

# Statement Addendum

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**Client Name:** Joseph Mcgurk  
**Date of Birth:** 24/08/1958  
**Care Setting:** kerelaw  
**Dates:** 1969 -1972  
**Persons Involved:**

## Full Statement

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This placement was, in many ways, a continuation of the same pain and violation I had already been subjected to elsewhere. The abuse I suffered here was serious, deeply damaging, and has left a lasting mark on every part of my life.

During my time in this home, I was sexually abused by two members of staff — Mr Torrance and Mr McMillan. These were people in positions of authority and trust, people who were placed in my life to look after me, and instead they used that position to cause me harm in the most violating way imaginable. I was also subjected to physical abuse involving a leather belt. Every time it happened, I was reminded of how powerless I was, how little control I had over my own body and my own safety, and how completely alone I was in what I was enduring.

The abuse did not stop there. I was regularly restrained and locked in a room for long periods of time with no way out. Being confined like that, alone and frightened, felt like a punishment simply for existing. On top of this, I was not allowed to make any friends. I was kept isolated, cut off from any form of connection or comfort, which only deepened the loneliness and despair I was already carrying. The mental abuse was relentless too — staff would tell me that I would never be allowed home. Hearing those words as a child, over and over again, was crushing. It robbed me of hope at a time when hope was the only thing I had left to hold onto.

The situation became so unbearable that I ran away on a regular basis. Each time, I was brought back — sometimes by staff, sometimes by the police. And each time I was returned, I felt a despair that is very hard to describe. Running away was never about being difficult or defiant. It was about desperately trying to escape a place that was hurting me, because I could see no other way out.

I want to be honest about the fact that it is hard to remember everything clearly. I have spent so many years trying to block it all out, trying to bury it just to keep functioning, that the memories are not always complete. That in itself is a consequence of the trauma — the mind protects itself in the only ways it knows how.

The damage caused by what I experienced in this placement has followed me throughout my entire life. In the years that followed, I turned to alcohol in an attempt to cope with the pain I was carrying. I had no money, and so I would steal it — drinking a full bottle at a time just to numb what was inside me. It was not a choice made from a place of freedom. It was the behaviour of someone who was desperately trying to survive their own memories.

There was a period where the anger and pain became so overwhelming that I actively tried to find Mr Torrance and Mr McMillan. I wanted revenge. I wanted them to face some consequence for what they had

done to me. I could not find them, and when I look back on that now, I am genuinely glad. I do not know what I would have done had I found them, and that frightens me — because it speaks to just how deep the damage ran, and how consuming the pain was.

I am currently on medication for my mental health, and this is not something recent — it is something I have struggled with for my entire life. The abuse I suffered, the isolation, the violation, the years of trying to cope alone — all of it has taken an enormous toll on who I am and how I am able to live. I share this not for sympathy, but because it is the truth of what was done to me, and it deserves to be heard.

Let me know if you would like any changes or if there is more to add.<sup>more emotional</sup><sup>13:41</sup>Here is the rewritten version with a deeper emotional tone:

This placement was, in many ways, a continuation of the same pain and violation I had already been subjected to elsewhere. Walking into yet another place that was supposed to provide me with care and safety, only to find more abuse waiting for me, was something that affected me in a way I still struggle to fully articulate. It felt as though no matter where I went, there was no escape — no place that was truly safe, no adult who could truly be trusted.

During my time in this home, I was sexually abused by two members of staff — Mr Torrance and Mr McMillan. I want the weight of those words to be understood. These were not strangers. These were people placed in my life in positions of authority and trust, people whose entire role was to care for me and keep me safe. Instead, they used that position to violate me in the most damaging and devastating way possible. The impact of that betrayal — of being abused by the very people responsible for your welfare — is something that goes far beyond the physical. It reaches into the deepest parts of who you are and makes you question everything. I was also beaten with a leather belt. Each time it happened, I was reminded in the most brutal and humiliating way that I had no power, no voice, and no protection. I was completely at their mercy, and they showed me none.

The cruelty did not end there. I was regularly restrained and locked in a room alone for long periods of time. Sitting in that room, with no way out and no idea when I would be let out, was a particular kind of torment. It was isolating and dehumanising in equal measure. I was also forbidden from making any friends, kept deliberately isolated from any form of human connection or comfort. When you are already suffering and you are then stripped of even the possibility of kindness or companionship, the loneliness becomes almost unbearable. And as if all of that were not enough, the staff would tell me — repeatedly, cruelly — that I would never be allowed home. I was a child. And the adults around me looked me in the eye and told me I would never go home. I cannot fully describe what hearing those words did to me, but I know that they extinguished something in me that took a very long time to begin to recover.

The pain and fear became so consuming that I ran away on a regular basis. Not out of defiance, not out of troublemaking, but out of sheer desperation. Running away was the only form of control I had, the only way I could think of to try and escape what was being done to me. Each time I was brought back — sometimes by staff, sometimes by the police — something inside me broke a little more. Being returned to a place that was harming me, over and over again, felt like a message that nobody was coming to save me. That this was simply my life, and I had no choice but to endure it.

I have to be honest and say that remembering all of this is not easy. I have spent so many years desperately trying to block it out, to push it so far down that it could no longer reach me, that the memories are fragmented and incomplete. That is not weakness — it is what trauma does to a person. The mind tries to protect itself from what is too painful to hold, and mine has been doing that for a very long time.

The years that followed were shaped entirely by the damage done to me in places like this one. I turned to alcohol to try and cope with the pain I was carrying inside — pain that had nowhere else to go. I had no money, and so I would steal it, drinking a full bottle at a time just to silence the memories for a while, just to

feel something other than what I was feeling. It was not a life I chose freely. It was the behaviour of someone who had been broken and was trying, in the only way they knew how, to survive.

There was also a period of time when the rage and anguish inside me became so overwhelming that I actively tried to track down Mr Torrance and Mr McMillan. I wanted them to face what they had done to me. I wanted some form of justice, some acknowledgement of the harm they had caused. I could not find them, and when I look back on that now, I am genuinely and deeply relieved. Because I do not know what I would have done had I found them. And that terrifies me — not because of who I am, but because of what they turned me into. That is perhaps one of the most painful things of all — recognising how far the damage they caused had reached inside me.

I am currently on medication for my mental health, and this is not something that began recently. It is something I have carried and struggled with for my entire life. The abuse, the isolation, the violation, the years of trying to hold myself together with nothing and no one — all of it has taken a toll that words can barely capture. I share this because it is the truth of what was done to me during my childhood, and that truth deserves to be acknowledged, believed, and heard.