

Transcript of Emma Harley's commemorative video

My little bro, Terry. Our little bro, because this is for you too, James. Our brother who also passed away as he couldn't cope living without you. When you first came into my life, when I was four, I couldn't be prouder to be your big sister. You were an awesome kid, so full of life and energy. Everyone commented on your hair, bright blue eyes, and an angelic face. You really were the most beautiful little boy. You attracted attention wherever you went. You were into everything, a million miles an hour; the rest of us couldn't keep up. Being with you was like being in a tornado a bundle of joy and energy bursting with so much life. You couldn't get enough. You were everyone's best friend, and everyone wanted to be near you.

Your energy was infectious, you drove all of us mad at home though. There was no down time with you. You loved so many things as a kid, horses, ice hockey, fishing, reptiles, dancing, music, your bike, DJing, birds of prey...maybe we should have been worried when you said you wanted to be a horse when you grew up. We had years of horse impressions and saying "that one's a beauty" whenever we saw a horse. You never got into riding though, I guess there were too many other things to try, but you never stopped loving horses. You had a thing about birds of prey too, your regular call when entering the house was to make bird of prey sounds just to let us know you were there.

You got measles when you were little, I can't remember it but it left you with glue ear. It turned out you couldn't hear for a few years until you had grommets fitted. We wondered why you couldn't say words properly, turns out you couldn't hear the words to learn to say them properly. In fact, these years of not hearing affected your learning at school and affected your self-esteem. Coupled with dyslexia and undiagnosed ADHD (which wasn't a thing in the eighties) left you forming an opinion of yourself as not clever. You were clever. Your ability to talk to anyone from any walk of life was astounding. Your magnetism attracted all sorts. Your warm, cheeky, smiley, slightly coy, giggly demeanour meant people just fell in love with you. I wish you'd have felt this more and let this lift you up. You were the sweetest, sweetest boy.

These were things you loved doing as a child. You were brilliant at Ice hockey, the first time you went, people were amazed. It was like you'd been skating for years. You showed a natural talent for it and played until your late teens. Getting up early on a Sunday morning proved to be too difficult for you as a teen, so I think that must have been when you stopped, you still kept all the gear though. I think you were really proud of how good you were, and we were proud of you too.

You loved fishing, I have no idea how a little boy who couldn't sit still or be quiet could sit for hours, sometimes days just starrng into a lake and not moving. I never went with you as I had no interest, but I knew your patience paid off and you'd often catch a whopper. You and James, our big brother did this together and I know these were special times growing up for you both, I think there must have been something about it that totally calmed your mind and let you escape. Your brain worked so fast that it must have felt really good for you to slow it right down.

You loved dancing and putting on shows for us. Quite often as a family we would be sitting watching TV and you would stand in front of the TV dancing and annoying the hell out of us, wanting attention....always wanting attention and unable to keep still. I would often help you set up a dance show, where you would then invite all of your friends and charge them an entry fee. Your entrepreneurial spirit was beginning to emerge. We thought it was a cheek but somehow everyone wanted to come, and everyone wanted to pay. You had loads of mates come to see you dance or DJ in the garage and you made a killing. You also loved to set up little market stalls outside the house and would stay out there all day. You managed to sell all of your old toys books and games, often running in at the end of the day shouting "I've made a hundred quid", amazing considering we lived in a cul-de-sac. You were always an amazing salesman. I don't really know how you did it. It must have been that cute face and angelic hair, but no, it was because you were clever. The word that you didn't think applied to you, but it did. Even as a young child, you were so quick with maths if it involved money.

It was always my job as big sister to keep you entertained and take you out. We went all over the place, with Chelmsford as our playground. All the parks, into town, I loved taking you out and looking

after you. You on your bike with me running behind you, you always went too fast. I will never forgive myself for not watching you carefully enough one day, you went too fast, went over the handlebars and landed on your face, knocking out one of your front teeth. You were in so many scrapes as a child. Even as a big kid you got yourself stuck in a toddler swing and the fire brigade had to come and cut you out. Your friends found these scrapes hilarious while the rest of us would be pulling our hair out. Getting into scrapes didn't ever stop, did it?

I have beautiful memories of you on holiday when we were little, Kessingland was a holiday from hell for our parents, but we loved it. You being the star dancer at the kids disco every night, headbanging so much you knocked yourself out on the stage; telling jokes on stage that didn't even make sense but it didn't matter, you had an audience. Majorca was perhaps the most memorable, all week you went on and on about getting sweets and an inflatable red dolphin and had meltdowns galore, grinding our parents down so much, they had to give in to you. Your determination and persistence took over the whole holiday. Spanish waiters intervening to try to calm you down during tantrums, us playing restaurants every night with you as the waiter.

One of our favourite things to do together was recording 'JET Radio' together as kids. JET stands for James, Emma and Terry. I think you were Terry with the Traffic and I was Emma with the Weather. James was, of course, the main presenter, we even had our own jingle.

You were out and about all of the time and had so many friends. You found it hard to stay in and there was too much life to be lived. Teen years proved hard for you, hormones kicked in and ADHD symptoms became more challenging to deal with, although at the time, we didn't know it was ADHD. You didn't get a diagnosis until you were 16.

