

My Mother was June Hamer.



She married my father Ron on the 1st September 1955 and they lived a happy and contented life together for 49 years. During that time my mother had three children, myself and two sons, Karl and Jerrard. My brothers and I grew up in a happy, loving and nurtured environment, seemingly never wanting for anything. Slowly, we children left the nest and were in turn married ourselves. My mother was so pleased when the grandchildren began to come along, firstly with Jade and then followed by Tara, Jodie and Jacob.

Sadly the onset of Picts Disease in 1998 brought about a cessation of this happy period of her life and within, what seemed no time at all, she required round the clock care. This responsibility was shouldered by my father who swiftly learnt to provide the constant care and attention which my mother needed due to her deteriorating condition. Even though my brothers and I helped whenever possible, it soon became apparent that my mother could no longer stay at home. As her condition became worse, the pressure became too much for my father to bear.

It was therefore with great reluctance that he eventually agreed that my mother would be better cared for if she was admitted to a residential home. This occurred in August 2003. Whilst initially the care she received appeared to be acceptable, the family became aware of what it considered to be a decline in the standard of care provided. My mother's condition had comparisons with alzimers. This meant that she could no longer communicate

effectively with those around her. She developed problems with her teeth. No care or assistance was provided and the family had to resort to purchasing and applying soothing gel to her inflamed gums to ease the pain. Shortly after, it was found to be necessary for her bottom set of teeth to be removed. The family had to take her to the dentist for this to be undertaken and in her condition this was quite a traumatic experience for her.

Generally, my mother's condition dipped further and she became more withdrawn, being left to sit in a chair all day, with little or no interaction with the staff. The family also started to become aware that my mother displayed signs of agitation and was becoming prone to display a posture that indicated she was experiencing some discomfort. My father on visiting her on the last occasion found that unusually, she was still in bed. He soon became aware of a pungent odour coming from her. When investigating further he saw, to his horror, a severe pressure sore. This, in our opinion, had developed due to my mother not being turned at night and being left to constantly sit in a chair all day. My father was so concerned with what he had discovered that he contacted my sister in law who worked in a nearby Doctors Surgery. She arranged for one of the GP's to call on my mother straight away. The GP, on seeing the extent of the pressure sore immediately called an ambulance and my mother was admitted to Prince Charles Hospital. We can only speculate the length of time she suffered such pain and discomfort. My Mother lingered for several days, eventually passing away on the 29th August 2004.

Tracy Allen