

Sally Mizon: Commemorative Statement in respect of Mark John Tyler

Date of Birth: 21 June 1975

Date of Death: 03 September 2012

I'm not going to talk to you about Mark Tyler the person who as a result of his mental health struggles shot and killed his mum. No! I'm going to talk to you about Mark Tyler the man, a dad, a son and brother.

I met Mark around the end of March 1998. Oh he was so handsome, with his blonde hair and big muscles. He was quiet, gentlemanly, he wasn't loud and he had nothing to prove to anyone.

I first met Mark on 25th April 1998, when we were set up on a date. We sat indoors in my house drinking black coffee and listening to Oasis, just getting to know each other. I would always say that Mark and I didn't date. Instead Mark and I went from zero to 100 in our relationship, as we always would. We were both broken products of our childhoods, but we got each other, which no one else understood. We were also both very broken people and believed that our chipped edges came together to make us an imperfect whole.

Mark was he's mums third child. He had an older brother called Lee, who he idolised. His mum also had a daughter from a previous relationship. [personal/sensitive]

[Details of Mark's childhood and of serious traumatic incidents that occurred in his family life]

As my relationship with Mark continued, I found out that I was pregnant with our first child. When I told Mark this news, I remember that he went very quiet and barely spoke to me for the rest of the evening. He then got up and went to work the next day and disappeared for a week. We did not have mobile phones and social media then as it was still only 1998. Anyway

on Friday evening Mark came back home with a bunch flowers for me, a cheeky smile and I think an 18 page letter. In this letter, he told me that he was sorry that he left the house in a hurry once I told him the news that I was pregnant and that he was scared. He told me that he had heard voices for most of his life and that he had an uncontrollable rage, so that was why he took to boxing, worked a lot and went to the gym, to keep his mind occupied. Mark also told me he that he was scared that our baby would have the same mental health issues and he didn't know what to do and was scared of hurting me or our children. In his letter Mark also said that and I'm paraphrasing here, that he knew that the love he had for us would make sure that he didn't hurt us.

The bond between Mark and all his children was a beautiful thing.

Our oldest son Liam remembers Mark as being a good father taking on the responsibility of raising my children from a previous relationship as his own. My son would say that Mark was who he was. That is to say that he remembers fondly that his dad had a good heart and cared for a lot of people. My son also remembers that Mark taught him a lot of important life lessons within the short time he was alive and that he will continue to use those lessons to bring up his own children. But sadly my son had to watch the man he called dad, fall apart, whilst he was growing up due to him suffering from his mental health issues and Essex Partnership University Trust (EPUT) not taking our concerns as a family seriously enough. My son also recalls that many people felt that if Mark was supported correctly with his mental health, then he would have been able to show what we all knew, which was that inside Mark was compassionate and was cared for and loved by many.

Our oldest daughter Jessie says that Mark Tyler is the man who she viewed, still views and will forever view, as her dad. Jessie knows that if her dad never became so mentally unwell, he would have been in her life for a long time, as he would have lived for her. My daughter adored Mark. She loved everything Mark did and everything he showed her. Jessie loved working out with Mark at the gym, and remembers that he taught her how to box which she has picked back up in recent years.

Jessie remembers her and Mark building a white and neon BMX bike together. This is a skill that thanks to Mark has helped Jessie with the many type of bikes she has since owned. Mark also taught Jessie important skills. Jessie remembers the moment her BMX bike was built and remembers Mark was zooming around and bunny hopping off curbs, which looked like he was having so much fun. Jessie also remembers that Mark did a spin with the BMX bike off the curb, which she fondly remembers finding so cool! She remembers the pride on Mark's face every time he saw her excel in sports. Mark was Jessie's coach and biggest supporter. From

monkey bars as a kid in the park to him teaching Jessie how to ride a bike and running laps and laps of a giant field. Jessie remembers Mark being so surprised that she could keep up and do the same amount of laps as he could. Mark was very protective and cared so much about Jessie and her siblings. Mark used to tell Jessie and Liam that he didn't need to adopt them as he viewed them both as his own biological kids. Jessie remembers that Mark would tell others that he did not need to adopt Liam and Jessie because they were his kids and a piece of paper wouldn't change that.

