

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

KCD
[REDACTED]

Support person present: No

1. My full name is KCD [REDACTED]. I am known as KCD [REDACTED]. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1975. I am 42 years old. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.
2. My mum was from Glasgow and my dad was from [REDACTED]. My mum had gone over there for a working holiday in 1973 and met my dad. They were married six weeks later.
3. I have five sisters. My older sister [REDACTED] was born [REDACTED] in 1974. They then moved back to Glasgow, where I was born. Then they moved back to [REDACTED] where my sister [REDACTED] was born. My sister [REDACTED] was born five years after [REDACTED] in Glasgow. Then the younger two were [REDACTED] and [REDACTED].

Life before care

4. I was born in the Southern General Hospital in Govan, Glasgow. I think my parents and my sister, [REDACTED], were living with my mum's mum at that time. I ended up back in hospital when I was two or three months old, for malnutrition. My records say I was almost dead on arrival.
5. I don't know how long I was in hospital, but I was taken from hospital to an institution called Millbrae Nursing Home. I don't know if [REDACTED] stayed with my parents when

I went into Millbrae. I have about twenty bundles of records, but anything to do with [REDACTED] is redacted.

Millbrae Nursing Home, Glasgow

6. My records say that I was taken out of Millbrae in [REDACTED] 1975 by my parents. They turned up to Millbrae, collected me and took the next train out of Scotland. They took me and my sibling to [REDACTED]. I was nine months old by this point so I have no memory of this.
7. I am referred to as [REDACTED] KCD in my records. My dad claims that because I was second born, they called me by my second name, which was [REDACTED] KCD. He also said that because [REDACTED] was third born, that she was called by her third name, which was [REDACTED]. Her first name is [REDACTED] so all the records refer to her as [REDACTED]. I believe that our names were changed on purpose because of what was going on.

Life [REDACTED]

8. My records state that we were presented to the department of social work [REDACTED] quite quickly after arriving there. This was because we weren't being fed properly and because we were quite dirty. The records mention what happened in Glasgow, and that we should never have been returned to our parents.
9. My siblings and I were then in and out of care like yo-yos.
10. My first memory is a foster care placement. I don't know how old I would have been at the time, but I was very small. I was with [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] wouldn't have been born yet. I only remember colouring in posters that you used to get in a tube.
11. We stayed in [REDACTED] until I was seven years old. I spent the period from when I was one years old to seven years old, in and out of care. I think I spent about

five years of that time in care. This would be a few days, weeks or months in different places; both in foster care and in childrens' homes.

12. Doctors would always assess us and say that we shouldn't be returned to our parents, but the social work sent us back to our parents every time.
13. One night when I was about four years old, my parents went out drinking and left us with this babysitter. He was a seventeen year old family friend who was living with us. While my parents were out, he had beaten [REDACTED] with a hammer and kicked her about like a football. He had then put her in the oven and tried to gas her. He also sexually assaulted me and [REDACTED], and beat us. His name was [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] might be the wrong name, but that was how I heard his name.
14. The babysitter telephoned the police himself and told them what he had done. This led to us being put in our last [REDACTED] care placement. We were put into a place called [REDACTED]. The records also document that my parents' house was a mess and there was excrement on the walls.

