



‘Our marriage survived a NIGHTMARE ORDEAL’

Margarethe Booth’s life collapsed one morning six years ago, when her husband was wrongfully accused of sex offences

Our nightmare began early one Sunday morning in January 2008. I was in the kitchen making breakfast and my husband, Ian, who was 61 at the time (I was 59) and a keen cyclist, was about to go off on a bike ride, dressed up in his sports gear.

The doorbell rang and Ian answered it. On the step were four police officers. They asked if they could come in. At first I thought perhaps a family member had been hurt, but what the police said next shook me to the core: “Are you Ian Booth? We’ve come to arrest you for

allegations of child abuse. You have to come to the police station and we also have to search your house for evidence.”

The colour must have drained from my face because Ian sat me down. He was visibly shaken, but said gently that it was clearly a horrible mistake and he’d go with them to sort it out. The officers wouldn’t tell us who had made the accusations, they simply read Ian his rights. One officer took Ian upstairs to get changed, while the others searched the house and came back with Ian’s laptop. I was shaking with shock. The officers were polite and courteous, but >>

