's a day I will never forget, and the horror that I witnessed is stamped on my memory forever".

Edward (Ted) Armstrong's son Clive recalls:
"We parked behind the Presbyterian Church and my mum went with a friend to the church hall while my father and I went together to the Cenotaph. A few minutes later I remember a guy from my physics class in school asking what time it was - then 'bang'.

"I was thrown about 100 yards onto the other side of the road. I was covered in dust and grit and my glasses were missing. My eyes were full of grit it was difficult to breathe".

"My first thought was what on earth had just happened. I got up and someone helped me, along with other injured people, into a police transit minibus, which had quickly been converted into an ambulance. There were quite a few people in this makeshift ambulance waiting to go to hospital - I was near the back. In the distance I could hear a woman wailing and crying non-stop".



Samuel Gault



Ronnie Hill



John Megaw



Edward Armstrong



Kitchener Johnston



Marie Wilson



William and Agnes Mullan

Margaret Veitch, whose parents William and Agnes Mullan were one of three couples murdered points to what could've and should've been:

"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".

Stella Robinson, daughter of Wesley and Bertha Armstrong speaks of the futility of the attack: "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".



Wesley and Bertha Armstrong

Aileen Quinton, daughter of Alberta Quinton points to the justice deficit: "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".



Alberta Quinton



Jessie Johnston

ERNIE WILSON 1988

Injured survivor of a Provisional IRA attack on his School Bus

“A TERRIFYING IRA BOMB EXPLOSION ON A SCHOOL BUS TRANSPORTING CHILDREN TO SCHOOL, SPARKED A CHAIN REACTION WHICH DRAMATICALLY CHANGED THE LIFE OF DRIVER ERNIE WILSON. HE RECALLS THE TRAUMA OF THE INCIDENT, INJURY TO A SCHOOL CHILD AND THE LOSS OF HIS SON JAMES IN THE AFTERMATH, A SHOCK WHICH TURNED HIS HAIR WHITE OVERNIGHT.



I said the school bus was blown up James and I was in it and the children and that was when it hit me. I couldn't believe I was still alive when I looked at the bus. It was downhill from there on.



Ernie Wilson "it was God saved me, nobody else."

On June 28, 1988 I had children on the school bus. The bus had been parked at Maguiresbridge and I drove to Lisnaskea and Sylvan Hill to collect more pupils. I was just starting off in gear and there was a flash and a bang, and the bus blew up.

I could not see or hear anything, then my sight came back again. Then I had the sense to stop the bus but the brake pedals were gone, I pulled a small hand brake and it worked. I walked the seats or what was left of them, and there was a young girl injured and there was a hole right through her arm and I trailed her down and put her onto the back seat. I would say this girl actually died on me some several times, but I resuscitated her and I got her breathing again and handed her out to the army. This child a pupil at Enniskillen Collegiate Grammar School, was Gillian Latimer. Arlene Foster, now an Assembly Minister, then a school pupil was sitting beside her on the bus.

The army thought there was another bomb in the bus and they wanted everybody out. Thank God Gillian survived, she was taken to Erne Hospital and Royal Victoria Hospital and is now a grown woman and working.

I walked down the road, in a daze and I met James my son going to his work in his car. I said the school bus was blown up James and I was in it and the children and that was when it hit me. I couldn't believe I was still alive when I looked at the bus. It was downhill from there on.

About one year later my son died by suicide. I would say it was the bus bomb that caused that, for he used to help me to search the bus every morning, but that particular morning he drove the bus out and didn't search it.

It turned my hair white over night, losing my son James who was aged 27 years. It was devastating. We went everywhere together. James was definitely a victim of the Troubles.

I think James must have felt that he had let me down, which he didn't, but he might not have known that. I still have not got over it since 1988.

I don't think I would have got through life only for support from my wife, family, and my faith. I still live in Maguiresbridge.

My life hasn't been great health-wise, I just don't want to go anywhere any more, and that is the way an experience such as this leaves you. My wife May's faith, got her through it, but Joy and Mervyn the trauma wrecked them for a while.

James didn't smoke nor drink. He was a saved Christian before he died and that was a big comfort to me.

Ernie believes he was targeted by the IRA because he was a soldier. He served with UDR and RUC until demobbed in 1992. I never felt like leaving the security forces, after the bombing.

I'm now aged 75 years and I would do exactly the same as I have done in my life again. I wouldn't change a thing. It was the life I chose to live and what's come has come, God and my faith has kept me here.

After the bomb, I did not drive a school bus because it was not fair to the children but work inside schools until I retired.

I did not get any support after the bus bomb. There was not much support at that time. If it happened today you would have organisations like SEFF which would help.



Ernie Wilson and the school bus

The impact on family life was devastation. There was no talking or counselling. The doctor put me on tablets for it. I find it hard to talk about what happened.

I'm not looking for credit for it, but I got the British Empire Medal for resuscitating and saving Gillian. I had deep bitterness at the time, but my faith got me out of that.

I would have the odd dream about James and I have a photograph in his room and no matter

where you go he is looking at you. May, my wife and I talk the odd time about it but we would be very gentle, we understand each other. It will not leave me because I was too close. It will be with me until the day I close my eyes.

Today I look upon myself as both a victim and as a survivor. I have survived twice now in bombs and I reckon it was God saved me, nobody else.

CORPORAL STEPHEN SMITH 1989

**Murdered 7th September 1989
by Provisional IRA Terrorists**

“ THE TERRORISTS KNEW FULL WELL WE WERE A VERY SOFT TARGET, A FAMILY WITH LITTLE CHILDREN IN AN UN-PATROLLED CIVILIAN NEIGHBOURHOOD.



Corporal Stephen Smith and Tina on their wedding day

Our Dad, Corporal Stephen Smith of the 1st Royal Tank Regiment, was murdered by Provisional IRA terrorists, on July 2nd, 1989. We are survivors of that heinous attack. Our mum Tina and four children, Louise, Lee, Leanna and Jade.

Our father was a happy man known to his friends as “Smudge”. The Army and his family were the pillars from which he drew strength and he was devoted to both institutions. Our Dad was a career soldier and dedicated family man. Louise and Lee remember spending hours with Dad, helping him to polish his boots to be as shiny as a mirror. It wasn't a tedious task but a treasured time during which our Dad showed us his perseverance and commitment to his profession. As serious as he was about his duties, Dad had a playful and impish side and we well remember the playful pranks that he played on our Mum. We remember Dad loved to fish in his hometown of Cleckheaton when we visited from Germany. He liked to listen to Chris de Burgh and Rodger



One of the few photos of all the family together taken at Louise's wedding. From L-R Jade, Tina, Louise, Lee (in uniform), and Lena in pink

Whittaker. He like steamed puddings and his brogues which he wore with everything. He loved his fish tanks.

Most importantly, we remember him loving us. He'd take us everywhere with him, to the mess hall for a paper cup full of sausages, to the storehouses for our favourite chocolates, and even the tattoo shop when he got his British Bulldog tattoo and Louise got her ears pierced for the first time. These many small moments were the taste, the sound and the soul of our Dad and they meant everything to us.

The terrorist attack upon our young family that evening completely changed the direction of life as we knew it. We were going out as a family to a local Fairground when the car exploded. The terrorists knew full well we were a very

soft target, a family with little children in an un-patrolled civilian neighbourhood. Our father was killed instantaneously by a booby trap bomb attached to his beloved car as he opened the driver's door, on a Friday afternoon on a quiet street in Hanover, West Germany.

Jade, at only 2 years old, Leanna 7, Lee, 9 Louise 11, and Tina did survive however like the destructive nature of a bomb, the fabric of our life was torn apart by shrapnel, fractured and scattered, never to be made whole again. Our many serious physical injuries were only the introduction to our new life. We healed physically but we are left with our broken spirits and hearts which have yet to mend.

HEIDI HAZELL 1989

**Murdered 7th September 1989
by Provisional IRA Terrorists**



Niece Melanie Anan who leads the Justice campaign for Heidi.

WHO MURDERED MY AUNT HEIDI HAZELL?



Heidi Hazel

The murder investigation into Heidi Hazell was reopened as of April 2015 due to the research and persistence of her surviving family.

On September 7th 1989 my aunt Heidi Hazell was murdered in Dortmund, Germany. She was shot over a dozen times ripping her out of this life in an instance. The horror and pain to follow for my entire family cannot be phrased, our hearts are broken and she is; even 25 years after her murder, still so painfully missed. I am not capable of writing these few lines without tears in my eyes and an awkward pain in my heart. I will never forget her beautiful smile and her way of making us laugh and be joyous.

As far as we have been told, Heidi was murdered by a Provisional IRA Terrorist, shot with a Kalashnikov automatic weapon, while sitting in her vehicle. It was surreal and the most horrific feeling to know, that she was all alone, fearing and fighting for her life, that she became the target of a political war. Why Heidi? How could this be? Who was the shooter?

And why would such a person commit to such a

cowardice act? In 25 years we have no answers, in 25 years there has been no justice for Heidi.

She has been ripped out of this life away from her family, her dreams and aspirations at only 25 years of age.

Today there are reports of double agents and intriguing statements, such as the British Government actually knew about the attacks beforehand. The family doesn't know what to believe. Total strangers are writing about her as another statistic in the string of violence, the victim of a war, which I am only beginning to understand. Heidi was a civilian; she was a German citizen, married to a British Soldier.

I am trying to make sense of it all, but my true goal is to find out what really happened, who murdered my aunt, I want a face to it and I want for my family to be able to close this gaping wound, the most horrific chapter of our lives.

I was 16 years of age when my aunt Heidi was murdered; when I went to see her one last time... as her body laid there...motionless, as I was hoping and wishing that this is all a bad dream, which I will soon awake from, that what I was looking at was just a life-size wax doll and that the real aunt Heidi would soon come home. I had no understanding for the fact that someone would harm such a beautiful person, such a peace-loving woman...why?

I should soon be introduced to the massive security measures provided to high brass military, as they appeared at my aunts funeral and I wondered....what if my aunt was as well protected as these people attending her funeral... she would still be here, giving me advice and lifting me up when I am down, comforting her mother when her father and her nephew passed away and just there for me to hug and tell her that I love her.

Not possible, because someone took it upon themselves to end her life for political reasons, to make a statement, to satisfy their need and greed for their form of "justice". This brings me to a very important issue...Justice, where is it? Where is the justice for my aunt Heidi Hazell?

Why have we never received answers from neither the German Government nor the British Government? Did she deserve to die? Was her crime the association in marriage to a British Soldier? I am shocked as to the nonchalant behaviour, it is not enough to read or hear, that she was a casualty of a war, which we here in Germany don't know anything about and are not to the slightest degree involved in.

The murder investigation into Heidi Hazell was reopened as of April 2015 due to the research and persistence of her surviving family.

Contributed by Melanie Anan (Niece)

DEAL BARRACKS BOMBING 1989

ON FRIDAY 22ND SEPTEMBER 1989, AT 8.22AM, A MASSIVE EXPLOSION TOOK PLACE IN THE 'RECREATION' CENTRE OF THE ROYAL MARINE SCHOOL OF MUSIC, DEAL, KILLING TEN BANDSMEN AND INJURING A FURTHER TWENTY-TWO, NOTHER WAS TO DIE OF HIS INJURIES A MONTH LATER.



The Provisional IRA (PIRA) had breached the camp security and had placed a 15lb bomb with a timing device in the recreational area of the accommodation block.

The following ten bandsmen died at the scene:-

Musician Michael Ball, aged 24
Band Corporal Andy Cleatheroe, aged 25
Band Corporal Trevor Davis, aged 39
Musician Richard Fice, aged 22
Musician Richard Jones, aged 27
Band Corporal David McMillan, aged 26
Band Corporal Dean Pavey, aged 31
Musician Mark Petch, aged 26
Musician Tim Reeves, aged 24
Musician Bob Simmonds, aged 34

Musician Chris Nolan, aged 21, died of his wounds on 18 October 1989.



Memorial Garden plaque honoring those murdered at Deal Barracks in 1989

The Provisional IRA (PIRA) had breached the camp security and had placed a 15lb bomb with a timing device in the recreational area of the accommodation block. They had targeted the Royal Marines Band, an orchestral and marching band that does not deploy as regular soldiers.

Despite eleven members of the band losing their lives and many more badly injured, it could have been much worse. The band had played at a function the night before, and Colour Sergeant Jay O'Neil offered his bandsmen a lie-in; his decision saved many lives. There were just 25 bandsmen in and around the rest area known as

the Coffee Boat, instead of the usual 70, when the bomb that was hidden underneath a sofa went off. C/Sgt O'Neil was on duty, and standing in the foyer when the blast ripped through the 'Coffee Boat'. He says: "I can even hear the sound of the blast now and being lifted off my feet and flying through the air. It was like travelling around in a hurricane and I was flung out of the window. I landed on my side with my legs trapped together under the collapsed roof. I remember looking up and seeing live electric wire hanging down and shouting for people to turn the power off as I thought they had been a gas explosion."¹ C/Sgt O'Neil was badly injured and spent some time in a wheel-chair and later on crutches.