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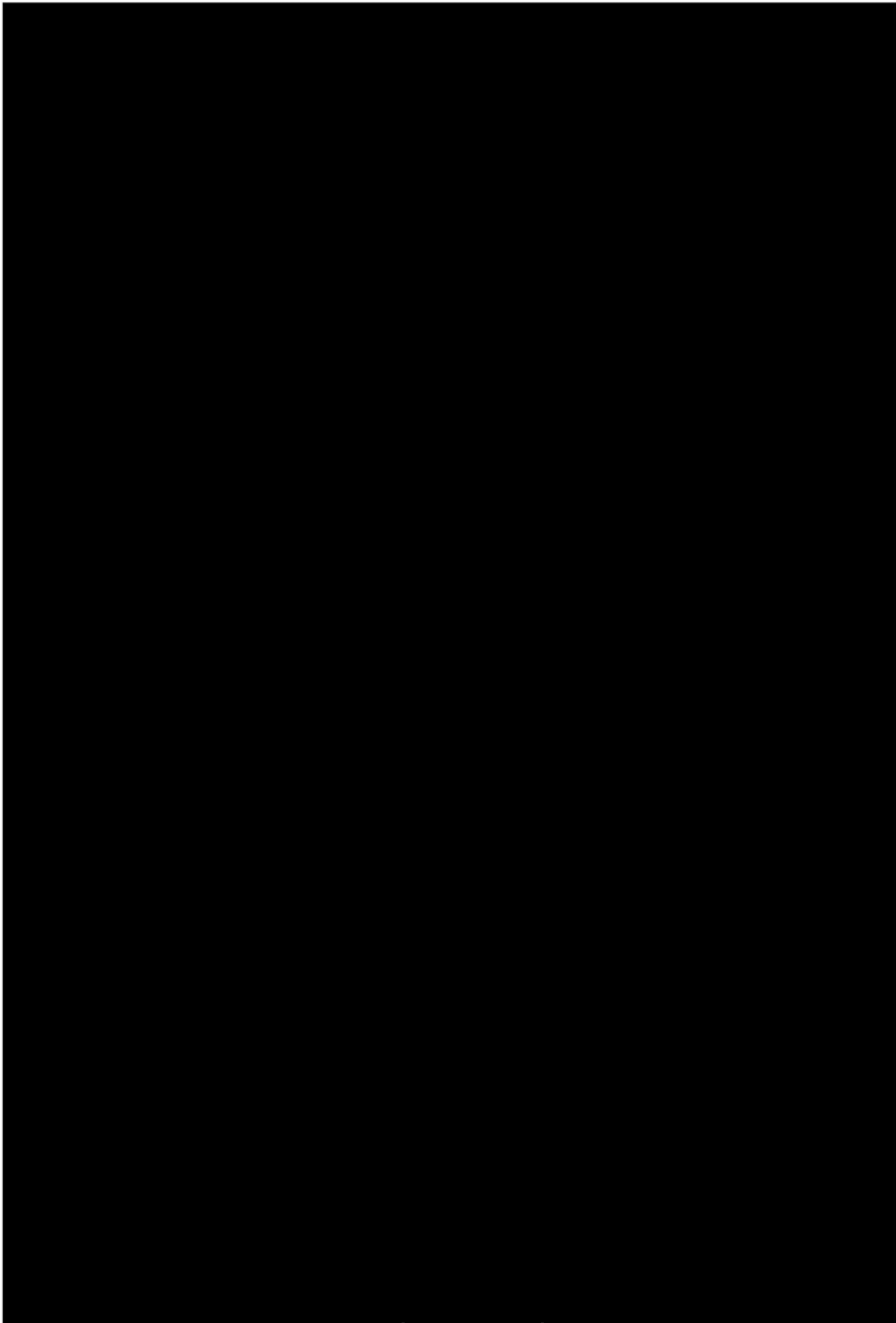
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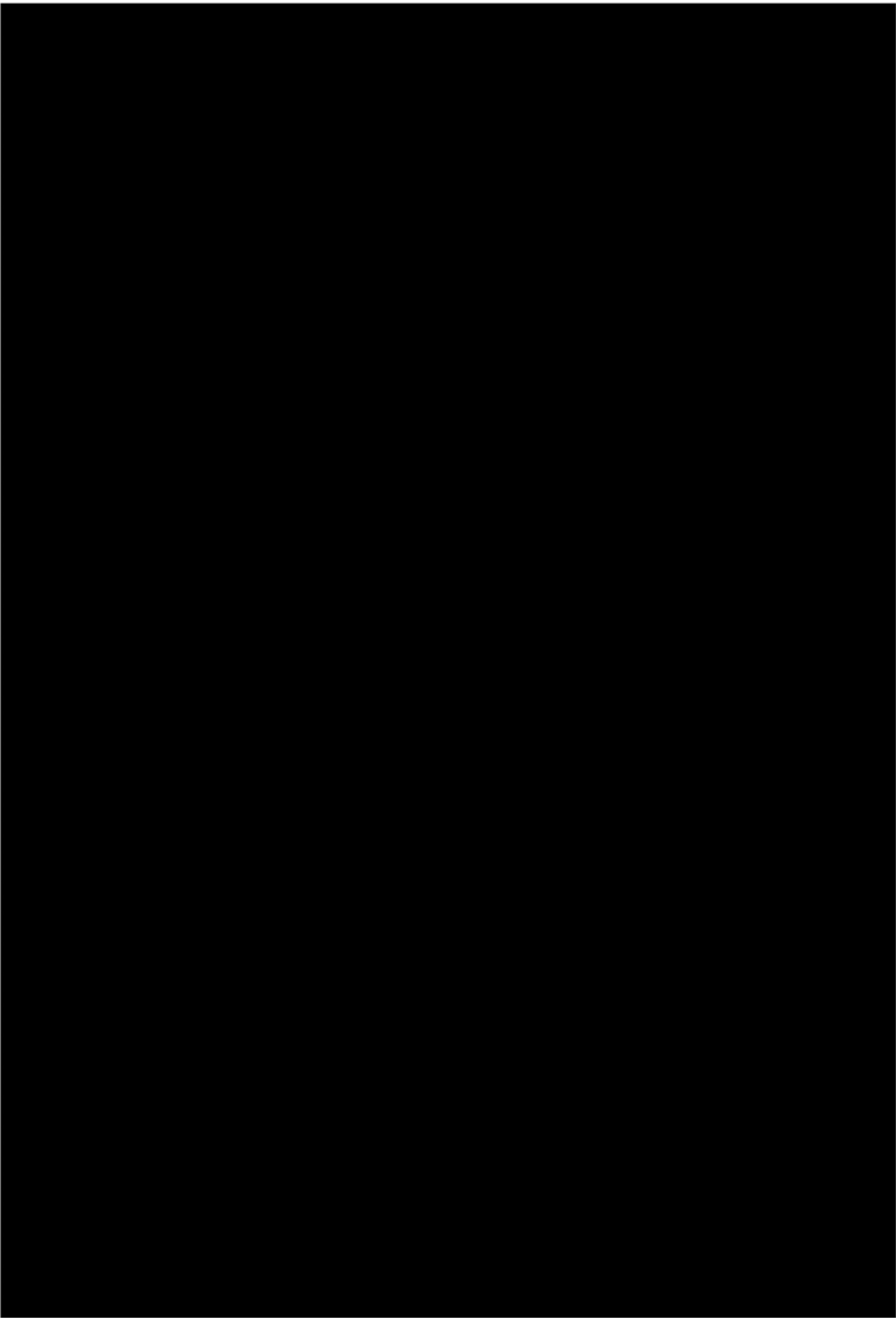
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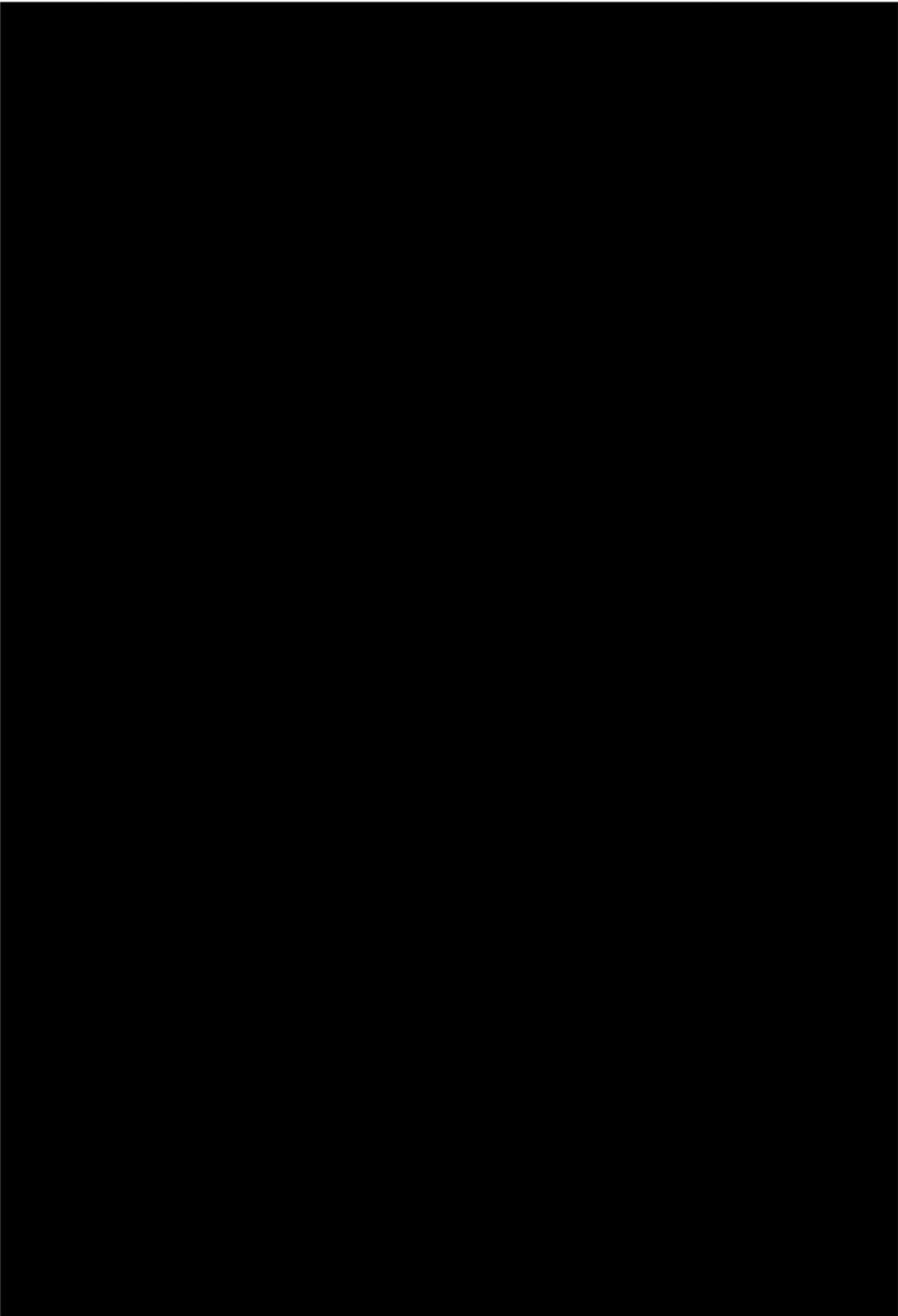
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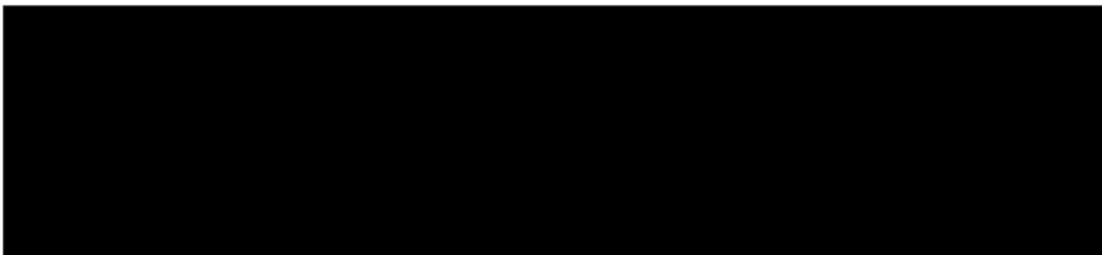
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39. My parents then moved back to Glasgow in 1981. The [REDACTED] authorities thought it would be a great idea to send us back to them in Scotland. It is documented that the doctors and health visitors [REDACTED] said that they would wash their hands of us if we were sent back to our parents, because they couldn't take responsibility for what may happen to us. They were very clearly against us being sent back to our parents.

