

**REPORT OF AN EXTENSION TO THE REVIEW OF
KENDALL HOUSE, GRAVESEND:
ADDENDUM TO MAIN REPORT**

**Prepared for the Church of England Dioceses of
Rochester and Canterbury**

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Acknowledgement

In addition to the acknowledgments set out in the main report which was published in July 2016 (and is available on the Diocese of Rochester website), we would like to add our thanks to the former residents and former staff member who spoke with us as part of this extended review. We also would like to make an acknowledgement to one particular former resident of Kendall House.

In the main report, we described the response of the Diocese of Rochester to complaints made about Kendall House since its closure in 1986 (see pages 39-41). Largely, these complaints were made by one woman, former resident, Teresa Cooper. Teresa has worked relentlessly to try to make the church understand, accept and act in response to her concerns about the abusive practices at Kendall House. Through lobbying, researching, and detailed analysis, she has supported many other former residents to seek affirmation of their experiences, as well as working on her own process of recovery.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Teresa Cooper for all her efforts, and her struggles in seeking the truth about Kendall House. In respect of this review, we are most grateful for her contribution, in her interview and her emails, and to all who participated, for showing such courage in speaking with us.

Without the decision to commission this review, the voices of the former residents would have remained silent. This would have been a terrible omission and missed opportunity for so many. We believe our reports on the experiences of the girls who grew up in Kendall House present a detailed and truthful picture of the regime at the home.

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1.0 INTRODUCTION

The report of the independent review of Kendall House, Gravesend was published on July 13th 2016. The full report is available on the website of the Diocese of Rochester, and when it was published, it generated a degree of local, regional and national publicity in the media.

Concern was expressed that former residents of Kendall House, who may have initially either been unaware of the review, or had felt unable to participate, should be given an opportunity to do so.

In August 2016, members of the original independent review panel were invited by the Bishop of Rochester to reconvene and to offer the opportunity to former residents to contact them to share their experiences of Kendall House. The Dioceses of Rochester and Canterbury made public their intention to extend the review and a small number of former residents contacted them or the review panel directly.

This report should be read in conjunction with the full review report. It will not repeat the main report's content on the nature and scope of the review, or the detailed analysis of contemporaneous governance, oversight or practices at Kendall House. It will also not repeat our commentary on the accounts given by former residents or former staff. The approach taken in interviewing participants, recording, verifying and analysing their accounts is consistent with that described in the main report.

This report will present new and relevant additional information from the former residents, and former staff who have participated in this extension of the main review.

Four former residents have participated in the extended review and shared their recollections of life at Kendall House. These experiences took place in the early – mid 1970s, and early 1980s. In general, their accounts echo those disclosed to the panel in the main review. The details of these cases however, add further perspectives on some of the practices at the home and the way that residents were treated.

One former staff member also contacted the panel, and described their recollections of the home.

The review panel are grateful to all who participated for their courage and willingness to revisit extremely difficult events from their past and to share their often painful memories in detail.

2.0 DAILY LIFE AT KENDALL HOUSE

(See also Chapter 4 'Daily Life at Kendall House', page 43)

On arrival to the home, girls were usually bathed and given a uniform to wear. There was no 'welcome' process, as such. Indeed, we heard numerous accounts from former residents of a hostile reception on arrival. Explanations about the day to day routine and what was expected tended to come from other girls rather than the staff.

In the main review, the age range of the girls was 11-16 years. On the whole, this was reflective of the majority of residents. However, in the case of FR61, who was resident for a year in the mid-1970s, she was just 9 years old. She had never been in a children's home previously, and even today, is unclear why she had been placed in Kendall house. She recalled her arrival

'It was all really strange and I didn't know where I was going, there was no conversation in the car (with the social worker). I hadn't been in the care system before, apart from respite care. They just said I'm going to this care home and that was it, so I thought oh well, because my sister had been in boarding school previously, I just connected it to the fact that I didn't go to school. I kind of just accepted what was going on. We got there, I remember the drive and the door, I met Miss Law and another lady and I was just left there.

Through the front door, yes. The office was on the right of the front door. I was just left there. I didn't have any belongings, just me.....

That was it. I was shown to the dorm that I was going to be in, my bed. I was given a new toothbrush and wash things and that. Then we went down and I think we had dinner, and then just into the room with the other girls.

I just felt confused, I felt scared, I just felt like I was being punished for not going to school. I just accepted my fate really and thought it's my fault why I'm there so I have to just get on with it. The first few days I kind of settled in and, being the youngest, I always followed the older ones. (Source: interview with FR61, resident mid-1970s)

FR62 was 15 when she was taken to the home having been made homeless by her mother and stepfather who no longer wished to care for her. She arrived at the home thinking she would be cared for.

'I noticed that there were bars on the windows. I thought, what's this? We were stood on the front step and I can remember there was this great big door and behind it there was another door with a long bit. There was a door behind her where we stood on the front step, and as soon as my childcare officer was out of sight, this lady said, "I am Miss Law. I run this place." She pulled me by my hair and pulled me through the front door and then pulled out a bunch of keys. I have never seen so many keys. She pulled out a bunch of keys and she started locking this front door bit. Then she turned round and she started unlocking this other door that was behind her. Then she pushed me through that door, locked that door and then she threw my case in the corner.

Then her, and two other ladies took me and stripped me off. I was naked. They just pulled me in and stripped me off. I was just sobbing by this time because my childcare officer had said it was a lovely place. I was just thinking that it would be nice.

They took me into this bath and they stripped me off naked, and then they literally physically threw me in this bath. In this bath all I can remember it was brown water and it smelt horrible. It was a really, really horrible smell and this brown water was – I don't know what it was. There was something in the water, but I don't know what. They kept grabbing hold of my hair and pushing me under and holding me under for quite a while and then pulling me up by my hair and then dunking me again. I can remember coming up. It wasn't Miss Law; it was one of the other two ladies. I don't know which one. She said, "nits, crabs, you dirty bitch. Nits, crabs, you dirty bitch", and under I went again.....' (Source: interview with FR62, resident early 1970s)

We were told that girls were given small amounts of pocket money, and with this they were expected to buy sachets of shampoo and other toiletries from the staff at the home. We had heard previously that when the girls had their period, they had to ask staff for sanitary towels. FR63 confirmed this but also, spoke of having to show staff her soiled sanitary towel before being given a clean one, which she found extremely humiliating.

'Yes, we had to pay for our own shampoo. You know where sick bay is on the right-hand side and on the left-hand side you've got the toilet, then you have a cupboard there and I think you have a staff sleep room a bit beyond there and you've got the medical room in front of you and another staff room there, but there was like a cupboard there in that hallway bit and they had all the shampoos and everything in there, like little sachets of Silvikrin and different types, you know and we had to pay for them out of our pocket money. I think I had 75p, 50p or 75p pocket money and in the end you don't want to wash your hair because you don't want to have to pay just to wash your hair.

But the sanitary towels, I hated that. I think that was a total invasion of personal privacy that you weren't allowed to have a clean sanitary towel without showing them your dirty one'. (Source: interview with FR63, resident early 1980s)

The atmosphere in the home was described consistently in a negative way by the former residents. On most days it was tense and girls were constantly on their guard, watching and waiting for the next inevitable episode when one or more of the residents became agitated or violent. The next comment is a typical example.

'Depressing. Quiet. Just a nasty, horrible atmosphere as well because you didn't know what was going on. There were some very rough girls in there and you didn't know what was going to happen, who was going to have a fight or what was going to happen next. It was quite scary as well. It was a place I wanted to get out of as soon as I got in'. (Source: interview with FR64, resident early 1980s)

2.1 Days out and privileges

We were told about memories of going on day trips to various places from the home from former residents and staff. We also heard of some girls who were rewarded for good behaviour by being allowed to go for a walk unaccompanied by staff in summer evenings. These privileges were then often immediately retracted when there was any perceived deterioration in behaviour.

'There must have been good times because I've got photos here of everybody smiling and being happy. I just can't remember when that happened. Perhaps it's because they were days out, they were days away from the house'. (Source: interview with former employee, FS21, late 1970s – early 1980s)

'I remember in the winter they'd always go to the beach, and it would be really, really cold – this was the middle of winter. We all had to change into swimming costumes in the van and go in the sea. It would be like, what? I can always recollect that it was really cold outside and when we got in the sea the sea felt warm. It was weird. I don't know why on earth in the middle of the winter we'd have to do that, but we did'. (Source: interview with FR61, resident mid 1970s)

Former residents also spoke of how divisive the system of privileges could be, where girls who were seen as favourites among the staff seemed never to be punished for their violent or threatening behaviour towards the other girls.

