

Witness Name: LISA I'ANSON

Statement No: WITN3399001

Exhibits: 0

Dated: AUGUST 2019

INFECTED BLOOD INQUIRY

FIRST WRITTEN STATEMENT OF LISA I'ANSON

I, LISA I'ANSON, will say as follows:-

Section 1. Introduction

1. My name is Lisa I'Anson. I was born on GRO-C 1965 and I live at GRO-C
GRO-C California USA with my husband and two children.
2. My mother, Regina I'Anson (born on GRO-C 1940), was infected with the Hepatitis C Virus (HCV) from a transfusion with contaminated blood in 1975 or 1976. She died from liver cirrhosis on 25th November 2004, aged 64.
3. This witness statement has been prepared without the benefit of access to my mother's full medical records.

Section 2. How Affected

4. My mother was a single parent and I was an only child. We were very close. She had an emergency hysterectomy operation at Charing Cross Hospital

and a blood transfusion during or just after that operation in 1975 or 1976. I was 10 or 11 years old and I remember my mother in severe pain in the middle of the night. My mother was rushed in to hospital by ambulance, it was all rather chaotic, her being carried on a stretcher down the narrow stairs of our apartment block. I was minded by our neighbours. My mother went on to develop a lot of health issues and told me many years later that she had HCV as a result of the blood transfusion. I was then in my late teens. She said she was given bad, unscreened blood when she had her operation. My mother was GRO-C She was very proud, independent, dignified and extremely stoic person. My mother was very protective of me, , she created a world in which everything was alright. As a result, I did not fully understand the full health implications of her having HCV, she often minimized her symptoms and pain. I did not ask as many questions as I now wish I had.

Section 3. Other Infections

5. I do not believe that my mother had any infection or infections other than HCV

Section 4. Consent

6. I do not know if my mother was treated or tested without her knowledge and consent.

Section 5. Impact of the Infection

7. My mother worked away in Libya as a secretary from when I went to boarding school at 14 years old. She worked for an oil company and earned good money. I was 17 years old and at College when my mother returned from Libya. Her health was deteriorating.
8. I believe she knew that she had HCV at that time (known then as Non-A, Non-B Hepatitis). She used to make her own beer and have the odd gin and tonic.

All that just stopped. She went on a dedicated health kick, eating macrobiotic and sometimes Raw food diets. She cooked everything fresh and became very health conscious. She visited homeopathic and Naturopathic doctors and acupuncturists. I believe she took the diagnosis very seriously. When I moved out she would come over and cook but she would not share utensils or anything like that. She made a point of saying she couldn't

9. Around the time I was 17/18, my mother became a **GRO-C**. In retrospect I believe **GRO-C** sparked her imagination at a time when she felt vulnerable and in hindsight unsupported. Her faith and **GRO-C** community were a huge source of comfort and support to her particularly when she was dying and I am thankful for that. Her faith gave her great dignity and grace at her end.

10. What I remember the most was just how very unwell my mother became over the years. Without me specifically knowing why, she was always in and out of different hospitals, seeing different doctors and consultants. However, she would always tell me she was 'fine'. She had so very many appointments and they were always running tests. She was heavily fatigued and ultimately looked jaundiced. She had trouble sleeping and was generally in discomfort. She developed heart issues and on going pain (particularly in her legs and feet). I remember her attending Charing Cross Hospital, the Oxford John Radcliffe Hospital, Hammersmith Hospital, St Thomas' and Fulham Hospital. She tried to seek out holistic remedies as much as she could. She saw a variety of holistic doctors with me driving her to one based in Oxford. She was tired and often irritable due to her pain. Her life increasingly changed and diminished quite drastically..it became all about her health. That should not have been her life.

11. My mother nearly died two years prior to her death. She went into Hammersmith Hospital to have an operation connected with a heart issue, that seemed at first to go well. She was discharged from hospital for two or

three days and was then rushed to Fulham Hospital where she developed pneumonia and kidney failure. She was placed on a kidney dialysis machine and fell into a coma. The doctors said she would not recover and to say goodbye. I did not want to lose my mother and refused to accept that to be the case. It was sheer tenacity that kept my mother alive. I literally willed her with **GRO-C** grace not to go (and in the following weeks to get up and recover). My daughter Deia was just a toddler. I willed my mother to recover to properly get to know her granddaughter. I called upon everyone I could think of for help and support too including my boyfriend (now my husband) who visited her with me every day. I also asked healers (holistic and reiki) to visit as well as my mother's **GRO-C** friends (although I argued with one of them over treatment and her **GRO-C** should she need one).

