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Witness Name: **GRO-B**

Statement No.: WITN0199002

Exhibits: WITN0199003-005

Dated: 21 November 2022

INFECTED BLOOD INQUIRY

SECOND WRITTEN STATEMENT OF **GRO-B**

I provide this supplementary statement following my first written statement which was provided in response to a request under Rule 9 of the Inquiry Rules 2006 dated 20th November 2018, to provide further information which may be relevant to the Inquiry.

1. Since providing my first statement, I have been provided with a copy of Professor Ludlam's response to my statement and I wish to make some further comments in light of this.
2. Professor Ludlam's response has provided me with some more information in relation to my father's infection, however I am left with many unanswered questions. My mother, sister and I have always suspected that my father had HIV early in around April 1983, when he was displaying symptoms. Professor Ludlam's response states that my father received a donation on 31st December 1983 from a donor who subsequently turned out to be HIV positive. Professor Ludlam arranged for samples from early 1984 to be tested and that results demonstrated infection in March 1984. However, it does not specify whether this was the earliest test and whether there were any other samples available before this date, which leaves

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open the possibility that my father was infected before December 1983. My solicitors have been told that no stored samples are held by Lothian Health Board in respect of my father. This means that we cannot get a definitive answer to this question. We are also unable to find out whether my father had hepatitis C. Therefore, the information is not conclusive enough to allow us to remove our suspicions or to rule out alternative explanations or theories that I have developed over the years.

3. With regard to the occasion when my sister and I had to have our bloods taken for "anaemia", the nurse acted in a very nervous fashion when she was trying to extract our blood. I can see from my medical notes that this occurred on 31st May 1983 when I was only 12 years old. This request for bloods seemed to be from the Doctors - it was not instigated by me, my sister or my parents. It therefore seems peculiar. In my medical notes for that date range, which I exhibit at **WITN0199003**, there is no reference to the blood tests having been requested. I also exhibit a page from my medical notes at **WITN0199004** which appears to suggest the tests were performed due to my father having anaemia, but this was not an accurate description of my dad's status at that time. He was being treated for Acute Myeloid Leukaemia. My blood was taken at 10:30 AM at **GRO-B** Medical Practice. I remember lying on a couch and a nurse poking a needle around in my arm trying to find a vein and then doing the same with my other arm. She then completely freaked out and ran out of the room. I was just left lying there. A few minutes later, a larger more matronly woman – a no nonsense type - came in and she took my blood. I sat up and felt quite faint. As a child, if you were told by an adult that you needed to have blood tests then you would just do it without question. Looking back, I wonder why nurses who were trained to do this would freak out so much and run out of the room. Was she frightened that she was going to catch HIV from me? This makes me suspicious that our blood was being taken for storage pending the availability of an HIV antibody test.

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4. I wish to provide some further details surrounding the circumstances of my father's death on GRO-B 1984. I have had some counselling from the support service related to the Inquiry. I have had other counselling in the past. I can remember exactly what I was wearing on the day that my dad passed and absolutely everything about what happened because it was just so horrific. I still do not think I fully believe that it has happened. I remember I had a large, bright pink comb as I wanted my hair to look nice to see my dad. I was wearing a pink top and matching pink skirt along with socks and shoes. I remember arriving at the hospital and my sister and I were quickly put into a side room. A nurse came in and said that our dad had gone to heaven. I could not accept it at all. It completely broke my heart and I feel it ended a part of my life in such a horrific way. I find it really hard to take. My younger sister said that she remembers me possibly shouting "no", but I do not remember that. Part of me is still a little girl trapped in that room. I seem totally unable to accept what happened. My sister ran up the Ward to my dad's room ahead of the gathered family members and nobody else was in there. She came out howling and screaming. I went in with my mum and grandparents. My dad was just lying there and I think there was a screen up. My dad was in what I would describe as a death throw. His eyes and mouth were open. His hands and arms were lying in a weird position. We were later told it was a massive brain haemorrhage that caused his death so he might have been contorted as a result of that. I did not have any experience of death at this time. I remember other times when the staff were wearing masks, aprons and gloves in the hospital to tend to my dad and we had to wear masks as well when visiting. At the time I thought this was to prevent us bringing in any infections that my dad might pick up, but it is equally possible it could have been to protect us. I do not remember any staff really doing anything else at the point of my dad's death. Normally one would expect to be shown into a room and be offered some support. Normally there are chapels of rest and ministers but there was none of that. It was just something horrific that happened and we just went away in a state of shock. In contrast, whenever my granny died, we all went down to the hospital and we were allowed to sit with her. She had been laid out specifically to allow for this. It was respectful and it felt like

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a thing you should do to help deal with the loss. For my dad, it was not like that at all. As I got older I started to see that something was way off with that whole episode.

