

Survivor Supplementary Statement**Date Completed: 06/08/2026****Survivor's full name:** Kevin Durkin**Other known name:** N/A**DOB:** 14/09/1964**Redress Priority:** Low**Serious Criminal Convictions:** None**Mother's Name:** Patricia Durkin (Livingstone)**Father's Name:** John Durkin**Name of Care Home(s):** Kirkland Park Assessment Centre, St Philips' Airdrie**Age in care:** 13-14**Reason for going into care:** Truancy – decided by a children's panel**1. Introduction**

My name is Kevin Durkin. I am making this statement to share my experiences of being in care as a child and the impact these experiences have had on my life. Some of the details are difficult for me to talk about, and some memories are clearer than others, but I will describe what I remember to the best of my ability. I understand that my records from the time are limited or incomplete, and I want to explain my experiences in my own words.

2. My time in Care – Overview

I was placed in Kirkland Park Assessment Centre for truancy. This decision was made by children's panel. It was meant to be three weeks but ended up lasting six.

Kirkland Park Assessment Centre

I think they wanted to send me somewhere after three weeks, but they didn't know where to send me, so they kept me here for six weeks. We were all put into dormitories with six to eight boys. Despite being placed there for not attending school, there was no education provided, which I never understood. I did not see my family for the entire six weeks. I saw them at the children's panel hearing in between but that was it. There were no home leave or visits. The staff could be very violent. If you spoke the wrong way or even looked the wrong way, you would be smacked on the back of the head. I became so terrified that I started wetting the bed. Instead of helping, they made me lie in it, then forced me to strip, take my sheets to the laundry, and wash. It was humiliating. The shower area was communal, with adults always present, leaving us with no privacy. Staff shouted and swore at us constantly. We were sometimes taken into a classroom, but it was pointless. Outside, we were allowed into the grounds, but always watched, before being taken back indoors. The building itself felt like an old house. I believe it has

since been demolished. One staff member, an ex-navy man who smoked a pipe, was particularly violent towards the children, but I cannot remember his name. I would witness other kids being beaten regularly as well. At the time I just thought that this must have been normal, and this was what it was going to be like in there. It wasn't a nice place at all. You had night staff who would sit at the end of our dormitories making sure nobody was up and if you did leave your room, they would follow you saying where the f--- are you going. I felt like I had been abandoned and didn't deserve to be there.

St Philip's Airdrie

I spent a year and a half at St Philip's School. Like Kirkland Park, we lived in dormitories. After a certain period, if staff trusted you, you might be allowed home for a day or two at the weekend, but this was never guaranteed. If you were really good, then you would get let out on the Saturday morning but would have to come back on the Sunday. Even something as trivial as not making your bed properly could mean losing home leave. They used home leave as a way to control your behaviour. By the time I left, I barely knew my brothers. It was the best part of two years that I had barely seen them for. My family did come and visit me but not very often. My relationships had been damaged.

Education was minimal, two or three hours in the morning after which we were sent to tidy gardens, feed chickens, and clean out their pens. Some staff were kind, but several men were violent. On my first day, I tried to run away. I felt it was wrong to be taken away from my family and friends. I was punished harshly for this. Beaten up. There was one guy and he was punching me in the body and the head. It depended on which staff were on duty at St Philip's, some staff members you knew would hit you if you did anything wrong. Showers were communal, with staff always present. If you returned from home leave, you were forced into a shower with a chemical substance we called "jungle juice." The smell was choking. Staff claimed it was to prevent us from catching anything at home. I kept thinking what was the point in being here when I'm not receiving any education. It felt like they just put me in there to punish me not to help educate me.

Mental abuse was constant. Staff told us that our families had let us down, saying things like, "If your family had done better, you wouldn't have ended up here." They would say things like "you wouldn't be here if your family wanted you". Meals were compulsory, you ate what was given, no exceptions. If you argued, you were locked in rooms. On several occasions, I was thrown into a cupboard filled with old shoes. Staff would beat me with one of the shoes before locking the door and leaving me there. The staff would lock you in there for around an hour. This could have been for something as simple as arguing with another resident or a disagreement with staff.

3. Emotional and Long-Term Impact

Eventually, I went to live with my aunt outside Cumbernauld and returned to school. However, I never received a proper education. As a result, the jobs I have had have all been manual. I have managed, but I often wonder how much potential I lost by being denied education and sent to feed chickens instead. I kept in touch with my parents, and when I turned 16, I returned to live with them. The experience had a significant impact on my mental health. I lost touch with all my school friends. I never sought medical help for my mental health, but I often experienced distressing nightmares and flashbacks. I would wake up believing I was still there. Later in life, I watched a documentary about ADHD in children. I recognised many of the behaviours in myself, but at the time I was simply labelled a “cheeky kid.” Anti-depressants.

My time in care was extremely traumatic. It damaged my education, my relationships, and my mental health. I continue to live with the consequences, including flashbacks, nightmares, and the lasting sense of what my life could have been if I had been supported instead of punished. I still often think back to what is like in there and question what the point in it was all. Why did they take me away from my friends and family if they weren't even going to give me an education. It was purely a punishment rather than an attempt to help me.

4. Closing Statement

I am making this statement to help Redress Scotland understand what happened to me and how it has affected me. I am doing this in the hope that my experiences will be acknowledged and that I can continue to move forward in my life.

Thank you for taking the time to read my statement.

Signed: Kevin Durkin

Date: 06/08/2026