40. We left [REDACTED] when I was about seven years old and were sent to live with our parents in Scotland. I remember the home gave us suitcases when we were leaving, and me and [REDACTED] stayed up all night, sitting on the window sill and singing songs. We were told we were going back to be with our parents, but it was made out to be a fancy holiday. We were happy to leave because life in there was just horrible. A lot of my memories have been blocked out.

41.



42. Mrs Hands, our social worker, picked me and my two sisters up when it was time to leave [REDACTED]. I remember being at school when the taxi came to collect me, and running to get [REDACTED] and shouting that it was the time for the plane. Mrs Hands flew with us to Glasgow. I was super excited, but I probably didn't know what was going to happen to us. [REDACTED]



Life back at home in Glasgow

43. I clearly remember getting off the aeroplane in Glasgow. A woman called June Stephen, who was a home maker, and Jenny Griffith, who was a social worker, met us at the airport. We all went to my mum and dad's new house in Castlemilk together. Jenny Griffith said that Mrs Hands didn't have to come to the house, but she wanted to come with us to see how it was. She was nice, but I think her hands were tied.
44. I wondered who my parents were after the social workers had all left. We were left there with these two people that we didn't really know anymore. I stayed with my parents then from the age of seven or eight, until I was twelve. We all stayed together. I went to Mitchel Hill Primary School.
45. I loved school, but school just didn't love me. I was really naughty at school but I think it was because of what was happening at home. I think my teacher, Rosemary McLean, knew what was happening because I was always flinching and scared. My skin was bad, and the back of my knees were covered in this white stuff. I remember my teacher telling another teacher she thought it was a skin condition that is related to stress.

Reporting the abuse at home

46. I was getting beaten at home every day by my mum. I was also being sexually abused by a family friend called [REDACTED]. I think he was about my mum and dad's age because he had a son who was a bit younger than me. He used to babysit us at our house or at his house.
47. [REDACTED] and I were very close for a long time. She would be my protector and would stand in between when I got beaten. I was the only one getting beaten. Even my dad would stick up for me and say to my mum that she never took me out. He started abusing me too after a while.

48. Ms McLean was always looking out for me and trying to prevent me from getting suspended. She was my primary five, six and seven teacher. She was a really nice lady.
49. Social work had always been involved with us after we moved back to Glasgow, but they were never approachable. They would take us to these two community houses they had on a Thursday night. We could do activities there. We were warned by our parents not to say anything about what was going on at home so you never said anything to them.
50. I went back into care when I was twelve years old. I was in first year at The Grange High School in Castlemilk by then. I wrote a letter to my primary teacher, Ms McLean. I eventually told her that I was being beaten every day at home. I also told her that I was being sexually assaulted by a family friend.
51. I don't remember anything ever being investigated. I remember a trainee social worker in the high school coming to get me from my class. Miss McLean must have phoned the school and told my guidance teacher, Miss Falconer, who then relayed it to the social worker. I was taken to the social services office in the school, and saw two men there. They said they had to take me home. I said I couldn't go home because I would be beaten, so I ran away.
52. I took a bus and ended up in Rutherglen. I stole some wagon wheels from a supermarket and got back on a bus. I had nowhere to go so I ended up at the house of the man who was abusing me. I was found there by my sister and a family friend. When I got home, I was beaten up as soon as I got in the door. I had warned social services that would happen to me.
53. I stayed at home for a while after that. I hadn't been believed about the abuse. The abuse continued at home. My mum was beating me every day. My dad also broke my nose once. I took back what I said about the abuse because I was being beaten every day for it.

54. I then started drawing dirty pictures in science. I thought it was funny, but I think the teachers knew there was something more to it. I remember Mrs Falconer saying she didn't want to expel me for my behaviour.
55. I was picked up from school one day while I was still in first year. I was eleven years old. I was taken to a children's panel and Mrs Falconer was there. I think school must have referred me back to the children's panel. My mum was also there. I was taken straight from the panel to see the doctor, and then straight on to Cardross Park Assessment Centre. It happened that fast. I was given no notice.
56. The bond between [REDACTED] and me was broken then because none of my sisters came to Cardross with me.