Nursing Officer Maureen Bane was on duty at Deal Hospital. She stated that the hospital was overwhelmed by offers of support after news of the explosion had filtered through. "Everyone was asking 'can I help?' Maureen said. "GPs left their practices to come in, off-duty nurses arrived and catering and domestic staff volunteered for duties."²

Fire Officer Malcolm Cowie who attended the scene, described the state of shock in the aftermath of the carnage. "It was a calm, almost surreal scene with the only noise the sound of

the rescue equipment whirring." However, he said there was also a sense of quiet dignity too in the way that the Royal Marines dealt with the horror that had befallen them. "This was a Royal Marines barracks and they were a disciplined service," he explained. His thoughts at the time echoed those of many in Deal and further afield. It was a sense of utter disbelief. "I couldn't believe that someone would target Deal. I thought, Deal – really. The Royal Marines band – why?"³

Simon Tripp, who was later to become the Bandmaster of the Royal Marines Band, was based in Deal at the time of the bombing, and took part in the rescue operation and the tribute march a week later. "The training band that I was in was on the parade ground at the time. I still remember that we were playing the Luftwaffe March, and in exact timing as we finished the march, there was this huge explosion. We immediately broke off and assumed it must have been a gas explosion or something. We offered help wherever we could. I picked up a stretcher being carried by a paramedic but I couldn't see who was on it. I later realised it was Terry Holland."⁴

Bandsman Holland, who was in intensive care for two weeks after the blast, said, "I

remember walking into the rest room where it was customary to all gather before starting our rehearsals at 8.30am. The bomb went off in the rest room and my watch still says 8.22am but to be honest I don't recall anything else. It was only when I came out of intensive care that I realised what had happened and that I was lucky to be alive. Eleven of my friends were not so lucky."⁵

Terry was to later present his wristwatch to the Royal Marines School of Music, now based in Portsmouth. It is smashed and frozen on the exact time the bomb went off. Despite being seriously injured and buried in the rubble, he went on to make a full recovery. "For me, the moment on that watch is when all time stopped."⁶

In the days following the blast, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and US President George H W Bush wrote letters to the then Royal Marines Principal Director of Music, Lieutenant Colonel John Ware. These letters are now also held in the museum of the School of Music.

Mrs Thatcher wrote to Lt Col Ware after he accompanied her to visit the wounded in hospital. "It has been a devastating blow for everyone in the Royal Marines as well as for the people of Deal. I wanted to show on my visit that the whole

1 <https://www.kentonline.co.uk/deal/news/deal-remembers-bomb-victims-20042/>

2 <https://www.kentonline.co.uk/deal/news/deal-remembers-bomb-victims-20042/>

3 <https://www.kentonline.co.uk/deal/news/deal-remembers-bomb-victims-20042/>

4 <https://www.portsmouth.co.uk/news/defence/it-s-the-moment-that-all-time-stopped-1-6401657>

5 <https://www.forces.net/news/navy/royal-marines-school-music-remembers-ira-bombing>

6 <https://www.forces.net/news/navy/royal-marines-school-music-remembers-ira-bombing>

country is intent on sharing your sorrow, but also in admiration for the courage and fortitude of the Royal Marines and their band which gives so much pleasure to so many people year after year," she wrote.⁷

That fortitude went on display one week after the bombing, when the staff and students of the School of Music decided to march through the town of Deal leaving gaps in their formation to mark the positions of those who had been killed or injured.

The Deal Memorial Bandstand on Walmer Green was opened in 1993 and has the names of the eleven dead inscribed on plaques. It was paid for, and is maintained by, the local community and businesses via donations. Major John Perkins, director of music at Deal barracks at the time of the bombing and now chairman of the Deal Memorial Bandstand Trust, stated, "The people of Deal and the whole country were horrified by the attack on a music school. Never before had anyone really predicted that a music school would be a legitimate target and so everybody was absolutely horrified by what happened."⁸

⁷ <https://www.portsmouth.co.uk/news/defence/it-s-the-moment-that-all-time-stopped-1-6401657>

⁸ <https://www.belfasttelegraph.co.uk/news/deal-pays-tribute-to-victims-of-ira-bomb-28486621.html>

TEEBANE BOMBING1992

Carried out by Provisional IRA terrorists on 17th January 1992

THE TEEBANE ATROCITY HAPPENED AT 5.10PM ON FRIDAY 17TH JANUARY 1992. EIGHT WORKMEN DIED AND SIX MORE WERE SERIOUSLY INJURED WHEN THEIR WORK VAN WAS BLOWN UP BY A ROAD SIDE BOMB AT TEEBANE CROSSROADS BETWEEN OMAGH AND COOKSTOWN. THE IRA ADMITTED RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE MASSACRE, AND THEY TRIED TO JUSTIFY IT ON THE GROUNDS THAT THE MEN HAD BEEN DOING CONSTRUCTION WORK AT AN ARMY BARRACKS IN OMAGH.



David Harkness

David Harkness was 24 years old when he was murdered at Teebane. His sister Ruth says:- "Friday 17th January 1992 was a dark, dreary day with a constant drizzle. It was 6 days after the 24th birthday of my darling only brother, David Harkness. David was the youngest of 6 children, having 5 older sisters. He had returned home from Australia after a 2.5 year period because our mum was very ill.

David was a joiner by trade and there was a scarcity of work at that time. He reluctantly took a job with a firm called Karl Construction to make ends meet until he would return to Australia. This firm mainly worked at security force bases. Mum had made a remarkable recovery, and had travelled along with Dad to London to visit family. David had come to visit me on the Wednesday 15th January and I had cut his hair and trimmed his beard. We had a great night together.

I had been speaking to him on the phone on the following night, and he said that he was

considering not going into work on the Friday 17th January. He told me that if I was passing by the house and the blinds were up, I would know that he had gone to work. I was passing by the house on my way to style a neighbour's hair, and when I went past, the blinds were up so I knew he had gone to work.

Just after 5pm that evening, I could hear sirens in the distance and I opened the front door. We were living in temporary accommodation as my husband and I and our children had lost our home and entire contents in an IRA bomb attack 8 months earlier. When I opened the door a neighbour was also outside and I asked him if he had heard anything. He said that he thought there was a large explosion somewhere on the Omagh Road, Cookstown. I had a gut instinct immediately that something really terrible was wrong.

A news flash came on the television around 5.45pm and it was saying that several workmen were feared dead. I fell to my knees to the ground, crying to my husband that it was David. I can't explain it, I just knew, and I had the most sickening feeling. Immediately, I contacted my sisters who also had the exact same "gut instinct." None of us knew exactly who David worked for because it had never been discussed in our house.

Meanwhile, Mum and Dad, being in London, also

heard the news flash. Dad phoned Cookstown Police Station, but there was so much confusion that they were not sure who owned the van. East Tyrone Brigade of the IRA had made a coded telephone call, claiming responsibility for the bomb attack. Mum insisted that they get a flight home immediately. Just before they boarded the flight, Cookstown Police confirmed to dad that David Samuel Harkness was in the van, but they didn't know if he was dead or alive. Mum and dad flew home, not knowing, what had happened to their darling only son. Back home, my sisters and I were ringing frantically trying to get in touch with David at home. There was no response. There were no mobile phones at that time.

At approximately 8.30pm, my sister Louise phoned me. She told me to prepare myself for the worst – her husband had checked every hospital in Northern Ireland and no one had David. I was praying that David would be alive, no matter how serious his injuries were. How selfish of me. At exactly 9pm, my sister Heather phoned me and her exact words were 'Ruth, it's all over, David is dead'.

Meantime, Louise was at the airport waiting on Mum and Dad to prepare them for the news. Louise said that she will never forget them coming off the flight, and as mum and dad approached, Louise simply shook her head to confirm that David had been killed.

Mum and dad arrived home to a house full of mourners. David's body was released the following evening and we were the only family out of 8 families to be blessed with an open coffin. David was buried on the 20th January 1992, the day after my 26th birthday.

Life changed dramatically for us all after the death of David. He was a quiet, inoffensive, beautiful soul, who didn't deserve to be taken in such selfish and needless manner. He never got the opportunity to enjoy married life, and have a family of his own. He has missed out on our children and grandchildren. Mum and Dad did not get enough time with their beloved son. It has been an extremely difficult journey for us all.

Dad passed away 22nd March 2006, aged 72 years; Mum passed away 28th February 2012, aged 79 years. They never got justice for the murder of their son. 26 years later, we are no further forward, even though we were assured by the highest authorities that, 'there would be no stone left unturned'.

Garry Crawford is a Joiner and he was seriously injured in the Teebane atrocity. Garry says:- "The dreadful bomb attack at Teebane has had a devastating impact on my life. As a survivor I find it difficult to express the anger I feel at the ruthless and sinister actions of others. I can never understand how people believed to have a conscience could act in such a cold and brutal



The memorial to the eight workmen murdered at Teebane.

manner, displaying neither any remorse or care for such innocent souls attempting to live their lives.

Fortunately, I have no recollection of the explosion or actually being at the scene. I wakened up in Hospital about 2 weeks later. I received severe injuries to my leg, left arm and hand, my lungs and chest, as well as multiple bruises and cuts over my body. I had to undergo multiple surgeries in an attempt to mend my weak and broken body. This included titanium pins being placed in my leg and arm, as well as having to receive plastic surgery. It was inevitable that I would have a long journey to recovery ahead. As a result of my injuries I was no longer able to continue working as a joiner. Despite endeavouring to embrace life with both hands, it is clear to both myself and my family that the events of that day will never be forgotten."

DETECTIVE GARDA JERRY McCABE 1996

June 7th 1996

“TIME DOES NOT HEAL- JUSTICE DOES.”
THE TESTIMONY OF ANN MCCABE,
(WIDOW OF DETECTIVE GARDA JERRY MCCABE)



He was open, generous, and fun-loving. He was committed to me, his family, his friends and his duty as a Special Branch Detective protecting all of us from those who sought to take the law into their own hands and impose their will on the Irish people at the point of a gun.

On the morning of June 7th 1996 my husband Jerry kissed me for the last time.

It was just after dawn. Jerry was about to set off on a routine Garda escort of a delivery of pension and welfare payments to the Post Office at Adare in County Limerick. It was a task he and his comrade Ben O'Sullivan had completed without incident on countless occasions.

Jerry whispered that he'd be back after 9.00 for a cup of tea. Spic and span as ever. Shoes polished. Hair groomed. Jerry was wearing a brown suit and a matching tie with a crisp white shirt. Even after 29 years of marriage I still thought I was the luckiest woman in Limerick.

Jerry was close to retirement. He had modest dreams for a future we never got to see.

As he quietly shut the door to avoid waking the children I never for a moment thought I'd never see him alive again.

Within an hour or so of leaving me, Jerry was cruelly murdered on Main Street Adare, by men who claimed to be patriots. Men who set out to rob and kill to show how much they cared for Ireland and its people.

From point blank range a Provisional IRA unit led by Kevin Walsh and Pearse McAuley fired over a dozen rounds from a Kalashnikov. Ben was hit in the shoulder, arms, hand and head. Miraculously he lived. Jerry was shot in the back. The high velocity bullet piercing his spine and heart killed him on the spot.

Then came the knock on the door. I can barely recall the words. "Jerry, Adare shot, dead, Sorry, anything we can do.... The hours and days and weeks after are still a blur.

Stacy was about to start her Leaving Cert Exams. Somehow she sat all the papers.

Ross our youngest just went to his room and slid under the duvet where he sobbed for hours before his brother Mark found him.

None of us will ever be the same again. I am still reeling from the trauma of that moment that ended the world as I knew it.

It is now 22 years since Jerry said goodbye and never came home. In those years our children have grown up, coped as best they could, and



Ann & Jerry McCabe

made lives for themselves. They now have children of their own. Jerry saw none of those beautiful landmark moments we all take for granted.

The IRA men who took him from us have condemned us to a life sentence that carries over to the grandchildren and beyond.

They say time heals. Not for me. Some of the Provo killers were arrested and faced trial. But the IRA intimidated witnesses and corrupted the judicial process. Men who should have spent 40 years in jail are now free.

Others are still on the run. Still protected by Sinn Féin, the powerful political party that for 22 years obstructed the murder inquiry.

When Jerry died at the ruthless hands of McAuley and Walsh, the political wing of the Republican Movement had no representation in Dail Eireann.

Now they hope to be part of the next Government of this Republic, a republic they despise and have attempted to overthrow. If that day ever comes to pass I know the IRA fugitives will never be held to account and this democracy will have reached a new low.

But until I die I will not cease my quest for justice for Jerry.

THE **END** OF ETA AND THE IRA? IMPUNITIES AND LIES

ROGELIO ALONSO



Rogelio Alonso is the author of *La derrota del vencedor. La política antiterrorista del final de ETA* (The defeat of the victor. The antiterrorist policy of the end of ETA) (Alianza editorial, 2018).

Political gains for terrorism

The processes through which the terrorist violence of organizations such as ETA and the IRA has come to an end have, despite their differences, a common denominator. Both were based on anti-terrorist policies that have allowed a deliberate strengthening of the political representatives of both terrorist groups. The operational weakening that led these terrorist groups to question the continuity of their violence was nonetheless accompanied by significant concessions granted by both the Spanish and the UK governments that have reported significant political gains to the terrorists. In addition, both States that were responsible for these concessions have tried to cover them up by arguing that none of these terrorist organizations have achieved their maximum aspirations of independence and self determination. However, it is thus hidden that regions that are part of European liberal democracies such as the United Kingdom and Spain can remain within the same state that terrorists challenged while the political and social system, deeply deformed by violence, consolidates attitudes and behaviors antagonistic with democratic principles. In other words, the coercive instruments responsible for the operational weakening of terrorism and the questioning of its violence's continuity have been complemented by initiatives that have limited the strategic effectiveness of counter-terrorism policies. This has happened because important concessions received in exchange for the cessation of their campaigns have allowed these terrorist organizations to claim the effectiveness of their violence, vindication with a clear propaganda component, but also, unfortunately, with an evident basis.

