

COMMEMORATIVE ACCOUNT JAMIE PEATLING
REGARDING JACK PEATLING, (DOB 31.12.2002, DOD 5.6.23)

Section 1

Jack was a sensitive baby and he loved to be close to his mum and dad. He loved being at home and playing in the garden on his swing or in the river.

Jack did love playgrounds and fairgrounds from an early age and would go on the fastest rides: he was always desperate to be taller so that height restrictions would not impact on his enjoyment and his access to the adrenalin rush rides.

Jack did not enjoy school and struggled more after transition to secondary school. He was bullied a great deal, which caused significant anxiety for him and triggered his asthma on many occasions. Despite this, he had some very good friends, and those friends still talk about Jack and his antics in school and out of school.

Jack's friends were loyal, and they genuinely cared about each other. Those friends supported him through his darkest times and would not allow him to reject them.

Jack's sister was also a significant support to him and even when he was not at all communicative, she would visit and sit with him and be with him: that was important to Jack.

Jack had little confidence in himself and his abilities and was genuinely surprised to have passed his GCSEs (as were his teachers) ...

Jack loved computers and how they worked and went to college to learn more, however COVID struck, and as he was not an independent learner he did not engage with the course. During that time, he began to excel in computer games and loved Beat Saber, especially the competitions.

Jack had a magnificent brain and was articulate and funny. He was intentionally annoying and mischievous and had an angelic look that allowed him to get away with anything. He loved scuba diving and sailing with his dad and one of his happy places was being alone on the road with his motorbike.

Jack loved animals, especially cats, and most specifically, his cat George. George would follow Jack when walking in the village, and Jack would say that it was George that kept him alive. Whenever Jack went out with his friends, he would have cat treats in his pocket in case there was a cat that would like them and that he could pet. He was a sensitive soul who took the world so seriously. He could not understand the inequality of opportunity and the focus on wealth and greed, which created inequality, marginalisation, and discrimination. He did not want to be part of a world that put wealth before humans and above quality of life for all.

Section 2 impact

Jack was waiting for a hospital bed. Whilst he was at home, he was anxious about his liberty being removed when admitted, and even more worried that he may never get out of hospital because he felt so strongly that this world was not for him and that he wanted to take his life. He was extremely vulnerable.

On the day Jack died his friends visited him and his sister and her sister spent the afternoon with us. The day was good, and Jack was smiling and laughing with his sister, his friends and his mum. Jack loved a Chinese takeaway and after Jack's friends had left, we decided to order some Chinese food. However, Jack's sister and his mum started to talk about Jack always having a knife with him, especially when he was so vulnerable, and he did not like the conversation and so he went to his room. This is something that Jack often did because his room was a safe place for him. Jack put a crutch under the door handle to stop us going in, but he talked with us at the door. He would not come out when the food came and when his sister was leaving, he said that he did not want to open the door but said that he loved her. After his sister left, his mum went to talk to him and he chatted but said that he did not want her to go into his room, and he did not want a cuddle. His mum was used to Jack doing this and so left him after saying that she loved him and that she did want a cuddle. Jack said that he loved her too.

His mum was downstairs listening to an audible book when she heard Jack shout out. Mum was used to Jack shouting and banging because sometimes he could get angry and punch walls or break things. At those times he was best being left for a little while to calm down. In that moment his mum had behaved as she would usually and now, she is left with so much guilt for not responding.

His mum went upstairs about five minutes after she heard Jack shout and bang, and saw that his door was open. Mum peeked through the door and saw that Jack's bed was empty and she thought that he was probably in her bed because he came to sleep next to her or on her bed when his anxiety overwhelmed him. Mum pushed the door a little wider and felt something resisting so checked around it and saw Jack hanging [personal/sensitive]

Mum called 999 and started CPR. Mum knew what to do as almost a year before she had found Jack in cardiac arrest and had done CPR. This time it was so much harder because his face was blotched because of the hanging, and he was so grey. She did CPR until the police came and then the ambulance / air ambulance.

Some of the police responders were those that had attended the year before and they said that Jack's heart had started more quickly than last time and so he would be okay. Jack was stabilised and taken to Ipswich hospital by air ambulance. Jack's mum and her friend were taken to the hospital by the police.

When they arrived at the hospital the air ambulance doctor spoke with them and said that Jack's pupils were fixed and dilated and not responding to light. He said that Jack's heart was beating and bloods normal because of the medical intervention. Jack was not breathing for himself at all. The doctor said that he needed a brain scan to see the level of damage. The doctor asked his mum if she understood what he had said and his mum said yes. He said that it was likely that Jack's brain stem was dead and that Jack was brain dead and would likely not survive but needed this confirmed by the scan. His mum called me and I went to the hospital. During the drive, the brain scan results came, and I was told over the phone whilst his mum was with the doctor that Jack was brain dead and life support would be turned off.

When I got to the hospital, we both stayed with Jack until his breathing and heart stopped. We watched our baby die and turn blue. Our baby, who desperately wanted help but had lost hope in obtaining this and was fearful of any alternative.

Jack had so much to offer this world, and he had died.

We do not have the words to describe the loss of Jack on our family.

Jack completed our world and built on that. He was a most beautiful soul and yet so troubled. The gap and grief and guilt that we feel as a family is indescribable. He was our world and without him the sun has gone down, and our hearts are broken. We are left feeling that we were responsible for not fighting harder for him to get the support he needed and wanted.

He was so brave.

The words we read at Jack's funeral and the impact on us.

We did not know that there was a gap in our life until you were born, and you filled it.

You filled it with your love, your light and your joy.

You filled it with your innocence and curiosity.

You filled it with your laughter, your humour and your intelligence.

You filled it with your kindness, your thoughtfulness and your compassion.

You did not have an easy life, and, despite that, we watched you courageously and fiercely battle your way in this world, whilst we wrapped you with love, care, and protection.

We could not be prouder of you Jack Peatling. You were a perfect Jack, and we are better people for having had the privilege of loving you, and being loved by you, for more than 20 years.

Alfred Lord Tennyson wrote

'Tis better to have loved and lost

Than never to have loved at all

And that is true for us. We have been blessed to have had such a beautiful, intelligent, sensitive and mischievously funny soul in our lives, and our world would not have been so bright without you.

We will miss you, Jack Peatling.

We will miss your magnificent mind, and your big blue eyes that sparkled like stars and sunshine with love, life and laughter.

We will miss your cheeky grin.

We will miss holding you close and talking with you.

We will miss your presence.

We will miss everything about you.

We will never forget you and we will always love you.

Be as mischievous and inquisitive now as you were in life.

Be free and happy and be at peace.

Our hearts are broken.

Section 3

So much was wrong with Jack's care throughout his dealings with the mental health teams, but we thought a corner had been turned when we were told he needed to be admitted immediately, and Jack agreed. At last, there was hope that he might get the help he needed before he killed himself. The following days, with daily visits, were unbearable. Every day, Jack became more anxious, every day Jack would say that he was struggling more with increased anxiety, every day Jack would say that he would likely kill himself, and everyday being told that there was no bed available.

We were told that Jack was a priority, and, despite this high priority, nothing changed. The mental health team agreed he needed to be admitted immediately, noting that his impulsive behaviour increased risk, but there were no beds, and he was not admitted. When we asked for other help in the interim we were told whilst he was waiting for a bed, he could not access other services, and there was a waiting list for psychological assessments within the community.

We want to know why he wasn't allocated a bed. Were there no other beds anywhere, even in another area? Were others prioritised over Jack because Jack was at home, or was the prioritisation because others were more at risk? How did the Mental Health service prioritise the allocation of this resource?

Jack's Photos