'... It was awful, absolutely awful. We were watched when we were washing, you know. 'A' seemed to be like a little spy for them. She got loads of privileges. She could walk into the staff room whenever she wanted sort of thing. I saw her walk into the staff room and not get into trouble so she was getting special privileges from them, and she was probably the most vicious girl there.

Okay - not everyone was treated equally?

No. No. I don't know. There was some sort of thing going on there because why would the most violent person not have drugs, be given these privileges and stand around watching you when you were trying to wash?' (Source: interview with FR64, resident early 1980s)

We heard previously that during the 1960s and early 1970s staff would give the girls up to 4 cigarettes a day to use to barter for favour from each other. This practice continued into the mid-1970s, even with a child as young as 9.

'You were allowed out for a walk every evening just for half-an-hour to have a cigarette. I'd never smoked a cigarette in my life but they gave me cigarettes, so you were allowed one cigarette.

That would be in the evening after dinner. We'd have half-an-hour to go round with one cigarette and have a smoke. Then at weekends we were allowed out for two hours and we were given two cigarettes'. (Source: interview with FR61, resident mid 1970s)

2.2 Safeguarding

Even though FR61 was only 9 years old, she recalled how she, along with two older girls (who would still have been under 16 years) went to their respective homes in south London for a visit. They were unaccompanied by an adult, just given their tickets for the train and left to their own devices.

'I remember the time I went home it was me, 'A' and 'B' (other residents). We travelled together, there were no social workers, and they just gave you your train ticket and off you went.

Q. Even as young as you were?

Yes. I remember I stopped at 'A's house, and then 'B' lived in a care home already, I stopped at her house, and I don't know what time I must have got home. ... and then I got the bus from there to home - I think it was dark when I got home. It was weird because you were allowed to smoke, you were allowed to travel by yourself - all the things that you'd think that you shouldn't be allowed to do you were allowed to do, and

the things that you should be allowed to do you weren't allowed to do. It was really topsy-turvy, back to front.' (Source: interview with FR61, resident mid 1970s)

One of the reasons FR64 was placed in the care system was because of repeated absconsions from home. She had a difficult relationship with her step-mother, who could be very violent towards her. Whilst at Kendall House, FR64 was given permission to go home for a weekend. During the weekend her step mother beat her severely then drove her back to Kendall House. The staff noticed her extensive bruising and commented on it to her. FR64 begged them not to let her step-mother near her, as she was terrified. The staff did not place any additional restrictions on the step-mother from visiting FR64 at the home. She was 13 years old.

'I remember I had gone to my stepmother and my father's house for the weekend. It had been arranged that I was going there for the weekend. I was about three minutes late getting back in. There was a clock just on a shelf right next door to the house. I was going back and I noticed I was like two minutes late. I just knew. My father used to work nights so he didn't know anything about all of this. I knew I was going to get a beating. I stayed out and slept under a caravan that night. The next day I went back because I thought my dad would be around sort of thing. I went back and he wasn't around. She had me on the floor and she got a shoe and beat me from head to toe.

My step mother. Then she drove the car like a crazy. She was an alcoholic as well so she drove the car like a crazy, nearly crashing it. I was petrified. She took me straight back to Gravesend. I remember when I got in I just turned around and said, 'I don't ever want to see her again. I remember I just sort of ran in. It was like a sanctuary almost. I didn't want to see her again, never, never, never. I went upstairs. The nurses came up and had a look at me. I remember them walking down the stairs and they said, 'There's not one bit of her that's not bruised.' As I said, I didn't ever want to see her again and then the next week she turned up with my father for a visit.

A. Yes. She was allowed in. They knew exactly what she had done to me.

Q. Was that recorded?

A. No, that's actually not in my file. It's not actually in my file at all.

A. I remember that one really clearly. I just remember, because the stairs were just before the door. As soon as I got in she just stood there. I just ran up the stairs and I was like, 'I don't want to see her again.'

Q. You're in an environment at Kendall House where you're very unhappy, and any respite you get is to your dad and step mother in an equally unhappy environment. It must have been a difficult time for you then.

A. Yes' (Source: interview with FR64, resident early 1980s)

2.3 The school room and living room

We had already heard about the lack of provision of toys, books or any equipment for girls to use in either their education or leisure time. They were expected to attend daily classes in the school room, but were often so heavily medicated they were unable to stay awake. It wasn't until the mid-1980s that interventions such as art therapy were introduced. FR62 mentioned

the absence of toys, but also vividly described the atmosphere in the main living room as she first encountered it, where girls were so heavily medicated they were largely unresponsive.

'There were no toys, there were no books, there was nothing in this room except for just girls slumped around and girls weeing in the corner because nobody would dare knock on the door because you would be injected if you knocked on the door.....

...when I looked round there were girls sitting there and they were slumped over in chairs. Their arms were just over the side of the chairs. All the dribble was coming – I thought they were dead. It frightened the life out of me. I thought these girls were all dead. There were a few that were walking around. There was one girl that was in the corner and another girl said, "I need a wee." One girl said, "Don't knock on the door. If you knock on that door you know what happens." So she stood in the corner and wet herself. One girl did knock on the door, and this other girl pushed me down in a seat. I sat there. I was too scared to move, blink, do anything. I just sat there and when this girl knocked on the door some ladies came in and Miss Law, and they just – the ladies came in first and they put her on the floor. Then Miss Law came in with another lady and they started putting injections in her. I thought it was her medicine. I thought she must need medicine, or something like that. So they started putting these needles – I think they gave her two injections.....

This room that they locked us in there was no adult in the room at all, and that was on the right-hand side and there was a window at the back that looked onto the garden. I looked that day, and the garden had all barbed wire and things like that all up. I was thinking, what's this place? I was absolutely petrified. I just wanted to get out, but there was no way you could get out. I wanted to just run away....

They looked like zombies, but then, thinking about it, I must have been one of those girls because I can't remember anything (after this). I must have been sat there, dribbling in a chair. I can remember the first day, but I can't remember any other day' (Source: interview with FR62, resident early 1970s)

'Yes, God, yes, but they would inject me and still expect me to go the bloody classes. Do you know what really upset me is the school room and the school staff all you want to do is sit there and you want to put your head on the table and you just want to sleep. I mean I had no idea how much they were giving me, I do now, you know, how on earth they could possibly in their wildest imagination think that we could function and learn in school while we were that sedated is unbelievable. I mean that is the teachers as well and the staff, you know'. (Source: interview with FR63, resident early 1980s)

'Obviously, being nine years old, and I wasn't a bad child anyway so there wasn't anything to help me calm down because I was normal....I would just more sit there and read. They used to have a tortoise in the garden and I suppose I'd more keep myself to myself, whereas normally I was always an outgoing child. I suppose I was more withdrawn into myself being at Kendall House.

Looking back now, when I look back on it we all were quite 'zombified'. I suppose you could say we were over-relaxed. Being young girls and me being nine, I don't know; you know you play games or you do this or you do that, or you have conversations and laughs and things like that. That never happened, we'd all be just really sullen. I suppose it was quite weird'. (Source: interview with FR61, resident mid 1970s)

3.0 MEDICATION

(See also Chapter 5 'Use of Medication at Kendall House', page 57)

As with the accounts disclosed to us in the main review, these former residents observed others being given oral or injected medication, and were subject to the same treatment themselves. FR63 also recalled being warned by one of the other girls to take her tablets, and 'behave' or she would be 'drugged'.

'Oh yes. Normally at mealtimes you'd go in and you'd get your tablet, they said it was vitamins and whatever and things like that, everybody had to have their little vitamins and whatever, so I thought it was vitamins at the time. To me everything was normal because it wasn't just me, it was everybody so it just seemed this is part of what they do. That was it really.

They (tablets) started almost the next day when I was there. At mealtimes everybody would line up and have their tablet and go and have their meal. It was just part and parcel of that.

We had to line up outside the office and go in one by one, it wasn't altogether, so I don't know if we were all given the same thing. As far as I know I was given vitamin tablets.

It was just one tablet. Everything that happened, as far as I was concerned, was normal. The only thing that wasn't normal was the injections'. (Source: interview with FR61, resident mid 1970s)

'V (another resident) was one of the first ones to warn me that if I didn't behave I would be drugged and I didn't know what she was on about, you know, I mean I had just got there and I sat on the stairs, I cried and I cried and went to bed. They put me in a dorm and I kept crying, and I woke up the next morning and the first thing they did was told me I had to go to the office and they started giving me tablets. I said to them 'Well, what am I having tablets for?' and they said that I needed them and I thought 'Well, I weren't ill,' you know'. (Source: interview with FR63, resident early 1980s)

After her admission bath, FR62 was given a drink, which tasted unpleasant, but she was directed to drink it. She believes it contained medication. After this she was taken to the living room where she saw many of the other girls in a heavily sedated state.

