

**Re- Sexual abuse on children carried out by the Rev Cannon Bateson
Vicar of St Ambrose church Leyland Lancs during 1950s & 1960s**

I wish to expose a deceased clergyman within the anglican faith by the name of Cannon Bateson who carried out his clerical duties as vicar of St Ambrose church Leyland Lancs under the diocese of Blackburn. I will endeavour to detail personal encounters of his activities as a peodophile.

At the age of eight I was encouraged by my family to become a choirboy in the year 1957. During that year I was enrolled by parents on my first of many trips to Ireland, pre Easter time an annual pilgrimage by Bateson enlisting some twenty five boys ranging in age from eight to fifteen drawn from the choir, scouts and cubs, to go hiking.

Eagar and enthusiastic of my first trip we all made our way to Pier Head Liverpool ready to catch the ferry over to Dublin. Once arriving in the emerald isle we'd catch the train down to the Wicklow mountains then onto Glendalock. Reaching our final destination use the local Youth Hostel as our base. Which offered no running water but a crystal clear stream outside, no electricity merely gas mantles for light, no type of communication with the outside world, which no doubt was greeted with much satisfaction by Bateson. Sleeping arrangements comprised of a large dormitory housing double and triple bunks.

Every morning I would wake up and view a boy in Batesons bed, invariably on several occations during the week trip I would end up the choosed boy. During the night he would wake you from sleep instructing to get into bed with him, after several minutes he would take your hand and make you play with his penis for a period of time before engaging in the act of fondling your private parts. Reaching a state of full arousal he would encounter a reaction of holding the boys hand around his erect penis masturbating until he ejaculated.

Memories of my first encounter undertaking his sick disgusting act as an eight year old boy stay with me to this day in my mind as if it were yesterday. Always told by Bateson if I was to tell anyone I'd be in big trouble. Good Christian people parishioners of the church entrusted their prime possessions of children with peodophile Bateson. The man abused their trust to the worst possible degree, out of sight in the Wicklow mountains he could carry out his sick perversions as a homosexual, totally illegal at the time in question and disgusting peodophile acts.

I personally repeated trips to the same location in 1956,59,60 as a young child frightened and confused unable to tell my parents of a reason why not to attend. Every trip followed the same format, once arriving at our destination Bateson would continue to carry out his sick obsession.

At the age of eleven in 1960 Bateson organised a trip by coach touring twelve countries on the continent staying at a variation of locations always staying in Youth Hostel accommodation.

My parents in their good Christian manner decided it would be good for their son to broaden his horizons and encounter a variation of countries, experiencing different cultures, an oppportunity they themselves had never eencountered during their childhood in pre war Britian, therefore encouraged me to partisapate in the trip.

Mother and father decided to holiday separately from me that year. Unbeknown to myself the bombshell bounced against my ears. 'Your father and I are taking our annual two week holiday in the Isle of Man this year, we have organised for you to stay at the vicarage with Canon Bateson'.

I immediately knew what that would mean but dared not tell for some strange reason. During the two week stay at the vicarage I suffered the most excruciating sexual abuse inflicted on an eleven year old child. On retiring to my own bedroom for the evening around ten minutes later I would get a summoning instruction from Bateson to join him.

I lay petrified but afraid not to go. On entering the bedroom he would throw back the sheet to expose his naked body. Once laid on the bed he would engage in shoving my hand onto his parts to fondle his penis. After some time he would get on his knees and turn me around, then straddle my face and proceeded to administer oral sex on me, as a young boy I just obeyed his instructions while he fondled my private parts.

In the two weeks stay at the vicarage I was asked to accompany him inside his bed every night. The oral situation happened three times during the stay.

I continued travelling on the Irish trips for three more years, gradually his interest in me faded as younger boys became involved. During these three years I was Head Boy of the church choir, later to carry out duties as an Altar Server until I was eighteen, then left the church but not the faith.

I am aware these days Bateson would never have got away with his perverted acts, kids today wouldn't tolerate the abuse, but forty years ago it was a different story, also people feared the village priest.

What saddens me the most is good working class Christian people trusted Bateson implicitly with pride and possession, their child, unknown he was a sick perverted paedophile who had no interest in the emotional repercussions of his encounters on these young boys. Psychological emotions on a child such as described can cause all kinds of long term traumatic symptoms. (a subject to be outlined later) Unfortunately Bateson had no interest in the side effects only thoughts of the next trip away when he could yet again carry out his evil acts as a paedophile.

It's totally amazing that at least one boy might have disclosed his abuse, but fearful of his tyrant manner, frightened protecting the family name never did, which I have done for over forty years.

Having recently lost my mother who I obviously never ever wanted to know of these events I can now tell my story. No child entrusted in the hands of a clergyman should ever be subjected to the kind of abuse described. Part of the blame has got to be held liable by the Church of England. They ordained him, promoted him to Canon. It is therefore my intention to instruct a solicitor on the matters raised.