This has been made clear, for example, by the naturalization and democratic

normalization of the political representatives of ETA and IRA, demonstrating a serious failure on the part of the governments that chose anti-terrorist policies with such important deficits. Both the Spanish and British governments managed to weaken ETA and IRA considerably, forcing them to stop their murders in the face of difficulties and costs generated as a result of the successful and effective work of the intelligence services and the Security Forces. However, they did so at the cost of the political and social rehabilitation of the political representatives of both terrorist organizations, that is Sinn Féin, as well as Bildu and Sortu, successors of Batasuna.

In Spain, despite the announcement of ETA's disbandment, the terrorist group it is still alive in the institutions after its political wing was legalized by the Constitutional Court. This Court exceeded its constitutional powers to nullify the ruling by the Supreme Court banning what was demonstrated to be a political party which was part of ETA's strategy.¹ In Northern Ireland, the illegalization of the political front of the IRA was not opted for. Such banning was decisive in the questioning of ETA terrorism by its leaders, as ETA itself admitted.² Therefore, the return to the institutions of those who have never condemned terrorism in Northern Ireland, despite the creation of a system of self-government with limited powers, did not imply such a symbolic democratic abdication. In both contexts, processes of implicit and explicit legitimization of those who have supported terrorism were developed. Negotiations between the representatives of the State and the terrorist organizations and their political wings took place, instituting a political and moral amnesty with serious consequences for the balance of the antiterrorist policies and for those societies threatened by terrorism. Those who have legitimized and justified terrorism have been converted by the political elites in the United Kingdom, Ireland and Spain into "protagonists of peace,"³ thus

1 Rogelio Alonso (2018), *La derrota del vencedor. La política antiterrorista del final de ETA*, Madrid, Alianza editorial, pp. 232-245.

2 See, for example, *Ibid.*, pp. 116-119.

3 José María Tojeira (2004), "Resistencia y Reconciliación", p. 503, in Fundación Seminario de Investigación para la Paz (ed.), *El Pulso de América Latina*, Zaragoza, Government of Aragón, pp. 489-508.

favoring the profitability of a violence that, in spite of its costs, also brought them an unfair political, social and even historical rehabilitation.

"Graceful exit" versus "end by annihilation"

In the case of ETA, as it is demonstrated by intelligence analysis elaborated by the security forces and the intelligence services, already in 2004 a majority of the terrorist movement considered that terrorism constituted a burden that only remained as an "exchange currency" to achieve a "more or less successful way out" for ETA.⁴ The socialist government of José Luis Rodríguez Zapatero gave ETA that "graceful exit" instead of "an end by annihilation" as the terrorists feared after their outlawing.⁵ Another intelligence document predicted in 2002 that as a result of the "constant dismantling of ETA's operational structures, both in France and in Spain," the "collapse of ETA's structure, which was unable to regenerate itself" was in sight, hence it concluded: "with the 'armed struggle' socially isolated and lacking MLNV resources to cover the vacuum of power subsequent, only the PNV, as happened in 1992 and in 1998, could avoid the final defeat, coming to their assistance."⁶

It was not only the PNV who came to "aid" ETA from 2004 onwards, also the PSOE did it in order to prevent the materialization of a scenario that did contemplate the end of terrorism through its own collapse, without the objective and symbolic benefits that the negotiation reported. As Llera states, "the success of the terrorists consists in becoming indispensable, in turning into the main actors in the very liquidation of the violence and the destabilization generated by them, seeking an armistice, whose end is a negotiation."⁷ The negotiation between the socialist government and ETA led to the political and social legitimization of the "abertzale left," which was also not interrupted either since the negotiations continued from 2008 onwards

4 Rogelio Alonso (2018), *La derrota del vencedor*, p. 384.

5 *Ibid.*, p. 127.

6 *Ibid.*, p. 382.

7 Francisco Llera (2013), "ETA: medio siglo de terrorismo y limpieza étnica en Euskadi", p. 8, *Sistema*, 231, pp. 3-46.

through intermediaries. As the Fundación para la Libertad denounced, the negotiation with ETA relativized by the Zapatero government implied “a flagrant violation of the principles and rules of the democratic game, defined by the Constitution and the Statute of Autonomy.”⁸ It meant admitting that, “as all the nationalists say, the band terrorist group is the expression of an old conflict motivated by the unsatisfactory integration of the Basques in Spain,” presenting ETA to the “public opinion as a supporter of resolving conflicts by peaceful methods,” like a “belligerent in a war against an oppressor state that occupies its territory,” that “was born to solve political problems that our current constitutional model prevents to solve.” That legitimization was not reversible simply because the negotiation between 2008 and 2011 was kept secret and through intermediaries.

Zapatero’s strategy reinforced the “political” leadership of the terrorist movement, thus facilitating ETA to avoid the defeat it feared when “its presence on the political and social scene was in danger in the medium term.”⁹ The negotiation revalued terrorism as an “exchange currency”, which went from being a “burden” to becoming the instrument through which, through the promise of its disappearance, the terrorist network managed to get back the political and social space lost during the last legislature of José María Aznar. That was the “poisoned inheritance” that the Popular Party assumed when Mariano Rajoy won the elections in 2011, continuing with fundamental aspects of the socialist anti-terrorist policy that he criticized so much from the opposition. As Azurmendi stated, the PP “had no moral or political arrests to change this shameful democratic unwinding when he had an absolute majority.”¹⁰ The Government of Rajoy feared that ETA would assassinate again if it abandoned that continuity that implied the satisfaction of the demands

8 Fundación para la Libertad, *Sobre la mesa de partidos y el “proceso de paz” con ETA*, Bilbao, 2006 (Documento elaborado por los catedráticos de Derecho Constitucional Roberto Blanco Valdés y Javier Corcuera, y el profesor de la Universidad del País Vasco Carlos Martínez Gorriarán), p. 19.

9 Rogelio Alonso (2018), *La derrota del vencedor*, p. 384.

10 Mikel Azurmendi (2017), *El relato vasco. Libros para entender el fin de ETA*, Córdoba, Almuzara, p. 19.

negotiated between the Socialists and ETA, such as the legalization of the political wing of ETA, the abolition of the Parot doctrine and the release of Bolinaga. The Government of Rajoy has used the Northern Irish reference to deny a “road map” inherited from its predecessors that did, indeed, exist. The release of all prisoners for terrorist offenses in Northern Ireland served as an advantageous comparison by not replicating that amnesty in Spain. This hides the fact that the Spanish government tried to meet the demands of nationalists and socialists in relation to the ETA prisoners through a reinsertion plan introduced in 2012 that lowered the requirements for the terrorists to be moved to prisons closer to the Basque Country.

The corruption of democracy

Nowadays, in our country, political elites and some opinion formers argue that ETA has been defeated. In this way they hide the unwillingness of the last four governments of our democracy to defeat it in all its magnitude after having renounced these to the necessary political and ideological combat to prevent that nationalist terrorism brings benefits to those who have justified it. Certainly politicians have lied to citizens breaking a basic social and political contract in democracy. The advantageous comparison with the model of the end of terrorism adopted by the United Kingdom, where lying was also a constant, does not constitute a mitigating factor. Cillian McGrattan, professor at the University of Ulster, recently described as “an absolute corruption of democracy” the survival of the IRA in 2018 admitted by the chief police officer.¹¹ The Northern Irish terrorist group that years ago profited from the propaganda theatre announcing its disarmament and disbandment, continues coordinating with its political wing, Sinn Féin, the political strategy of a criminal organization; same as ETA has done with the acquiescence of the Spanish government.

The post-terrorism society in the Basque Country, Navarre and Northern Ireland is, paraphrasing Avishai Margalit, an indecent society in which the administrations allow public tributes to terrorists and the humiliation of the

11 “IRA is ‘still corrupting democracy’ in 2018”, Newsletter, 02/06/2018.

victims in a flagrant breach of legality. It is incoherent to claim the defeat of terrorism when such rituals are tolerated, with which terrorists symbolically detach themselves from all guilt, reinforcing the moral scheme that justifies terror through this social and political recognition. Thus the story that blames the victims and absolves the criminals is imposed, without those who declare themselves indignant and outraged doing anything to prevent such an injustice. They promise to honor the victims and to delegitimize terrorism, but their actions avoid delegitimizing those who, faced with the defenselessness of the victims, impose control of the public space, those who had and have as their mission the non-condemnation of terrorism and, therefore, the legitimization of nationalist terror.

Nowadays, as Savater states, “some are acclaiming the defeat of the military ETA, which is true, trying to disguise that the political and social ETA is still alive and benefiting from a favorable treatment of the democratic institutions, as well as taking advantage of the bloody conquests obtained in the civic space the political language and propaganda. No, it was not the only possible end or the best imaginable.”¹² ETA has not really ended, because its terrorism was not only the physical violence that ceased in 2011, but also the psychological and political that coerced and terrorized non-nationalist citizens for decades and that still determines their lives today. ETA's terrorism has not had a political cost for nationalism or for a party like the PNV, which was defined as “ETA's objective parasite” and which has imposed its political, social and cultural hegemony. But terrorism has had for its victims political implications ignored in this deceptive ending. The terrorist organization will continue to be present through those who have already been forgiven by the last governments of our democracy and a significant part of society. As Azurmendi wrote, “the institutions of the State and the democratic political parties have not been able to make the terrorists with multiple murders pay a political price and be politically judged.”¹³ Also Arteta had demanded years ago not only a “defeat by a legal and police KO,” but also “by a political and

moral defeat.”¹⁴ He claimed it when Basque nationalism yearned for an end of terrorism like the present which is only focused on violent means, while legitimizing the nationalist ends and the ideology shared by ETA and PNV.

Terrorist means and nationalist ends

Nationalism has managed to make politics as if ETA had not existed, ignoring that, as Arregi stressed, “the political significance of the victims recalls that the political project of ETA has been damaged in each of the murders that has been committed.”¹⁵ Contrary to what Arteta claimed, the nationalists have not assumed “their own responsibility,” “that being largely those doctrines and those ends that have fostered such means, they have protected the terror and have taken advantage of it.”¹⁶ The anti-terrorist policy since 2004 has been satisfied that ETA stops killing physically, ignoring that it still kills civilians, socially and politically as a result of a climate of moral exclusion over non-nationalist citizens and a political advantage gained by nationalism thanks to the terrorist intimidation. It is an end that Arteta feared when he foresaw that it could triumph “the simple and comfortable belief that without terrorist attacks and everything is admissible. That is to say, the only bad thing about this horror has been the terrorist means, but not the nationalist ends.”¹⁷

The new Statute proposed by the PNV confirms this. The “recognition of Euskal Herria as a political community” is demanded, exposing the same “conflict grammar” used by ETA to justify itself. It is ignored that the true political community has been damaged by terrorism, that nationalism has imposed its political, social and cultural hegemony thanks to a violence that has prevented non-nationalist citizens from participating in politics under equal conditions. It is necessary to keep this in mind when looking for comparisons with Northern Ireland, where the autonomy now interrupted administers

¹² Fernando Savater, “Derrota”, El País, 02/06/2018.

¹³ Mikel Azurmendi (2017), El relato vasco, op. cit., pp. 111-112.

¹⁴ Aurelio Arteta, “¿Qué justicia para estas víctimas?”, Bastaya.org, 06/03/2006.

¹⁵ Joseba Arregi (2015), El terror de ETA. La narrativa de las víctimas, Madrid, Tecnos.

¹⁶ Entrevista a Aurelio Arteta en ABCD, Suplemento Cultural de Abc, 03/03/2007.

¹⁷ Ibid.

limited competences through a consociationalism system unparalleled in the Basque Country. Elorza has termed as “totalism” this political system that politically rewards those who have advocated the homogenization of Basque society, either through direct support to terrorism or to the nationalism that has legitimized it. On the other hand, the constitutionalist parties, expression of the plurality that the victims of terrorism represented, have been penalized. Nationalism offers PNV and ETA “a symbolic universe of self-legitimization that projects aggressively against the adversary” in the search for an “homogenous social order in accordance with its doctrines.”¹⁸ Terrorism has been fundamental in decimating pluralism through coercion that has not harmed nationalism. Undoubtedly, violence has affected electoral processes through the murder of non-nationalist politicians and the intimidation of their voters. However, many are those who today idealize a deceptive end of ETA on which Arteta warned: “Who benefits from this naivety that assumes that the totality of the Basque problem was solely defined by the exercise of terror and this having ended there were no other problems? This benefits only the believer in the nationalist cause, not the defender of the democratic one.”¹⁹

¹⁸ Antonio Elorza (2010), “Totalismos y totalitarismos”, *Claves de Razón Práctica*, núm. 202, pp. 22-32.

¹⁹ Aurelio Arteta, “La derrota del vencedor”, *El País*, 24/02/2014.

