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Surname: WINDSOR

Forenames: SHEENA

Age: 37

Date of Birth: Code A

Address: Code A

Postcode: Code A

Occupation: NURSING ASSISTANT

Telephone No.: Code A

Statement Date: 09/06/2004

Appearance Code: 1

Height: 1.76

Build:

Hair Details: PositionStyleColour

Eyes: /

Complexion: /

Glasses:

Use:

Accent Details: GeneralSpecificQualifier

Number of Pages: 9

I am the above named person and live at an address know to Hampshire police. I am making this statement about the lack of care that my mother received at the Gosport War Memorial Hospital .

My mother was Norma WINDSOR nee THOMPSON and was born on the Code A

Code A My mother married my father, Frederick WINDSOR , and had 5 children of which I am the youngest.

Mum was awaiting a heart bypass operation and also had Leukaemia, she also suffered with mild depression.

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In April 2000 mum was suffering with sickness and diahorrea. Dr KNAPMAN , who was her GP, visited her and gave her tablets. The tablets did not work and she was quite ill in bed. Dad was looking after her but everything was quite stressful as they were trying to move house as well.

Mum told me that Dr KNAPMAN wanted to put her into the Gosport War Memorial Hospital but she was adamant that she did not want to go as my grandmother had died there and she was never happy about the circumstances surrounding this. Sadly I talked mum into going into the Gosport War Memorial Hospital. I knew she needed more care than Dad could give her at home and the Gosport War Memorial was the only available hospital. I promised mum that I would visit her everyday.

Mum was admitted to Sultan Ward at the Gosport War Memorial Hospital on Thursday, 27th April 2000 (27/04/2000). Once admitted mum seemed to be relieved as she felt that she would get the care and the treatment that she needed.

On the first day I talked to a nurse who told me that mum was purely on the ward for tender loving care, that she was suffering with depression and nothing else. This nurse was quite nice, however on all occasions that I visited I was never approached by any members of staff I had to stand outside their office.

Within the first few days after being admitted I could see that mum was not getting any better. She no longer wanted to be at the hospital as she was not receiving any care. It seemed to me that mum had just been placed in a bed and left. I would bring in all her favourite foods but she could not eat it without being ill. Mum was even too weak to go to the toilet on her own, I had to assist and go with her. I left food for mum and told the nurses that I had done so. I remember there was a lady in the bed opposite mum who said to me that my mum shouldn't be in this hospital.

Mum became so weak that she couldn't even lift her arm in order to wash her armpit. I had to wash her. I also had to run round the ward in order to find a bowl of water or a commode.

After about a week in the hospital I spoke to a Chinese looking nurse and said that I was concerned as mum was so weak and was not eating. This nurse was very rude to me and stated that I did not know what I was talking about, she only had depression and this was down to the way that my father

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had treated her. I had to stop her and tell her that I was not prepared to talk about my parents, I just wanted to talk about my mum's condition.

It was always difficult to find a member of staff to talk to. Quite often there did not appear to be any staff on the ward and on other occasions they were all locked in their office.

I can remember on one occasion I left a biscuit for mum on her table and it was still there when I returned the next day. I would check mums drawers and the food that I had brought in had not been touched.

I knew that mum was not eating or drinking so I obtained some Fortisip which is a nutritional drink. I almost had to force mum to drink some of it, it certainly took a lot of persuasion. I told the rest of my family that they too had to make sure that mum drank something. The nurses were of no help and certainly were not caring for her. Mum would be ill as soon as she drank something so the nurses changed her drink to something else and told me that it was my fault she was being ill as I was forcing her to drink.

On one of the days that I visited the staff brought mum's lunch in. Mum was only given a pudding and it was just left in front of her. I spent ½ hour trying to encourage mum to eat it then a nurse came in and snatched it away. This nurse asked mum if she wanted the pudding and when mum replied no, said "Well we won't force you" and took it away.

On one occasion mum said to me "You don't know what they are doing to me in here". Mum went on to explain that she had needed to use the toilet but no one would help her to walk to it. She had to wait until another patient had finished with the commode. Mum did not want to use the commode after another person and ended up having an accident. She said the nurses got angry with her.

I took her out in a wheelchair one day but we had to return to the ward within 5 minutes as she couldn't cope. Mum also told me that she had seen Dr GREEN , who was her Leukaemia doctor and told him about her sickness and a terrible pain that she had in her back. He had promised to follow up what she had said and she had faith in him to do this.

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I have since seen the nursing notes and Dr GREEN had approached the nursing staff about mum's complaint but they had denied that this was the case stating that she was just suffering with depression. Dr GREEN did not take any further action.

I also remember taking mum to the toilet and her sitting down and begging me to do something. I told the nurses but they still would not believe me. I had complained to the nurses almost daily about the way mum's health was deteriorating I also thought that Dr KNAPMAN was visiting regularly but had found that he was not.

Mum constantly wanted to go the toilet and it got to the stage that no sooner had I got her back to bed than she wanted to go again. It was also painful for mum to go to the toilet and I felt she may have a urinary tract infection. I couldn't cope so started to ring the bell for assistance from the staff but this just annoyed them and they would say that they had other patients to tend to as well as my mum.

Mum started to get so weak that she would just drift in and out of consciousness. I started to phone the rest of the family to tell them that we had to move her.

On Friday 5th May 2000 (05/05/2000) I had a phone call from my sister Margaret stating that she had spoken to Dr KNAPMAN who had said that mum could not be moved to another hospital but he would consider a nursing home. On hearing this I left work and drove to my father's. My father had received a call from the hospital stating that my mum had suffered a collapse so I followed him to the hospital.

On my arrival mum was on oxygen and had problems breathing. She kept asking me to turn the oxygen up but the nurses said it was on maximum and any higher would make her ill.

Around lunchtime that day Dr KNAPMAN came to my mum's bed. He did not make a physical examination nor acknowledge us. He scribbled on her notes and left. I followed Dr KNAPMAN outside and asked what was happening. Dr KNAPMAN replied that mum was not going in for her heart operation and there was nothing I could say to change his mind. I hadn't asked about that so said "Look is my mum going to be alright?"

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Dr KNAPMAN replied "Probably not, I'm going to get her moved".

I phoned other family members but it was not until tea time that mum was eventually transferred to St Mary's Hospital . We did not receive any information or anything from the staff at the Gosport War Memorial Hospital during this period.

We followed mum over to St Mary's Hospital where on her arrival the consultant said to me that he could not believe my mother's condition having just come from a hospital. I cannot remember his name but will never forget the words.

The consultant stated that he felt sure that mum was dying but he would do everything humanly possible to prevent this. If he was unsuccessful he would arrange for mum to be transferred to the intensive care unit so that she could have a peaceful death.

All the staff at St Mary's Hospital were excellent but mum was eventually transferred to the intensive care unit at the Queen Alexandra Hospital where she died in the early hours of 7th May 2000 (07/05/2000).

The doctor at the intensive care unit at the Queen Alexandra Hospital asked if we would consent to a post mortem being carried out on mum. I said no as I knew that mum did not want this. He asked again and it felt as though he was pushing for a post mortem to be carried out. I still said no and one was never conducted.

A few months after mum's death I still could not come to terms with how mum had been treated so I wrote a letter of complaint to the health authority. I have handed all my copies of the following correspondence to my sister Margaret WARD . I still have copies of two letters, one dated 2nd January 2001 (02/01/2001) from Fiona CAMERON and the second bearing the same date from Dr KNAPMAN to Fiona CAMERON. I have handed these to police for their reference should they be required.

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Signed: S WINDSOR

Signature witnessed by:

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