

Tales of the Un-Inspected

Home Number 105

By Eileen Chubb

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When you look at the CQC web site for information about this home the first impression you get as with many homes is a tick list with most boxes given a tick. I could find nothing at all about this homes appalling history of abuse.

Looking at the inspection report that was available, dated May 2011 very little reference is made to this homes past history and it is only when you get to page 23 that you find the words ,, We have worked with this home for some time in the safeguarding arena,,

**The inspector makes the following judgments in 16 areas inspected,
10 Fully Comply
5 Minor Concerns
1 Moderate Concern**

When I visited this home I saw a very different home from the one described to me by the CQC.

The first thing I noticed whilst I waited for someone to show me around was the call bell was sounding, this same alarm sounded for the next forty minutes without being answered.

A young carer came to show me around, there was an unattended trolley in the hallway with cleaning chemicals and other items on it.

The home smelt of neglect throughout and the stench of neglect was only stronger when we encountered residents, the hallways and bathrooms were all dirty and parts of the carpets and chairs were stained. There were bags of rubbish left on the floor in the hallways and bathrooms. Apart from one large lounge area the home felt cold and draffy throughout more so in the bedrooms we were shown as chunks of wood had come away from the windows which were rotten.

The carer showing me around pointed out what she thought were impressive features including a heater in one bathroom and a linen cupboard?

I saw only two care staff throughout. A female resident passed us, she looked dirty, her hair, nails and clothing were filthy and she smelt strongly of urine, she was walking with a frame, shuffling along with no shoes on and her trousers had fallen so low they were caught under her feet.

The same alarm continued to sound but no reference was made to what the noise was. A male resident came out of a bedroom, he seemed very relieved to see us and spoke, the carer with me said,, someone will come to see to you soon,, this man looked even more neglected than the lady, he looked like he had been sleeping in his clothes for some time, he smelt of feaces, was unshaven and looked dirty.

We came to a small seating area where several male residents were seated, the smell of urine was very strong, and all of these men looked totally neglected, wearing stained clothing, unshaved with dirty hair. The worse thing was the despair in their eyes, every single one of them looked desperately unhappy it was as if their spirits were totally broken they looked completely without hope and whilst I have seen this despair many times I have never seen it on the scale of every single resident in a home. The damage done to these residents was beyond repair.

I was shown to a room that was thought to be empty but turned out to be occupied, which raises the question what level of care could be given to someone in what the staff think is an empty room.

We approach the back lounge and I hear a female resident pleading behind a bedroom door, shouting please come.

We enter a large lounge which is the only warm area and where around 15 female residents are seated, there is only one staff member in this room and though she is doing her best the residents are so frail many would need two staff to attend to them. This carer has obviously become used to pleas for help to the extent residents seem to have become invisible to her, one mobile resident is trying to lift another resident out of a chair, she is very distressed and in spite of the two carers who are standing with me and telling me about all the activities they have both completely fail to notice this distressed resident who is saying they are trying to kill the other lady, it is only when I point out her distress that they notice her and even then not a word of reassurance or comfort is given to this lady who becomes more and more distressed at being ignored, the carers go on to tell me what activities this lady normally enjoys. I found it completely impossible to ignore the distress this resident was in and tried to bring their attention to it for a second time

and still they ignored her.

This distressed resident was the only one seen who had any fight left every other resident sat looking ahead in total despair and looked desperately unhappy. One resident was wearing slippers at least three sizes too big. Many had tables in front of them and several were obviously immobile but had no pressure relief cushions under them. One lady had slumped so far down the chair her clothing was bunched up exposing most of her legs. Many residents looked painfully thin with huge sad eyes staring out of gaunt faces and when I spoke to people and said hello it was pitifully sad to see their grateful smiles and desperation for any human contact.

I was shown the kitchen area where there were three members of staff stood talking and after being given a glossy brochure alleging this was a care home I left.

I walk out of homes like this and cry, how anyone can inspect this home and give it mainly ticks is beyond me. The reason I go on doing this work is because someone has to bear witness to what goes on behind the closed doors of what the CQC consider to be fit care homes.