ETA CONNECTED ATROCITIES / VICTIMS

MANUEL ALBIZU IDIÁQUEZ 1976

“ WHEN ARRIVING AT THE VILLAGE OF GUETARIA, THE MAN WHOM HE TRANSPORTED, MEMBER OF THE TERRORIST BAND ETA, COMMANDED HIM TO TURN TO THE RIGHT IN A CROSSING, GAVE HIM TWO SHOTS IN THE HEAD AND UNDERTOOK THE FLIGHT.



Manuel Albizu Idiáquez

On the morning of March 13, 1976, Manuel Albizu Idiáquez picked up his last client. When he got on the taxi in Zumaya, a town in Guipuzcoa where Manuel lived with his wife and four children, he told the driver to take the road towards San Sebastian. When arriving at the village of Guetaria, the man whom he transported, member of the terrorist band ETA, commanded him to turn to the right in a crossing, gave him two shots in the head and undertook the flight. Around eight thirty in the morning, a couple of the Civil Guard patrolling the area found the body as it had been killed.

Manuel was 53 years old and was a tractor driver in excavations in Rentería, but on weekends he worked as a taxi driver with his private car and with a rented license. His brothers lived nearby: one was a councilor in the City Hall of Deba, the other was the well-known former champion of the Soarte stone uprising. ETA claimed the murder through the French press and accused the victim of being a snitch in his statement. The so-called “campaign of the informer” was beginning to be a

frequent way to justify the actions of the terrorist group. Manuel had been a municipal policeman three years earlier and, as near his house there was a Civil Guard barracks, the agents frequently requested his services. The town soon began to echo the rumor.

The funeral, held in Basque, was well attended: the fear of supporting the victim's environment was still incipient. Wreaths of flowers arrived to accompany the casket from various parts of the province of Guipúzcoa. However, a sector of the family took over the gossip driven by ETA and blamed the taxi driver for his death because “if they had killed him, it would be due to something, if he had been quiet they would not have killed him”, as Cristina Cuesta states in her book *Against oblivion*.

Manuel was a quiet and hardworking man who did not get involved in political issues: he had never said he felt threatened by the terrorists and for his family members there were no reasons why he could be targeted by the terrorist group. That is why, a few days after the murder, they crossed the border with France in search of explanations. They met with an ETA liaison, but the organization did not want to clarify anything. When they returned home, they received a threatening letter with an eye painted on the back inviting the Albizu to stop investigating.

For years they kept their slogan until Cristian Matías, surprised by the explanations he received about the death of his grandfather, decided to investigate on his own. He did not get to know Manuel; Cristian was born five years after the murder, and suffers from a lack of memories. Also his grandmother, a widow since 1976, who still does not know who shot her husband. The family continued to live in Zumaya and, as the violence of ETA increased, so did the hostility of the people towards the victim's surroundings, so that in Cristian's house they were accustomed to not talking about the murder and the photos of Manuel never were in sight.

The Albizu family members have never known from official sources the name of the perpetrator of the crime. The case was shelved with the Amnesty Law advocated in 1977 by the Government of Adolfo Suárez and both the Civil Guard report after the removal of the body and the summary of the case have never appeared. The year in which ETA committed the murder, Spain began its transition from Franco's dictatorship to democracy and, in order not to endanger the new regime, the executive decreed amnesty for crimes related to political root causes committed to date. The law proclaimed impunity for crimes committed during the civil war and all committed since 1968 by the terrorist group ETA.



Newspaper clipping

In 1999, Cristian learned from the French press that they had arrested ETA terrorist Pedro María Leguina Aurre, also known as Kepatxu, at the Charles de Gaulle airport in Paris. He was suspected of belonging to the commando that killed Manuel, so his grandson resorted to acquaintances among the security forces who did not finish confirming whether the ETA was the material author of the murder or an accomplice. Kepatxu was imprisoned, but never in prison for the murder of Manuel, but for crimes subsequent to the Amnesty Law.

The year before the terrorist was arrested, Cristina Cuesta contacted Cristian, who back

then was seventeen years old, and her mother to invite them to meetings of the Collective of Victims of Terrorism (COVITE), which groups more than 500 families. Since then, Cristian is an active member of COVITE. He is part of the Board as secretary and he fights for justice. It has been more than three decades and the murder of his grandfather is still unclear. It is one of the 357 cases for which he claims a solution. The grandson of Manuel Albizu defends that ETA must disarm the terrorists' conscience, regret their crimes, tell the truth and collaborate with the justice to solve all the crimes.



JESUS LOLO JATO 1978

“ HE ASKED WHERE HE WAS GOING AND WHAT HE HAD IN HIS BACKPACK. THE INDIVIDUAL RESPONDED WITH A PUNCH AND THE MUNICIPAL POLICE OFFICERS BLEW THE WHISTLE TO ALERT OTHER AGENTS. AT THAT MOMENT, THE BOY TOOK OUT A PISTOL, SHOT JESUS LOLO AND FLED THE SCENE.



Jesus Lolo

The parents of Jesus Lolo Jato were Galicians who emigrated to the Basque Country in search of a job. From the village O Courel (Lugo) they moved to Portugalete (Vizcaya). Jesús Lolo got a place in the municipal police of Portugalete at a young age and, shortly after, he married Luisa Vásquez.

On the night of April 15, 1978, Jesus Lolo, forty years old, was patrolling the Doctor Areilza Park in Portugalete with a companion. In the gardens the City Council conserved ducks and it was usual for some of them to be stolen. Late in the evening, a stir was heard and when Jesus Lolo saw a young suspect running with a heavy sports bag, he wanted to stop. He asked where he was going and what he had in his backpack. The individual responded with a punch and the municipal police officers blew the whistle to alert other agents. At that moment, the boy took out a pistol, shot Jesus Lolo and fled the scene.

A few seconds later, two men opened a flurry



Jesus Lolo during twenty-five years of complex operations and hospital stays in different cities to try to alleviate his pain and paralysis in both legs.

of shots at the two policemen and two other unknown persons, in a nearby area they stole a car at gunpoint. In the sports bag were two submachine guns, a revolver, three hand grenades and ammunition. According to the subsequent investigation, there were several members of the ETA terrorist group who had met on a bridge to try to carry out an attack, probably one directed against the head of the Municipal Police of Portugalete.

Jesus Lolo was taken to the hospital, but the shot fired by the terrorist carrying the sports bag had traversed several lumbar vertebrae and

had reached his spinal cord, his left kidney and spleen. The municipal policeman suffered some consequences that left him bedridden and led him to twenty-five years of complex operations and hospital stays in different cities to try to alleviate his pain and paralysis in both legs. The first weeks, the police took turns to guard the door of the room of the admitted in case the ETA members returned to finish him.

The life of Jesús Lolo turned upside down and, with it, that of his wife and his four-year-old daughter, María Isabel. The two accompanied the police on their route through the hospitals of the Basque Country, Galicia, Madrid and even Turin (Italy), but the twenty-seven operations to which he submitted did not solve the suffering of Jesus. While Maribel's friends went with their family on vacation to the beach, spent the day in the countryside or visited an amusement park, she took her books and her paintings to the hospital in order to enjoy the company of her father. On May 17, 2003, Jesús Lolo died.

Maribel can't forget that, because of the totalitarian and exclusionary political project that ETA wanted to impose through terror, they snatched the memories that would have been reaped had the attack not happened. Her father would have gone to her first communion, accompanied her to school and took her for a walk in the park. Instead, the pain prostrated

him permanently in bed, there came a time when neither morphine managed to reduce it, and forced the family to conceive hospitals as a second home. For the daughter of Jesus Lolo, ETA stole her childhood and her adolescence.

Added to this was the lack of understanding on the part of a society that did not condemn barbarism. The terrorist gang was always looking for a reason to justify the murders and it was common to hear the neighbors saying that the victim must have done something that would have led him to be ETA's target. Maribel also does not consider that the institutions should cover her family, but they have always tried to separate the victims so that they do not bother. The case of the attack against his father is unresolved.

She always repeats that she will not be silent, that the nationalist left, which does not condemn ETA terrorism, cheats the assassins and continues with the political project of the terrorist organization from public institutions. The ETA members are coming out of prison proud of their criminal trajectory, and the images of how they play with their children in the park are stuck in the mind of Maribel, who could never do the same with her father.

The daughter of Jesus Lolo is aware that neither the families of the 853 murdered, nor the more than one thousand wounded, extorted and

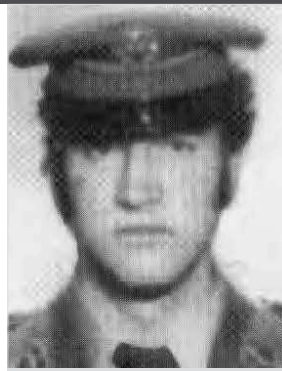
exiled have taken justice into their own hands, but have been characterized by defending the rule of law and that it gives a dignity. It remains to be avoided to forget them and demand justice. For this reason, Maribel became an activist against terrorism and has participated in the rallies, collection of signatures and other acts to fight terrorism. Like the more than five hundred families with whom he shares his struggle, she participates in the activities of COVITE and supports their daily work.



Maribel daughter of Jesús Lolo

ANTONIO RAMÍREZ AND HORTENSIA GONZÁLEZ RUIZ 1979

“ THE COUPLE HAD DRIVEN LESS THAN TWO HUNDRED METERS WHEN ANTONIO STOPPED FOR A MOMENT. TWO INDIVIDUALS APPROACHED FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE CAR AND RAISED THEIR PISTOLS. THE CIVIL GUARD GOT EIGHT SHOTS; HORTENSIA, TEN.



Antonio Ramírez

When Antonio Ramírez was born in 1955, his father was stationed in a barracks in Tarifa, in the province of Cádiz. Following in the footsteps of his father, he graduated from the Civil Guard Academy and with just over twenty-one years he joined the Traffic unit of Ordicia, a town in Guipúzcoa (Basque Country).

The mother of Hortensia González Ruiz gave birth to the young woman in 1959 in San Roque, also in Cádiz. In the family, of humble and working origin, there were six brothers and Aurora, four years older than Hortensia, married a Civil Guard agent. Soon, the couple had to move to the house barracks of Beasain (Guipúzcoa) when the husband was assigned a new destination in their work. During a visit to the newly married couple, Hortensia met one of her brother-in-law's companions, Antonio Ramírez. The two young men fell in love and began a relationship that lasted two years.

In January 1979, Hortensia traveled from Cádiz to Guipúzcoa to spend the Christmas festivities with her sister, her brother-in-law and Antonio. The couple in love had planned to marry that summer and on the 6th the alliances were exchanged even though, at first, they bought them to be given on Valentine's Day. She was a student and was twenty years old. Her fiancé, twenty-four. That same night, the young people decided to go to a club and dance with other Friends; Hortensia was very proud to wear a medallion with two engraved angels that Antonio had given her. He took his car, an orange Renault 5 that he cared for very carefully.



Hortensia González Ruiz and Antonio Ramírez

The couple left the premises and got into the vehicle. They had driven less than two hundred meters when Antonio stopped for a moment. Two individuals approached from both sides of the car and raised their pistols. The civil guard got eight shots; Hortensia, ten. The couple of fiancées died on the spot, with Antonio's body leaning toward hers and pressing the horn, which was sounding for half an hour without anyone from the area coming to help them. The assassins fled in a waiting car, with a third individual at the wheel, near the scene. He had been robbed a few hours earlier at gunpoint by another couple he left handcuffed to the outskirts of town.

Hortensia became the first woman killed by the terrorist group ETA for being linked to the state security forces. The organization claimed the murder two days later, indicating that the attack had been sought and that it was a warning "for all the enemies of Euskadi and personally their families," which broadened the range of objectives of the terrorist group and conditioned relations social and family members of the Police, Civil Guard and Army.

The investigation concluded just two months later. Bullet casings, 9 mm caliber from Parabellum, weapons common to ETA terrorist actions, and a revolver cartridge were collected, and statements were taken from some witnesses.



Hortensia González Ruiz memorial

Spanish Justice shelved the case. The double murder shocked the Spanish society, especially in Andalusia, where the two young men came from, who since then are known as “the couple of Cádiz”.

Aurora, the sister of Hortensia who welcomed the young woman during her visits to the Basque Country, and her husband were assigned to Andalusia again at the request of the mother of Hortensia, who transferred this will to the General Director of the Civil Guard after the funeral. There the couple lived with a constant fear of what could happen to her husband as a civil guard and, after what happened, Aurora still has to take medication to alleviate her anxiety and pain over

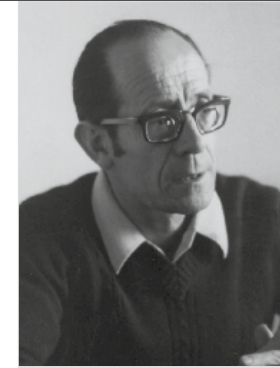
the loss of her sister and her brother-in-law. The sister of Hortensia has not been in the Basque Country since 1979.

The marriage is responsible for keeping the memory of the couple alive in every corner of their house and bring flowers to the cemetery every week. The murder of the couple does not let them rest. A few kilometers from the home of Aurora in Cádiz, there is the prison in Spain that hosts most of the ETA terrorists. Aurora and her husband consider it likely that the murderers of Hortensia and Antonio are imprisoned there, but they can only make conjectures.

Like other 359 crimes committed by the terrorist group ETA, the murder of Antonio Ramírez and Hortensia González remains unresolved. The material or intellectual authors of their deaths are not known. 39 years after the case was shelved, Aurora managed at the beginning of 2017 that the National Court reopen the investigation. Despite having spent so much time, he has been informed that one of the two weapons of the crime has been found, although not whether it was the one used against his sister or the one that killed Antonio.