5. The only medical notes my mum has managed to obtain relate to an infection in GRO-B or GRO-B 1984 (already disclosed by the Inquiry as GRO-B). My dad was admitted to hospital that morning as his eyes had haemorrhaged. My mum had been told if that happened she needed to get my dad back into hospital asap. My dad appeared on this report to do with the infection on the Ward. All other notes were destroyed. This must have been something that was produced right at the point that he died so it was not available to be destroyed right away, and also it related to many other individuals on the ward at that time so that might make it harder to destroy.
6. Just after my dad died and upon return to the school term, I had a medical check where they checked the alignment of my spine. It was picked up that I had a curvature of the spine. At the age of 16, 3 years later, I had a massive operation to straighten a double curvature in my spine. During the operation I was not given any blood at all. Some days later they thought I was slightly anaemic, so they gave me two units of blood. If we had any knowledge of what had truly happened to my dad at this time, which we should have done as SNBTS knew in 1985 and Professor Ludlam knew in 1986, I would have in no way accepted that blood. I cannot even give blood to this day as I am still in the zone of possibly being infected. My mum recently had an operation and they asked about the issue of whether she would need blood - she advised that she would refuse to take it. I am living with the reminder that I cannot give blood. I have been tested for HIV during my pregnancy with my son which is normal practice and more recently I requested an HCV test. Even though my results have been negative, I still cannot give blood. I received blood in 1987 which is within the date range of concern which means I cannot donate any ever. I did not even need the blood - it was not a life-threatening condition although my recovery would have been prolonged slightly.

7. Another important point to note relates to my cancer scare in July 1993, which I briefly touched upon in my original statement. I had moved out and was living in a flat with my husband to be. I took a shower or bath one night and when I was drying myself, I noticed a lump in my left breast. I went to the doctors on 7th July 1993 and my medical notes state there was a lump in my left breast, some kind of nodule. I was referred to the Western General Hospital breast clinic with Lymphadenopathy, swollen Lymph nodes. It seemed like the longest wait ever for that appointment, bearing in mind my family's experience of hospitals had been horrific. The prospect of having cancer was horrific. When the appointment came round, I remember I was sitting on a stretcher bed wearing a white dressing gown and a male consultant strutted into the room announcing that I was **GRO-B** **GRO-B** daughter. I do not even know how to convey how I felt. My dad had been dead for nine years at that point, almost to the day when that lump appeared. It was bizarre. To my knowledge, my dad was not even treated at the Western General. It is important to bear in mind that I did not know that my dad had HIV at the time of this appointment. I do not remember the doctor doing any proper tests - he just felt about and found that the lymph nodes under my arms and groin were the size of golf balls. I think it was put down to some kind of eczema condition. I have a tendency towards that which is due to stress. I suspect the stress is down to having lost my dad who implicitly understood me and was able to give me all kinds of support that no one else has been able to do in his absence. It was not until more recently whenever we were in the midst of writing statements for this Inquiry that one night I was lying in bed and I suddenly wondered if there was a connection between the swollen lymph nodes and HIV. I ran a Google search and discovered that swollen lymph nodes were an advanced symptom of HIV, or indeed AIDS. I have a view that somewhere in a secret realm of my medical notes, there is a flag that says something about my dad and therefore me and my family members. It seemed like we were being watched to some degree. With regard to the medical records, all I could find were the doctor's notes and handwritten referral. There was not anything post the appointment from the consultant. I have

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exhibited the handwritten referral from my GP notes dated 7th July 1993 as **WITN0199005**. When I tried to pursue the records relating to my appointment at the Western General breast clinic I was told they had been destroyed.

8. I find it hard to process the whole episode at the Western General in my head. It was really bad that my dad died and to find out 10 years later that it was a different reality. As time went on, we would start seeing things in the newspapers / online news about Professor Ludlam and the Penrose Inquiry. It feels like you are peeling back another layer of an onion and thinking you know what is happening, but then you find another layer and another layer. You peel back the layers, and it constantly gives a different view on a situation. I suspect we will never know the truth. Looking back now, there is definitely a bizarre current running through these things whereby I feel like the whole medical profession knew, and we did not. I feel like we were being watched from afar as if we were carrying a deadly virus. Professor Ludlam's view is that there was a small risk that my mum or us in general would be infected. I don't agree with his view as having a small risk of contracting a deadly virus got us into this mess in the first place. According to Professor Ludlam the blood my dad was given was safe. It clearly was not.
9. I have had concerns over the years post-1994 about being infected, in particular after my dad being at home at Christmas in 1983 when he was coughing up blood. If my Dad had not been infected at that time, this would not have been a lingering concern. However, for the reasons set out in paragraph 2 above, I feel like I do not have a definitive answer about when my Dad was infected.
10. It should be noted that I may have missed out on the ability to obtain discretionary payments from the Eileen Trust based on not being told about it in 1992 when I was 21 and my sister was 19. As Professor Ludlam later dealt with the application forms himself, I was not able to have contact with the Trust and I did not know that such grants might be available. In the end I did not attend university due to lack of

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funds. I may have been interested in accessing support for education at the time. Due to the delay in us being told, I lost out, as did my younger sister.

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Statement of Truth

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

Signed

GRO-B

Dated

Nov 22, 2022