'I was so frightened after what they had just done to me (referring to her admission bath); I was so frightened that I had to drink this drink. I can remember drinking it and it tasted horrible. It tasted really, really, horrible. I thought I was going to throw it back up and she said, "don't you dare." I heaved. I can remember heaving as though I was going to be sick, and she said, "Don't you dare, or else I will give you another lot." So I drank this horrible drink and then they opened this door to this room that was behind me on the right-hand side, and they pushed me in this room'. (Source: interview with FR62, resident early 1970s)

The use of injected medication was mentioned by all four former residents, and the former staff member.

'That (being given an injection) would happen if you'd had an argument with somebody, if they felt you were being rude or disrespectful. Anything you stepped out of line for, in their eyes, then you got sedated, basically.

This injection would literally just knock you out completely, out cold, and I would just remember the next day, the next morning. I'd be in bed and I'd be like I can't remember how I got there.

.....You'd go into the office and they'd say you've had an argument with blah, blah, blah, and whatever. We feel you need to calm down so we're going to give you this medication to calm you down a little bit. And boom, that was it.

What would happen was they'd get the syringe ready and you'd just show them your bum and they'd inject you and out cold.

It would normally be Miss Law – I'm sure it was Miss Law. She was the main person, the head of Kendall House. (Source: interview with FR61, resident mid 1970s)

The effects of the medication were described by FR64 as taking away her feelings of self-control.

'Oh, it slowed me down. A bit of a dream world, you know, not a nice dream world but I've seen my file and I read it years ago. I haven't looked at it since but they said in there that I was staring at the ceiling standing on my bed. That would probably give you an idea of where I was going.

It's horrible. You're not in control. If I say what it was now, as an adult, I would say it was like a "mind rape" because it took everything from you'. (Source: interview with FR64, resident early 1980s)

In her recollections of the medication regime, FR63 described the cumulative effect of the medication she was given on her ability to function.

"They started me on these tablets and then I saw Dr Perinpanayagam after I had started on these tablets. I wouldn't sit down, I didn't like him, to be honest with you I didn't like him....."

...but I didn't want to sit down, because the girls had already said to me about him, you see, and I didn't want to be in that room, I felt uncomfortable. I was quite perceptive of things that made me feel uncomfortable, I was quite observant of things that were going on that I weren't happy with or uncomfortable with. I didn't want to sit down, I just wanted to get out of that room, and he turned around and said that he was going to bring out my true colours

He was going to change who I was and he did, oh he did. I was a really nice little girl. I had done maybe the odd silly thing and cracked stupid jokes and pulled the odd prank, but I was not a naughty child in care. I've got all my care records and I was well liked....

They just started drugging me, it is like I had to keep going to the office and as days went on I started to feel more and more subdued, I started to withdraw in myself, I just didn't feel happy anymore. I mean I was happy where I was, you know,, I was happy with her, really happy with her, you know.....

They told me that, you know, that he drugs the girls, you know, that if I don't behave I'm going to be drugged, they said to me that I'd be carted off and I won't come back, you know....

After a few weeks I had noticed I had changed, I wasn't me anymore, I really wasn't myself anymore, I'd gone from being quite chatty to being very subdued, I didn't talk to anybody, I started to withdraw, I started to seriously self-harm..... (Source: interview with FR63, resident early 1980s)

She also vividly described the side effects she experienced.

'When I was in there, because my brain was sitting there thinking of what I was saying but what was coming out of my mouth was a totally different thing. I did some really weird things. My body was doing some weird things. My body was jerking, it was really bad, it was like, you know, your bloody arm just starts – I can't even get my arm up properly. My arm was just doing its own thing. I couldn't control what my body, bits of my body were doing, like my leg would keep lifting without any effort from me whatsoever, I couldn't control it. I felt like I was itching all the time. I had this really severe itch but it wasn't an itch, like if you are bitten by a mosquito and you can itch it, it was like under my skin itching'.

'I saw things. Oh my God, did I see things! I saw bloody triangles or wings flying around. At one stage I remember completely and utterly freaking out. I woke up to what I can only describe as millions of ants all over the bed, all up the bloody walls, there were ants everywhere. There was something in that room and there were things like triangles or wings flying around, so God knows what they'd -, I've got no idea. I was definitely, without a doubt, hallucinating. I don't know what they'd given me to make me hallucinate but I was hallucinating something and I tell you what, it was bloody scary because like I say, being scared of something and fear are two very, very different things, you know? Fear, I don't think anyone can describe fear in words. It's that frightening you can't describe it. It's internal, it's in your stomach, it's indescribable'. (Source: interview with FR63, resident early 1980s)

The former employee, FS21 shared recollections that the majority of residents were on medication, and if their behaviour was deemed to warrant it, would be injected to 'control their aggression.'

'I remember very clearly a time, I don't know if it happened more than once, when a group of staff, I can't remember if I was watching this or if I was part of it, were holding one of the girls down in the bathroom downstairs to administer an injection, because often injections were given PRN (as required) to stop aggression.....If they felt that somebody was either a danger to themselves or a danger to somebody else they could just administer these injections.

I know that some of the girls would go to sick bay and presumably they were just out of it, totally. I know that some of them were in sick bay for a prolonged length of time and I assume on medication, on some sort of strong medication, because when they were around they were very dopey, very woozy, not communicative, and not active. Do you know what I mean? Very drowsy.

....It wasn't at all reasonable and proportionate but I think for the time that it happened in there was less understanding. I have no idea what doses of medication they were on, you see, but, no, it was totally unreasonable. I don't know what other strategies might have been put in place to deal with the levels of challenging behaviour that there were at that house, because there was a lot of very challenging behaviour from the girls. Whether that was as a result of the way things were done there, or whether it was something that would have happened anyway and would have needed to be dealt with in another way, I don't think there's really any way of telling. it was neither a

good way of dealing with things, nor an effective way of dealing with things'. (Source: interview with FS21, employee late 1970s – early 1980s)

In the main review, one former resident (FR49) told us of her belief that she and other girls at Kendall House were subject to experimental treatment prescribed by Dr Perinpanayagam. This view was also held strongly by FR63. Whilst at the home she was heavily sedated and often placed in the 'sick bay' which was a solitary room located downstairs. It appears this room was used in a similar manner to the isolation room (see main report), where individual girls would be injected and sedated, and placed for lengthy periods in what amounted to solitary confinement. FR63 believed she was subject to experimental drug treatment, and staff would regularly take blood and urine samples from her. These were never explained, or documented in her file and it is unclear what happened to these samples or why they were taken.

Q *What were the blood tests for?*

Well, we've got no idea, blood and urine samples we had to give on a regular basis, sometimes it was a week, sometimes every other week.

I think they were quite impressed that I was resilient to these drugs, the more they give you, whilst you're resilient to it, you don't die from it. Did you know that Dr Perinpanayagam was researching a drug called Bemegride?

Q. *What sort of drug is that then?*

A. *You don't know what Bemegride is, otherwise known as Megimide - it counteracts overdoses.Barbiturate overdoses.....*

..... It is a bloody trial drug. You see people documented it at Kendall House, I notice, when you've gone through all the files, you start realising there is a pattern and the staff sometimes document things as they hear them, or the way they think it is spelt. Now, when you break it into three words, it is not one word, it is three, now if you actually look at all the other drug trials, like AIDS and everything else, you will see all the same letters in all of them. (Source: interview with FR63, resident early 1980s)

In the main review, we heard many accounts from former residents about the extent of medication they were given at the home, and the effect this had on them. We also heard about occasions when the dosage was so large that girls experienced serious side effects or the effects of an overdose. FR63 was resident in the early 1980s, which was later than the previous residents' accounts of being over-dosed with the medication. She described the effects of the heavy medication, and also an occasion when she was with foster parents for a weekend and they gave her medication as instructed by the Kendall House staff, which led to a severe reaction. She was then taken back to Kendall House by a staff member called out to see her, taken back to the sick bay, and given another injection.

'I was always injected in bloody sickbay, I was always totally rocking out of my brains in sickbay, I mean they had to physically help me go to the toilet, I couldn't speak, you know, when I tried to speak nothing came out of my mouth properly, I couldn't physically lift my bloody arms to feed myself soup. They sedated me that bad it took two of them to take me to the toilet'.

'They (foster parents) saved my soul, they saved my soul. [Pause] They hated giving me the drugs, Mrs X (staff member from Kendall House) made them do it, they hated it, they complained left, right and centre, and one day Mrs X sent me to them with so many drugs and I couldn't physically get off of their swinging hammock chair thing.