JESÚS ULAYAR LICEAGA 1979

“ WHEN JESUS ULAYAR WAS ABOUT TO ENTER THE VEHICLE TO GO TO THE GAS STATION, A MAN WITH HIS FACE COVERED BY A STOCKING CAME UP, SPREAD HIS LEGS AND POINTED A GUN AT SALVADOR'S FATHER.



Jesús Ulayar Liceaga

Jesús Ulayar Liceaga was born in Echarri Aranaz, a town in Navarre very close to the Basque Country. There he grew up, he met his wife, Rosa Mundiñano Ezcutari, and he married her. The couple had four children who were educated in Basque and in the traditions of the Basque culture, widespread in northwest Navarre.

From a young age he had shown a strong and extroverted nature. He worked selling insurance policies and butane bottles from house to house until he managed to open his own appliance store and, at the same time, opened a funeral home. Jesus Ulayar's involvement with the management of his people led his decision to enter politics: in 1967, as councilor in the City Council. Barely two years later he was elected mayor of Echarri Aranaz, an occupation for which he did not receive a salary and which ended with a very bitter taste for Jesús Ulayar. The difference of opinions as to what to do with a municipal lot triggered the gossips and the major saw how all the time he had devoted to



Jesús Ulayar memorial

his neighbors, instead of his family and hobbies, was never given thanks for, but criticized harshly. In 1975 he resigned.

That same year, the death of the dictator Francisco Franco pushed Spain towards the process of democratic transition. However, the terrorist group ETA, which used the regime as one of the excuses to commit attacks, only increased its lethality. The years of terrorism lead fell on the country and Echarri Aranaz, who in recent years had absorbed the ideology of the nationalist left in its most radical expression, was tarnished by growing hostility. Many neighbors withdrew the word to the former mayor and some alleged friends stopped frequenting his company. The

feeling of threat darkened the good spirit of the old councilman.

On January 27, 1979, Jesús Ulayar was sixty years old. After eight and ten at night, he parked his van in front of his home, the old family house where he lived with his wife and their children between twenty-three and thirteen. Salvador, the youngest of the four brothers, went out to announce that the heating oil had run out and both of them took a drum from the garage to refuel it. When Jesus Ulayar was about to enter the vehicle to go to the gas station, a man with his face covered by a stocking came up, spread his legs and pointed a gun at Salvador's father. Three shots were heard in a row and, after a pause, two more. The killer got into a stolen white Chrysler waiting for him and fled.

The little one from the Ulayar brothers, only thirteen years old, in his innocence believed that they were also going to shoot him, so his first impulse was to run away and, a few seconds later, turn around and find his father lying in the ground, covered in blood. Jesus Ulayar died almost immediately. Salvador went in search of his mother, who had heard the shots and had thrown himself into the street. So did his sister, who was sixteen years old. Although they tried to save their father inside of their home, the doctor soon arrived and certified the death.

In Echarri Aranaz they echoed the usual arguments that ETA used to justify their murders, no matter how familiar the victim was. They blamed her for carrying out "fascist and anti-Basque activities." Hierron spread the rumors that he was a confidant of the Civil Guard and that he had made a fortune by taking advantage of the town. The majority withdrew the word to the family and justified the murder with a vague "he must have done something." Salvador came to find written in his desk of the institute "ETA, more machine gun." The environment of the Ulayar was dwarfed and they kept their thoughts and feelings to themselves. They avoided talking about the issue even among themselves.

Ten months after the murder, the Civil Guard stopped a village near five young men who had tried to strafe the barracks. Two of the men were brothers and lived in Echarri Aranaz, another was a cousin of Jesus Ulayar and they were part of an ETA commando. The people took to the streets and went to the Town Hall to demand the mayor of that time, of the nationalist left, to ask for the liberation of the ETA members. When the sisters of Jesus Ulayar appeared, knowing that the murderers were among those arrested, they were greeted with shouts and boos.

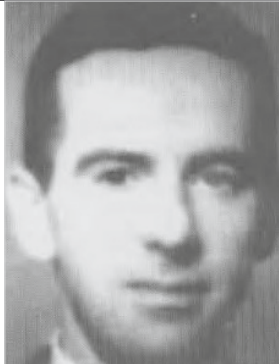
The Justice condemned the brothers Vicente and Juan Nazábal Auzmendi to 27 and 22 years of prison respectively. The cousin of Jesus Ulayar

was condemned as a concealer, and a fourth man as an accomplice.

The social response in the village was translated into the appointment by the Consistory of the guilty as "favorite children" of Echarri Aranaz. Every year, during the festivities, the photo of the condemned hung on the main balcony of the City Hall for a very long time. There were public collections to send money to the ETA members in prison and the graffiti of support for the terrorist group on the facade of the family house have been constant since the crime. The day that the assassins left the prison, the homage was celebrated in the main square of the town as if they were heroes and there was a parade that paraded in front of the house of the Ulayar. The eldest of the brothers, who was in charge of moving the family forward, found Vicente Nazábal on the street and frustration ripped a "scoundrel and cheek" from his lips. The assassin responded by kicking him in the chest while he was being bullied by a "son of a bitch". The terrorists were chosen to start the 1996 festivities by launching the "chupinazo" rocket.

JOSÉ MARIA URQUIZU GOYOGANA 1980

“ WHEN JOSÉ MARÍA, ON HIS BACK, LEANED OVER THE MICROSCOPE TO ANALYZE THE BLOOD SAMPLE, EACH ONE OF THE ALLEGED CLIENTS SHOT A SHOT IN THE NAPE OF THE SOLDIER'S NECK.



José María Urquizu
Goyogana

José María Urquizu Goyogana was 55 years old when ETA murdered him. He was a native of Bilbao, in the province of Vizcaya, but in 1978 he was promoted to lieutenant colonel of the Military Health Corps and was assigned to Burgos. José María, married and with five children, spent the week working and the weekend returned to the Basque Country to be with his family. His father ran a pharmacy in the town that later passed into the hands of José María's brother and sister-in-law, and every Saturday morning the lieutenant colonel helped them by analyzing the blood samples of the clients.

On September 13, 1980, José María was in the Urquizu pharmacy to help the neighbours. It was his brother's birthday, so he stayed in charge with his father, who used to stay in the office. After eleven-thirty in the morning, a couple carrying a package came in asking for an analysis because, they said, they suspected that she might be pregnant. The woman was young,

she was around twenty-five years old. The man was approaching forty. When José María, on his back, leaned over the microscope to analyze the blood sample, each one of the alleged clients shot a shot in the nape of the soldier's neck. The assassins ran out into the street and got on the white Seat 124 that awaited them with a third one involved at the wheel. ETA claimed the attack in a statement.

The vehicle in which the assassins fled had been stolen shortly before at gunpoint in downtown Durango. Around ten thirty the three terrorists kidnapped the owner of the Seat and took him to a mountain. There, they made him get off and under threat he was prohibited from reporting the facts before at least half an hour had elapsed. The Civil Guard found the car in the early afternoon.

Before ETA began to kill, the organization already contemplated as their enemies the State Security Forces and Bodies. José María was appointed, the mere fact of being a military already exposed him, but he had also refused to pay ETA's "revolutionary tax." He knew that the money obtained by the ETA members extorting money from neighbors in the Basque Country and Navarra would be used to finance the criminal activity of the group. José María was not willing to contribute to this even though he was aware that his life was at risk. He felt

himself chased. Although he concealed his suspicions from his wife and children, one of his sisters confessed to him two weeks before his murder that he had the feeling that he was being followed and said that he was already dead.

In Durango he was well known, not only for his work on Saturdays at the pharmacy. Although he was a formal man, he was very involved in the activities of his people: he presided over the Fishing and Hunting Society, the Alpine Club and was a member of the Bilbao football club Athletic de Bilbao. Upon learning of what happened, all pharmacies, including those on duty, closed in protest to the murder. The Durango City Council threw the bolt in the offices of attention to the public and, except the councilmen of the party of the left abertzale, Herri Batasuna, all condemned the attack.

The funeral was officiated by three priests in the parish of the town of José María. There were numerous neighbors, the civil governor, representatives of the Army, the Civil Guard and the National Police. When leaving the church, some assistants shouted "Long live Spain and the Army!", To which other people who were in the zone responded "Fascists!". The relatives and acquaintances of the lieutenant colonel had to silence the shouting before the risk that the act politicized.



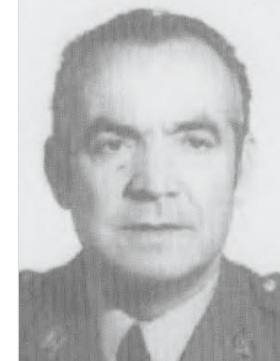
José María Urquizu Goyogana and his wife

The family suffered dramatically the assassination of José María. As his son Javier says, the father of the murdered soldier did not stand the pain long. Neither his widow, who died only four years later due to her health being worsened by her grief. In this way, the five children of the couple were orphaned in a short period. As they have confessed on more than one occasion, not only is the loss anguish; almost forty years later the crime remains unsolved: no one has yet been tried for killing José María in 1980.

Javier Urquizu was fully involved with the claims of the victims of terrorism in Spain. He frequents the acts of homage and the marches for the memory of the 853 murdered, almost three thousand wounded, one hundred thousand extorted and ten thousand exiled. From COVITE promotes the work to denounce the climate of hatred prevailing in the Basque Country and Navarre after almost half a century of ETA terrorism and the connivance of institutions with the political project of ETA. And he also struggles to achieve justice for the 359 ETA crimes that have not yet been resolved.

BASILIO ALTUNA FERNÁNDEZ DE ARROYABE 1980

“ AT ABOUT TEN FIFTEEN IN THE NIGHT, A MAN STOOD BEHIND THE POLICEMAN AND FIRED. THE BULLET WENT THROUGH THE BACK OF THE NECK AND BASILIO ALTUNA DIED ON THE SPOT.



Basilio Altuna Fernández de Arroyabe

Basilio Altuna Fernández de Arroyabe was born in a small town in Álava, province of the Basque Country where his wife, Ángela Urcelay, was also born. Basilio Altuna soon joined the ranks of the National Police in a turbulent year for the country and the Police ForceS. With the death of the Spanish dictator Francisco Franco, the State fell into a process of transition towards democracy, which brought with it a series of political and administrative reforms that affected the configuration of the State's security forces and bodies. The Armed Police was renamed the National Police Corps and its internal regularization also went through democratic reform.

In the midst of these changes, Basilio Altuna was assigned to Vitoria, the capital of Álava. In 1976, the key year for the change of regime, there were numerous disturbances and demonstrations of all political and social signs. In March, the eviction of a church in the neighborhood of Zaramaga in Vitoria occupied by striking workers was

the trigger for a violent confrontation between trade unionists and the Armed Police, which responded with rubber balls and real fire. As a result of the scuffle, five young workers lost their lives. After spending a period in Madrid, Basilio Altuna was transferred to the company of the General Reserve of Miranda de Ebro.

During the summer of 1980, the Altunas went with their wife and four children to the festivities of Erenchun (Álava), a town near the capital where Ángela Urcelay was born and raised. On the night of Saturday, July 6, Basilio Altuna, 57 years old and out of service, went with family and friends to the town square to see some popular dances. At about ten fifteen in the night, a man stood behind the policeman and fired. The bullet went through the back of the neck and Basilio Altuna died on the spot. The murderer took advantage of the confusion of the first moment to run towards a nearby street, where a vehicle was waiting for him to flee. The body of the police captain remained lying on the floor of the square for two hours until the judge authorized his removal.

The funeral of Basilio Altuna was multitudinous. Vitoria Cathedral was visited by relatives, friends, neighbors from all over the province and political authorities and by the State security forces and bodies. One of the policeman's sons asked to be silent during the ceremony and afterwards,

so no shouts, cheers or slogans were heard during the celebration or at the exit. ETA political-military claimed the murder by a phone call to a newspaper and justified the crime arguing that Basilio Altuna was part of the events of Vitoria in 1976 and that he was involved with the far right. The captain's family responded to the terrorist group in a letter sent to the media in which they maintained that, although he was a member of the security that covered the events of 1976, Basilio Altuna always acted with the aim of avoiding a confrontation. In the letter they also urged ETA to demonstrate the participation of the police in activities of the far right, since the accusation threatened the dignity of the murdered and was contrary to its nature.

For the captain's children, the shooting against his father was an attack on the rule of law and the freedoms achieved. The two minors were involved in a special way in the fight against terrorism and since then they have contributed to spread their testimony, so that it is not the story of the pro-ETA environment that explains and justifies terrorism in the Basque Country and Navarre. The little one of the Altuna brothers, Fernando, was only ten years old when ETA killed his father and suffered a post-traumatic stress disorder.

With the birth of COVITE in 1998, Fernando found a place to fight against ETA's heritage. He

was the promoter of the "Map of Terror", a web tool that, through the locations in Google Maps, makes a list of those murdered by the terrorist group, its story and the crime scene. He was also a regular participant in activism actions, such as placing plaques in memory of the victims where the nationalist town councils prevented him or to face the hatred that continues to flow in so many localities of the Basque Country and Navarre. In October 2016, he appeared peacefully together with three other members of COVITE in the Navarre town of Alsasua to condemn the brutal aggression suffered by two civil guards and their brides one weekend that month. All members of COVITE were subject to shouting, insults and contempt. In February 2017, Basilio Altuna's young son lost his life.