Cardross Park Assessment Centre - Cardross, Dumbartonshire

57. I went to Cardross [REDACTED]. Cardross was almost like a prison. It was run by the council, and care workers were employed there. It looked like a school from the outside. It was massive and had a massive dining room, where we had our main meals.
58. Everybody stayed in house units. The bedrooms were pretty small, single rooms. Everyone had their own rooms. They had males and females in there. There was a living room and a little dining area where we had supper.
59. When you first went in, you were put into a closed unit. You were only supposed to stay there for 21 days before you were moved to an open unit. They sometimes kept you in the closed unit longer. There were two open units. You stayed in the open unit until they decided where you were going next.
60. There were staff members there all the time, but they weren't supportive. I didn't feel like I could talk to them. The staff weren't warm, but they weren't cold. They were

just very stand offish. There was a care worker called Alison who was a nice lady. I had a key worker but there was no special time when you could have a chat.

Routine at Cardross Assessment Centre

61. I don't remember much about the first house unit I was in, except that it was a closed unit and like a prison. After that, I got moved to an open unit. There were about ten kids in the open unit and about ten kids in the closed unit.
62. It was all very strict. You got up in the morning and got dressed. They didn't have a uniform. You just wore your own clothes that you had brought in with you. You then had your breakfast and went to school. There was a school within the grounds.
63. After school, you either just kicked around your unit or you were taken out by the staff in the mini bus. You weren't allowed out in the grounds because that's where the staff parked their cars. I remember watching TV in the lounge in the evenings.
64. There was a normal bathroom. There was just one in the closed unit that boys and girls both used. You just used it when you needed to. I don't remember what it was like in the open unit. There was a separate toilet in the open unit, but I don't remember baths and showers.

Schooling

65. My mainstream education was ended when I went into Cardross.
66. The school at Cardross was in an old house within Cardross grounds. I went to school from 9am until 4pm. It wasn't proper schooling. I didn't do maths, English, science or any proper lessons. We just did pottery and arts and crafts. I remember doing woodwork and making a cot for a doll. There were no books or writing material provided.

Leisure time

67. I don't remember any books in there. You weren't seen as children; you were seen as adults and had to behave in a proper way. We didn't have toys and we weren't allowed to go out to play in the grounds. I remember watching TV in the lounge in the evenings.
68. I remember being out and sitting on the grass once with a girl called [REDACTED]. This was when I was in the open unit. [REDACTED] and another girl got sun burnt. The staff allowed that to happen. They were pure red beetroot.
69. We were allowed in other people's rooms, but not at night. I got caught in a boy's room. He was a few rooms down from mine. We weren't doing anything but he was accused of doing something. I was spoken to and had to give a statement of some sort. I remember saying that we were just talking and nothing happened.
70. That poor boy had to go to court for something he hadn't done. I had to go to court as well, but I don't know why because nobody told me anything. I didn't actually go into a court room and it seemed to just go away, so I think the boy may have pled guilty to something he hadn't done.

Trips and visits

71. We would get taken to Loch Lomond or swimming in the mini bus.
72. The only time I was visited by my parents was when they came in to Cardross soon after I went in there. They were there simply to get me to take back allegations I had made against them.
73. I didn't have regular contact with my sisters. [REDACTED] bore a lot of the pressure because she cared for us. She came to Cardross for a rest, as they called it, but then was sent back.

74. The only time I went out with my mum was when she came to get me a couple of days before my twelfth birthday.

Birthday and punishment

75. After six or eight weeks of being in Cardross, it was my twelfth birthday. My mum came to pick me up for the weekend. She picked me up on the Friday and my birthday was on the following Monday, which was [REDACTED]. She took me to my aunty [REDACTED] house in Pollock because I wasn't wanted at home.
76. My mum spent the weekend getting drunk. The day she was supposed to return me, she told me to phone Cardross and say that I wasn't coming back that day, which I did.
77. The following day, my mum somehow found the money to put me on a train back to Cardross on my own. When I got back, the staff in the unit wouldn't believe that my mum had kept me back and thought that I had run away and not returned. I told them to phone social work or my mum to check, but they didn't.
78. As a punishment, my belongings and clothes were taken off me and my bedroom window was boarded up. This had been done before I got back. I was made to wear my pyjamas and stay in my room.
79. I was not allowed to go to school or talk to anyone. I was only let out of the room when they wanted me to clean the lounge and toilets when everyone else was at school. I was even made to clean in my pyjamas on my own on my birthday, which was the [REDACTED].
80. They knew it was my birthday because they brought me a cake. I was allowed out of my room in my pyjamas to cut it. I was then made to go back into my room because I was still being punished.

81. My meals were put into my room. I was taken to the toilet by a member of staff and they waited outside, and then took me back to my room. I could hear everybody else laughing and joking together while I was on my own. Nobody was allowed to interact with me. They didn't even look at me. The staff didn't even speak to me. I wasn't even told how long this would last.
82. Your life was made very bad if they thought you were a run away. It made life very difficult and you almost wished you weren't alive. You were isolated. I didn't even have any reading materials in my room. I had nothing. I was stuck in my room with no interaction with the kids or adults. It was worse when you knew you actually hadn't done anything wrong. This punishment lasted for a week.

