

There are two effective methods of communication that people use. We can speak or we can write, either of which will help to build pictures in the mind of those we are interacting with.

When we talk and have conversations we can change direction, move slowly or swiftly like a rabbit running through the tall grass of a meadow. As we speak we are at liberty to change our words along the way. We may utter half sentences, swap one word for another and change our minds on what we are about to say at the very moment we are about to say it.

However, when we write, we can only allow others to see our thoughts at that time, and the meaning is bound by the finality of the words, once the writing has been completed and read. More often than not, we may write things in a diary as a release, a way to help ourselves through a lonely journey of one particular problem. The words that are left can be analysed and open to interpretation.

I very much doubt that my beautiful daughter Holly, left her diary and letters to be read in a court of law. I believe she left her diary at the scene for us, her family, to read and believing that only we would read it. The reason why I believe this is because of the way in which she decided to end her life. It was done in the most caring, sensitive, and organised way that a young girl could ever have done what she did. That took a level of thought and that proved her capacity to consider others in her terrible final moments.

If you hear something negative, I can tell you that my daughter was only one percent of those things. She was a fantastic human being who deserved to have lived to be a thousand years old. Holly was a happy, caring, bubbly and vivacious young lady. I say that, not as her dad, but as a man objectively seeing what a truly remarkable young lady she was. There are many people that knew Holly and they will all tell you how selfless she really was. What she did at the top of Bushey Hill was not the act of a girl who was burdened with misery and loneliness. I believe it was done out of a sheer weight of factors that could not be borne anymore by such young and narrow shoulders. In truth, only Holly could tell us the story of all the actions, words and millions of influences over her entire life that led her to make that final, awful decision on 20 November 2017.

The community of South Woodham Ferrers will tell you the character of my daughter. Her friends, family and strangers all came together and helped us

carry all of her flowers and tributes to that place where she took her own life. That was the testament to the end of a remarkable girl's life.

What Holly did was a depressive act but was not an act of depression. She was giggly, inquisitive, bright, intelligent, helpful, kind and selfless and sadly was also subject to all the ills that pressurise our children today.

I read something out on that hill at her flower ceremony that came to me and is so indicative of the point I'm trying to make today. I will repeat it for you here, and not because I have run out of things to say about my beautiful daughter, but because it's relevant, and it illustrates the point of how no one should interpret her life or who Holly Clacy really was.

You cannot judge the last few hours of her life, by the words she left in a diary, any more than you can judge an entire symphony by its final few notes.