Fernando never got to know who shot his father. During the investigation, the statement of four witnesses who did not contribute anything was obtained, a sketch of the crime scene and the results of the autopsy. Only twenty-four hours after the opening of the summary, the National Court dismissed the case, so the murder of the police captain is one of the 359 crimes perpetrated by ETA that remain unresolved.



Fernando Altuna, son of Basilio Altuna Fernández de Arroyabe, who died recently.

AURELIO PRIETO PRIETO 1980

“ EDUARDO IZQUIERDO AND AURELIO PRIETO GOT OUT TO GO AND IDENTIFY THE MEN. BEFORE THE TWO CIVIL GUARDS ARRIVED IN FRONT OF THE SUBJECTS, ONE OF THE INDIVIDUALS PULLED OUT A PISTOL AND FIRED AT THE AGENTS.



Aurelio Prieto Prieto

Aurelio Prieto Prieto was born in the town of Llerena (Extremadura) and, after studying at the College of Young Guards, in September 1974 he joined the Civil Guard. A short time later he was assigned to the command of San Sebastián (Guipúzcoa) in the Basque Country. There, Aurelio Prieto met Concepción Fernández Galán and they fell in love. Barely a year later the young couple got married.

In the period in which they were married, Concepcion saw how many of those who believed friends were estranged to be married to a civil guard and knew what it was to live with fear. It was usual to wake up with the news of the death of another member of the State Security Forces and Bodies. The hostile climate of the society in the Basque Country isolated the majority of families from the civil guards, who ended up relating only to each other and described how it would be when they were told of the murder of their loved one. The young couple moved to

the house barracks of Intxaurrondo, where they had their only daughter and who could enjoy her father only four months.

On November 21, 1980, Aurelio Prieto and two colleagues, José Blasco and Eduardo Izquierdo, were investigating the 45-day kidnapping of Cuban industrialist Pedro Abreu. It had been three weeks since he had been released, and the three civil guards went to inspect the area near the town of Tolosa, where ETA had kept the hostage confined.

When the agents approached a hermitage of the municipality, they noticed the presence of two suspicious individuals sitting in the vicinity. While José Blasco, who was driving the Seat 124 without an official badge in which they were traveling, was preparing to park, Eduardo Izquierdo and Aurelio Prieto got out to go and identify the men. Before the two civil guards arrived in front of the subjects, one of the individuals pulled out a pistol and fired at the agents.

Bullets of the nine-millimeter caliber impacted on Aurelio's right shoulder and Eduardo's arm, which, seeing his partner's head shot off, rolled to cover himself and avoid being hit. José went to help the agents attacked, but when he tried to shoot the regulatory weapon, he jammed himself several times. One of the murderers threw himself into the woods fleeing the scene of the crime and

the other climbed into the car of the civil guards and fled. The two agents could not do anything for Aurelio Prieto, who at that time was only 23 years old. Three days after the assassination, the Anti-Capitalist Autonomous Commandos (CAA), a terrorist organization combined with a split of the most radical part of ETA politico-military, claimed the attack.

The author of the shots was identified as Eugenio Barrutiabengoa, also known as 'Arbe'. The terrorist continued to perpetrate attacks of all kinds and was charged with nine other murders. He escaped and was tried in 1981, but the French government deported him three years later to Venezuela, where he restored his life without hindrance. Although the Spanish Executive requested his extradition along with that of many other ETA members, the Venezuelan government released several ETA members shortly after arresting them and granted them their nationality. The crime has not been judicially solved and only the request to extradite the terrorist prevents his crimes from prescribing.

The widow of Aurelio Prieto had twenty days to leave the barracks house. At twenty, and a native of Alsasua (Navarra), a municipality near the border with the Basque Country, he collected his belongings and moved with his daughter to the province that had seen her husband born. The murder of Aurelio is part of the 359

ÁNGEL PASCUAL MÚGICA 1982

“ WITHOUT SAYING A WORD, THE ETA TERRORISTS TOOK OUT THEIR PISTOLS AND BEGAN FIRING ON THE DRIVER'S SIDE. THE BULLETS IMPACTED FULLY ON ANGEL, 45, WHO DIED ON THE SPOT.

Ángel Pascual Múgica was one of the children of the people who were exiles of the Spanish Civil War. His parents, residents in the Navarrese town of Sartaguda, were part of the Spanish Republicans who sought refuge in France and in the town of Mecon (Burgundy) the youngest son of the Pascual was born in 1937. Just two years later, the family He decided to return to Spain, but he moved to the Basque city of Bilbao (Vizcaya).

The boy of the house began working with only 14 years to help in the home economics, but his perseverance and ease of study got him to combine both tasks and managed to get the engineering degree. In a hard-working manner, his professional life accelerated and he quickly ascended where he was hired.

During the first years after the Franco regime, it was decided to carry out an energy modernization project for Spain. Among the plans was the construction of three nuclear power plants in



Aurelio Prieto Prieto and his wife

crimes of ETA pending resolution and since then Concepcion has been responsible for ensuring that the Spanish justice insist on the delivery of Baturriabengoa to prevent their crimes prescribe.

Concepción not only moved away from the hatred that distilled the Basque nationalist left in the Basque Country and Navarre, also wanted to fight it. That's why he joined COVITE and now is part of its board of directors. In 2013 he returned to his hometown, Alsasua, where acts of harassment to security forces and bodies proliferated, along with the president of COVITE, Consuelo Ordoñez, and Laura Martín attended the House of Culture of the municipality where 150 ETA members fugitives from Justice gathered to stage their return. In front of the building, they were prevented from accessing, they asked that they condemn ETA and collaborate with the courts while they tried to send them a list with the names of the 359 ETA murders that remain unclear.



Ángel Pascual Múgica



Ángel Pascual Múgica memorial

the Basque Country, which provoked a great popular rejection. With the transition and the entry into democracy, the desire to embark the country in the development of nuclear energy and the company Iberduero was the chosen one to begin with the design of the power plants with the approval of the conservative political nationalism.

The terrorist organization ETA took advantage of the anti-nuclear movement from 1977, which allowed it to join a cause of great social acceptance and helped to perpetuate its vision of a Spanish state that attacked and imposed by force its will on the Basque people. During

the construction of the Lemóniz plant, the ETA members threatened the workers and attacked more than two hundred times. In March of 1978, a bomb put by ETA ended the life of two workers and, a year later, with the editor of a subcontractor who also worked in the building.

When Ángel Pascual Múgica was chosen to direct the construction project of the power station, he could not enjoy his ascent as he had imagined. His predecessor and good friend, the engineer José María Ryan, was kidnapped and then killed by ETA terrorists. Fifteen months later, Ángel Pascual suffered the same fate.

The construction of the plant in Lemóniz plunged the Pascual family into a period of unrest. In addition to the pressure of his work, he had to endure the constant attacks on the project, the murder of his colleagues and, after his appointment, explicit threats made him send ETA. Although the company put two escorts, Angel Pascual did not finish feeling safe until he returned with his wife and their four children to the town of their parents, Sartaguda. The rest of the week he lived locked in his work and, when he returned to the family home, each week his character became more irritable and bitter.

On May 5, 1982, Ángel Pascual was heading to Iberduero's offices in his white Renault 18. As a co-pilot, his first-born, Íñigo, eighteen years old, was

traveling to the bus stop. The escorts followed him in two vehicles. It was close to eight o'clock in the morning and they had scarcely traveled a hundred meters from the family home when a tourist stopped them and two people got out. Without saying a word, the ETA terrorists took out their pistols and began firing on the driver's side. The bullets impacted fully on Angel, 45, who died on the spot. In an instinctive attempt to protect his father, Íñigo picked up the folder of notes and one of the 35 unleashed projectiles reached his hand. The escorts responded to the discharges, but the perpetrators fled in a car waiting for them.

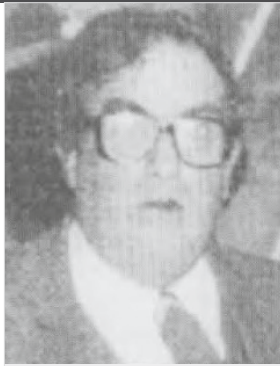
The family of Angel Pascual moved to Madrid to try to resume his life, but the murder was an event that would prevent their children from growing naturally. Just a few days after the attack, a former schoolmate of Íñigo, part of the social environment that supported ETA, approached him one night to greet him and asked him to understand that his murder "was a necessary evil." Ángel's four children spent many years trying to recover. Each one had a way to go through the duel; in the case of one of the little sisters, it became a serious eating disorder. The eldest of the children touched bottom and, after an episode in which he fled from home for a few days, his mother seriously urged him to go to therapy.

Íñigo Pascual was among those who joined the first organized groups to publicly demonstrate against ETA terrorism. He was one of those who endured the winter temperatures of Bilbao to stand up to barbarism and, in addition, kept the type and good forms before the cries, insults, and spitting of those who defended the ETA.

Later, he met COVITE and was definitely involved in the fight to prevent the totalitarian project of a Basque Country and Navarre independent of Spain that ETA managed and now relies on those who defend it from the institutions is put into practice. And for achieving the resolution for the 359 unresolved ETA crimes, such as the murder of his father, which has already prescribed for its authors, although the identity of the same is not known.

ENRIQUE CUESTA JIMÉNEZ 1982

“ IT WAS THREE IN THE AFTERNOON IN A BUSY AREA OF THE AMARA NEIGHBORHOOD. WITHOUT OPENING THEIR MOUTHS, THE TWO TERRORISTS FIRED THE ESCORT AND THEN ENRIQUE, WHO DIED BEFORE REACHING THE HOSPITAL



Enrique Cuesta Jiménez

Enrique Cuesta Jiménez was born on August 5, 1928 in Logroño. He was married and had two daughters of fourteen and twenty years when ETA killed him in San Sebastian. Enrique was a jovial and familiar man and, after the kidnapping and murder of Manuel García Cordero, delegate of the Telefónica company in the province of Guipúzcoa in 1980, he took his place.

When Enrique took office, he was assigned two escorts. The headquarters of Telefónica were very close to his home, so sometimes on the journeys he was accompanied by only one. On March 26, 1982, when Enrique was heading home with Antonio Gómez García, a national policeman, two young men intercepted them. It was three in the afternoon in a busy area of the Amara neighborhood. Without opening their mouths, the two terrorists fired the escort and then Enrique, who died before reaching the hospital. The assassins ran out with a third man who was responsible for covering them while executing the crime.

Antonio, a native of Cádiz, was twenty-four years old, married, and had a son of a few months. Only a year ago, as the escort of a leader of the Socialist Party, he had witnessed the attempted coup d'état in the Congress by some rebellious soldiers, during which he refused to hand over the weapon. The bullet pierced Antonio's right lung and came out through his skull, severely damaging his brain mass. He was admitted to the hospital, but five days later he died.

Enrique's youngest daughter, Irene, coincided with her father on the street every day when she returned from school. On the day of the assassination, when he did not appear, she traveled the way she did until she saw a crowd gathered. When she came to see what happened, she found the bodies shot by his father and the escort and had to be attended to by a very acute nervous breakdown. Cristina Cuesta was the oldest of the sisters and, although she was studying in another city, those days she was at home celebrating her birthday. Someone called through the telephone without identifying himself and told the girl that something had happened to Enrique. Cristina sensed the reason for the attack and ran to the scene a few minutes after the victims had already been taken to the hospital.

The attack was revindicated by the Autonomous Anticapitalist Commandos (CAA), which were constituted in 1976 from a split of an even more

radical wing of ETA, under the accusation that the leaders of the company were involved in the wiretaps they made. the security forces.

The funeral was celebrated in San Sebastián and the burial in Logroño. Telefónica arranged buses so that employees could go to Enrique's hometown. These, a few days later, concentrated in the streets with an improvised banner in rejection for the attack, something unusual at the time. The neighbors assumed that those killed would be involved in something and that's why they had become the target of ETA and often justified the existence of the terrorist group. The mother of Cristina and Irene fell into a deep depression. Cristina took the reins of the family and left her journalism studies to start working at the headquarters where her father worked.

Cristina graduated in Philosophy at the University of the Basque Country. During her university years she lived with hundreds of graffiti in favor of ETA and acts of exaltation of terrorism. This motivated her to start mobilizing society, which remained silent and impassive while ETA extorted, kidnapped and murdered. She founded the Association for Peace, the first organized response of civil society against terrorist violence. Cristina became the target of ETA and had to take an escort, a situation that forced her to move to Madrid.

In 1998 she was one of the three founders of the Colectivo de Víctimas de Terrorismo (COVITE), which has always stand out for fighting ETA ideologically and through words. For this reason, the Collective was granted the "special consultative status" by the UN. Cristina Cuesta chaired the organization for several years. Enrique Cuesta's eldest daughter also participated in the Forum of Ermua and was a spokesperson for ¡Basta ya!, platform that received in 2000 the Sakharov Prize of the European Parliament for freedom of conscience. She is currently the director of the Miguel Ángel Blanco Foundation.

