

**COMMEMORATIVE ACCOUNT OF JODIE HARWOOD**  
**REGARDING CLIVE HARWOOD, KNOWN AS SKIP, (DOD 11.4.23)**

Clive Harwood Biography (Skip)

Dad was a true adventurer. He was born in Hackney on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of November 1957. At three months old he left the UK on his first adventure with his parents Edith and George and his older brothers [personal/sensitive] . They travelled across the seas to Australia where they emigrated on the ten-pound pom boat. They settled in Mount Evelyn, Melbourne. Dad had a wonderful childhood including learning to ride horses bare back, helping to look after the cattle and swimming in local water holes. Dad got hit by a boomerang on his left eye which left a scar. He always spoke so fondly of his time in Australia and realised how privileged his childhood in Australia had been.

Dad was eleven when they returned to the UK, it would have been quite a culture shock for Dad not being used to UK life. On their return they lived on Mersea where Dad attended the local school, they eventually settled in [personal/sensitive] Dad settled into the Monwick secondary modern school. By the time he reached his teenage years he was working on market stalls. From school he started his apprenticeship with the council as a brick layer, Despite being expelled from college for poor attendance the council kept him on as he was such a good and hard worker. Dad went onto to being self-employed, eventually having his own brick laying gang.

Mum and Dad first met in a night club, they went onto marry and have three children myself (Jodie), [personal/sensitive] Dad loved being a parent and we went on many holidays abroad. Dad always worked really hard and did well for himself and was determined to give his family a good quality of life. In 1988 we emigrated to Australia as Dad wanted us to experience this way of life. We lived in Townsville and spent many weekends visiting Magnetic Island and The Great Barrier Reef. We used to frequently return to the UK due to our family ties. After 5 years we returned to the UK.

Dad loved to scuba dive which led him to travel all over the world, he dived the North Sea, Great Barrier Reef, Red Sea, Truk Lagoon in Micronesia. Dad became a member of a dive club which he loved and was lucky enough to go on Sailing trips from New Zealand to Asia and from Hong Kong to Madagascar.

Dad was also interested in motor cycling, cycling, kayaking, patang, swimming, badminton and the gym. Dad loved to socialise and had a huge group of friends, He loved live music and loved a party! Dad loved to meet his good friends for a steak night. Dad's final work project enabled his retirement, building a block of flats in Alresford where he also lived. Dad volunteered for the Autumn Centre, who helped to support elderly and frail people who are vulnerable and lonely, by driving the bus, which he loved to do.

Dad was always active, loved holidays, his family and was the biggest joker. Dad was a one off, he would light up a room with his infectious laugh and smile and once met he was never forgotten. Over the years he would go on ski holidays and weekends away to motor cross with [personal/sensitive] his son). He loved to take his granddaughters [personal/sensitive] for weekends away in his campervan and shows in London. Grandad was fun to be around, and they were so proud of one another. His love for his family was always evident, he was a loving Dad and best friend to all three of us and the proudest Grandad to his three granddaughters. We all loved spending time together, having a meal, bowling, family BBQ's and listening to all of his stories.

The day we found out Dad had passed will be a day that haunts and stays with us forever. We had returned from a trip to Paris with myself, my two daughters, my sister and her daughter, and my mum which was the start of celebrating my eldest daughter turning 18 on the 14<sup>th</sup> of April. The taxi pulled up at my sister's and once we had started to load the cars with our cases, we realised my brother,<sup>[personal/sensitive]</sup> and my partner<sup>[personal/sensitive]</sup> were there. [My brother] told us that Dad had died and had been found hanging<sup>[personal/sensitive]</sup>. I will never forget the ear-piercing scream that came from my mum as she fell to the floor. We all went into [my sister's] where my brother told us that we would need to identify Dad the following day. As we were away [my brother] sadly dealt with realizing Dad was missing as he had not showed up at a project [my brother] was working on. After calling round, [my brother] was made aware that Dad had been suffering with his mental health and the police were called. [My brother] was at his home alone when the police knocked on his door to inform him, they had found a body which they believed to be Dad. The next day after a very sleepless night we made our way to Ipswich hospital to identify Dad. Once there we were informed that due to miscommunication between the police and staff that we would be unable to identify Dad today it would have to be the 14<sup>th</sup>. After several hours of going back and forth we were able to see Dad and sadly confirm his identity. We were able to stay with Dad for some time, they covered his laceration. Dad just looked like Dad and very peaceful. We then had to wait for a post mortem and toxicology before Dad's body was released. [Details to be considered during the substantive stages of the Inquiry's investigations.] We had to wait until the 25<sup>th</sup> of May before we could say our final goodbyes. It was evident how popular dad had been as the crematorium was overflowing.

Since Dad passed, we have struggled in our communication with the Trust in trying to get clear, concise answers to our questions. As a result, as a family we have still had no closure.

Eventually, an inquest was held and the conclusion of the Coroner as to the death states that *"Clive David Harwood known as Skip committed suicide. On the balance of probability his suicide was more than minimally contributed to at that time by Skip not receiving an appointment with a Psychiatrist shortly before passing"*.

Dad will be missed forever, and his passing has left a huge void within our family. We are so proud of everything Dad achieved in his lifetime. He really lived life to the full and cherished every moment. Sadly, we feel that we have been robbed of spending more time and creating more memories with him. The pain and loss we go through on a daily basis is unmeasurable. This is why the inquiry is so very important to us.

Since Dad's death, we have struggled within intrusive thoughts. Did Dad struggle? Did he change his mind and it was too late? Did he feel any pain, as to our understanding all of Dad's toxicology reports were clear. Was he scared? We have struggled to maintain working as normal due to Dad's death and had a loss of income. 16 months on, some days are easier than others. The pain and heartache that Dad's loss has caused our family, can simply not be put into words. We will always wonder what if? What if Dad received the help he so desperately sought and needed? Would the outcome have been different if the Trust's processes had been followed correctly?

People from all backgrounds suffer with their mental health and the help and support that should be there quite simply is not. The system must change so that families like ours, do not have lives ruined and their time with their loved ones cut short.

[Personal/Sensitive]