They rang up Mrs X and said 'We are quite worried, we think it's an overdose, you know, we think we have just given her an overdose that you've given us to give her'. They wanted to call the hospital to take me to A&E and Mrs X told them not to and she said she would ring them back. I physically couldn't stand, oh, I thought I was going to die, to be honest with you, I actually thought I was going to die, yeah, it felt like I was going to die, and Mr and Mrs W were so frightened that they'd done something wrong, you know, and they hugged me, they cuddled me, they cradled me. [Pause] Mr W was a big guy and he was crying, you know, and Mrs W was on the phone, I remember Mrs W on the phone to Mrs X and she said to Uncle Don (Mr W) I called him, you know, 'Mrs X is on her way, she has spoken to her son (who was a doctor),

..... and she came, picked me up and Mrs W said 'Where are you taking her?' and she said 'Oh, we are going to go and get her sorted out'. Do you know what they done or she done? She took me back to Kendall House, put me in that sickbay and she injected me'.

In the main review report, we described some of the behaviour of Miss Law and other senior diocesan officers in meetings with social services and others. In these meetings, they minimised the issue of over-medication at the home, and sought to belittle those raising concerns. We considered whether their deflection and dissembling of concerns actually reflected an acknowledgement of the overmedication and other unacceptable practices in the home.

All medications should be stored, used and disposed of in accordance with professional standards. Such practices have existed for decades. Used phials of injected drugs should be disposed of properly either using appropriate designated containers, or returned to the pharmacy. At Kendall House, it appears that they were also buried in the garden. FR63 told us of an occasion when rabbits were digging in the garden and uncovered drug phials, small glass containers buried in the ground

'The rabbits once dug up the back garden, I went out there and being nosey and one of the rare opportunities in the garden and I thought I could see something. My brain is always, constantly, on the go, I saw something and I thought 'Oh, what's that?' and I found a load of drug phials. I can tell you now, if you dug up the back of Kendall House now you would probably find a shit load of drug phials there right now, seriously.

Yeah, the little tiny phials, yes, they had different – you know the old-fashioned milk bottles you used to get in school when you were kids - they looked like them, some of them were really, really old, really old. Now, I've got no idea how many years they were burying them in the garden, but they were burying them in the garden'.

3.1 Isolation room

In the main review, all the residents and most staff spoke about the isolation room and how it was used throughout the time the home was in operation. It featured less in the memories of FR61 and FR62, but both were aware there was a room upstairs where girls were sent to be punished. FR63 and FR64 were also aware of the isolation room and how it was used. Both had direct experience of it on many occasions. It appears when they were resident, that the sick bay was also used in a similar way, where girls would be placed alone usually following injections of 'crisis' medication. The former staff member, FS21, remembered the isolation room clearly, and recalled how it was used as a punishment. She referred to it as 'the detention room.'

'That was one room that was used as a punishment. I can't pretend it was a deterrent or anything else. It was just if we can't keep them quiet whoever was in charge would deem that they would need to go into detention. We would then need to stand outside the door on, it was supposed to be on 20 minute shifts but I'm sure there were times when there wasn't anybody outside the door. I'm sure there were times when people (girls) had to stay there for longer.

Q. *What was the point of sitting outside the door?*

A. *That if they wanted to go to the toilet you could take them. You could go with them. Or if there was anything they needed.*

Q. *Yes, but the door was locked?*

A. *Yes.'* (Source: interview with FS21, employee late 1970s – early 1980s)

FR61 recalled having cleaning duties that involved cleaning the stairs and how reluctant she was to go near the rooms at the top of the stairs, but couldn't recall why.

'...The only thing that I can connect to that room is when we had our cleaning duties some people would have to do the stairs and whatever, polish everything, the banisters and goodness knows what. I remember I never wanted to go to the top, so I'd always miss that bit, but then Miss Law would come round with her finger!

She wasn't too happy about it, put it that way. You'd have to do it because if you didn't do it you knew what was going to happen, so you just reluctantly did it..... You'd get injected. Reluctantly I'd just quickly run up there and run back down again. I don't know what it was but I can't recall ever going in a room through a door up those stairs or anything, but I just can recall that I didn't like going any further than where my dorm was. I didn't like to go any further than that'. (Source: interview with FR61, resident mid 1970s)

'M (another resident) was drugged, God, every time she tried to defend me she was injected, I felt sorry for her actually, we actually like devised a Morse Code between her in detention room and me in sickbay, we used to like tap to each other, just to let each other know we were still alive, you know. We were in them rooms a lot, I was in there the most, I don't understand why they put me in with them....' (Source: interview with FR63, resident early 1980s)

FR64 described how she was injected by a staff member she was sure was not a nurse, then given a further injection before being put in the isolation room. She also recalled her clothes being used to restrain her in the manner of a straitjacket.

'It would be like a free for all. I got one from somebody who wasn't a registered nurse, one of the teachers. It might have been 'A', yes, they called her in and got her to give me an injection but she wasn't trained.

Well that's what I did. I ran into the staff room, I shouted that at the person in the staff room. I had the injection and this is where it's just a total blank. I don't remember anything now but apparently after the injection I just got up and I went crazy. They gave me another injection, oh no, sorry, I think they gave me another injection but they also used my clothes as a strait jacket. This is in my file, it's not something –

I can't remember it happening to me but apparently they had me in a strait jacket, they used my clothes. Then they threw me in the isolation room'. (Source: interview with FR64, resident early 1980s)

Echoing the accounts of former residents cited in the main report, FR64 spoke about the staff on occasion provoking or 'goading' a reaction from her. When she reacted, she would be injected and put in the isolation room once more as punishment.

'.....I went into the isolation room a few times. What they would do is they would sort of like get you going. I had a boyfriend and he was due to come and visit me around my birthday time. He'd also given me a card but they actually never gave me the card. That was found years later. He was all due to come and everything; it was all arranged. Then they turned round and said, 'We decided not to let him come and see you.' That was the one thing I had been looking forward to for weeks because you didn't actually get to see many people.

The only thing I had done wrong there, I picked up a chair and threw it at the window. I knew it wouldn't break, the window, because everything had bars. I was in the hallway - nobody was in the hallway, like in front of me. I was just by the door and I just picked up a chair and I threw it. That's the only violent thing I ever did there but I was upset. That's what they did. They would goad you, set you up for something nice and then just at the last second it was like, 'You can't do it.'

It was like head, mind games, sort of thing. They would play with you. I'm not a violent person, anyone would tell you, and that's the only time in the whole of my care that I ever did anything. It wasn't against anyone, it was against the door. It was like frustration, you know, that was the only thing stopping me from getting out.' (Source: interview with FR64, resident early 1980s)

3.2 Raising concerns

All former residents spoke of how they told someone - their parents, social workers or the police about the home and how these concerns were largely dismissed by the adults, with no further investigation of the serious allegations being made.

'I did raise concerns when I was allowed home to visit, and I said to my mum. She mentioned it to the social worker and the social worker said I was being ridiculous' (Source: interview with FR61, resident mid 1970s)

'The next minute they (the police officer, returning FR64 to Kendall House) got my hand and they clamped me up to the top of the window of the police car. I was driven back to the police station like that after telling them that, 'It was me as well. You've got to take me, if you're taking her you've got to take me too,' sort of thing. Apparently there was a terrible reputation of us (Kendall House girls) and we told them about the drugs. They actually didn't believe us that time. That was in London. We said, 'They're drugging us, they're doing this, they're doing that,' and they just sent us back and nothing. Nothing at all.

Q: *The police officers didn't believe you?*

A: *No, no, not at all. They just thought we were rambling'. (Source: interview with FR64, resident early 1980s)*

'I was telling her (my birth mother), "it's nasty in there. They gave me this horrible thing to drink. They dunked me in a bath." She said, "No, they didn't do that." I said, "That Miss Law's really nasty. She put injections in some girls. I saw her do it. When you left she pulled me by the hair." She said, "No. She is such a lovely lady....."

*So I said, "okay", and I got in the car and I told my birth mother that this lady (Miss Law) had hit me, she had dunked me in baths, and everything, and she just called me an f***ing liar, my mother. She didn't believe me'. (Source: interview with FR62, resident early 1970s)*

'There was another incident – 'C' (another resident) told her dad that I was being really badly drugged and he lived not far from my dad and he told my dad, he went and actually found my dad, tracked my dad down specifically to tell him that I was being drugged, my dad turned up at Kendall House and they wouldn't let him in. My dad went mad at the front door, apparently, and they still wouldn't let him in and they said 'We're going to call the Police,' and my dad said 'Go on then, go and call the Police, I want to see my daughter.' I was locked in sickbay, totally out of my head, drugged, I was severely drugged and I think that was the first time I saw my dad cry.

