

COMMEMORATIVE ACCOUNT OF AMANDA COOK
REGARDING GLENN HOLMES (DOD 7.7.12)

My brother, Glenn Holmes died at the very young age of 19. Nineteen, with what should have been a whole, exciting, adventure filled, loving life ahead of him.

Glenn, without putting him up on a pedestal, was genuinely a caring, loving, funny, smart and interesting young man who desperately wanted help to deal with his mental health problems. When Glenn was a child, he was very hyperactive and playful, so much so our mother tried to have him seen by a GP and assessed for ADHD but nothing ever came of it. Glenn would enjoy his computer games and loved to joke around with his friends and family and absolutely loved being around animals. If Glenn ever saw or heard of anyone in trouble, he was there to protect them, putting their safety above his own.

Glenn's problems started when he was a young teen. He experienced temper problems which he received help for at secondary school but as soon as he completed his years in education, he was left without any help. Glenn turned to the NHS for guidance for his mental health problems, was put on all sorts of different medication then sent on his way. He pleaded with doctors to help him find a way with coping. He told them how he had thoughts of harming himself, thoughts of taking his own life, yet, when visiting him during a stay at the Lakes (which is under the care of Essex Partnership University NHS foundation Trust), Colchester, I was advised Glenn was only artificially hurting himself, that he was attention seeking and it was best to not give him the attention and leave him to it. [personal/sensitive]

Events leading up to Glenn's death: Soon after being discharged from the Lakes, Glenn was told by the crisis team that he was calling them too much and they offered him insufficient help. They left him alone, panicking and scared and seeing no way out. My brother took his own life on the 7th July 2012.

Glenn would possibly by now, with the right help, have his own family. He loved children, he was kind and playful with his nephews who he adored. He has missed out, I have missed out, on seeing him play with my own children who he sadly never got to meet.

After 12 years, the pain of losing my brother still tears me apart. I find it hard to trust anyone. I find it hard to be around my family and I find it hard not to feel anger every single day. The day my brother was let down, his whole family were let down. That is also what is not taken into consideration, the families that are alongside the troubles our loved ones have. We all carry it, yet there is nothing in place to help these families. When trying to support our loved ones, we are told that staff cannot talk to us, as the patient is an adult. Surely, someone who is going through these struggles and not in the right mind to make decisions for themselves must have family members that can speak for them, can help make the right decisions for them, to keep them safe and get them the help they desperately need/want.

Video link to Photos I would like to submit to the Inquiry

[personal/sensitive]