

Pen Portrait

Angela

Angela was my Sister. She was the third eldest child out of 4 children. She had two Sisters and a Brother. We didn't have a lot of material things growing up but we had fun and each other. We lived in a small village and everyone knew everyone else. She was always a "happy go lucky" type of person, she didn't let things get to her. Angela was a lovely, kind person with a smile that lit up a room. When she was young she enjoyed life to the full and had many friends. She always knew her own mind.

She always worked hard throughout her life. She met the love of her life and settled down to have her Son. He got married and had two children. Her Grandsons whom she was extremely proud of and she loved the bones of them. She loved having them to stay with her. She always supported her son 100% at all times. She was very defensive of him. When he began a life of drugs and drinking this was a shock to her, but she continued to help him as much as she could. Unfortunately he got so bad he had to go and live with her. She battled on for a few years like this. She tried to get more help with his Mental Health problems but that help was not forthcoming. He brought trouble to her door and she didn't know how to cope.

This is when family and friends began to notice a change in Angela. As a Mum she strived to help him. She was left to do everything for him to do the best she could. She was never helped much. She became very low and depressed. She stopped seeing her family and friends and withdrew. She tried to get more help but no-one was listening to her. In fact days before she was killed her Son was discharged from Mental Health Services.

Every day I think of her. Every night before I go to sleep I think of her. I cry when I think of how lonely she was. I cry when I think how terrified she must have been on that awful night when she was violently killed. I see her face in my head. I wish I would have known more to get help for her.

Our whole family have been traumatised by her death and the way she died. Her Grandsons are suffering terribly. They are now having Mental Health Issues because their own Father did this to their Nan. They worry every day he is going to come after them. We are left terrified as a family of the thought of him being able to walk the streets again. Not knowing if he will hurt anyone else. We have been left with a legacy of having a killer in our family.

Our hearts ache for her, just to hug her and make things right, but we can't, that has been taken away from us. We have been left broken hearted. I still go to call her to chat then the dreaded sick feeling comes.

This will never leave our family. We serve a sentence every day. She should of had a beautiful life, a good retirement. Now she has nothing. She should not have died in this way.

We will continue to try and stop this happening to another family. The road is long but we continue the walk.