Mark was funny, caring, protective and most of all a great dad to Jessie. Jessie is aware that Mark was not a perfect human, but that we all have our flaws and he was a great dad. Jessie also knows that Mark wanted a better life for the family than he had when he was growing up.

Jessie has so many memories and so many stories that she could tell people about Mark. Jessie misses Mark a lot and is upset at the fact he is missing out on his life and watching all of his children smashing life. All the accomplishments big or small he has missed, with so many and will forever continue to miss so many more. Jessie always says it makes her think what her dad could have accomplished with his life, if he got the right mental health support. Jessie I know feels like he was judged because he had some encounters with the law and had a history of drugs abuse. She also feels these were partly the reasons his mental health wasn't taken seriously enough. But Jessie knows Mark to be her hero.

Our youngest daughter Tescha remembers Mark was the strongest man she knew, with strength something she always associated with him. As a child all Tescha knew of Mark was that he was big, strong, calm and funny. He taught Tescha how to love animals, how to love family and how special being oneself is. Tescha remembers that Mark loved all of his children so loudly and fiercely. He also taught her how important family was and would always be and how sticking together as a team would conquer anything the world may throw at you. Tescha remembers fondly the protectiveness Mark displayed towards her, his calmness, his enthusiasm for life and his affection.

Tescha also remembers that Mark really enjoyed quality time with all of his children, which was of the utmost importance to him for the 12 years she truly had him in her life, and says she has seen it as a blessing that many people do not ever get to experience in a lifetime. Tescha remembers that every weekend she got to spend with just Mark, was filled with days in the outdoors walking the dogs and playing in parks. She also remembers talking with Mark for hours about any and every thing, being completely present and having his undivided attention are memories she will cherish forever.

Tescha has said that Mark loved his mother and brother loudly. Also that his calm voice and patience are personality traits that not many had and that his enthusiasm for manners and talking kindly to one another pushed her to be the adult that she is today. Even now Mark has passed, Tescha still acts in the same way he taught her. Tescha remembers that Mark was a mentor to her, a hero and a piece of her heart that has been lost far too early. Mark taught her a lot but most importantly taught her to be patient, to be yourself, and to love like there may not be a tomorrow.

Our youngest son Dougie says that Mark was a good man. A family man. He was never angry, always very calm. Even when telling them off as children, he'd never shout or even raise his voice. He was big on manners and enforced this in all aspects of life. Eating dinner, making sure your elbows weren't on the table and had the cutlery in the right hands. Walking on the street, no matter who they walked past, Mark taught Dougie and all the children to say good morning. Dougie says that in shops, Mark taught the children to always say please and thank you or he wouldn't buy them anything, as he always say manners cost nothing. Dougie remembers that Mark was supportive in every aspect. Dougie and Mark would pretend to be running races through the street and Dougie would always win. No matter what Dougie wanted to do, Mark would always help.

Dougie remembers Mark helping him practice his egg and spoon race before his sports day. If Dougie was good he'd always buy him a kinder egg surprise and they'd always build it together. He considered Mark was bonkers, but in a good way. Dougie remembers Mark would always say he has a pet crocodile. It was a taxidermised baby crocodile but close enough. At sports day, in the father's race, Dougie remembers that Mark had done the Forest Gump race in front of everyone, until he realised he was going to lose and then somehow still won the race.