They didn't have a choice, my dad was going to smash the door in and get in - my dad would've, and X let him in.

My dad was a hard man, emotionally, and he was an alcoholic, my dad's first words when he saw me was 'Oh my God, what have I done to you.' [Pause] I was dribbling my dad cuddled me like I was a baby and he cried, because he couldn't even really get me to talk. I think he might have gone for X or one of the members of staff.' (Source: interview with FR63, resident early 1980s)

The former employee also had concerns during her time at the home, where she worked in a junior post in her first employment after leaving school. Her memories of raising concerns to Miss Law or to someone in a senior position were vague, but she felt sure she would have mentioned her concerns to other colleagues who had similar positions to herself. She remembered being keen to try and get another job elsewhere, because she disliked the atmosphere in the home.

'I can't remember if I did or that I didn't (raise concerns at the time). I mean I may have said, 'Do you really need to give her that?', but she (Miss Law) was a very formidable lady and you would only have approached her at certain times anyway. You would always have got the answer of, 'Yes, that would have been necessary,' or, 'We only do what we need to do.' Or something along those lines so I don't know. I might have sort of made up, 'Well I know what she'll say and there's no point in saying anything.' Or I might have actually said something and that might have been the sort of answer I would have got. I don't know. I can't remember saying anything to anybody apart from maybe XX. It might have been that I felt that Miss Law wasn't going to give any satisfactory answers and I needed to talk to somebody else, and that was why I might have talked to XX. You see she (Miss Law) was the one making all the decisions....She wouldn't have listened to me. She definitely wouldn't'. (Source: interview with FS21, employee late 1970s – early 1980s)

4.0 EMOTIONAL, PHYSICAL & SEXUAL ABUSE

(See also Chapter 6, Emotional, Physical and Sexual Abuse, page 87)

In the main review, we heard accounts which were strikingly consistent in their descriptions of a place where many of the girls were subjected to abusive behaviour by staff, and also where girls would be violent towards each other. The atmosphere was tense and could be frightening, for residents and also for staff.

'... in fact I felt very insecure, and really didn't like it because I found the whole atmosphere was very tense there all the time. The girls got very aggressive and I was the youngest one there to take it out on. I actually got attacked several times by the girls themselves.....'

'I can't remember what the rules were but there were certain things that they had to do and not do, and if they broke those rules they were barred from their privileges. That would often be something that would provoke a reaction. If they wanted to go out and you had to say, 'Well no, I'm sorry you can't today.'

'Other times you would get tensions between the girls and it would just overrun to the staff as well I think, just trying to stop them from getting at each other because there were factions within the group....I think that they had attacked another girl with an implement. It may have been a fork or a knife, or something. I think they had actually attacked somebody with something sharp. But then I had a time when I was peeling the potatoes and somebody stuck a fork in the back of my hand. I can't remember anything happening on that occasion as a result of that. Somebody else tried to strangle me and nothing happened. It was very random; very random. I'm not suggesting that the way that they dealt with things was right in any way, shape or form but I'm just wondering if perhaps there was some, I don't know, maybe the seniors had favourites and there were some girls that they would discipline, and there were some girls that they wouldn't....' (Source: interview with FS21, employee late 1970s – early 1980s)

'The other girls were violent, man, I'm telling you, the other girls were violent. This is what I don't understand, I was put in with girls that were nothing like me, they were violent, I can tell you now, they tried to kill me bloody twice, twice, up in the upstairs, the very top blooming door. I was in sickbay for weeks and weeks, and the girls stuck notes under the door saying they wanted to kill me and they were even planning how they were going to kill me. They finally encouraged the night staff to let me out of sickbay and I was put in the upstairs dorm, right at the very top, Dorm 3, on the right hand side, and there was 'A', I think 'B' was one of them, 'C' - they tried to bloody suffocate me to death. I have no idea how I got them off of me, they were violent, I've got a scar on my chest still from A who tried to bloody stab me with a knife she got from the kitchen, you know, those girls, I'm telling you, were violent'. (Source: interview with FR63, resident early 1980s)

Girls who were deemed to have misbehaved by staff were regularly instructed to wear only their nightclothes. Sometimes they would be in their nightdress for days, even weeks at a time. This practice was still taking place when the DHSS inspectors visited in 1984, and they were highly critical of it as demeaning and humiliating. FR64 recalled how it felt for her.

'Yes. I remember once, I said I threw the chair at the door but the other bad thing I did while I was there was after he (Dr Perinpanayagam) had finished telling me I wasn't going out again I got really upset and I slammed the door on the way out. I ended up

in my night dress for a week. No going out or anything, just walking around in my night dress and my dressing gown for a week because I slammed the door on the way out.

I was 13. Just like normal behaviour. I say, the only two bad things I did were throw the chair at the door and slam his door.

..... Probably to humiliate you, to let everyone know that you had done something that you shouldn't have. I don't know....

Yes, if we ran away we were put into our night clothes for a week. It was a form of punishment sort of thing and you weren't allowed. Sometimes they took you out for a walk after school. I say sometimes, there were so many girls there and so little staff that a lot of the time there would only be staff for a few girls to go out. You didn't get out hardly ever sort of thing. I remember saying, 'Everyone's gone out.' 'Yes, sorry, we've got no more staff.' That was it. You weren't allowed out.' (Source: interview with FR64, resident early 1980s)

4.1 Stone House Hospital

In the main review, a small number of former residents also told of the threat and in some cases the reality of being taken to the psychiatric hospital, Stone House, and the lasting trauma of this experience. We heard accounts of the use of straitjackets in two cases that dated back to the late 1960s and early 1970s. The former employee who spoke with us also gave an account of the use of a 'makeshift' straitjacket on a resident. This however was much later, around 1980.

'I can remember somebody being put there in, I think it must have been like a tracksuit but it was tied up like a straitjacket with their arms behind their back. Their arms were behind their back and the tracksuit was tied so that they couldn't move their arms, or something like that. They did. They got out and they got out of the house, and I don't know how.' (Source: interview with FS21, employee late 1970s – early 1980s)

FR62 shared with us an account that included many details corroborating those other descriptions, but also gave further detail of her treatment at the hospital and its effects. She did not recall seeing a doctor at all during her time at Kendall House or at Stone House hospital.

Following an incident in the living room at the home, which resulted in the letting off of a powder filled fire extinguisher, FR62 was picked out by Miss Law and her colleagues as the main perpetrator and initially forcibly placed in a cold bath. After this, FR62 was dressed in an item of clothing she did not recognise, but which felt very uncomfortable and itchy. She was then put face down in the back of a car and driven by Miss Law to a hospital, which she now recognises was Stone House. Her descriptions of the place were consistent with those from other former residents' accounts.

'Of course, she grabbed hold of me and there were three other ladies this time. So there were the four of them and they ran this stone cold bath. It was freezing. Once again they stripped me off naked and they kept dunking me under this water. They dunked me, and dunked me, and dunked me. In the end they pulled me out because she blamed me, I was petrified

... Then they pulled me out by my hair, didn't dry me. They didn't dry me at all. They put this – it was like a really thick, but itchy nightie on me, what I thought was a nightie

thing. I know now that it wasn't, but they put this thick nightie thing on and I was itching at it. The next thing was Miss Law had hold of my hair pulling me, and the other ladies started strapping me up. I thought what are they doing? I can remember my arms being something like this, and then there was a strap round here and a strap round there. I had nothing on, but this thing, and it was so itchy...

It came to just about my knees, or just below my knees and I thought it was a nightie. Now I know different. It was a straitjacket. Now I am older I know what it was because I have seen it on films, but I didn't know that at the time and I had no knickers on, nothing underneath this straitjacket, just this straitjacket. There must have been straps at the back where they had done it up at the back, or something, because they grabbed hold of me.... She picked me up and all of them put me face down on the back seat of this car. Miss Law got in this car and she drove me to a hospital. Now I know it was a hospital.

She drove me to this hospital. I can remember going in, and there was this great big room. They unlocked the door and they opened it. I can remember thinking those windows that were in front of me – it was a great big, long room. Massive.... and there were men and women in this room, but there were four men in white coats stood around the room. There were ladies in there, full-grown ladies. There weren't any children in there.

They took this straitjacket off me, and of course I had nothing on....

Miss Law just left me there. She just walked out. They took the straitjacket off me and they walked out. They locked the door. I was in with all these people and I was thinking who are all these people? What are they doing?'

