

My name is Josephine Larmour; I am the daughter of Sarah Ann (Sadie) Larmour who was murdered by the Ulster Volunteer Force (UVF) on the 3rd October 1979.

I need to revisit my past to fully explain the events which occurred in our family home that night. This will give an insight into as to why 34 years later we are still living with the aftermath of it.

On 3rd October 1979 my mother, her sister and their mother were sitting in our family home chatting whilst having a cup of tea. Around 6.30pm someone knocked on the door leading into the living room, my mother got up and answered it only to be confronted by a man wearing a balaclava with a gun in his hand. Without speaking he shot her at close range, she stumbled back into the living room he followed her and shot her again. He turned towards my grandmother and aunt who were sitting on the settee and fired directly at them. Had it not been for the quick reaction on the part of my aunt who pushed my grandmother out of the line of fire she would have been shot. He tried again to shoot them fortunately his gun either jammed or ran out of bullets otherwise they would both have been killed. All this occurred whilst my 12 year old brother was present in our family home.

The gunman walked out climbed onto a motorbike which was waiting outside for him and they both drove away.

My mother was 44 years of age when she was murdered, her mother (my grandmother aged 77) died within 2 years of her daughter being murdered. If truth be told she died of a broken heart. It destroyed her. It is not normal for any mother to watch as their child is murdered in front of them.

We are still struggling to cope with the aftermath of the events of that night. My mother now has grandchildren who do not know her. They only know of her through photographs and other people's memories. They in turn will have children of their own who will only know of their great grandmother through stories which have been told to their parents. This is the legacy with which families have to live with for generations to come.

To add insult to injury families now find themselves being denied access to information, which is already in the public domain. Recently we found ourselves in court over papers relating to the murder of our mother. The stress of having to resort to extreme measures 34 years after her death to obtain public records is traumatic to say the least; having to do it in such a public manner leaves you feeling empty. It took me back to the night and days after her murder and how I felt and coped back then. Everything felt surreal then. Those feelings came rushing back like a tidal wave during the court case.

At present I believe we the families are now involved in a political pass the parcel as another attempt by Government to deal with the past has failed i.e. The Historical Enquiries Team.

It has been said time and again that the dead can't speak for themselves; it's the job of the living to do that for them. That is exactly what families have been doing for years, yet they are being ignored.

An international body which is totally impartial and has no vested interest here could be a first step in advising how to deal with our past. Then maybe the living will be listened to and the dead will be given a voice.