The authors of the murder of Enrique Cuesta and Antonio Gómez were tried. In 1985, the National Court sentenced Ramón Agra Alonso, the driver, and Ignacio Taberna Arruti for the attack, and both have already died. The second trigger, Juan Antonio Zurutuza Sarasola, alias Capullo, escaped to France and then to South America while his crimes began to be prescribed. He returned to the French country, where the marriage with a French woman granted him the nationality, and created an export company involved in the money laundering of ETA. In 2010, the National Court sentenced him to 46 years and eight months in prison.



Enrique Cuesta Jiménez with his daughter, Cristina Cuesta.

GREGORIO ORDÓÑEZ FENOLLAR 1995

“ TOWARDS THREE THIRTY IN THE AFTERNOON, A HOODED MAN APPROACHED HIM FROM BEHIND AND UNLEASHED A SHOT THAT WENT THROUGH HIS HEAD.



Gregorio Ordóñez Fenollar

Gregorio Ordóñez Fenollar was born in Venezuela in 1958. His parents were Spanish immigrants who, like so many others, left their country in search of a better life. When Gregorio was only seven years old, they decided to return to the Basque Country. They settled in San Sebastián (Guipúzcoa) and opened an industrial laundry. Upon reaching the age of majority, Gregorio decided to study Journalism and, after graduating, began working in a small local newspaper.

In San Sebastian he met his wife, Ana Iribar, with whom he had a son in 1994. For Gregorio Ordóñez, standing up to ETA terrorism was a vital concern. The nationalist left imposed a hostile climate in the Basque Country and the love that he said he professed towards his land was what led him to get involved in politics. With a democracy recently established in Spain, and influenced by the murder of the father of a friend by ETA, Gregorio Ordóñez joined the Alianza Popular party and his audacity and solid



Gregorio Ordóñez Fenollar

principles led him to be only twenty-four years old. elected councilor in the San Sebastián City Council. A few years later, the citizens voted for it and became part of the Basque Parliament.

The firmness with which he opposed the terrorists and those who defended them from the institutions, together with his argumentative clarity, reaped wide sympathies in the Basque citizenship. In 1995 he headed the lists for the mayor's office of the Popular Party, heir of Alianza Popular, in San Sebastián. Gregorio had many chances to get a very strong popular support, something that until then was unprecedented for the Popular Party in the Basque Country. The

terrorist group ETA had long been watching his steps and even threatened to phone him and his family if he continued to face the political project of the ETA members.

On January 23, 1995, Gregorio Ordóñez went to lunch with three other colleagues at a bar in the old town of San Sebastián. Towards three thirty in the afternoon, a hooded man approached him from behind and unleashed a shot that went through his head. Gregorio Ordóñez, who was 37 years old, died instantly and the murderer, covered with a red raincoat, ran away.

Hundreds of people attended the funeral to clothe the family and honor Gregorio Ordóñez. The murder of politicians by the ETA members had not been as frequent as that of members of the State security forces and bodies. The Basque councilor and parliamentarian had won the support of a large part of the population, so the attack on his life was taken as an attack against a social sector, against freedom of thought and against democracy, and caused many people to start to publicly demonstrate against ETA terrorism.

To these acts, serious and silent at first, attended the sister of Gregorio Ordóñez, Consuelo, and his widow, Ana Iríbar. It was common for the gatherings to be accompanied by boos from sympathizers of the nationalist left, who even

spitted and threw stones and other materials towards them. Before completing the first year since the murder, the tomb of Gregorio Ordóñez had already been desecrated twice. They destroyed the decoration and the flowers, and they painted the acronyms of ETA and words of encouragement for the terrorist band.

For Consuelo Ordóñez, attorney general, the murder of her brother was the beginning of an authentic campaign of harassment. Her involvement in the demonstrations and the forcefulness of her statements made her the target of insults, ridicule towards her brother and physical attacks. They papered San Sebastian with photos of her face inside a bull's-eye: she was the target of ETA. She became even more involved in the fight against terrorism, became an authentic activist and was part of the civic platform ¡Basta ya!, winner of the Sajharov Prize in 2000.

In order to leave her home, Consuelo Ordóñez had to be accompanied by an escort and, even so, when she was walking in the bars of her city, sympathizers of the nationalist left shouted insults and threw glasses at her. One night in 2003, a loud noise woke her up. Several strangers had thrown Molotov cocktails on his balcony. This episode, together with the fact that she had fewer and fewer clients as a solicitor due to the harassment campaign launched against

her by the nationalist left, motivated her forced departure from the Basque Country, where she had grown up, where she had her life, and moved to the Valencian Community.

Seventeen years after the assassination, the National Court condemned three ETA terrorists as collaborators of the attack. Consuelo, who attended all the trials, found out that the author of the shot was Valentín Lasarte. This ETA member took refuge in a way of reinsercion set in motion by the Government, one of the requirements to benefit from this path is cooperation with the justice system. However, Consuelo requested a meeting with the murderer of her brother precisely to prove whether or not he collaborated with the justice, and verified that it was not like that. He did not respond to any of the questions that Consuelo asked him and that could contribute to justice being done.

Consuelo Ordóñez was one of the founders of the Colectivo de Víctimas de Terrorismo (COVITE) in 1998 and is currently its president.

PEDRO ANTONIO BLANCO GARCÍA 2000

“ AT 8.08 A.M. ON JANUARY 21, ABOUT TWENTY KILOS OF EXPLOSIVES COMPOSED OF AMMONIUM NITRATE AND NITROGLYCERIN DETONATED AND ENDED THE LIFE OF PEDRO ANTONIO.



Pedro Antonio Blanco García

Pedro Antonio Blanco García was 47 years old and had been married to María Concepción Martín for twenty-three years when he was killed by ETA. Son of a retired colonel, he was born in 1952 in Madrid and, eighteen years later, he entered the Intendancy Academy in the city of Ávila, where he met the one woman who would become his wife. He was a methodical man, passionate about his work, who knew how to maintain solidity when the occasion required.

He was assigned to the Directorate of Economic Affairs of the Technical Secretariat of the Ministry of Defense in Madrid, the city where he was born and where he settled with his wife to raise their two children. He used to go to work by urban bus until his general, who enjoyed the conversations with him, offered to pick him up every day in an official camouflaged vehicle. Pedro Antonio, not to force his superior to deviate from his path, waited for him every day at the intersection of the streets of Pizarra and Virgen del Puerto.

In September 1998, after thirty years of killing, ETA had announced its first unilateral ceasefire. The Spanish Government and the terrorist group were willing to establish a first contact and in May of the following year the first and only meeting was held. Although the Ministry of Interior decided to bring more than a hundred ETA prisoners to the prisons of the Basque Country, the band was dissatisfied with the government's treatment of the ceasefire and announced its cessation in December 1999.

The year 2000 had just begun and in the neighborhood where the Blanco Martín family lived, surveillance had been intensified given the number of soldiers who lived in the area. Pedro Antonio, suspicious, always looked under the cars with a flashlight in search of possible explosives. He did not allow his sixteen and eleven-year-old children to ride in the vehicle until he had made sure they were safe. He was very cautious with the mail packages that they received at home and never went out to work with the uniform on.

From the beginning, the ETA members had placed members of state security forces and bodies in their target and, as a military man, Pedro Antonio knew he was in the spotlight. A commando of the terrorist band was able to find out their habits and prepared the attack. They waited for the lieutenant colonel to pass near

a stolen red Renault Clio in the neighborhood of Hortaleza to operate the bomb. At 8.08 a.m. on January 21, about twenty kilos of explosives composed of ammonium nitrate and nitroglycerin detonated and ended the life of Pedro Antonio. The shockwave threw his body against a building and reached three young girls of nineteen, seventeen and fourteen who were close to the military at that time. They suffered serious injuries. Just 33 minutes later, a second Renault Clio, white, flew through the air: it was the vehicle that the ETA had used to commit the murder.

The terrorists, three men and one woman, constituted the “Buruhauste” command in Madrid. During the week they stayed separately in shared flats of the Spanish capital and in the weekend they met in a flat in a neighboring province. In 2011 they were prosecuted by the National High Court and three years later they were convicted for the attack of the lieutenant colonel: crimes of belonging to an armed band, terrorist murder, ravages, injuries to the three young women and falsification of documents sentenced them to between nine and 129 years in jail.

After the murder of her husband, Concepción had little time to go through her grief. Blanco's widow did not want her children to grow up in hatred and tried to prevent ETA from imposing that feeling, which for her would only lead to



Conchita Martín, Pedro Antonio Blanco's wife.

equating victims and terrorists and, therefore, allowing the latter to win. For his son, only eleven years old, it was not easy to take on the attack. The family moved home and sent him to study in Switzerland, but the boy dragged the tear that caused the crime and, as his mother said in the trial of the assassins of Pedro Antonio, fourteen years later still distrusts people.

Concepción and his daughter Almudena met the Collective of Victims of Terrorism (COVITE) when Pedro Antonio was killed and soon they were involved in trying to give visibility to the victims, raising awareness among the population and not letting the nationalist left erase the criminal record of the terrorist group ETA. Concepción is also patron of the Victims of Terrorism Foundation.

Mother and daughter have integrated the team that the Spanish Ministry of the Interior has formed to take the testimony of the victims of terrorism to the schools of the Community of Madrid. The recent Spanish history has been very marked by ETA, but the environment of the terrorist group still dedicates its efforts to whitewash it and establish a conflict that never existed to justify its existence. Concepción and Almudena are not willing to allow Pedro Antonio to be erased from the Spanish memory and for his executioners to become heroes in the imaginary of the new generations.

JUAN CARLOS BEIROMONTES 2002

“ CORPORAL BEIRO WAS IN FRONT OF THE NISSAN PATROL AND HIS COMPANIONS BEHIND THE CARS. WHEN THE COMMAND REACHED THE TOP OF THE SLOPE, THERE WAS A STRONG EXPLOSION THAT COMPLETELY HIT THE ABDOMEN OF JUAN CARLOS BEIRO.



Juan Carlos Beiro Montes

Juan Carlos Beiro Montes, 32, and his wife María José Rama had traveled all of Spain together. Juan Carlos' dream had always been to become an agent of the Civil Guard. When he succeeded, he moved to Cantabria until he ascended and was assigned to Pamplona (Navarra). At that time, the couple contracted marriage and María José gave birth to two twins who in 2002 turned six.

Juan Carlos, a native of Langreo (Asturias), had a good disposition and was very active. He liked athletics, participated in marathons, and even began to study law on his own. However, his position in the Pamplona barracks drowned him. He had to monitor access to the building through security cameras, but the corporal felt the need to work on the ground. As soon as a vacancy left for another destination, he asked for it and they sent him to Leiza, in the north of Navarre.

Three months later, he received a call at his new headquarters. A civil guard had found a

banner on a slope next to a little-traveled road that linked Navarre with the Basque Country. In it the anagram of ETA and a few words in Basque had been painted, of which only one in reference to the Civil Guard could be understood. Four members of the Benemérita went to remove it in two official vehicles that they left parked parallel to the slope. The motto that was written was one commonly used by the terrorist band: "ETA, bietan jarrai. Civil Guard, jota bertan hil / ETA, forward with the two. Civil Guard, kill him here."

It was on September 24, 2002 and the Civil Guard, accustomed to ETA traps, already knew that it should not touch anything. Sergeant Miguel de los Reyes Martínez, who had already suffered an attack that earned him the COVITE Award two years earlier, skirted the mound to see the banner better. Corporal Beiro was in front of the Nissan Patrol and his companions behind the cars. When the command reached the top of the slope, there was a strong explosion that completely hit the abdomen of Juan Carlos Beiro.

Behind the banner was a drum with fifteen kilos of explosives and multiple pieces of wood and iron that served as shrapnel. In the distance, the terrorists had activated the mechanism that ended the life of the young corporal before arriving at the hospital. The sergeant suffered serious injuries and a traumatic brain injury. The other two civil guards suffered the perforation of

their eardrums and injuries caused by shrapnel.

When María José returned from work, she received a visit from the landlady. Without specifying what happened, he told the young widow that Juan Carlos had suffered an accident. In the living room, the children, who were watching cartoons, saw that the broadcast was cut and a picture of their father appeared on the screen. Soon they began to arrive at the house known that they had seen on television what had happened.

The ardent chapel was located in Pamplona, but the funeral was held in the municipality of origin of Juan Carlos. In Leiza, forty of the 3000 neighbors took to the streets in homage to the agent, displaying a banner that read: "Leiza and Navarre for freedom." The municipality of the locality, of abertzale majority, refused to put the flags at half mast and in the municipal plenary session it was not condemned what happened.

It was the fourth murder of ETA in 2002. In Pamplona, thousands of people gathered on Saturday following the murder in a demonstration against terrorism. María José gathered the strength to attend and, at the end of the tour, she expressed her heart felt gratitude for the expressions of affection received and for the massive participation in the march. She tried to get ahead with her children in Navarre, but two

years later she moved to Asturias, where she and Juan Carlos had always wanted to raise their children.

On the first anniversary of the death of Juan Carlos, María José had to work hard to organize an act of homage in Leiza. Many neighbors did not look kindly on the tribute and said that ETA had killed many people and had never organized anything similar for anyone. Finally, the widow got it to be held and, after this tribute, now there are some people from Leiza and from the Civil Guard the ones who organize the events in memory of the corporal, but at the end of the day the agents unscrew the commemorative plaque and keep it in the barracks so that do not disappear.