Reporting abuse while in Cardross Assessment Centre

83. Quite soon after I went into Cardross, I disclosed the abuse that I had been subjected to at home. I was still in the closed unit when I disclosed this to a woman called Kirsten Hart. She was the unit manager in Cardross. I think the main reason for me being in the assessment centre was to tell them about what had been happening at home.
84. One day, my house unit was going swimming and I wasn't allowed to go because my aunty [REDACTED] was coming to see me [REDACTED]. I had phoned her to tell her about the abuse and that I had disclosed it. She flew over straight away without hesitation.
85. I was then told that my mum and dad were visiting me. They turned up to see me. This was organised by a man staff member called Derek or David who was the assistant manager of the whole place. I met my parents with this Derek or David guy in the main dining room. That was where the visits happened.
86. I was told by my parents to write a retraction of the allegations I had made to Kirsten Hart. Derek or David kept walking around the table. He was a chubby guy with

glasses and really short hair. He was between forty and fifty years old I think. He said it was okay for my mum and dad to do that to me, and okay for them to ask me to retract what I had told Kirsten.

Leaving Cardross Assessment Centre

87. I went to the Good Shepherd Centre in Bishopton for a visit. This was a couple of weeks before leaving Cardross. A girl took me around to see what it was like. I remember GXC who was SNR there, asking me if I liked what I saw. I said I did and asked if I could move in the following the day. He said I couldn't, but that they would take me.
88. I had been in Cardross for four or five months in total, and I left on 1988. I went to the Good Shepherd Centre in Bishopton. It was one of those places that you had to go on a waiting list to get into.

Good Shepherd Centre, Bishopton

89. I went in on a Monday. I had fallen asleep on the sofa. There was an on-call teacher that worked on a Monday, and she came round and touched me. I screamed at her, but she kept coming back at me to say that it was okay and that I was safe there.
90. I was taken to a big hall called the West Hall where everybody was meeting. I was terrified. I had no idea what was going to happen. Then they said my name and congratulated me for coming and they all started clapping. I was scared because it was all new.
91. I was a bit withdrawn and people were afraid to approach me when I first went in. I think they thought I was a bit wild because of the experiences I'd had. I could see they were scared when they looked at me. It took me a while to settle in but I did eventually.

92. I stayed in the same unit the whole time I was in there. There were twelve girls to each house unit and two dormitories. There were six people to each dormitory. All the dormitories were upstairs and the house units were downstairs. There were four house units altogether. There was also a fifth house unit for girls that didn't go home at the weekends. All the girls and staff who were staying over the weekend would stay in this fifth house unit. That is how I got to know girls and staff from other units.
93. The age group of kids in there was twelve to sixteen. There were about fifty kids in the whole place.

Staff

94. The staff were lay people, and there were also a couple of nuns. The nuns ran the place. There was Sister ^{zMHT} who was there when I arrived. She was ^{SNR} ^{SNR}. She left soon after I arrived. Her ^{SNR} took over from her, who was called Sister ^{zIY}. There was also a Sister Andrea who was the head of the school.
95. We interacted with the nuns on a daily basis. We had assembly every morning. They chaired meetings on Wednesdays and Mondays as well. Monday was a school meeting and Wednesday was a meeting for house unit issues. I loved the nuns. They gave me hugs. Sister ^{zIY} once said she would trust me with her life. I still see her and Sister ^{zMHT}. I love her to bits. They live in Manchester now.
96. There was a woman called Sophie who was known as a "Good Shepherd Daughter." Sophie was born blind and her mother was in a mental institute. She was brought up in a home and had to leave when she was sixteen. The nuns came across her and took her in. Sophie was in her sixties when I was there. The nuns took care of Sophie until she decided to live independently. She later died in a nursing home, but was buried in the convent graveyard.

97. There was also a cook who was lovely. There was a handyman and his wife who lived at the top of the road. I think they were called Mr and Mrs Maxwell. They were nice. Mrs Love worked at the office next to the front door. There was a member of staff called Mrs McNairn who died later and was actually buried in the grounds. She used to be a nun but then left. She was nice.
98. The teachers, Margaret McAuley, and Marilyn Lietch were nice. They used to give the girls cuddles when they needed one and gave affection.
99. The staff in my unit were pretty cold, but staff in the other units were okay. That is where I got the warmth from. The staff in the other units were supportive. There was also on-call staff who slept there overnight once a week. There were different on-call staff who would stay over.
100. We had key workers who we had one to one sessions with. Kathy Quinn and Mary Barry were my key workers. This was so we could discuss what was going on at home and at school. We could even discuss what was going on with the staff in the centre.
101. I only got restrained one time. My key worker, who was not very nice, said something to me. I removed myself from the meeting and walked to the spot where I liked to stand when I was upset. I would stand and watch the tree there. She came after me, said something and went to walk off. I don't know what she said, but I ran after her to hit her. Other staff grabbed me and restrained me. They did it for my own good. They didn't hurt me and did it in the right way.
102. Two girls in my dormitory once decided they wanted to get the attention of a particular member of staff. They did this by acting up one evening on a weekend. They started [REDACTED] their wrists [REDACTED], and ran up and down the dormitory laughing. They thought it was hilarious, but it was scary.
103. The girls got the attention from the member of staff because he was on duty. There was no support for the kids who witnessed it though. I was shocked. It wasn't

mentioned at the Monday meeting. One of the girls who did it is dead now. She died in a bike accident.

