

Monday 23rd Aug - Friday 3rd

My father was born in a small Galeshware village
He was the third of four children - the other three
being girls, who are still alive. ^{The whole family were} ~~were~~ ^{born} ~~born~~

After leaving school he went into local Government
in Chertsey where he met my mother in the
Borough Treasurer's Dept in 1918.
This was followed by 2 yrs National Service in
the R.A.F. Then he began a career in insurance.

John & Dad were married in 1936 & moved to
Nottingham at first for six or seven years & then
to a job in London and a house in Kent.
My brother Mark was born in 1941 & 2 years
later I arrived.

My father was by this time a fine & busy
surgeon & we then moved with his firm down
to Portsmouth and we had a house in Kinscote.

Following a disastrous move
during all this time he was a fit man. He played
Tennis, Table Tennis, and the fine of football matches
for my brother's football team & was Chairman
of the Nautical Training Corps T.S. Unit in Kinscote.

He also took a very keen interest in classical music.
Then everything seemed to change when he went out
N.T.C. on annual camp to the New Forest where in
the course of playing rounds he put his foot down
a rabbit hole & badly twisted his knee. This knee
problem was to plague him for the rest of his life.

Then in 1982/3 he lost his job & things took
a turn for the worse.
Dad decided he wanted to drive a taxi and on

late
September

having a medical examination was found to have high blood pressure. For many years Dad had been putting on weight steadily but surely. He tried during a taxi for someone else & even started his own taxi business but this wasn't a success - He carried on ~~the~~ until 1988/89 & then retired & did not work again.

~~His weight increased rapidly~~

During this time his main solace was his music - He joined the U.S.A. & started music meetings at home. His weight increased rapidly & his legs were very swollen, he walked with the aid of a stick. During the last 5 or 80 years of his life his legs were weeping with the oedema & this gradually worsened & the district nurse would call 3 times a week to change his dressings.

In 1999 my mother was diagnosed as a possible recurrence of breast cancer & was due to go in G.A. for a biopsy on the 5th Aug.

I left for work, Mum was still at home & Dad was upstairs. Mum was then taken to

hospital by a friend. After returning from work ^{11pm} approx

I did not see my Dad as he was in the bathroom

which was on the first floor.

On 6th Aug I left for work without seeing my Dad,

returned early, Dad was in the bathroom - I spoke

to him through the door & he assured me he was

alright. At this point the district nurse called to

change Dad's dressings. I explained that he was in

the bathroom & would be down shortly. We

waited for some time & I told him that the nurse had

other appointments & he said he would try to find

the nurse went upstairs to speak to him & went into

The bathroom. When she came downstairs she said that Dad had to go to hospital.

An ambulance was called they were not able to get Dad out of the room owing to his size & the lack of space. A second ambulance was called to help firm out of the room & down the stairs.

Dad was taken to the A&E at 9.11. I followed in my car because I had to pick mother up & told her she had not far to walk as Dad was in A&E. I took her down to see ^{him} - we were not told the reason for his admission by anyone.

Dad was taken to three Ward & I took my mum home.

Mum visited Dad everyday & if I was not working I went as well.

Dad made good progress, he had injections of anti-biotics & his legs dried up & he seemed much better. He was given paracetamol when needed but declined quite often & gaviscon for indigestion so he had suffered most of his life.

I remember he looked the best he had for years. He was eating & drinking properly & quite able to do things for himself. He was happy & chatty & keen to go home.

Because of Dad's lack of mobility around the house Mum & I were told he would be going to GWMH for rehabilitation & remobilisation. Whilst he was there the Social Services were going to put up hand rails to get around - we were never told anything different from this. Everyone seemed very positive.

Dad was in G.H. for approx. 2 wks before he was moved to hospital.

When Mum & I visited him there he was set up in bed looking v. well & very cheerful.

He was in a room on his own, 3 or 4 doors away from the nursing station - he was eating & drinking properly & was in good spirits, he never complained of being in pain nor did he show any signs to us that he was in pain.

26th

Friends & family visited him each day. On the 26th Mum received a phone call saying that he'd had a suspected heart attack. When Mum & her friends arrived they found that Dad said he'd had a really bad case of indigestion - not given any Gaviscon as in G.A.

Dr Barton called Mum into her room & told her very bluntly that he was going to die ~~at~~.

His sister came to see him & didn't think this a possibility, saying 'our Mick's not dying'.

Within 3 or 4 days after being at G.W.M.H Dad suddenly appeared to be what I call spaced out. His eyes were glazed & his head would nod about. He was propped up on pillows & I believe he was catheterized. He appeared very sleepy but was able to talk to us. He was however ^{un}able to hold a cup or pick anything up in order to eat. Mum & I would hold a cup with a straw for him to drink & feed him grapes.

The change was dramatic & he became progressively worse. He became a vegetable & just slept.

We visited on Tues 31st Aug. & he drifted in & out of consciousness. There was no facial recognition of who we were.

On the 1st Sept we visited as it was the last time Mum ~~he~~ would see Dad before her operation.

He was completely out of it - by this I mean he did not move or stir.

Thursday 2nd Sept I ~~moved~~ visited him alone as Mum had been admitted to G.A. for her operation.

I ~~was~~ sat by his bed for between 3 and 4 hrs - he did not move. No one came into his room to check on him & no one spoke to me about him.

Friday the 3rd Sept. my Dad died. Rev. Margaret Sherwin a family friend was with him when he died. She informed my mother - The hospital rang my brother & told him ~~what~~ ~~he was in meeting~~

The death certificate was Myocardial infarction & ~~we are~~. At no time did we have any consultation with either the nursing staff or the doctor other than when we were told he was dying.

It wasn't until we received the medical notes & Professor Black's review that we were even aware of a G.I. bleed. Having found that out after 9 yrs that it wasn't a heart attack that caused his death it was a great shock.