

Samantha Reains - Commemorative Statement for my uncle Mr.Keith Stubbings 12th May 1957 – 24th April 2019.

My uncle was the most gentle, loving and sensitive person that I have ever met. He was incredibly strong in personality and everyone who met or knew him spoke highly of the man he was.

My uncle was born on the 12th May 1957 to his proud parents and extended family. As a baby he lived with his mum, dad and grandparents, in a small house built by his grandad in Broomfield, Chelmsford. All of his aunts and uncles loved him and enjoyed helping to look after him. His parents were so proud of their beautiful, healthy baby boy.

18 months after his birth, his parents welcomed another child, Keith's sister. At this point they moved to a house, still within Broomfield where his parents had more room for their developing family. My uncle in total had 1 brother and 3 sisters, all living at home with their doting parents.

As Keith was the eldest he helped to look out for his siblings, he would take his sisters fishing, always showing a loving and caring attitude.

Keith was part of the choir at Broomfield Church, he progressed to be the head choir boy which was something that he was immensely proud of. He would also be the person who was asked to carry the cross during ceremonies – such a big responsibility which he fulfilled.

As my uncle Keith got older, he wanted to experience other fun things such as going to football matches with his mates every Saturday, bringing home memorabilia of his team – West Ham.

My uncle also loved reading, and this was a hobby he continued through all of his life, maybe within books he could transport his mind to other places.

Keith was also keen to work starting at the age of 11 years old, where he took on a paper round. He then moved on to retail work, making suits at Burtons Tailors. He would measure customers for their suits in preparation for them to be purchased. My uncle's nan bought him his first suit, of which he was so proud of.

My uncle's dream was to one day be a train driver. He accomplished this dream from when he first drove passenger trains to then freight trains, to which he did until he left this world.

The 3rd of August 1981 was a day where my uncle's life changed dramatically. On this day his father passed away in a road traffic accident. This was the biggest shock and the most devastating news to all of our family, especially my uncle as he was suppose to be going with his father that day. A thing that he lived with all of his life, questioning why it happened and would it of been different if he had gone with him.

This event is where we believe my uncle's mental health started from. We believe he has kept this awful event inside, eating away at him. He felt that he had to now be the head of the family, as he was the eldest sibling, a role he was afraid of and too young to take on.

As my uncle's life went on, some traits of mental health became more apparent. At times he would become distant from his family, worry about others having traffic accidents, people leaving him, and that he was not worthy of any love.

He struggled with these thoughts until he had a breakdown in 1999.

My uncle initially took on some private counselling which was ended before he felt he was better, my uncle asked to continue with this but they refused.

He was eventually referred for assessments under the NHS from 2003-2006, which included Cognitive Behavioural Therapy, Family Therapy and Behavioural Psychotherapy.

My uncle was diagnosed with Depression (2000), Depression and Anxiety (2003). He attended all available treatments and also agreed to some medications to help with his dark moods. He even explained that he wanted the anger management courses to continue, but these were taken from him.

In March 2019, my uncle attempted to take his own life
[personal/sensitive] He was hospitalised for
this at Broomfield Hospital, Mayflower Ward. He had an
operation [personal/sensitive] At
this time being hospital, he said that he felt safe as there were
people looking after him.

The ward staff spoke to my uncle and asked how he was
feeling and why he felt he did this [personal/sensitive]

My uncle explained that he has been feeling very down at the
moment, as his marriage recently broke down,
[personal/sensitive]

They then contacted the Mental Health team at the Linden
Centre, who came to see my uncle.

[personal/sensitive] The
following day the hospital discharged my uncle, as they needed
the bed and that he could manage his injury at home. Once
more my uncle asked if he could stay as he felt safe in the

hospital. The hospital refused and then allowed him to walk home, from Broomfield Hospital to Springfield where he lived, approximately 3 miles along very busy roads and also alongside a river. In my uncle's state of mind he could of done anything to himself on this journey.

Keith then had his family with him each day, trying to help him re-build his health and life, which was a struggle as he did not see anything good/positive would ever happen for him.

The mental health team tried to call him, and on a couple of occasions tried to visit him at home. Obviously, for somebody with a past like my uncle's, eg diagnosed depression, therapies and an attempt to end his life, more care should have been in place. My uncle never answered his phone, as he slept all day, but yet no further action was taken by the mental health team. On the odd occasion that they called to his house, my uncle would come to his window looking dishevelled and unkempt, but yet they still took no action.

One time when my aunt was at the house, the mental health team visited. They came in and spoke to my uncle. When my aunt asked about the possibility of him returning to work, the mental health member smirked as if to mock my uncle.

On the 24th April 2019, my uncle Keith took control of his life and decided to end it. He locked himself away so nobody else was affected, until the time came that my husband sadly found his body.

My uncle Keith was let down by so many people, doctors, nurses, mental health teams and Broomfield Hospital. Although in the end he took the control back and did what he needed to do and I am so proud of him.

After my uncle's death, the Linden Centre contacted me, as they were holding an investigation into his care.

I went to all of the meetings held at the Linden Centre, and was told by a highly qualified individual that – “We could of bought Keith here, but he still would of done what he did”. This broke my heart, as I realised there and then that nobody was going to help my uncle Keith.

One main outcome to the investigation, was for the mental health team to communicate with the patients family members, to also discuss about medications and ensure that they are being taken regularly. None of this happened for my uncle Keith.

To end this statement I want to express how hard it was for my uncle Keith, he could not carry on in the torment he was in.

I believe that he was severely let down by Broomfield Hospital (doctors and nurses) and also the mental health team based at the Linden Centre. They all knew my uncle Keith’s mental health backgrounds, also what he did to try and take his own life, but yet they did nothing to keep him safe.

Sleep well uncle Keith, until we meet again and I get that big hug from you.

All our love, your proud family. xx

