

RESTRICTED

Form MG11(T)

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WITNESS STATEMENT

(CJ Act 1967, s.9; MC Act 1980, ss.5A(3) (a) and 5B; MC Rules 1981, r.70)

Statement of: PACKMAN, MARK SIMON

Age if under 18: OVER 18 (if over 18 insert 'over 18') Occupation: PRINCIPAL OFFICER LOCAL

This statement (consisting of 5 page(s) each signed by me) is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and I make it knowing that, if it is tendered in evidence, I shall be liable to prosecution if I have wilfully stated anything which I know to be false or do not believe to be true.

Signed: M.S. Packman

Date: 26/03/2006

I am Mark PACKMAN and I live at the address known to the police with my wife Code A

Code A

I am the adopted son of Geoffrey Michael John PACKMAN and Betty PACKMAN and brother to Victoria, who everyone called Vicky.

My father, who everyone known as Michael or Mick, died at the Gosport War Memorial Hospital, Gosport, Hampshire on 3rd September 1999 (03/09/1999). This statement is about my dad and about the times I visited him during the last days of his life.

My family lived in Swanleigh, Kent, until I was five, then we moved to Emsworth in Hampshire. Dad was an insurance surveyor and worked for Zurich Insurance. It was because of his change of branch to the Portsmouth office that we moved to Hampshire.

When we lived in Emsworth, Vicky and I were in the Sea Cadets.

My dad was on the committee and would always come away with us on our annual camp. He would run the kitchen for us all.

I used to play football for the local football team and dad would run us around to the games and he would also act as linesman for the team. He did this up until he put his foot in a pot hole whilst away at cadet camp and injured his knee. He lost mobility and although he had always been large and broad, he began getting bigger.

Signed: M.S. Packman
2004(1)Signature Witnessed by: Code A

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My dad was very humorous, his wit was dry and sarcastic but he wasn't nasty, just funny.

When my dad lost some of his mobility his legs started to swell. I think that this would have been around 1981.

When I was old enough I left home to go to college. I still had a room at home and would come back occasionally.

By this time my dad had stopped working for Zurich. I think he had some issues around their computer security. He left the company with a settlement and invested some of it in a taxi.

I believe that this would have been around 1985. In the few times that I went home I noticed that my dad was limping because of his injured knee, I think that his weight didn't help the situation.

I left home for good in 1987 and though I spoke to my parents on the phone I would occasionally see them.

Around 1998 I began to visit my parents on a more regular basis. I would take down to Hampshire.

I don't think my dad was working anymore. He had difficulty walking and had to get about with the aid of a walking stick. He had a health visitor who came to the house to change dressings on his legs. I think that he suffered from sores on his legs due to his size.

He would sit in his chair in the lounge and listen to classical music on his headphones. He started up a music club and people would come to the house and listen to music with him.

I have been asked if I can remember the time when my dad went into hospital just before he

Signed:
2004(1)

Signature Witnessed by:

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died.

I remember that it was at the time that my mum was due to go to hospital for a biopsy. She was thought to be suffering from cancer and we were all worried and concerned about her. I think that it may have been the day that she went in.

I got a phone call from Vicky to say that dad had been taken into hospital. She told me that he had been stuck in the upstairs toilet overnight and that she had to call an ambulance. She told me that dad was too big for the first crew to get him out so they had to call a second ambulance out.

I wasn't really sure why dad had been admitted but I don't recall being so highly concerned that I had to visit him urgently.

I did visit him at the Queen Alexandra Hospital, I went with my mum who had been discharged from hospital herself, Vicky and Code A

My dad was his usual cheery self. He referred to the nurse who was looking after him as the "arse witch". She had to change his dressings on his bottom. I thought that my dad was in hospital because of sores on his bottom and legs, which were caused by his lack of mobility. He certainly seemed his normal, chatty, humorous self. He did make an unusual comment about New Zealand winning the world cup, which I thought a bit strange, but he did used to say odd things at times when he was trying to make a joke.

My dad was then moved to the Gosport War Memorial Hospital in Gosport. I believe that he went there for recuperation. My mum was due to go into hospital for major surgery because of the cancer and would not have been able to take care of him.

I visited my dad on two occasions whilst he was there.

On the first occasion he had only recently been admitted. He was in a nice room by himself on

Signed: Code A
2004(1)

Signature Witnessed by: Code A

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the ground floor, which looked out onto the garden.

He seemed well and in good spirits, he had drinks that he could help himself to that Vicky had brought in and he had things to eat.

I returned home to London and a few days later I received a telephone call to tell me that dad had taken a turn for the worse.

and I visit him that weekend. I wasn't sure what was wrong with him and my mum wasn't sure either. She was just about to go into hospital herself and was anxious and worried about that, so she had a lot on her mind.

My dad was barely conscious. He kept dozing off. He moaned as he moved. I think that he was aware that we were there, but wasn't able to have any sort of conversation.

He didn't look well at all. I think that he had a tube going into his arm. I cannot recall where it came from.

On Thursday 3rd September I received a telephone call whilst I was at work telling me that my dad had died.

I rang the hospital back shortly afterwards to warn them that Vicky wouldn't know that my dad had died as she would probably come in from work to visit him and she would go straight to his room. I waited to ask them to try and catch her. The nurse I spoke to wasn't concerned. She told me that she wouldn't be on duty so I asked her if she could leave a message for the next shift. I thought that her attitude showed poor customer care.

I travelled down to Hampshire and met up with my who was the executor of dad's will. On the Monday Vicky, and I went to the hospital and collected dad's belongings and the legal documentation.

Signed:
2004(1)

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I have been asked if I knew the given cause of death. I believe he died of a heart attack. I think that I was told that he had a heart attack when he took the turn for the worse. I think he complained that he just had indigestion. When I picked up dad's belongings I saw a letter that mentioned that he was morbidly obese. After he died I assumed that there was more to the incident when he was stuck in the toilet and that his condition had been more serious than we had realised.

Statement taken by **Code A**Signed: **Code A**
2004(1)Signature Witnessed by: **Code A**