It is unclear whether Miss Law offered any information by way of handover to the ward staff. In the middle of her admission to the ward, one of the other patients rushed forward and tried to attack FR62 with a knitting needle.

'I don't know where this lady came from, but she ran at me, and she had a knitting needle. I can remember a knitting needle. She said, "I'm going to kill you, you bitch." I can remember the knitting needle touching my tummy, but it didn't make a mark because the four men that were round the room put her down on the floor. Then this nurse came out and gave her three injections. They gave her three injections of I don't know what. I can remember the nurse being angry and saying, "where the hell has she got this from?" I was that frightened, I stood there and wet myself.'

Protected from her would-be assailant by the ward staff, FR62 was moved to a small side room and left alone. After a short period of time, staff entered the room and asked her to climb onto a trolley. FR62 was grateful to them as she believed they had come to take her away from the ward and hospital. They had not. She was strapped to the trolley and taken to another room where she was given the first of a number of courses of electric shock treatment.

'They put me in this room that just had a bed in there and that was it.Then all of a sudden this trolley came into the room and the nurse came in. There were two men with the trolley. They weren't the men that were in the room with the white coats. They just had normal clothes on. They came in, and the nurse said, "Come on, love. We will get you on this trolley now." I thought thank you. You are going to take me away. I thought I don't want to stay here.... Then what they did was they started strapping me down. They put straps on my wrists. I can remember them putting straps on my

wrists and putting them down. I had a strap across my top, a strap across my tummy, a strap across the top of my legs, through the middle of my legs and my feet were tied down somehow. There must have been a strap, or something. So I couldn't move. I thought they don't think I'm going run away do they? That is what I thought they were thinking when they were strapping me down

Then this nurse covered me up with a sheet and they wheeled me

I don't know how long they wheeled me for, but they took me into a room and I thought they were combing my hair. They weren't. Now I know what it was. They were fiddling about, but they stuck things in my hair and all of a sudden I can remember my body arching and me wetting myself. Now I know that that was the electric shock treatment. I didn't know that at the time. I can remember having at least four lots of that while I was in that hospital. I never saw a doctor. I only ever saw that one nurse.

... It wasn't like somebody making you jump. You know when somebody comes up behind you and makes you jump? It wasn't like that. It was more pain. It was like - [demonstrating a fizzing sound]. I can remember it hurt because of the straps. I had the strap marks when my body arched afterwards. I used to have the strap marks across where they had put the straps.

On my arms I used to have great big things. They were about two inches thick and I used to have marks like that all the way down where they had put these where my body had arched and every time I knew I used to wet myself. I used to say, "I am so sorry."

FR62 stayed at Stone House hospital for two months before coming back to Kendall House. After a further two weeks, she was moved to another children's' home.

One of the former residents interviewed in the main review had also recalled experience of electric shock treatment (Source: interview with FR55).

We spoke about FR62's experiences with Dr Greg Richardson, the former consultant child and adolescent psychiatrist who provided professional advice to us in the main review. He told us

'ECT (Electro-convulsive treatment) should not have been administered unless the girl had given permission, was detained on a section of the Mental Health Act, or her parents had given permission. I imagine the Home's staff, acting in loco parentis, gave permission. In any case the clear indications for this treatment should have been described in the psychiatric notes. I would view this as four separate assaults. It would not be unusual to strap someone down when they were receiving ECT to avoid physical injury resulting from the convulsions induced by the ECT.' (Source: email correspondence from Dr G Richardson)

4.2 Self-harming

Many of the former residents who spoke with us in both the main review and the extended review told us about how they started to self-harm whilst at Kendall House. (See page 101 in main report). The first example from FR63 resulted in her admission to Stone House Hospital. We also include two examples from FR64; the first to illustrate the degree of desperation felt by her and another girl, and the second which resulted in a prolonged isolation in the Kendall House sick bay.

Example 1

FR63 told us she started to self-harm when resident at Kendall House. She would cut herself and recalled the usual response to this behaviour was to receive another sedating injection. On one occasion, already heavily sedated, she cut her arm badly and was bleeding so heavily she was taken to the local Emergency Department.

'I'd never cut myself open or done anything like it and it was like I needed some release, I needed to hurt myself to get rid of the pain I was feeling, I just, it was horrible. I don't think people understand what fear is, you can be scared of something, like when you're walking down a road and you get scared and think, oh, someone is walking behind you, but fear is a whole new board game.

Fear is something you feel in your stomach, it doesn't go away, you are absolutely terrified, you don't know where to run, you don't know where to go, you feel like you are in hell itself, there is no escape, that is what they done to me.

I got this bloody piece of glass and I whopped it through my arm and I was quite happy with myself, I didn't feel anything, this is the worst, that's how drugged I was, I didn't feel anything,

She remembered the doctor who examined her arm expressing concern about her level of sedation and refusing to send her back to Kendall House. After some discussion with Miss Law and Dr Perinpanyagam, she was admitted to Stone House Hospital.

'I'd cut my wrist. That's what I done, I cut my wrist and, well, Miss Law and Kendall House started threatening this doctor and they were going to get (Social Services) involved and somehow Dr Peri still managed to get me out of the hospital's care, the hospital didn't want to let me go to him and he still managed to get hold of me, I've got no idea how. I ended up in Stone House, I was put in with some seriously, seriously not normal people, I'm telling you, one of the nurses was running off what they'd done, they were murderers, one of them had killed her whole bloody goddamn family and I was put in with them, they were severe, severe, the worst I think.....'

*'I remember being absolutely terrified of these people, really scared. One of them kept wanting to go for me, you know, she kept wanting to kill me and when you're that kind of age and you've got some nutter trying to kill you in a bloody secure mental hospital, it was quite a frightening experience and then one day I heard this voice in the background and I recognised that voice, 'Get that f***ing doctor here,' I thought 'I do know that voice.' It was my mother, my mother found out that I'd been put in Stone House, she went mental, she went to Stone House and she'd found out about that documentary in 1980, she threatened Dr Perinpanayagam, he went to her, yes, he went to her, he released me straight away afterwards (back to Kendall House)'. (Source: interview with FR63, resident early 1980s)*

Example 2

'Yes. I once sat down and ate a light bulb from the room. I ate a light bulb with somebody (another Kendall House resident) because we thought once the glass had got into our stomachs that it would just gradually chop everything up sort of thing and then we would die. That's how bad it was'. (Source: interview with FR64, resident early 1980s)

Example 3

'I managed to run away from there (Kendall House) and I came to Sevenoaks. It was about 2 a.m. and I found a telephone box. I'd broken a glass and I'd started to cut my wrists. Then I started feeling tired and I don't really remember much else, but apparently a lorry driver came. He took me to somebody's house and from there they took me to hospital in an ambulance. I was sewn up. It wasn't the artery but there was a lot -. The Police made a joke about having to change the phone book because it was soaked in blood. Then I went back (to Kendall House). I think they had me in there for about six weeks or something.

Q. *In hospital?*

A. *No, in the sick room. Yes, in the sick room on my own. They just really drugged me up.*

Q. *You had no opportunity to talk to anybody about how you were feeling?*

A. *Nobody ever, ever asked me how I was feeling. Never. They didn't ask me what was wrong. Is there anything I was upset about? Never. Never.*

Q. *Nobody ever asked you why you had behaved as you had?*

A. *No. I just got put in and I got given more drugs than I would normally get, just loads of drugs. Then you would see a member of staff when you were getting drugs or when you had something to eat. That was it. You didn't see anybody else so I don't know. I was just totally out of it.....*

Q: *How do you feel about the way you were subsequently treated at Kendall House?*

A. *It was awful. It was like a punishment. It was just like a punishment. I was locked in there for God knows how long. I think it was about six weeks and that was it.*

Q. *When you say six weeks you were there day after day in that room?*

A. *Not allowed out. Not allowed out of the room.*

Q. *I know it's difficult to say now but if you had been asked about why you behaved as you had with regard to injuring yourself, would you have shared why you had done that?*

A. *I probably would have told them everything, everything that I was upset about. Well, yes.*

Q. *What were you upset about? Why had you done it?*

A. *I was there. It was just like death seemed a bit more appealing than that place. It was like a hell hole. It was awful.*

Q. *Nobody ever asked?*

A. *No.*

I remember getting one book. I remember getting one book. It was a horror book, James Herbert, and I was reading that. But apart from that one book in there for the six weeks, or whatever it was, I had nothing. This must have been nearer the end, or something, of it, because they must have been bringing my drugs down, or something, because I wouldn't have been able to read sort of thing for most of the time there or do anything really.