Schooling

104. We had schooling in the centre. It was so much better than in Cardross. We had English, Maths, Science, Home Economics, Drama and Art. The drama department put on plays that the girls and staff acted in. the general public, family and friends were invited to these shows.
105. They were very encouraging of us going to school in the centre. You had to go to school. You weren't just allowed to sit in the house unit.
106. We still had standard grades, but it depended on whether you were able to sit them. It was hard to pick up after getting no education in Cardross. Some kids got firsts and some failed. I am not sure if they were aware that there was a gap in my education.
107. We had a school meeting every Monday. All the pupils, staff and teachers would get together. We would discuss what had been going on all week in the school. Girls or staff would get congratulated, and new kids or staff members would get welcomed. They would also use it to tell people off if they had done something wrong. The nuns would explain that it was unfair on everyone else if they behaved badly, and that they had to have consideration for the rest of us.
108. We went on a residential trip on a mini bus with school. It was somewhere in Scotland but I can't remember her name. It was referred to as a residential stay, and it was part of a portfolio for an exam called social and vocational skills. We stayed for at least a weekend and did horse riding, orienteering and other activities.

Religious instruction

109. We got a praying sister who didn't live on the premises. Mine was Sister Mary Louis. She was from the convent and was really old. She would come over and bring me books about fast cars because she loved fast cars. It was really funny. You only saw all the nuns together when you went to the convent for a special mass.
110. We had mass in the West Hall, but you only went if you wanted to. If you didn't want to go, you didn't have to. If you didn't want to go, you could go to a house unit and draw or do something instead.

Trips and visits

111. The centre would hold fayres and the local village were all invited to attend. The girls at Good Shepherd would make cakes and crafts to sell. This gave the local villagers an opportunity to speak to the staff and girls, and to see what a good job the centre was doing. They tried to integrate the centre into the community.
112. The centre had made arrangements with other residential institution where boys and girls from one place would attend a disco at the other institution. This was to allow the girls and boys to interact with each other in a supervised environment.
113. We were taken on holidays. I was taken to Butlins once with my house unit and we stayed for a week. Another time, I went to Kendall with a select group of girls and staff from different house units. That was for either a weekend or a week.
114. We were taken out to do activities on a regular basis. We would go ice-skating, swimming, cinema or to the theatre. Sometimes we would just be taken for a drive to get chips, or we would go to Nardinis in Largs to get ice-cream. We would also go on scenic trips to Loch Lomond.
115. We weren't just kept as a herd within the building where the staff couldn't be bothered with us. We did do things. On the days that we didn't get taken out, we

would have things arranged for us to do indoors. We could interact with the other units. We were also allowed to go outside and walk in the grounds, which were humungous.

116. I was going home every weekend when I first went in. I told the staff what was happening when I went home. I was still being beaten by my mum. They still made me go home every weekend. This carried on for a year.
117. Eventually a teacher called Mrs Gilfedder, who was attached to St Claire's unit, said that they needed to stop sending me home at the weekends. She was the contemporary social studies teacher. The teachers were more caring than the actual staff.

Leisure time

118. They were so good. Every Wednesday we had a tuck shop. We also had a school disco once a week. All the kids from all the units could go to the West Hall and dance or just hang out. Mr ^{GXC} would play the drums. We could even turn up in our pyjamas if we wanted to.
119. Although it was nice in Good Shepherd, there were no toys. There were board games and I remember a BMX bike. It was a good place.

Discipline

120. If you broke something, you got fined from your pocket money. I smashed a window once and I got fined from my pocket money. Nobody was ever hit or abused. Not that I witnessed anyway. I think discipline in there was fair.
121. I stopped my bed wetting in Good Shepherd. Some people went into Good Shepherd for their behaviour. Some people went in because they needed a place of safety, which is the category I fell into, and that is exactly what they gave me.

Leaving the Good Shepherd Centre

122. You would normally leave [REDACTED] when your school year at Good Shepherd ended. This was usually when you were sixteen years old. Mine ended in 1991. I had to leave and go back home. I was sixteen and a half. I went back to mainstream schooling.
123. Good Shepherd encouraged me to go back into mainstream education. They said I could have gone back two years earlier than I did because I was capable, but I didn't want to leave them. That is why they allowed me to stay on.
124. I went to St Margaret Mary's High School in Castlemilk. I enrolled myself and they said I needed my parents to enrol me. I had to drag my mum along. I wanted to get an education and sit my English. I went into fifth year and did SCOTVEC modules. I wanted to prove to everybody that they didn't have to do the things that they had done to me.
125. After I left Good Shepherd, they still let me go back and stay with them at the weekends. They knew it was hard for me at home during the week. I did this for six months after I had officially left them [REDACTED]. They gave me a safe haven and I will always be grateful for that.

Life after being in care

126. I didn't live with my parents for long after leaving care. I was still in school in 1992. I went through the Independent Living Unit in 1993 and went to what they called a supported landlady. This meant you lived with a family. It was a bit like foster care, but not really. You are supposed to try and get yourself independent while living there.
127. I lived with various people around Glasgow. I stayed with one woman called Louise Diver in Govan who was lovely. I then stayed with Elspeth Grant in Cambuslang.

