



# This is our boy Carrick

Just 19, he'd been diagnosed with the same condition that stole his sister, Charlotte and brother, Craig – Vascular Ehlers Danlos Syndrome (VEDS). We thought that knowing that would help us stop this evil condition from taking any more of our beautiful children.

We were wrong.

Late in the evening of 10<sup>th</sup> January, we heard Carrick shout for us. We found him trying to lie down on the sofa after sudden pain shot through his abdomen and back – one of the warning signs of a dissection/rupture. I called 999 while Rob sat with him. Carrick was able to talk. He told us he loved us, and was still able to have a little giggle.

The paramedics arrived very quickly and ran an ECG. As they sat Carrick up to transfer him to the ambulance things took a dramatic turn. He threw his head back and let out a huge grunt.

The paramedics just ran with him. En route to the hospital I sat in the front of the ambulance. I could hear the medic in the back radioing through '*Code red. ETA two minutes*'. I knew the battle was on.

We arrived at A&E and Carrick was taken into the same resus room and strangely the same cubicle as Charlotte and Craig. We were shown to the same family room, which we again refused.

#doingitforcarrick

As they worked on our beautiful Carrick for what seemed like forever, we pressed up against the door of the resus room listening for any bit of hope.

Hope disappeared at 1.15am on the 11<sup>th</sup> January 2018. Our boy, our soft lad had lost his fight to this evil heart-breaking condition.

Carrick died because his aorta had dissected and blood had poured into his left lung, which, unable to withstand the pressure, ruptured causing massive blood loss.

We didn't know until his passing that he'd done a lot of planning for his final journey. But he hadn't made up his mind whether to have a mini or motorbike hearse. In the end, it was decided by the weather. Escorted by lots – and we mean lots – of bikes, trikes, blood bikes and quite a few minis, Carrick was taken in a motorbike hearse with his great aunt, Irene, riding beside him. In her words, she was to be 'his bodyguard, making sure he arrived safely'.

He was carried by his dad, grandad, big brother Christopher and three very special friends, Dan, Jake and Steve, and laid to rest next to Craig and Charlotte.

So now we are left with very big holes in our hearts, trying our best to carry on. Charlotte & Craig Saving Hearts Foundation (CCSHF) will continue, but we will be setting up a side charity/group – #doingitforcarrick. Money raised from this will be going to Annabelle's Challenge to help fund awareness research...

*...and hopefully, one day, a CURE.*



## **Charlotte & Craig Saving Hearts Foundation**

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