

**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: 

Age if under 18: OVER 18 (if over 18 insert 'over 18') Occupation: HOUSING MANAGER

This statement (consisting of 4 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: 

Date: 26/03/2006

I am

Michael PACKMAN was my father in law and this statement is about him and visits that I made to him whilst he was in hospital just before he died in September 1999.

I met Mark in 1996 and was introduced to his mum, Betty, and his sister, Vicky, sometime in 1997.

I met his dad when I visited him at his home in Emsworth in 1998.

Michael was sat in 'his own chair' surrounded by sweets and CD's, holding court. He was very direct, very humorous and had a very dry wit.

He was a good storyteller and very entertaining. He was very sharp and I always thought that he would play with people, always looking for opportunity to have fun. You had to keep your wits about you when he was talking to you. His humour wasn't malicious or nasty. He was just having fun.

Michael didn't move from his chair unless he had to, he liked being waited on. But when he did walk, he used a walking stick.

He liked food, he liked eating. He liked potatoes, chips and bread. He was a large man and had

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a large character. He didn't suffer fools gladly and if he didn't like you he wouldn't hide the fact.

He didn't drink a lot of alcohol but loved fizzy drinks. He called them his tinnies.

I can only recall him leaving the house once in the time I knew him.

We were visiting and Mark's mum booked a table at a local pub. Our car had big seats so Michael was able to sit in the front. He had some sort of boot on his foot. The type you have when you have broken your leg and need to protect the plaster. This was the only time that we all went out as a family.

I have been asked if I can remember visiting Michael when he was in hospital before he died. I do remember clearly as it was the first time I had been in a hospital since my mother had died in one.

I went with Mark, Betty and Vicky to a hospital in Portsmouth.

Michael was in a ward with a lot of other patients. He was telling us what the other patients had wrong with them. He seemed very well and was in good spirits. He was telling us about the nurse he called the "arse witch". It was her job to change the dressings on his bottom.

I remember that he wanted something from the shop so I went off to buy it for him.

Most of the conversation was about how soon he could come home. Michael was impatient to come home but he wouldn't have been able to climb the stairs. They were talking about changing one of the downstairs rooms into his bedroom and converting the downstairs toilet into a shower room. He was going to need a special bed, which was going to be expensive.

We were worried that Betty, who was so ill herself, would have to care for Michael at home at a time when she would not be able to. Prior to his being in hospital, she had been able to leave

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him alone whilst she went off to visit people. Michael liked this because it meant that he could eat and drink what he liked. The visit was taken up with planning for Michael's homecoming.

Vicky then told us about how Michael came to be in hospital. It was on the day that her mum had gone into hospital for her biopsy. Vicky had taken Michael up a drink of orange and left it next to his bed because he was in the bathroom at the time. He remained in there for so long that she had to wash in the downstairs cloakroom when getting ready to go to work. She went off to work leaving him in the bathroom and when she came home the following morning he was still in there. Michael told Vicky that he was fine and that he had left the bathroom after she had gone out and had come back in again that morning. When Vicky checked his room she saw that his orange drink hadn't been moved or touched so she knew that this wasn't the truth.

The nurse then turned up to change the dressings on Michael's legs and he still didn't come out of the bathroom so the nurse went up to see him and it was she who called the ambulance.

Because of Michael's size it needed two ambulance crews to get him out of the bathroom and down the stairs. Apparently Michael had stuck to the loo seat because of weeping sores and he couldn't get up again.

Michael was then moved hospitals. Mark visited him and everything seemed to be going well. A few days later Mark had a phone call to say that his dad had taken a turn for the worse, that he was really ill and it was doubtful that he would pull through.

Mark and I went to visit Michael. I think that Betty was in hospital at this point and I remember it was a Saturday.

Mark and I visited his dad in the Gosport War Memorial Hospital. Michael was in a big room by himself on the ground floor, which overlooked the garden.

Michael was lying in bed. He was very groggy and didn't seem to know what was what. I don't think that he knew who Mark was. He muttered about being uncomfortable and moaned if he

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shifted position. After about fifteen to twenty minutes we left him because we felt that we were stopping him from sleeping.

We went to get something to eat and returned shortly afterwards.

Michael seemed to be unconscious and uncomfortable. We said goodbye to him and left.

The visit was a very upsetting experience, he wasn't conscious, he didn't know who we were and we said goodbye thinking that this was the last time we would see him alive.

The following week Mark was contacted by the hospital and told that his dad had died.

Statement taken by: Signed:   
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