

Sheila GREGORY

Died 22 November 1999

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: GREGORY, PAULINE

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

This statement (consisting of 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: P GREGORY

Date: 03/09/2004

I live at the address known to the Police. I am the eldest daughter of Janet MARTIN-ROGERS and I have a younger brother Bruce HUTSBY and a younger sister Trudi JACKSON.

My mother's mother was Sheila GREGORY nee PALMER

Code A

I

called her nan.

My nan was one of nine children and her parents adopted a son when she was about 12 years old.

I believe that all of her brothers and sisters are dead with the exception of her sister Joan who may still be alive but I have no other details of her.

My nan married William GREGORY on 4th June 1934 (04/06/1934) and they lived in Shaftsbury. She had one child, my mother. She told me that she had been ill after she had Janet and couldn't have anymore children after that.

Prior to my nan getting married she had been in service as a chambermaid but she stopped work when she married.

My nan was a small slightly built lady. She was considerate, kind, cantankerous and extremely independent.

My grandparents eventually moved to a caravan in Hampshire and after my granddad died in

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1984 my nan continued to live alone in a caravan.

I spent a great deal of my life living with my nan and I called my granddad "dad". I loved my grandparents very much. I would spend every weekend and school holiday with them.

For around the last 9 years of her life she lived in a warden assisted 1st floor flat at Code A

Code A

I have been asked about my nan's medical history.

My nan suffered from some kind of heart attack whilst in her mid to late 30's. She was a very heavy smoker and as a result suffered from emphysema which led to ongoing breathing problems for which she would use an inhaler.

She had an underactive thyroid for which she took tablets.

My nan also had very thin skin. I think this was the result of taking the steroids for her breathing. She would bruise very easily and the slightest knock would cause it to break open.

She was regularly at Haslar Hospital having injuries treated and the district nurse would come to her flat on a weekly basis to redress her wounds.

Around 1989 my nan was admitted to Haslar with breathing difficulties. She was very ill and had to stay in hospital for about a month. My nan was advised to stop smoking and this she did. She was able to return home and continue her life. She remained fully active and mobile.

In July or August 1999 my nan fell and broke her hip. She was admitted to Haslar Hospital in Gosport where her hip was pinned.

This operation was not performed under a general anaesthetic because of my nan's breathing problems. I spoke with the surgeon who carried out the operation and the expectation for my

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nan was that she would recover fully and come home.

My nan stayed at Haslar for about a month, the staff would leave her on a chair where her feet couldn't touch the floor. This caused her pain in her hip and her leg to swell up. The staff put pressure socks on her but they still continued to put her in a chair where her leg received no support.

At this point my nan was eating and drinking and fully alert.

I asked for my nan to be moved to the Gosport War Memorial Hospital because I felt that she would receive rehabilitation treatment.

When she arrived at the Gosport War Memorial Hospital in September 1999, my nan was mobile, but she couldn't walk far and she did have some pain in her hip. I don't know what if any medication she was given for this pain.

My nan was initially very happy at the Gosport War Memorial Hospital. She thought that the nurses were lovely, she was doing her physio and getting about better. She didn't require a catheter and she liked being there after being in Haslar for so long, where she felt the staff were too busy and she didn't like to bother them. I would visit my nan daily and my son Lee, who is also known as Dean, would also visit on a daily basis.

My nan would be sitting in the day room telling all the nurses about us and introducing us to everybody. She had a room to herself and could get about with assistance. She was eating and drinking and making progress.

It was at this time that Lee and I moved nan's stuff from her old flat to a new flat which was nearer to where we lived. Nan was excited and looking forward to coming home.

I then noticed a change in nan. She would be in bed and would have a catheter fitted. I asked the nursing staff "Why" and was told "Because she doesn't want to get up".

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My nan was still suffering pain in her hip and would avoid doing her daily physio.

I asked staff why she was not going for her physio treatment and was told that she didn't want to or that she "wasn't feeling too good".

I asked the staff why she was spending so much time in bed and was told that "she doesn't want to get out of bed".

The staff didn't seem to be encouraging nan to do things. If she got up then they took her catheter out if she stayed in bed they put it back. She wasn't taken to the toilet or offered a bed pan.

Towards the end of October, beginning of November I was speaking to a Social Worker about them having to let nan's flat go. It was felt that she would need to go to a place where there was nursing care.

At this point I was able to visit daily and spend hours with my nan because I had a back injury and was coming to the hospital for treatment. I had been signed off work for three weeks. I would spend all day with her and then Lee, my son, would come and visit during the evening when he'd finished work.

My nan stopped going into the day room and her room was changed. She stayed in bed all day and didn't eat or drink much, but she'd always had a small appetite. She did drink fruit drinks that I would take in but I felt she could have drunk more.

I spoke to the staff about this but was told that "they don't make them eat if they don't want to" and that "they are at the time of their life that they can do as they please".

My nan showed me a tube that went into her stomach. She said that they put painkillers in it. She had massive bruises on her arms from where they took her blood so I thought the tube was

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there because her skin was thin and frail. She was still fully alert but could sometimes be a little forgetful. She may not recall who had visited her the day before. She was always happy to see me but seemed low in spirits. She was fed up and bored. She told me that she had "had enough now" and that she wasn't going to get any better. I didn't have any concerns about the way she was talking because she'd had enough for years and had been saying things like it regularly since granddad died. She told me that she had seen granddad standing at the bottom of her bed.

Some days she would be slumped and distressed and on other days she would be cheerful and chatty. Sometimes she didn't want to talk and would be hard work to visit and others would be as bright as a button.

A couple of weeks before she died I spoke with her about having to let the new flat go and the possibility of her going into a nursing home. She didn't want to go into a home and live with "old people" so we talked about a halfway assisted home.

Our expectation was that she would leave the hospital possibly before Christmas.

On Saturday 20th November 1999 (19/11/1999) I visited her early on in the day and again in the early evening, when she was sat up in bed, wearing a pink bed jacket. Her hair was all fluffed up and she was happy and bright and alert. We joked about her wearing pink, a colour she didn't like. She was as bright as a button and telling me that Bruce and his daughter Stephanie had visited. She was happy and laughing. She was alert and lucid. She didn't complain of being in pain, nor did she appear to be suffering any pain.

On Sunday 21st November 1999 (21/11/1999) when I visited my nan she was lying on her side, drowsy and didn't seem to be with it. She didn't chat and I remember just sitting.

Lee and his girlfriend Lucy came in and I think that Trudi did. We didn't stay long with my nan and we all went to her new flat to pack her things up and clear out her flat as she wouldn't be going there.

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On Monday 22nd November 1999-(22/11/1999) I had to go to the physio at the hospital so I called in to see my nan. This was around 10am (1000). My nan was lying on her back breathing normally. I held her hand and it didn't feel like nan. She didn't stir, she didn't wake up and she didn't squeeze my hand. She didn't seem like my nan, it was like she was unconscious.

I stroked her hand and gave her a kiss and then I left her.

Around 5.30pm (1730) that evening I was rang by Lee and told that my nan had died.

I went and told Bruce and Trudi later that evening.

My nan had arranged her own funeral some time before and she is buried at Anns Hill Cemetery in Gosport.

Taken by: Code A

Signed: P GREGORY
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