For years, we knew there was something, but we didn't have the terminology like neurodiverse or Attention Deficit Disorder. There are too many tricky times to talk about here. You started smoking weed, became vulnerable and easily lead. Your need to experience life to the fullest meant trying everything you could, and this lead down some tricky paths for you and for us as a family.

Despite testing us all to our limits we never fell out, we spoke on the phone a lot and remained close. You sought my advice and told me how much you loved me and you were proud of me. That's something I will never doubt, how much you loved me and respected me. Thank you for always being so open with your feelings. Knowing how much you loved me will give me strength forever.

James bore much the brunt of your frustrations, the pair of you had a tumultuous relationship but deep down actually loved each other so much. You take things out on the people you love the most.

You felt things very deeply and worried about a lot of things. I remember you being so panicked by the war in Iraq when you were little, you couldn't stop worrying about it. As an adult being deeply concerned about climate change to the point you had a panic attack whilst driving on the A13.

I know how feeling things so deeply can be debilitating at times, but its also a gift. It allowed you to show the world how big your heart was; nothing to hide. You wore your heart on your sleeve.

You couldn't believe your luck in becoming a father to two beautiful daughters, ^{Personal and Sensitive}. You loved them deeply and I know how proud you were of them. You kept every little drawing and gift they gave you and hundreds of little trinkets and drawings. My boys will never forget what a fun uncle you were. You had so much energy and time for them. Football trips to the park and fun uncle stuff, rough and tumble and tickles, it was like a mad house with you around and I'd give anything to have you walk through the door again to play with them and to clean my house!

When you lived with me for a whole before I had the boys, my house was so clean! I still think about how obsessed you were with cleanliness and symmetry, when I'm doing the housework. As a child you even had to have your own cutlery. I realise all these years later it was your way of letting your energy out and keeping yourself well, Tidy house, tidy mind etc. I'm with you on that one.

You were such a grafter when you were well. I admired how much focus you had at times. You worked so hard. I remember watching you doing carpentry work like it was the only thing that mattered in the world.

The thing that sticks in my mind the most about you, is how big your heart was, you would give your right arm for anybody, going out of your way to help, telling people how important they were to you. You made so many people feel special and loved and that's why there were hundreds of people at your funeral. I wish you'd have known and felt that love. Hundreds of people jumping up and down in the pub, chanting Your Name. People who adored you, because you were adorable. You were a complete pain in the arse at times, but everyone knew the real you and saw that big heart of yours.

There are so many things I can say here, so many memories, you lost your way, and you didn't get the help you needed, despite asking for help time and time again. The help just wasn't there. You weren't well, and it wasn't your fault. How often in life you felt everything was your fault, that you were a bad person. If you'd have got the right help at the right time I wouldn't be here, reading this out. So gutted we never got to do our yoga retreat together, I often think how that could have been life changing for you.

You became so unwell; you couldn't see a way out. You'd had several attempts to end your life before the final time. Police would turn up and tell you to smoke a joint and calm down, you'd end up in hospital to be discharged the following morning. Despite calls from me, and friends and partners explaining you were a danger to yourself and possibly others, these calls fell on deaf ears. You were found trying to jump off a building, to be arrested and then sent home. Endless calls over the years seeking help, from you, me, friends, partners....we didn't get anywhere. Years of banging our heads against a brick wall. A system not fit for purpose. You were totally failed.

As your big sister, it was my job to look after you. I tried but I needed help, and it wasn't there, and it breaks my heart every day. How I look back and can clearly see how it should have worked, what could have helped, if people had listened. Listened to you and listened to us.

James couldn't cope after losing you, his drinking got worse, he was depressed, and he became ill. As a paramedic he knew he should have gone to hospital when the ambulance came but he refused. He died a few days later of a cardiac arrest. Over the last few years, since losing you, James kept telling me how his heart was broken. And now he is gone too.

I have now lost two brothers. My nieces have lost their fathers. Your daughters have to grow up without a father, your friends without their best mate; you were everybody's best mate, my sons without their uncle, cousins, uncles, aunts, nieces, so many people affected.

It's not easy for me to live life, expecting those close to you to die suddenly, worrying that those around you will become unwell and take their own lives. Checking that everyone is okay to the point where the worry is replaced by a numbness. A wound that will never fully heal.

It would not have been easy for you to constantly think about death and suicide, especially your last few hours and what you went through. Why didn't you call me? It's taken lots of therapy and group therapy to sit here today and read this without breaking down. I can't begin to describe the many ways your suicide has affected me and continues to affect me every day. Not just me, a lot of people have been seriously affected by your death. There has been a lot of pain, and a lot of trauma.

Your death could have been prevented. I will never forget your last time in hospital after a failed attempt. You were begging staff not to discharge you because you would go home and try again. I stayed on the phone and told you to stay there if you felt unsafe. I heard the receptionist say to you "as I've already told you, sir, there's nothing more we can do for you. If you don't leave, I'll call security." For me, this sums up the attitude that you faced the whole time you begged for help.

I'm sorry [long pause]

You took your life, on the 14th of April 2019. You'd been found hanging at your home. At the time, you had been under the care of Essex Partnership Mental Health Services Foundation Trust. To all the people listening, and to those in charge today, please don't let these words fall on deaf ears. We are all here today because we know the system needs real, long lasting, drastic change. So, lets keep fighting to make that happen and to save lives.