

Promoting better understanding, diagnosis, treatment and quality of life for individuals suffering with cardiac arrhythmia

John Redington's eldest son James, died suddenly at the age of 28 in July of this year – the cause was Wolff Parkinson White Syndrome. John's youngest son David has, since the death of James, been diagnosed with WPWS, but following a recent operation now appears to be free of the condition.

John wrote this on 5 December 2007...

"It's not been easy. Today is the 5th month anniversary of James' death, and as the events of the past 5 months are at the front of our minds, now seems a good time to write it all down.

We have three sons. James was our first. He was born on the 12th March 1979 and during the delivery they gave my wife Alison Pethidine to help with the delivery. This made James a sleepy baby and he was admitted to the special baby unit where he was diagnosed with a small hole in the heart. While monitoring this, they discovered he had WPW syndrome. It gave him no symptoms, and no problems at all as far as we know. It's possible James had the odd flutter but if he did, he never complained about them. He was monitored until he was 12 when, at that time, we were told there was nothing to worry about and to forget all about it.

James grew into a beautiful boy, very kind, gentle and a real trier. We had two further boys, Robert and David. James loved Superman from about the age of three and always tried to live like his hero. He loved films, and after university, started to work evenings voluntarily with young kids teaching video and filming. During the day he worked at E15, the acting school of Essex University, as a technician, cameraman and editor. Every other spare minute he got he was either at the gym or working on his little comic publishing business. He had dreams of being a writer and in fact during the last week of his life, an enquiry was received from an agent in Los Angeles. He had just found a new girl friend and was the happiest we had seen him for years on that last Thursday when he went to work.

The next time we saw him he was lying dead in the same hospital he was born in. He had gone from the gym that evening to the square, the place where he taught, and was found unconscious in his car. He had had a massive heart seizure. They tried for over an hour to revive him but couldn't.

On 27th July we buried our beautiful son with his grandmother who had died a few months earlier. They were always close. Over 430 people turned up at the funeral with over 300 wearing Superman T-shirts. Sorry I'm having problems seeing the screen now but you are welcome to use this account in anyway you wish if you think it will help other people. If we had known more about WPW and the treatment options, maybe, it could have saved our lovely James.

I've attached a photo of the boys, James is on the left, Robert in the middle and David on the right."

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We have the utmost admiration for John for writing this story so beautifully and thank him for helping to raise awareness of WPWS.