Q. *You were so heavily medicated.*

A. *Yes. It felt like a punishment for doing what I had done'. (Source: interview with FR64, resident early 1980s)*

4.3 Allegations of sexual abuse

Thirteen former residents disclosed to us experiences of sexual abuse whilst resident at Kendall House. These are included in the main review report. We also heard other accounts of when girls raised concerns about unwelcome sexual contacts, and sexual assaults that took place away from the home, for example with boyfriends or acquaintances whilst on weekend leave. We also heard compelling accounts of how disclosures of such information to staff were dealt with, and the effects such responses had on the former residents in their willingness to disclose other concerns, or to place their trust in adults in the future.

FR63 described a number of occasions when whilst sedated in the sickbay, she was aware of men entering the room and sexually assaulting her. She believes that at least some of the men were staff at Kendall House. Since leaving the home in the early 1980s, she has repeated these allegations to the police who have investigated them. No charges have been brought against the alleged perpetrators which has left FR63 extremely angry. She told us about her strong memories of experiences at the home.

*'A, he was a bit handy with his bloody hands as well and I could tell you now I woke up to them bastards f***ing raping me and I tell you now the police told me it was in my head, and I actually believed the police when they told me it was in my head, and that was Kent Police, I believed them because they told me I was so drugged that it was in my head. When I went through my Kendall House records..... I kept saying to her - 'But the police told me it's in my head, it's in my head,' and she said to me 'But it wasn't in your head.' I said 'Well, it must have been,' she said 'No,' because she said 'In your records it shows that you complained to one of the staff and said that you were hurting down below and that you were torn,' I thought 'What, and the police have told me it's all in my head.' I freaked out about it, didn't I, then I went into a suicidal one again, because I thought to myself, you know, you don't know, you know what is real, but it's not real.*

*One of them went to do something in my mouth and I remember freaking, but it was like I don't think anyone heard me, it was like I was screaming, to be honest with you, I've got no idea if I was actually screaming, I thought I was screaming. I don't know, it's weird. Anyway, someone stuck a f***ing belt round my neck, that was it, I was gone again, I don't know what happened to me after that, thank God.*

Q. *But there were three men in the room?*

A. *Yeah, there was three men in the room, definitely three men in the room, without a doubt, and the Police told me it was in my head.....*

A. *Oh, without a doubt, I'd been raped, yes, I remember when I did wake up I was really hurting down below and I did complain.*

*I don't know. I remember waking up. I don't know who it was, I think it might have been X, I couldn't tell you who it was, I told someone, anyway, they came in the room and I said to them 'I don't feel well,' I said 'I'm hurting down below'. I was really hurting down below, I felt really uncomfortable, but that weren't the only time, it was like every f***ing goddamn time I was waking up in that bloody room I was hurting down below, you know, I mean how many times can you hurt down below?*

Q *When you're making this known to members of staff, i.e. the fact that you were sore or torn -*

A. *They took swabs.*

Q. *Did anybody ever embrace your complaint?*

A. *No, no, they just took swabs, every time they took swabs.*

Eventually FR63 was placed with a foster family who she was going to live with once she was discharged from Kendall House. She had some concerns about the behaviour of the foster father, who was an underwear and beachwear salesman and would ask her to model samples when she stayed with them. She expressed her concerns to the staff at Kendall House.

'I'd met them over a few weeks, yes and I didn't like him. I didn't feel comfortable around him. I kept telling them and Kendall House was like 'It's because you're jealous, XX. Are you sure you don't fancy him? It's alright to have a crush on him', and they kind of tried to put words into your mouth'.

'He had me parading around in his goddamn bloody swimwear, right and I told Kendall House, I said to them 'Is that normal?' Mrs X it was, she said 'Yes, he just wants to see what's going on and to see whether they look alright. Maybe he wants to give you one'. I said 'Well he ain't given me one', you know? And Mrs X didn't think anything of it, she thought I was overreacting that he was making me put on women's swimwear and his wife was there as well.'

On another occasion she recalled he touched her inappropriately and then one day when she was in the house alone with him, he raped her. Afterwards, she ran away to the home of her half-sister.

'I was in the bath one day and he pretended my sister was on the phone to get me out of that bathroom and he kept banging on the door – 'You've got to hurry up, it's urgent, it's urgent' and I didn't want to come out of there, not even for my sister. I know that sounds horrible, I didn't want to come out of there but he made such a hoo-ha and his wife had gone out and the lodgers had gone out. I came out of the bathroom and I wasn't appropriately dressed, because literally I was still trailing wet –

Yes, yes and come out of the bathroom and to the right is the lodger's room and he had a key. You couldn't go in the lodger's room unless you had the key because it was locked, like a door key and he raped me in there. He raped me in his wife's bed and his son, X walked in as well.....

Yes. I ran away. I was out of there like a flash. I was on that bus. I had no money and I went to my half-sister, so I kind of went out of the frying pan into the fire because they were a violent family, my half-sister.....

After this happened, FR63 was in a lot of pain and was bleeding vaginally. She was examined by a local doctor whilst she stayed at her half-sisters, but didn't stay with her for very long. She planned to return to Kendall House. She was very afraid and did not tell anyone what had happened. Instead she went to a local Accident and Emergency department as she was very concerned about the pain and bleeding.

'I took myself down to A&E in Gravesend and I was too scared to tell them who I was. I saw a doctor and I didn't tell him I'd been raped, I just told him that I was having problems with bleeding and he did an examination and I think that was really the first time I had ever had a speculum and he turned around and he said to me 'Who did this to you?' I said 'What do you mean?' He said 'Who did this to you?' and I didn't want to tell him but he knew I had been raped, you know.

But when I went to Gravesend, the doctor gave me antibiotics and he gave me painkillers and I went back to Kendall House. In the end, the doctor did talk to me about the situation and I did tell him that I had been hurt by somebody, I didn't say who'.

On her return to Kendall House, she was met by one of the senior staff who said her foster parents were there along with the psychiatrist. FR63 was told to go into the room where the adults were waiting and say what had happened, to make the accusation of rape to the foster father in front of the psychiatrist and staff member. She recalled being terrified, and at that time, being unsure what the word 'rape' actually meant. She took a handful of the antibiotics and painkiller the hospital had given her, thinking they would make her ill and end the current situation. Emboldened, she then returned to the room with the adults and accused the foster father and was then reprimanded by the nurse.

'... I had to tell him to his face in front of his wife and then they would deal with it, they would call the police if I did that. I sat there for bloody what felt like forever. I just sat there, I couldn't even look at them. I was scared and –

Mrs X and Dr Y were sat on their side, I was sat the other side. It was like I was on my own facing an army and I wouldn't talk, I didn't want to talk. What I didn't know is that they actually had a tape recorder running. I don't know if you saw that in my records; they had a tape recorder running, they were running the tape recorder to try and show that I was mentally ill, right?

And the worst part about it is Kendall House knew he had a history before me. You know he had a history before me? Well he did, he had a history before me. No other social services would use him because of his history.

Mrs X dragged me outside, she turned round and said to me 'Are you going to say something or aren't you?' She was quite horrible about it and I turned round and said 'I just need to go to the toilet, I need to pull myself together'.

I didn't really know what the term 'rape' meant, you see and it was Mrs X that actually used the word 'rape,' that I had to say that he raped me. I had never actually really ever heard that. I mean, I was never a promiscuous child, I've never been promiscuous as an adult either.

I went out into the thing and I took the tablets. I didn't realise that the bloody antibiotics wouldn't kill me, you know, weren't savvy enough, really and then I kind of got brave because I thought 'Yes, I'm going to die', you know, so I thought 'Now is a good time to tell him'. So I did, I went back in there, I was quite scared and I said to him, I went

up to his face – I was really scared, I was crying – I said ‘You raped me’ and his wife went mad. His wife went mad and I ran out the room. Mrs X came out and she told me off.

Q. *She told you off?*

A. *Yes, yes, for running out of the room. She told me that I needed to stay in there. Yes, she told me off. She defended him, you know. She pretended to me that she was on my side but she was actually defending him. I had no idea about all the stuff she wrote in my records which you’ve all probably seen. I had no idea, so I sit there thinking she was my friend when she wasn’t, you know? She was quite cold to me and I took that overdose’.*

FR63 was taken to hospital following the overdose of the painkillers and antibiotics before returning again to Kendall House. She was not placed with the foster family. A police officer was informed of the allegations at the time of this meeting, but nothing further took place at that time. Some year later, FR63 contacted the police with these and other allegations of sexual abuse whilst at Kendall House and these were investigated but no charges brought.

FS21, the former staff member, told us of an occasion when a resident on return from weekend leave confided in her that a rape had taken place, and the subsequent response to this disclosure from Miss Law. She recalled this response was typical and that often, nothing was done in response to such disclosures as the girls were consistently not believed.

