

RESTRICTED**STATEMENT**

Number: S209

Age	[54]
Statement Date	[16/APR/2004]
Signature Witness Name	[E K BAILEY]
Signed Name	[J BAILEY]
Telephone No	Code A
Postcode	Code A
Date Of Birth	
Occupation	[CLEANER]
Address	Code A
Forename 1	[JUNE MARY]
Surname	[BAILEY]

I live at the address known to the Police. I have been married to Edward BAILEY /N1070 /A793 /F1 for the past 37 years.

I am the daughter of Ernest /N314 /A793 /F2 and Jean STEVENS /N313 . My Dad is still alive and my Mum died at the Gosport War Memorial Hospital /C44 on Saturday 22nd May 1999 (22/05/199).

I have been asked if I can remember the events leading up to my Mum's death.

On Sunday 25th April 1999 (25/04/1999) my Mum had a stroke, she was taken to Haslar Hospital in Gosport /L14 . By the following evening she was propped up in bed and chatting away happily. She had lost the use of her left arm and leg but she was able to talk as before and she still had all her faculties.

My Mum continued to get better and arrangements were made for Mum to be transferred to the Gosport War Memorial Hospital to the stroke ward.

She was due to be moved on Thursday 20th May 1999 (20/05/1999) and I visited her on the Wednesday evening. Dad and Ted were there and Mum was in good spirits. We were all laughing and joking and planning a big family party for when Mum came home. Mum and I were talking about perming her hair and she was talking to Ted about her garden. You would never have known that Mum had suffered a stroke to look at her, she looked so well. Her skin had a lovely colour and she was so happy and cheerful.

I left her around 9.30pm (2130hrs) and my last words to her were 'the next time I see you it will be at the War Memorial'

Around 6pm (1800hrs) on Thursday 20th May 1999 (20/05/1999), I went to Daedalus ward at the Gosport War Memorial Hospital. I walked along the corridor with my Dad and walked past a single room where an elderly lady was sleeping. I carried on walking but my Dad called me back. He took me into the room where the old lady was asleep. I was totally stunned, this woman was my Mum. She was totally unrecognisable as the woman I had said goodbye to the night before.

Her eyes were closed and she appeared to be in a coma. I took hold of her hand but she didn't react. I could hear the sound of a machine working. It sounded so loud as the room was very quiet. I looked underneath my Mums bedclothes and I saw a machine lying on her stomach. Throughout my visit I didn't hear or see anything which would indicate that my Mum was in any pain. She never made a sound or ; movement at all.

Around 6pm (1800hrs) on Friday 21st May 1999 (21/05/1999), I visited my Mum with Ted My Dad was there as always.

I talked to my Mum and held her hand. She didn't respond in anyway. We left around 10 pm (2200hrs).

During the morning of Saturday 22nd May 1999 (22/05/1999), I received a telephone call for a man who identified himself to me as 'Phillip/N1192 /A1044 /F3 from the War Memorial' he asked me if I could come over straight away as my Mum was deteriorating.

Between 1-130pm (1300-1330hrs) I arrived at the hospital with my son Steven /N1190 /A1042 /F4 . The male nurse Phillip, took us in to a room. He told us that my Mum was deteriorating. Steven asked him if the move from Haslar Hospital had put Mum into a coma and Phillip replied that it didn't help her.

I was very upset and crying. I went into see my Mum. Dad was sat holding her hand. I stayed with my Mum until about 10 pm (2200 hrs) during the entire visit she never moved or displayed any emotion.

I was taken home by my daughter Susan /N1191 /A 1043 /F5 , and had only been indoors for a few minutes when the hospital rang to say that my Mum had died.

I went straight back to the hospital and saw my Mum. I remember that I could still hear the sound of the motor of the pump.

I have been asked if I was spoken to by any member of the hospital staff in relation to the treatment of my Mum. I was never informed of anything apart from when Phillip spoke to me on the telephone and later in his office about my Mum getting worse.