

Joyce Harvie Victim Personal Statement

5 October 2019

On the 14th of June last year just before eleven thirty pm I received a phone call from the police.

I couldn't comprehend what I was being told.

Craig is such a competent cyclist, able to anticipate the likelihood of car drivers actions and had been cycling in London for 33 years plus.

I began to shake uncontrollably, feel sick and started to cryis Craig going to die?

I kept emptying my bowels from sheer fear.

My neighbour came and prayed with me on the doorstep as I waited for the police.

The journey was a blur of lights and seemed to take forever.

At the hospital I ran to Intensive Care - to see if Craig was still alive.....

His significant multiple injuries were spelt out to me –they listed the injuries throughout his entire body from top to toe.

I was made aware Craig may not survive.

A terrible coldness went right through me.

When I saw him, he was so still - hooked up to the machines.

By 3am on that hot summer night I was cold with a spreading panicI cried uncontrollably and had to go constantly to the toilet.

I knew our lives would never be the same again - even if Craig survived?

The consultants told me the best case scenario was he would be in hospital for 6 months but that he might not come through the surgery.

They were fighting to save his life. I burst into tearsI kept saying over and over again in my head: please stay alive; please stay alive - I don't know what I will do without you.

The next 6 days were a blur of hospital visits, crying, hardly sleeping. I couldn't eat, concentrate, or do much.....my days were consumed by thoughts of Craig.

On Wednesday 20th June 2018 we were told Craig was failing and his only chance of survival was on a life support machine, called an ECMO machine which was the last resort of treatment to save his life - but it carried a risk of bleeding in his body with the potential risk of brain damage!!! It was a living nightmare.

For the next 4 months my life consisted of almost daily hospital visits. During this time I was supported by my Employers Assistance Programme, friends and neighbours.

I had to cut my full-time hours to 28 hours a week, reducing my income severely.

In October Craig was discharged and not long afterwards I stopped work to look after him.

While Craig was in hospital we had hope. I clung onto that hope despite his significant injuries.

But after he came to my home for me to care for him; that hope started to evaporate. It became clear he would have life-changing permanent injuries, and his recovery would not bring him back to who he was.

It was strange for us to be together 24/7. For almost 13 years we only spent weekends and holidays together, preferring to be in our own homes weekdays for our jobs.

I had to do everything for Craig. Strip washes, personal care needs, dress him, administer medication, drive him to appointments, feed him, look after his flat and his finances etc. I did not leave him for months for fear of something happening to him and we would stay together either at his home or mine.

When Craig was sleeping I would cry in the living room and pray for his recovery. I was constantly tired and never really saw any of my friends until the New Year. His needs were constant, and although he can now do many things for himself I still provide him with significant care and support. I am no longer his partner – I'm his carer.

The physical support duties have decreased over the months. What hasn't is the mental impact of the trauma, his constant pain, fatigue – and the sheer battle to get through the day.

We both struggle to deal with all his symptoms of post-traumatic stress disorder, adjustment disorder, and depression.

At the end of January 2019 I took a part-time job. 30 weeks a year. This allows me to continue to be Craig's carer. I have to be ultra-careful with money particularly as I am now financially supporting him.

Watching the man you love in constant pain, frustrated, in tears, reliving the car assault on him, is very distressing. My health and well being has been hit hard.

Craig is no-longer the man he was before. His body is deformed. He is no longer sexually active as a direct result of the car assault and his confidence and sense of humour has gone.

To hear him saying he wishes he had died breaks my heart. He can no longer help me in the house or the garden the way he used to. That all falls on me.

All this because the defendant disobeyed the junction controls in a quiet residential family street.

The run-up to the court case has been particularly stressful, none more so than having to listen to fabrication about what Craig was 'alleged' to have said.....He is the most politically correct man I have ever known!

Throughout this ordeal my needs, health and well being have taken second place to Craig's.

And it will be that way for the foreseeable future.

I did not expect my life to change so radically on the 14th June 2018.

What continues to cause huge and unnecessary stress is the defendant's refusal to take responsibility, or show any true remorse for what he's done.

Our lives now consist of trying to put a broken man back together on a daily basis.

The defendant's actions have changed Craig's and my life forever.