

Date 25th February 2022

My name is GRO-B

Address

GRO-B

Devon

Date of birth GRO-B 1942

I will be celebrating my 80th birthday this year. I live alone. I moved to Devon 5 years ago. I have 3 daughters 2 of whom live in Devon and 1 daughter resides in Middlesex.

[H] s notes for Skipton

Professor Humble

Westminster Hospital closed 1991

Moved to Royal Free Haemophilic Department

[H] s uncle [GRO-B] helped to start the Haemophilia Society back in the 1950.

In 1971 [H] started to bleed from the back passage. He was admitted to Westminster Hospital and after he was administered with Factor 8 he was sent home. This bleeding occurred about every 6 weeks and the same procedure was repeated. [H] had several tests but they could not find out this severe bleeding problem.

In 1973 [H] was transferred by ambulance to the [GRO-B] [GRO-B] I accompanied [H] as he felt much happier when I was with him. I also had to take [GRO-B] my 5 year old daughter with me after clearing it with the school who were very supportive.

The Hospital decided to open [H] up knowing the problem was in his stomach. He was treated every day with Factor 8. He was then operated on. After the operation I found out they had to cut him across the stomach and half way up his back, they found a few abrasions on his stomach lining. After the operation much to my surprise they prescribed Disprin (which contains Asprin) I immediately had to correct them and I knew why I had to be there looking after my husband.

[H] was very poorly in the next few days he developed an infection and had to be opened up again and it was touch and go if he would survive. Thankfully he did and was discharged and we were able to return home.

After 6 weeks of our return [H] started to bleed once again from the bowel. Had he been cut in half for nothing?

ANONYMOUS

Back to Westminster Hospital we went and were met by the brilliant Dr. Zeegan. He looked at a very frail [H] and asked my permission for him to investigate with a camera before stopping the bleeding. I knew I had to agree. This was the only way they could tell from where the bleeding was coming. Thanks to Dr Zeegan and his team they found a polypus in [H]'s bile duct which was causing the bleeding. After having a series of Factor 8 injections they now had to build [H] up as his weight had dropped to 7 stone and he would never have survived another operation in his present state.

He was operated on by Dr. Zeegan and was only opened up about 6 inches and thankfully made a full recovery.

June 1997

In the latter part of June 1997 [H] started to lose weight and lose his appetite. In fact [H] seemed to lose interest in most things which was not like him. He fought all his life with his haemophilia and nothing phased him. I think deep in my heart he kept a lot from me I am sure he was in a lot of pain I could always guess if he had a haemorrhage I could always tell by his eyes. He did seem to be taking an awful lot of Panadol. But he did not confide in me how he was feeling I think out of fear.

As the weeks passed [H] did not feel any better. His appetite was worse. His GP referred him to Hospital for a chest X ray as he was now getting very breathless. The results of the X ray showed he had an infection of the Alveoli, he was put on a course of antibiotics, but seemed to get worse instead of better. He was now at the stage where he could not walk 3-4ft without struggling for his breath which was very distressing for him.

One Saturday afternoon [H] asked me to take him for a drive. We parked up in a car park. I faced the car towards the main road [H]

ANONYMOUS

just sat and watched but said nothing. It was as if he knew deep down it would be his last car journey.

The next morning (Sunday) I made a decision to take [H] to Northwick Park Hospital. He was admitted to a ward immediately. He underwent several tests and was also treated with Factor 8 as they were not sure if his problem was connected to his haemophilia.

[H] now was so poorly he would have to be transferred to The Brompton Hospital in London, but sadly [H] was unable to travel he then slipped into a coma.

On the [GRO-B] 1997 I was informed [H] had very little time. I stayed in the Hospital with him day and night. On the [GRO-B] 1997 my beloved [H] passed away. He was 64.

His 3 daughters, his 4 month old grandson and I were with him at the end.

At the viewing of the body the family and I were told not to touch or kiss [H]

Very soon after [H] death NPH got in touch with me. I had to attend the Hospital and have a test for AIDS. The test was negative.