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Meghan Dunphy statement April 27, 2015

Dad's glasses were prescription reading glasses which he has had for approx. 7 years. He did not wear them all the time only when reading or looking closely at small objects. They were in rough shape and at times had some sort of tape (Medical, Scotch, Duct) holding them together until dad took the time to fix them properly. He bought a little screwdriver set for fixing the screws in sides.

He had to wear his glasses to use his phone because he could not read the small print/screen without them.

He had to wear his glasses to fill out forms and to read the paper.

He used his glasses at most debit and atm machines, so he had his glasses everywhere he went.

When he left the house his glasses were in a vogue optical hard shell glass case. It was navy blue in color and he would have it in his coat pocket and sometimes in his shirt pocket. Still haven't found the case.

While he was at home his glasses would be on the round end table that was in front of his chair, or hanging on the ice cream tub that his pills were in, if they were not in the case.

If we were in St. John's or Trepassey together and his phone rang or beeped he would always hand it to me and say "read that I can't see it" or "look at that so I don't have to take out my glasses."

If we were shopping together he always gave me his bank card at the checkout and said you do that I can't see it.

He always wore his glasses on the tip of his nose so that if he had to look up at the tv or to talk to someone he could see out over the glasses as they were only for reading.

He would hold his phone or book/newspaper in his hand with his arm stretched out and foot or two directly in front of his face with his glasses on to see properly.

I do not know a time that I went anywhere with dad that he did not have his glasses with him.

How I found his glasses when the house was released to me.

I found Dad's glasses on the round end table that was in front of his chair. I picked up all the garbage that was on the table before I noticed that the glasses were beat into unwearable condition. I did not touch the glasses, one arm of the glasses appeared to be totally cracked and bent out of wearable condition and I then discovered one of the nose pieces to be totally broke off and located a fair distance from the glasses on the table. I know that dad would not have left them like this and definitely not have left the nose piece laying on the table because he would have been afraid to lose it. He would either sit-down and immediately fix the glasses or he would put the glasses and the nose piece in a zip lock baggy and put them in the ice cream tub on the table or in the desk drawer in the hallway for safe keeping. The glasses looked as if a book or something heavy had been thrown on them and flattened them out.

Other information:

Dad had shingles, buckets of gum and nails bought to do the roof of the house when the snow was gone, he had asked his friend Colin Dinn if he would help him shingle the roof and they talked about how to do it numerous times.

Dad had \$1500 worth of laminate flooring bought from Costco for the house but did not want to put it down until the roof was fixed as he did not want to ruin it when the roof leaked. The flooring is in my basement.

On the day before he died Dad cooked a 15+ pound turkey and made potato and macaroni salad. The turkey which he had stuffed with dressing was still in the roaster in the fridge and the macaroni and potato salad was in containers in the fridge. He cooked meals like that about once a week so that he could nibble on it every day and not have to cook 3 meals a day. He did not like cooking. He also had turkey soup made which he told us at lunch on Sunday morning that he had some of his "Dandy" turkey soup before he left the house. The pot was still on the stove when the house was released to me.

The cupboards and deep freeze was full of groceries. There's a \$45 flamingo turkey in the deep freeze, along with burgers, breaded chicken pieces, French fries, hamburger meat, bacon wrapped scallops, frozen fruit. The deep freeze just shuts there is that much food. The freezer on the fridge is also packed with food. There was a 10 lb bag of potatoes, full bag of onions, huge bag of apples. Six 2 litre bottles of Ginger ale, snowballs, honey buns. The cupboards had several boxes of kraft dinner, hamburger helper, spaghetti noodles, mixed vegetables. Unopened bag of marshmallows which he must have bought on Saturday because they were his favorite snack food and would not last any amount of time in house before he would eat the entire bag. He was by no means hungry.

There were 3 sacks of cat food in the porch along with the special food that he had to buy at the vet.

He had a pension with Teamsters Union which he transferred to an RRSP at the Royal Bank in Holyrood on April 1st, 2015. It was approximately \$7500 which he wanted to withdraw to put towards fixing the house but if he withdrew it while he was on Workers Compensation they would take 75% and dad would only get 25% so he decided he was better off putting it in an RRSP and waiting until he was 60 years old and not on workers compensation anymore so that he would get the whole \$7500. I found the documentation in his house. I know that he was meeting with someone from the Teamsters Union about this while I was away.

He joked on a regular basis about how he was going to be "rich" when he turned 60 years old because he was getting an extra \$600 a month. He talked about how he was going to have the house looking like a palace again when he finally got the extra money at 60 years old. He mentioned this to his buddies often as well about his excitement for turning 60.

He bought lotto tickets for nearly every 649 and lotto max draws, and if he wasn't going to the store he would always call me and say pick up a ticket to see if we can get rich.

He purchased lotto tickets on the weekend he died. I found them in his wallet. I also found an RCMP business card with the name Constable Lee Lush on it. I have kept these items.

He wanted his summer tires put on his car now cause the studs were too noisy. He also asked Billy if he would check out the argo so that he could go in the woods and cut some wood when the weather got warm.

He trimmed the path in the woods for us to go berry picking this coming summer.

He had a form filled out for Low income households to apply for a grant to get the house fixed. He said that since he had the shingles already maybe he would get enough from the government grant to new windows for the front of the house.

He was supposed to meet with someone at the Teamsters union the following week after he died because he wanted to get me enrolled in the union.

He agreed he would go down south on a vacation with us so long as it was a direct flight because he was nervous of flying. He looked up the forms on his phone about how to get a pardon so he could apply for a passport. He also wanted to get a pardon so that he could drive through the states again, as he did when he was a truck driver, he loved Boston and always talked about going back there.

He built a shed in the past few months to put the argo in.

In March I found a stray cat outside my house on the Salmonier Line. It appeared to be sick and when I called the SPCA they told me that if it was feral they would simply put the cat to sleep and not even check to see if it was ok. I was upset so Dad drove 35 minutes from Mt. Carmel every morning and again every night to feed the cat with a syringe. He even made a special trip to town to get Carnation Milk to feed the cat because he said that would get his strength back.

When we went on vacation, Dad always stayed at our house with our cat Gus. When he was at our house on Saturday April 4th, 2015 I got mad at Gus for biting and dad said "Oh Gus they'll be gone for another 10 days in May and I'll be back up with ya".

Dad was comical and always had something comical to say. When we were in Dominican the end of March I texted Dad once day and said "Its spilling frigging raining here today" to which dad replied "Ha Ha suns shining here flies are out."

He had trouble with his bowels for years, had hemorrhoid's binded the last week of March at St. Clare's Hospital to see if that would relieve some of the bowel problems. When we got home on April 2nd he told us he was feeling better since he had the procedure and hoped it would last.

My father was careful with money because he didn't have a lot of it. He would not waste money if he was planning to die. My Dad was not suicidal.

On the Easter Sunday after we had lunch he stopped by our house. He told us that after he left the Woodstock he had stopped at Shopper's Drug Mart but had to leave without his items because he couldn't find his wallet. He told us then that he thought he left his wallet at the Woodstock, and that he went back to the Woodstock to find it, but that it wasn't there and then he found it in the car. He told us that he then went back to Shopper's Drug Mart. I saw on his bank statements the purchase that he made at Shopper's. He bought boost which I saw in a bag in the house. He also told me that he put air in his tire earlier that day.

He told us when he left the house that as he was full of turkey he was tired. My Dad's routine would have been to go home and lie down on the couch to have a nap. He always slept on the couch. I saw his jeans and jacket hanging up in the house after so I presume he would have changed into his pyjamas or lounging pants which was what he normally did.