

**RESTRICTED****STATEMENT****Number: S418**

Age	[ 0.18]
Statement Date	[ 18/JAN/2006]
Signed Name	[ V J PACKMAN]
Telephone No	
Postcode	<b>Code A</b>
Date Of Birth	
Occupation	[ TAXI DRIVER]
Address	[ Code A]
Forename 1	[ VICTORIA JANE]
Surname	[ PACKMAN]

I am Victoria PACKMAN and everyone refers to me as 'Vicky'. I am the daughter of Geoffrey Michael John PACKMAN/N346 , who was known as Mick. My mother is Betty PACKMAN/N344 /S419 .

My dad was not very tall but he was very big. He ate and drank to excess and was obese as a result. He did not drink alcohol, he used to drink sweet, fizzy drinks.

He used to work in the insurance business but gave that up around 1983 and became a taxi driver. Sometime around 1985 he started up his own taxi business with a friend and I worked as a driver for him.

He carried on the business until around 1988/1989 and then he retired and did not work again.

His weight increased rapidly and for the last few years of his life, he was virtually housebound. His legs and feet were extremely swollen and because of his great size he found it extremely difficult to get around. My dad never spoke to me about any health problems and I never asked him.

During the last two or three years of his life, his legs became so bad that the skin would break open and weep as a result of him suffering from oedema. The district nurse would come to the house two or three times a week to change the dressings on his legs.

In 1999 my mum was diagnosed as suffering from breast cancer and she had to undergo treatment for this. She was due to go into the Queen Alexandra Hospital/L194 (QA) in Cosham on 5<sup>th</sup> August 1999 for a lumpectomy.

I left for work in the morning and mum was still at home and dad was upstairs.

When I returned from work I did not see my dad and I assumed that he was in the bathroom, which is on the first floor.

On 6<sup>th</sup> August 1999 I left for work without seeing my dad and when I returned he was in the bathroom. I spoke with him through the door and he assured me that he was alright.

At this point the district nurse called to change dad's dressings and I explained to her that he was in the toilet and would be out soon.

We waited for some time and he did not appear. I told him that the nurse was waiting and had other appointments and he said that he would not be long.

Eventually the nurse went upstairs to speak to dad. She went into the bathroom and when she came out she told me that dad had to go to hospital.

An ambulance was called and when it arrived the ambulance men were not able to get dad out of the room due to his size and the lack of space in there. In the end, a second ambulance was called and four people were needed to get him up off the toilet and down the stairs.

Dad was taken to the A&E Department at the QA Hospital. I followed the ambulance down to the hospital and I went to collect my mum from her ward. I explained to her that dad had been admitted and I took her to the casualty department to see him.

I was not told the reason for his admission by either the staff or dad.

Dad was taken to Ann Ward and I took mum home.

Mum visited dad every day and if I was not working I went as well.

Dad quickly made good progress, he had injections of antibiotics and soon his legs dried up and he seemed much better. I remember that he looked the best he had for years. He was happy and chatty and keen to go home. He was eating and drinking properly and quite able to do things for himself.

Because of dad's lack of mobility around the house, mum and I were told that he would be going to the Gosport War Memorial Hospital /L42 in Gosport (GWMH) for rehabilitation and remobilisation. Whilst he was there, the social service department were going to assess our house in order to put in hand rails to help dad get around.

Everyone seemed very positive.

Dad was in the QA for about two weeks before he was moved to the GWMH. When mum and I visited him there, he was sat up in bed and seemed very cheerful. He was given a room on his own, which was three to four doors away from the nurse's station.

He was eating and drinking properly and was in very good spirits. He never complained of being in pain, nor did he show any signs that he was in pain.

Within three or four days of being in GWMH and without any warning, dad suddenly appeared to be what I would call 'spaced out'. His eyes were glazed and his head would nod about. He was propped up on pillows and I believe he was catheterised.

He appeared very sleepy but was able to talk to us. He was not however, able to hold a cup or pick up anything in order to eat. Mum and I would feed him grapes and hold a cup with a straw in for him to drink from.

The change was dramatic and he became progressively worse. He became a vegetable and just slept. I visited him regularly, if not daily and on Tuesday 31st August 1990 he drifted in and out of consciousness. On Wednesday 1<sup>st</sup> September 1999 he was completely 'out of it'. By this I mean that he did not move or stir.

On Thursday 2<sup>nd</sup> September 1999, I visited him alone as my mum had been admitted for an operation. I sat by his bed for hours and he did not move. No one came into his room to check on him and no one spoke to me about him.

On Friday 3<sup>rd</sup> September 1999 my dad died. I was at work and my mum had to get word to me through a neighbour.

I contacted my brother Mark/N1686 /S413 and my uncle David/N1608 , who was the executor of my dad's will.

On Monday 6<sup>th</sup> September 1999 I went to the GWMH with both of them to collect my dad's belongings. We took the death certificate to the town hall where Mark registered dad's death. I know that the cause of death was given as a heart attack.

I was stunned by my dad's death, I didn't know that he was so ill, as he had seemed so well after receiving the treatment for his legs. He was supposed to be in a GWMH for remobilisation but I never saw him out of bed. He certainly did not know that he was dying.

I have been asked if my mum ever told me that she had been told that my dad was dying.

My mum did tell me of the conversation she had with the lady doctor, I believe this was after my dad had died.

She was particularly upset by the manner and tone the doctor used. There was no kindness or consideration shown.