

Name: Graeme Henderson

DOB: 10/07/1986

Name of Care Home/s: St Johns, Edinburgh Road, Glasgow.

Reason for going into care: Unruly Child

Age in care: 14. Approx 4 months.

Updated over phone: 31/03/2026

Personal Statement:

I believe the decision for me to be placed at St John's was made at Kilsyth Children's panel as I remember being back and forwards to a couple of those hearings. Eileen McElhinney was my social worker around the time I went to St John's. At 14 I was taken to St John's Home on Edinburgh Road in Glasgow's East End, When I first got there, I remember seeing the building. There were multiple rooms, and I ended up in one at the very back called St Mungo's - A unit within St John's. I immediately knew I didn't want to be there. The staff were quite intimidating from the beginning. We had our own rooms with beds and bathrooms, but I knew some others had to share. We would attend the on-site school from 9 AM to 3 PM. The education there was minimal, and most of us weren't interested, often skipping classes during that time. After school, we would return to our rooms. We would try to go outside, but we got bored easily and sought ways to entertain ourselves. We would venture into the surrounding areas and then come back, or the staff would come looking for us. If they caught us, they would take us to a room without cameras and beat us severely. There were usually about 3 or 4 staff members who would take turns punching, kicking, and slapping me. One man, in particular, named Phil, would come at night. He would try to intimidate us, looking for a reaction, calling us names, and if we spoke out, he would attack me with punches and slaps, holding me against the door and hitting my ribs, back, and legs. The beatings were so severe that they left us black and blue. The physical abuse was often not necessarily daily but often and depended on what staff members were in. We received no medical treatment and were just left to cry alone through the night. They would lock us in a room for hours or throughout the night with no privileges. On weekends, I would go home to my family, but I was too scared to tell anyone because Phil had warned me that if I did, he would lose his job and ensure the beatings would be even worse. I never told anyone including my social workers because I thought the treatment was because I was a difficult boy so I thought it was normal. I was informed by the staff that I had no future and that I would either end up in jail or dead. This instilled a deep fear in me, making me feel like I was destined to fail. Some nights, we could hear other boys being beaten by the staff; their screams terrified me, as I feared I might be next. After four months there, I was transferred to St Frances - this was another unit within St John's, which was a day unit. I would be picked up in the morning and brought back after school. This wasn't as bad as there was no overnight staff and there were more people around during the daytime. However, I always felt anxious while there, worried that I might be beaten by the staff. I often kept to myself instead of trying to make friends with the other boys, fearing I would be blamed for any misbehaviour.

Currently, my mental health is at an all-time low. I suffer from anxiety and severe PTSD. I struggle to sleep, often waking up in a sweat, screaming, having panic attacks, and gasping for breath. I visit my GP for medication, and I rarely go out unless necessary. I also have trust issues with others. I have ADHD and High Potential.