

COMMEMORATIVE ACCOUNT OF JAMES NOLAN
REGARDING MICHAEL NOLAN (DOD 10.7.22)

My dad was born on 30 January 1959 in Billericay, Essex. He had three brothers and they all got on well with each other. He had a decent upbringing. As a teenager, he was a motorbike enthusiast and he even had his own motorbike.

My dad met my mum in a night club called Racheal's. My mum was 18 years old at the time. They hit it off from there and spent a lot of time going out together, having dinners together. My parents had been married for 38 years by the time my dad passed away.

My mum and dad initially lived with my dad's parents. My mum became pregnant whilst living there. Eventually they moved into a flat together, got married and then I, James Michael Nolan was born on 14 October 1983.

I would say that growing up with my dad was a peaceful experience. I remember that he always seemed calm and collected. He was a kind, decent man. He kept to himself. He had his own way thinking and had his own hobbies. His hobbies were darts and pool, but mainly darts.

So here's the negative part of this story. From what I could see it all really started after my Nan (my dad's mum) passed away. This really affected my dad and he became so depressed that he was off work for a long time. To his family he often said he was ok but I now feel that deep down he was mentally unwell.

Over time he became obsessed about bills and whether there was enough money. But again he wouldn't discuss it in any detail with the family. Maybe because of his pride, maybe he did not want to worry his family, maybe because he was also suffering with other thoughts that made him so depressed and anxious that he could not talk to us.

Eventually he became more mentally ill and it started affecting his ability to sleep. One day the impossible happened, he tried to kill himself with a knife. I found him trying to do this and had to disarm him. An ambulance was called. My mum was in shock. My dad was in shock.

He was then sectioned and went into a mental health ward. My mum and I visited him. It was clear to us that my dad was not quite right mentally.

Whilst under section on the ward, my dad took his life on 10 July 2022. I found out about my dad's death via a telephone call. This happened on the ward where he was supposed to be safe and getting better.

I was shocked when I learnt at the Inquest of the failings in my dad's care. I learnt that in the time period leading to my dad's death, my dad was meant to be observed regularly by the staff to make sure he was all right and safe, but in fact my dad was not properly observed. I think to myself that if my dad had been observed properly, then maybe he would still be alive today. Maybe someone would have seen that he was upset, could have spoken to him, reassured him, and stayed with him. I don't understand why this happened. I was so angry learning these failings happened.

I don't believe that the staff looking after my dad carried out their duties properly. They didn't give him the care, attention and treatment that he so desperately needed.

What happened to my dad devastated me, my mum and both sides of the extended family. We are all still shocked. I had to start taking tablets because of the depression and anxiety which kicked in. On top of dealing with the mental impact of dad's death, it has had a financial impact, which hasn't helped in allowing us time to grieve.

I live on. At some level, if being honest, I am also angry with my dad for what he did, but then again, he was in the right place in hospital, and the Trust did not do their job properly in looking after him.

My mum still gets upset and always talks about '*what if*' all the time. It has impacted us both mentally. I also no longer trust the NHS to do their job properly, which obviously makes things difficult when I need treatment for myself. I feel that my dad's death could have been prevented, his life could have been saved.

Thank you for listening to my story.

James Michael Nolan

My Dad



Dated : 15/08/2024