Dougie knows Mark loved his family. Family being so important, Dougie remembers always being around his Nan's house, even if it was just for breakfast to see her or spend a few days. Dougie and Mark would always do things together. Whether it was bowling, going to the arcades, walking the dogs on one of Mark's unnecessarily long walks. They'd always do it together. On all the children's birthdays, Mark would get cards for all of them and he would always do the goofiest smiley face which was his trademark. Dougie remembers that Mark always had his troubles, but up until it got really bad, he had no idea. Dougie remembers that Mark always put the family first, even when he was unwell and that he was a very selfless, calm and nurturing man that was never ashamed or scared to show his family how much he loved them all. Even up to then end, Dougie never felt unloved.

Mark was quiet and he was an honest human. He was also a polite man which was very important to him. Mark would tell the boys that they were to never hurt girls and that they should always protect girls and to treat them with respect.

Mark's grandad Bill lived until he was 106. Mark held the elderly in the highest esteem, understanding what they had gone through and the respect they deserved after listening to his grandad's war stories. Mark was also an animal lover. We always had dogs, he taught the children about nature and environmental impacts. Mark was not this bad man that was portrayed in the press. He was sadly unwell. Whilst Mark was no Angel, to me and my children for the majority of the time we were together he was just my Mark and I loved him every single day of his life.

People have undeservedly judged Mark on how he was reported and how he lived at the end of his life. And whilst he struggled with drugs, Mark was a man who constantly tried to improve and get better, by going to rehab on numerous occasions.

Mark started to behave differently towards the end of his life and he became paranoid, convinced that people were trying to kill him. Mark's deteriorating mental health issues meant that he was also convinced that aliens or God was talking to him. At first as a family we generally laughed this off but as time progressed, his behaviour became more erratic and concerning to us all. For the first time that I had known Mark, he became violent towards me. His mental health issues, convinced him that I was trying to kill him.

[Details of a number of psychotic episodes and Sally's requests for Mark to be assessed under the Mental Health Act]

I have since understood that that in and/or around July 2012, Mark had attended Basildon hospital, saying that he was either going to kill someone or himself. However, I again understand, he was discharged, to then go and live with his mother, who was 79 years at this time.

Mark made several attempts to take his own life prior to him succeeding.

[details to be considered during the substantive stages of the Inquiry's investigations]

Two weeks before Mark would kill his mother and then himself. I received a call from an unknown number. When I answered, the call was from Mark who said "*Sal, it's me please don't start, I just want to talk*".^[personal/sensitive] I ^[personal/sensitive] knew that for him to call me it was important. We spent 3 hours on the phone that day. Mark begged me to let him see the children during the call. I begged him to get help and he told me that he had and that he was fine and it' was everyone else that wasn't fine. For the first time in a very long time I got to speak to my Mark. We talked as we always had before he became unwell. It was beautiful. Sadly that was the last time I ever got to speak to him. I'm glad I didn't put the phone down on him that day.

Mark struggled with substance abuse all his life and had been under drug and alcohol services for years. As a result of this, he had psychosis, which required treatment.

Every single event in my children's lives have been tainted by the loss of their dad. From simple things like learning to shave or fixing his little girls broken hearts. To the most significant things like teaching the children to drive; finding them their first car; watching the beautiful transition from child to adult; graduations from college and university; grandchildren and everything in between. to come, is always going to have him missing.

The lack of statutory compliance and institutional neglect towards Mark Tyler has taken away the future my children should have had and instead left us fighting our own individual battles with mental health services to this day. We all deserved for Mark to be given better treatment by EPUT. To the family, dual diagnosis was and still remains a paper exercise nationwide. Very few practitioners it appears to me, have the necessary skills or knowledge to make an accurate diagnosis.

It is my strong feeling that due to constant public sector cuts and changes within the availability of effective treatment multi-disciplinary approaches are rarely effectively implemented. Even if they are, there are challenges to find a pathway that offers treatment that can cope with significant psychiatric issues.

Mark asked for help or made comments that should have at the very least triggered safeguarding protocols on at least 18 occasions.

Mark was just 37 years old when he needlessly died.

Please find attached to my statement pictures of Mark I would like to submit to the Inquiry.



Tyler family -
Commemorative Sta