Even the end of the attacks does not appease the pain of the family of Juan Carlos: the murder of Juan Carlos Beiro is part of the 359 crimes of ETA that remain unresolved. In Leiza, it is common to find posters and paintings in the streets to support the ETA prisoners and tributes are celebrated to the members of the group, as in so many other Navarre and Basque Country locations. This tortures María José; the perpetrators of the murder are still free and, according to her complaint, inculcating hatred for their children. Their struggle is now twofold: to demand justice and prevent society from forgetting the criminal trajectory of ETA.

JOSEBA PAGAZAURTUNDÚA RUIZ2003

“ SHORTLY BEFORE TEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, AN ETA MEMBER WHO OCCUPIED AN ADJOINING TABLE GOT UP, PISTOL IN HAND, AND SHOT HIM FOUR TIMES IN THE HEAD, SHOULDER AND STOMACH.



Joseba Pagazaurtundúa Ruiz

With only 16 years Joseba Pagazaurtundúa Ruiz was arrested for being part of the political-military ETA terrorist group. He was born in a working family of Hernani (Guipúzcoa) on December 27, 1957. Both he and his two brothers received bilingual education, in Spanish and in Basque, during his student life. The atmosphere that existed in the town was that of a radical nationalism that led Joseba to join the armed group in 1972.

The evolution of the eldest son of the Pagazaurtundúa was object of the rejection of most of its neighbors. Joseba transformed his militancy into ETA into a great involvement with politics and society and, little by little, his radicalized independence vision became one that firmly defended the rule of law. After the arrest, he began to study Business and obtained a place in the opposition for the local police of the Guipuzcoa municipality of Andoain. Soon he made merits in the body when participating in several operations, like the one that finished with

the terrorist group Spanish Basque Batallón and, in very few years, he was promoted to sergeant. On the other hand, the party where he was active ended up being absorbed by the Socialist Party of Euskadi, of which his two younger brothers Maite and Iñaki were already part. He also joined the labor union organization UGT.

The nationalist left did not forgive his ideological transformation. A youth organization linked to ETA began an intense campaign of harassment and threats that prompted it to be sent to the Álava town of Laguardia, in the Services Commission of the Basque autonomous police. In the new position, his work allowed the arrest of an ETA commando. However, in 1998 the Government of Spain signed a failed ceasefire with the terrorist group and Joseba Pagazaurtundúa was forced to return to Andoain and, with him, his wife and two children. The attacks against him intensified. Militants of ETA's political wing, the Herri Batasuna party, were the authors of a brutal beating. His house suffered attacks with molotov cocktails, set fire to his car and received constant assaults and death threats.

The oldest son of the Pagazaurtundúa felt closer and closer to the victims. At the same time as his sister Maite, he joined the platform ¡Basta ya! to stand up terrorism, work that earned the formation the Sajharov Prize for Freedom of Conscience of the European Parliament in

2000. Due to the hostility and violence of the environment, his family tried to convince him to leave the Basque Country, but Joseba refused. I knew that someone had to show their rejection towards ETA in the midst of a society that, terrified, preferred not to do so.

Although he did not want to worry his relatives, the policeman did feel fear and expressed it in his private notebooks. He knew that he was targeted by the ETA members and that his murder was imminent. In his municipality, the authorities turned their backs on him when he came to them and they recommended him that he “did not let himself be seen very much”. He was also not informed of the real risks he and his sister were running. In 2000, ETA killed his good friend José Luis López de Lacalle. With the aggressions and continuous harassment that Joseba received, he had to alternate periods of work with not working due to depressions.

On February 8, 2003, the police chief was in one of those weeks of loss. Like many mornings, Joseba, who at that time was 45 years old, went to the Daytona bar in his town to have breakfast and read the newspaper. Shortly before ten o'clock in the morning, an ETA member who occupied an adjoining table got up, pistol in hand, and shot him four times in the head, shoulder and stomach. The DNA in the cup with which the killer had taken a coffee prior to



A hand-written letter by Joseba Pagazaurtundúa Ruiz

the shot was key when it came to finding the perpetrator. In 2010 the Basque police arrested Gurutz Aguirresarobe Pagola in the birthplace of Joseba Pagazaurtundúa and, a year later, the National Court sentenced him to 32 years in prison.

On the tenth anniversary of the murder, the family launched the initiative “Joseba’s mailbox” with two objectives: to make people remember complicity with ETA terrorism and offer an opportunity to reflect on their responsibility and, perhaps, redeem themselves by sending a letter, physically in his home in Andoain or virtual on the website, to Joseba.

Joseba’s sister, Maite Pagazaurtundúa, a staunch defender of democracy, became even more involved in the fight against ETA after the murder of her brother. Always at the forefront of politics, she had to live protected by escorts for thirteen years. She continued to combine her work with writing and activism, which forced her into exile from the Basque Country together with her family. Maite Pagazaurtundúa presided over the Victims of Terrorism Foundation for seven years and is part of COVITE, where she is now promoting, above all, the campaign for the clarification of the 359 ETA crimes that have not been resolved. Since 2014 she has been a member of the European Parliament and a member of several committees related to the defense of freedoms and human rights.

JULIÁN EMBID LUNA 2003

“ WHEN JULIÁN AND BONIFACIO STARTED THE ENGINE AND BACKED OFF, THREE KILOS OF TITADINE EXPLODED AND LIFTED THE CAR TO THE HEIGHT OF A FOURTH FLOOR; THEIR BODIES WERE BURNED.



Julián Embid Luna

Julián Embid Luna was 53 years old and lived in Cizur Mayor with his wife Ana Isabel Ortigosa and their two children, who were twenty and twenty-one years old. The agent of the National Police had moved from Sabiñán, in the Autonomous Community of Aragón, to Navarre nine years after entering the body, in 1983. In his native town the neighbors knew him as “el Juli”, they considered him a close person and of great human quality. In the Autonomous Community, Julián was in charge of administrative procedures in the Documentation and Immigration Brigade and was part of a mobile unit that traveled through different towns in Navarre for the issuance of the National Identity Document. During his years of service he had collected eight congratulations and the Cross with a white badge.

On May 30, 2003, Julián traveled with two companions, Bonifacio Martín Hernández, married with two children, and Ramón Rodríguez to the House of Culture of Sangüesa to manage the documents of the neighbors. It was not the



Julián Embid Luna memorial.

first time they visited the town. In fact, they had come only a month ago and on other occasions they had parked in the same square. The presence of the agents in the town was public domain: the time and place of issuance of the DNI was posted on the bulletin board of the City Council. Although Julián did not feel in danger and thus it manifested it, because it was not a control and it worked in the administrative part of the police, in house they were always very discrete regarding the profession of the agent.

At 12.25 p.m. they went from the House of Culture to their vehicle, a Citroën ZX, to return to Pamplona. When Julián and Bonifacio started the engine and backed off, three kilos of Titadine

exploded and lifted the car to the height of a fourth floor; their bodies were burned. ETA had placed under the driver's seat a lunch box with the load, which was activated by the movement. Ramón Rodríguez, who had not yet reached the vehicle, saved his life, but was seriously injured. The explosion also destroyed five cars that were parked at a short distance, burst the windows of the nearest buildings and injured a young worker who was passing through the area.

The Police Headquarters called Julián Embid's house, where his wife and his son Miguel were, to communicate the news of the Sangüesa attack, although at first they did not confirm if Julian was among the wounded. Ana Isabel and her

children maintained the hope that he was alive until, already in the hospital, the police ratified the death of the police officer.

The funeral of Julián and Bonifacio was very busy. Nearly 4,000 people approached the cathedral in Pamplona to show their support for the relatives and friends of the victims. In Sangüesa, 150 residents gathered in front of the City Hall in protest and placed flowers and candles at the site of the explosion. On June 2, a demonstration of condemnation of mass terrorism was organized. Some 40,000 people marched through the streets of the capital of Navarre. The families of the agents and representatives of parties and unions were in the lead holding a banner that read in Spanish and Basque "Peace and freedom. ETA no."

Julian was also honored in Sabiñán, his native town, and a year after the attack they gave his name to a playground, he was named a favorite son and they placed a plaque with the engraving "To the memory of Julián Embid Luna, el Juli". In Sangüesa they dedicated a monolith to him. Before the terrorist attack, Julian and his wife were already attending some events called in repudiation of ETA terrorism, when publicly showing up against ETA earned looks of disdain and disrespect. With the murder of Julian, the presence of Ana Isabel in demonstrations, masses and tributes multiplied exponentially.

Exhausted, she ended up admitted to the hospital for a month and a half.

Although the numerous gestures of support have been gratifying for Julián Embid's widow, she and her children still do not know who were the terrorists who killed the two agents. To the suffering of losing a loved one is added the feeling of institutional abandonment that devastates the victims. For Anabel, justice is more than a necessity: it is a question of recovering dignity. During the last fifteen years, she and her daughter Ana have not stopped claiming justice and respect for the memory of the victims, tasks that are supported and disseminated by COVITE.

The judiciary situation of the murder, claimed by ETA in a statement published by Gara, the left-wing nationalist newspaper, is currently archived. All the information they received was published by the press. Ana Isabel has been working with her lawyer since then to prevent the case from being prescribed, as is the case with so many others of the 359 unresolved.

The Sangüesa attack was one of the only two committed by ETA in 2003 and Julián Embid and Bonifacio Martín were the last two fatalities left by the terrorist group in Navarre.

EDUARDO PUELLES GARCÍA 2009

“ ON THE MORNING OF JUNE 19, EDUARDO PUELLES LEFT HIS HOME IN ARRIGORRINAGA (VIZCAYA) ABOUT 09.05 A.M. AND WENT TO HIS CAR, PARKED IN THE OPEN AIR, TO GO TO WORK. WHEN THE POLICEMAN SAT IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT AND STARTED THE ENGINE, THE EXPLOSIVE DEVICE WAS ACTIVATED.



Eduardo Puelles García

Eduardo Puelles García dedicated his life to the defense of the Rule of Law. He was born in Baracaldo (Vizcaya) on January 8, 1960 and, although he dreamed of being a fighter pilot, with twenty-two years he joined the National Police Force to contribute to the family economy. He married Francisca Hernández Sotelo, with whom he had two children. After nine years as a policeman, he was promoted to inspector in 2002.

Eduardo Puelles had completely immersed himself in ETA's fight against terrorism. He had participated in several police operations that led to the arrest of more than seventy members and collaborators of ETA that earned him thirty-five congratulations. Among his actions were the dismantling of the Vizcaya command and the “catching device” of the terrorist group. In 2009, the policeman was the head of the Bilbao Information Brigade Group at the Indauchu police station and was preparing for his next ascent.

The night before the attack that ended his life, two men and a woman from the terrorist group ETA went to the neighborhood of Eduardo Puelles to place a bomb made of two kilos of chloratite and two hundred grams of pentrite. While she watched, the other two ETA members took charge of attaching the explosive charge, wrapped in black electrical tape so that it would be imperceptible when light was scarce, in the underside of the Chief Inspector's vehicle. It was not the first time that the Otazua commando tried to assassinate the agent, but the bombs that had been prepared so far failed.

On the morning of June 19, Eduardo Puelles left his home in Arrigorriaga (Vizcaya) about 09.05 a.m. and went to his car, parked in the open air, to go to work. When the policeman sat in the driver's seat and started the engine, the explosive device was activated. The detonation produced a shock for burns that ended his life at age 49. According to a witness to the crime, the chief inspector came to shout “help” while it was burning.

Flames were still pouring from the car and Francisca Hernández, Eduardo Puelles' wife, arrived at the scene of the attack worried about the explosion she had heard. Although the identity of the occupant was not known, she immediately knew that it could be her husband, so the impression led her to a strong anxiety

crisis. The children of the police, aged 16 and 21, found out shortly afterwards and the three family members had to be taken to Basurto Hospital to be taken care of.

The murder of Eduardo Puelles was confronted with numerous gestures of rejection towards what happened. It was just over a month before the Basque Government had passed from the hands of the Basque Nationalist Party to those of the Socialist Party, defender of the unity of Spain. In the Parliament of the Autonomous Community a statement condemning the attack was read in the presence of the widow and the children of the inspector. The funeral had the status of a state, and was attended by the princes of Spain and representatives of the central and regional governments.

However, members of the PNV criticized the words that Francisca Hernández pronounced at the end of the demonstration that took place the following Saturday to the terrorist attack calling assassins to the ETA members. According to the media, one of the politicians said that the widow could not be allowed to make a speech, that it was better not to speak and blamed the attitude of Francisca to be under the effects of supposed medicines.

Twenty days after the terrorist attack, ETA published a statement in the newspaper of

reference for the *izquier abertzale*, Gara, in which it claimed the crime. In 2011, the perpetrators of the murder were arrested and sentenced by the National Court to 45 years in prison each.

The family of Eduardo Puelles was also very committed to the defense of democratic freedoms. His brother, Josu Puelles, was an agent of the Basque regional police and, after the attack, has been one of the visible faces of the victims of terrorism in Spain. Combat the ETA legacy in the Basque Country and Navarre from COVITE, an association with which he is very involved and of which he is vice president. In addition to promoting the activities of the Collective, he is also responsible for remembering his brother every year and writing in the media so that Basque society does not forget fifty years of terrorism in which 853 people were murdered. Seven years after the explosion, the youngest son of Eduardo Puelles has chosen a profession that cost his father his life.



Eduardo Puelles García memorial