She wasn't nice and was only in it for the money. I then went to stay with Kay Lawrence in Shettleston who was really nice. I stayed with a woman called Grace in Springboig who wasn't nice. In between that, I was living in independent living flats in Cowcaddens and Shettleston.

128. I went to Langslide College, but had to leave after six months because I couldn't cope. I later went to Caledonian University in Cowcaddens, where I did an access course in social sciences. I was supposed to go back the following year and do the degree, but I didn't because I had my son by then.
129. The social work department were trying to take my son from me before he was even born. They were trying to make appointments for me to have an abortion behind my back. I refused to do this because I am a Catholic. They also had meetings to try and have him adopted. He was not even born yet.
130. The social work department's reasoning was that because I had been so badly beaten in life, that I had no maternal bone in my body. Those were the exact words they used in my file. They never got him and I managed to keep him for a year, but then put him in care myself because I couldn't manage.
131. I got my son back when he was four or five years old. The support had dropped off by then. My sister [REDACTED] told me to come to [REDACTED] and that she'd help me. I moved [REDACTED] in 2001. I then lost my son completely as the department of social work there took him off me. They said it was voluntary, which it was. I signed the papers.
132. The department of social work there are the government. Nothing is separate over there. Everything is run by the government. Nothing is independent. They messed my son up. They said I could have visits with him. I went into a mental institution because of my past and the abuse was catching up with me. I was diagnosed with borderline personality disorder.

133. When I came out of the mental institute, the government said I had to give two weeks' notice to get my son back. When I gave them notice, they said they'd get a care order. It was almost a threat not to try to get him back. It remained a voluntary arrangement for a while. I had very little contact with my son because they made it difficult. They then took me to court and got a care order.
134. The social workers got my whole family together. This included my sisters, my mum from Glasgow and my aunt. We went for a meal and then they told us and my son that this was the final goodbye and they were putting him up for adoption. My son was then put up for adoption. He was sent to an unsafe family in Wales without the court's permission. He was abused there.
135. I took them to court because I wasn't getting any access. A forensic psychologist even argued that I should get my son back and that I just needed some psychological support. Another psychologist said otherwise.
136. It came out in court that the social work were not giving me access because they were trying to figure out what to do with my son. They sent to prospective adopters. It came out that they knew there were issues with the family in Wales before they sent him, because one of the family's foster daughters had made allegations and had been removed. They still sent my son there knowing that.
137. The court asked me what I wanted, and I said that I wanted him back on the Island. He was brought back and I got contact, but then the social workers made sure it dwindled out again. When he was seven years old, he started coming to me three nights a week. He was then sent to a residential school when he was twelve and that meant I couldn't get him anymore. He never came back to my care. He is now 22 years old.
138. I tried to get a job in residential care with young men [REDACTED]. I asked if the department would have any issue with me working there because I had previously been sent a letter from social work saying I would never work with vulnerable people.

They said this was because my son had been put into care. I did end up getting the job and worked there for two years.

139. My education was all dropped until 2005, when I picked up an online diploma in social work. I now live in London. I have lived in London since 2008. I was diagnosed with complex post-traumatic stress disorder that same year in London.
140. I don't find counselling useful. I can't just sit and talk to people about my problems. It has to be natural and organic, and services don't have time for that.
141. I started university in 2009 and I now have a law degree. I have done my post-graduate diploma in legal practice. I was offered a legal traineeship, but it was then withdrawn. I do voluntary work just now and mentor people in women's prisons. That is arranged through an organisation called Hibiscus Initiatives.
142. I have spoken at conferences in Bulgaria and Latvia, as well as writing papers for the Bahamas legal bar about child rights.

Impact

143. It is difficult to put into words what you can remember about childhood memories. You can visually see it happening and you can feel it, so you go back to reliving it.
144. I was clever at primary school. My intelligence was lost with everything that happened. I could have had my law degree much sooner if all that hadn't happened.
145. I had no contact with my sisters when I was in care. Me and [REDACTED] were close and it affected that. It makes me sad. I needed care and it was right that I went into care, but the good relationships were also destroyed.

146. None of the establishments, except Good Shepherd, gave any psychological care. This meant that you were left with all the scars because you didn't talk to anyone. This meant that it eventually caught up with you as things happened in life.
147. I ended up in a mental health institute [REDACTED] because my abusive past caught up with me. My son was taken off me when he was four or five years old and was never returned back to my care. It destroyed my relationship with my son. We are not close.

Records

148. I got twenty bundles of records from [REDACTED]. That includes some things about what happened in Scotland. I don't have records for my time in care in Scotland.

Other information

149. I think social work and the government have too much hold over our lives. They are still pulling the strings even after we have left care. I feel controlled by them. I was offered a legal traineeship with Lewisham Council. I think they then got access to information that they shouldn't have gotten a hold off. They then withdrew the offer of employment. They said it was because of references, but I know they got two great references.
150. I think the responsibility for care was with social workers because they ultimately made decisions about what care you received.
151. When a child is taken into care, psychological support should be given immediately. They shouldn't wait for the damage to show over time, because it then seeps into other areas of life. For me it was my son being taken into care. I loved him but couldn't look after him.

152. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

Signed.....^{KCD}.....

Dated..... 23-11-2017