12. My mother was in hospital for a couple of months and I went every single day. She was so weak and never the same but she thankfully did make a recovery and retained two further years of life.
13. We then took a trip to **GRO-C** to visit family. She was often intolerant and irritable on the trip because of the pain in her legs and everything was too much for her. She was not articulating herself fully and was very vague about how she was feeling. She was very weak but very stoic.
14. When we came back from the trip my mother was in and out of hospitals again. It was very stressful and intense. I had no siblings to rely on for support and I was a mother myself . I was also trying to hold down a demanding job. My dear friend Becky would visit my mother and even sit and rub my mother's feet for her, as would other girlfriends of mine and her **GRO-C** friends When not in hospital my mother spent a lot of time in bed.
15. One day I received a phone call that my mother had been rushed to st. Arts hospital in Paddington. When I arrived I was horrified to learn that the doctors

had told my mother she had just three days to live. I was so upset that they had given that news to my mother while on her own, we were completely blindsided with the information . I entered the room where she was and I could see straight away that she had just given up, fully accepting her diagnosis. As usual she was putting on a brave face. My mother passed after five days. She had liver cirrhosis and liver cancer. It was shocking and devastating to say the least . She was very brave as usual, smiling at us and doctors, trying to pretend she was interested in what they were saying about her care when all they could offer was opiates until she faded away. Entirely helpless, all we could do was to rub her feet and **GRO-C** to her. She had such strength and enormous grace. It was bittersweet to witness the dignity of someone accept their fate and hand themselves over to their faith. , awe inspiring in fact. My uncle arrived from **GRO-C** just before my mother passed away. I was racing back to the hospital when she went and such was our connection, that I felt an emotional force, like a severe shudder involuntarily through my body.. at the exact moment of her death. I knew she had gone.

16. I had to put a funeral together and it was traumatic. My mother had a traditional three day **GRO-C** funeral for which being raised as a westerner I was totally unprepared for. She was dressed (at the direction of my Auntie Lucy) in traditional dress, which included a wig and a vast amount of make up. I intuitively knew that this was in no way what mum would have wanted (I insisted it be scrubbed off and her attire be changed). I had been brought up to respect my culture and my elders but there were hundred of people at the funeral house as if it were a social gathering. I hardly knew anyone and none of it felt right. It was almost like a huge party and I later found out to my great sadness (when I found her Will) that my mother had wanted a funeral in the **GRO-C** faith.

17. A dear family friend gave the eulogy at the funeral and the first thing he said of my mother was the word 'joy'. He shouted it loudly for all to hear. It raised a smile through my tears .The word was a perfect description of my mother. In

and out of her health issues, she was vital, lively and vivacious. It was only when I listened to what my mother had told other people about her health did I fully realize just how ill my mother had been over the years and how important it was for her to protect me, her only daughter, from her suffering. She was a proud and selfless woman. As a single mother and her only child, we were so close, to an extent we were co-dependent , we loved each other fiercely

18. My mother was taken far too soon and the psychological impact on me of the injustice of her death was devastating . When she died, I just could not cope. I literally fell apart in quite a spectacular fashion. GRO-C
- GRO-C I effectively threw away a very successful career working in TV and radio in London, nothing mattered anymore. I took myself on a head on journey into oblivion and was in such a dark place for quite a while .

19. We moved to California in 2008 for a fresh start and GRO-C
- GRO-C I try to keep my mother's memory alive by talking to my children about her and actively thinking about her. I carry her with me and try to honor her as best I can. What happened to my mother was unjust . I am looking for an admission of neglect, accountability and an apology for all the wrong done to my mother. In fact all those, who like her, lost their lives should be acknowledged by those responsible.

Section 6. Treatment/care/support

20. I do not believe that my mother was offered any treatment to clear HCV. My mother was not offered any counselling.

Section 7. Financial Assistance

21. My mother struggled to work. When she returned from Libya and as her health deteriorated, she tried to earn a bit here and there importing and selling

fabrics and artifacts from [GRO-C]. In later years when I was working and doing well, I was able to give her some money and help to support her financially. She ended up losing her home due to repeated remortgaging and moving into a council flat 2 doors down from her previous home in [GRO-C] London . She lost the home that I grew up in and tried to hide her upset from me but I know she was devastated.

22. When my mother died the Skipton Fund sent me what I remember to be £25,000. I do not remember how they found out about me or me about them.

Section 8. Other Issues

23. I have kept my mother's medical records. I have them in a bag but we are currently in between homes and they are in storage. I do not think that the medical records are complete.

Anonymity, disclosure and redaction

24. I am not seeking anonymity and I understand this statement will be published and disclosed as part of the Inquiry. I do not want to give oral evidence to the Inquiry.

Statement of Truth

I believe that the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

GRO-C

Signed.....

20th August 2019

Dated