‘.....because I can remember her coming back from a weekend away saying that she’d been raped on the train. I remember reporting that to Miss Law and being told, ‘Oh she’s always saying things like that. She keeps making things like that up all the time. Ignore her.’

It wasn’t until afterwards when I thought, hang on, if that really happened that can only have been whoever was accompanying her. I don’t think anybody from Kendall actually picked them up. I don’t know who would have accompanied her - they wouldn’t have let them travel on their own. I don’t think they would have let them travel on their own on the trains. I don’t know. (Evidence from FR61 showed that girls often travelled on trains and buses on their own)

Yes. I reported it to Miss Law. In fact I think I reported the same thing to more than one member of staff. I was just told to ignore it.....As she was ‘making it up’. (Source: interview with FS21, employee late 1970s – early 1980s)

5.0 RECOMMENDATIONS

(See also Chapter 7, Recommendations, page 117)

For the dioceses of Rochester and Canterbury, we make the following further recommendations:

1. The Bishops of Rochester and Dover should take this opportunity to apologise on behalf of the church to the four women who came forward this time to disclose their horrific and indefensible experiences at Kendall House. Further, to give their assurance that the events that took place at Kendall House never happen again in any facility run by their dioceses.
2. The Bishops of Rochester and Dover should consider extending an invitation to the former residents of Kendall House who participated in either the main or extended review, to meet them personally. The purpose of this meeting would include an opportunity for a face to face apology, and also to offer assurances about the commitment of both dioceses to safeguarding now and in the future.
3. One of the earlier recommendations was for the dioceses to facilitate an event for the former residents, to give them an opportunity, should they wish, to come together. We understand this event has not yet taken place. We request that an invitation is extended to the four women in this report to attend.
4. We ask that both dioceses, in their considerations on how they will engage with survivors of abuse in the future, reflect on the role of the church and its local partnerships with health, social care and charitable organisations, and consider its role in raising awareness of the need for therapeutic support for abuse survivors.

6.0 THE LEGACY OF KENDALL HOUSE

(See also Chapter 8, The Legacy of Kendall House, page 120)

In the main review and in this extended review we asked each participant to describe whether they felt their time at Kendall House had any impact on them after they left, or if there was any continuing impact on their lives today.

Firstly, we include the remarks from the former employee, who was in her first job after leaving school.

'For years, for donkeys' years, I was terrified of teenagers, absolutely terrified of teenagers. Again, for a very, very long time, I would either wear a polo neck or a scarf around my neck from the time I got strangled. The idea of doing a job either as a social worker or working in a children's home I wouldn't do that at all. I did go back into a care environment later on, a lot later. I went into a psychiatric unit with adults and then on into working with people with learning disabilities but that was a lot later.

Horrific. It really was. The place was just so totally stressful. Yes. They were times when things were different, weren't they?' (FS21)

We end this report, with the former residents' descriptions of the life-long impact of Kendall House, in their own words.

'...Every single day I wanted to die. I don't think there was any one day I didn't wake up where I didn't want to die. I wanted to die. I wanted someone to kill me. I wanted to kill myself, you know because dying would have been better. I spent years after Kendall House still wanting to die. It became a habit.

I've never forgotten Kendall House. I think that was one of the things my kids struggled with, that I've never woken up and thought 'God, I'm happy today'. I don't think I've ever had that.

It's like a nuclear bomb going off. That's what it is for my life, it's been a nuclear bomb in my life. It has wiped out everything, everything in my life – my family, my grandchildren, my employability, my reputation, my personal circumstances. You know, these are not things that I chose to happen. These are a result of my choices because I wanted justice, you know?

I live in my bedroom. That's my life; I am back in Kendall House is where I am. I'm back in that room. I am back in Kendall House and in fact I don't even think I ever left there, to be honest with you. (FR63)

'You always carry like the past with you, a bit of it. I was never actually free of it if you know what I mean. I think the memories were too close. I remember after when I was about 18 when I came out of care.....

Yes, I had a bedsit and I remember about being locked in. It could be any of the time of the day or night that I would get a panic attack and I would have to get out. I lived in XX and it could happen at 3 a.m. I would just be wandering the streets at 3 a.m. just because I couldn't go back in sort of thing. You know, the usual nightmares and stuff. I tried to kill myself a couple of times after because it was like still with you. Yes.....

.....Kendall House was just in my head. I couldn't get rid of it. It made me do crazy things like walking down by the river at 3 a.m. because I just couldn't stay in the house. Sometimes I just couldn't sleep. Sometimes I didn't want to sleep because I'd have a nightmare and stuff.

...Lots of thing happened afterwards like walking, just going out in the middle of the night walking. On the odd occasion I still get that feeling. It tends to be day time now, not nights.

It's like a feeling of being trapped. Just totally trapped. I've got to get out - I've got to get out. I missed years of my life, I feel, there. I had no schooling. It wasn't schooling, you know, it wasn't schooling.

I'm so scared now of being framed for something I haven't done and being put inside. I'm so law abiding. I was brought up with manners and I'm just so scared. My biggest fear is being framed for something I haven't done and then being locked up. Normally all the doors are open. That one's always open and I can't bear it if somebody actually shuts a door on me. It's alright if I shut the door and I go into a room, but if somebody comes in, sticks their head round and then shuts the door on me I panic. I don't know how to explain it but I do panic. I panic lots.

I'm really scared now as well because there have been a few girls that have died of cancer and like everyone's getting ill. I'm so scared and things are happening to my joints now. I'm just petrified because it's like a link with the children, all our children that, you know, nearly died. I had to sit there for a whole night wondering if my son was going to live or not, if we had an operation. We had an ambulance and everything. Scary. Now I'm scared about getting into the state of some of those other girls. I'm petrified.' (FR64)

'If I look back on it, I'm the sort of person I just fling everything to the back (of my mind). It's there and I know it's there but I just try to get on with my life. Since I've decided to do this (talk with the review panel) I've had to reflect on a lot of my life, and I really and truly feel that Kendall House really and truly ruined my childhood. It ruined my everything really because, like I said, I started to get rebellious.

I had a child at 16, still never went back into education, in and out of different care homes. In one care home I was physically abused. I've got three baby fathers. I've never been able to have that kind of thing, sexual or emotional contact, with a man. If I look back on it, I've always been searching for something and I can't find it. It's not there. I don't know what I'm searching for but maybe this is what I need - I need to be able to speak about my past instead of burying it all under emotions.

On reflection I think Kendall House robbed me of a lot, it really did. I wasn't an unintelligent child. I loved school, I absolutely adored school. I just feel that it robbed me of a lot, and I've gone through a lot. I suffer with depression and whatever. I suppose it has made me stronger because I'm a good mum. All my kids are fine, nobody's ever been in trouble. I went and got my degree when I was 47.

If you view Kendall House, I don't know, it was just an evil, horrible place. ...I think it was. I think it was really dark. I think it was evil. Looking back on it now, it's surprising what I thought was normal was so not normal. You go round injecting children and

doing things, goodness knows what, and drug them up to the fact that they just think it's normal'. (FR61)

'It was more like a torture home. Those people have shattered my faith. I have had the vicar up here. I have had to have counselling since it has come out.....

All my life it has been horrendous because I have had to bury it deep.... I didn't think I would cry because I thought all the tears had finished now (weeps)..... I tried to commit suicide I don't know how many times. I have buried all this for 45 years and it has been within me for 45 years. My daughters didn't even know about this.

I've never felt loved and with Kendall House I made, I suppose, the wrong choices in life. I met my first husband I think because I'd only just come out of children's homes and everything was so raw. I thought he was showing me some love and then when I fell pregnant with my first daughter, who's 40 this year, he threw me down the stairs. I just thought it wasn't as bad as what I had been through and I just put up with it. I put up with being beaten by my first husband. Mentally and physically abused by my first husband.

My two daughters knew I had been in a children's home, but that is all they knew. I have always wanted to give my children what I never had, and both of my girls will tell you that they couldn't have wished for a better mum. Now they've realised what I have been through they have cried, and they didn't realise.....

So I don't know, but it has had an effect on my life permanently. Even up to this day, because I have had to tell my children what I have been through. Then I have had to tell my sisters. My middle sister has been really, really helpful. My younger sister is still – because she feels guilty.

Nobody has believed what I've said. I tried to tell people and people just wouldn't listen. People wouldn't listen. They just thought I was lying. I was even told once that I was mental. Those electric shock treatments are not funny. I never saw any children in that hospital. No children should ever have been even allowed to see that, let alone be treated like that, nobody..... I am sorry, but I am here and I am still breathing. I am still breathing. My heart is still beating.....' (FR62)