

## **You didn't need to lie, Margaret (or your family, friends and corrupt lawyers)**

I can't understand why people aren't trying to see what has happened and how I feel a great injustice. All I have done is seek to have the truth acknowledged.

When my parents split up in the 1980s my father Graham bought my mother's share in our family home from her. My father Graham said that he would leave that house ('Inkpen') to us if he kept it. He did, using the annex as a retreat and later staging post between London and Devon. He was with a new partner, Margaret, from the late 80s. Margaret hated Inkpen at the time. My father wouldn't marry her, which was clearly an issue, so he transferred much of his wealth to her.

My father became terminally ill in 1999 with myelofibrosis. His neighbour Rita told me to watch Margaret, she was obsessed with Inkpen and my father's will, said Rita. My father died in August 2005, after his liver became too enlarged.

Margaret said the will was invalid but there was an earlier valid will which left my brother and me much less money. The house was left to the Centre for Alternative Technology. But when she discovered the gift failed technically, she told me she intended to keep the house – which if the will were valid she could do.

We had always got on well, but suddenly she was quite strange towards me, treated me like a second-class citizen, and said that my father had changed his mind long ago about Inkpen. This was news to me. He had done it to appease her, the bitter woman who didn't want his sons to inherit what she saw as hers.

When I discovered the earlier wills were both invalid, she made up a story to make one valid. The lawyers backed her contrary to all the conduct rules. Various people lied for her.

I didn't have a problem with the contents of the will only the fact that Margaret had lied to me two days after my father died. In a panic she and her lawyers cover up evidence. Clearly they were aware of the importance of the movements of my father on 12<sup>th</sup> October 2004 before I realised its significance.

I am blocked from getting train and phone records as I recall more and more of the truth – that my father cannot have executed a will on that date because I had met him at my uncle Norrie's in Walton-on-Thames that afternoon, while Margaret came up the A303 with the will signed by her parents.

I offered my father a lift to the airport for the next day (they were off to Rome). He accepted and later phoned my wife Nicola to cancel, as they had booked a cab. I told a friend and my grandmother that I had seen my father.

But against a modified diary and lies I was up against it. But I had an account of my father cutting the grass at Inkpen on 11 Oct 04. I remember him telling me about hiring the tractor-mower. But the account at A4 Hire had been tampered with. It showed 10/11/04 not 11/10/04. But my father was in Dublin on 10/11/04.

So A4 Hire claimed it was the weekend before. But I showed it was raining, and that didn't fit with my memories of my father telling me he had been sore from sitting on the mower. That was on 21 October 2004, when he had come back from Rome early, alone (Margaret staying on with her friend Luisa).

The judge ignored all this in the trial, in November 2008. Strange. He also ignored discrepancies in the affidavits and 'swearing' by Margaret's parents the 'witnesses'. Margaret's father also said he wouldn't have signed as witness of a will without my Dad present. But that's exactly what he did with the 2005 will, which was admitted to be invalid (eventually, at a hearing in March 2007).

Then Aston, who usually cut the grass at Inkpen but who had wanted to stay out of it, said that he had been in Africa until 4 November 2004 for six weeks. My father had said he mowed the field because Aston was in Africa. So there is no way the invoice (eventually) provided by A4 Hire could be accurate – it was fake, as I knew.

The judge, Warren J, ignored that too at trial. Then I discovered BT had lied to me about the phone records of my Uncle in Walton-on-Thames, where I had met my father on 12 October 2004, around 3.30pm.

They said they had the records, but they showed nothing of relevance. A year later, in early 2009, I discovered that Carphone Warehouse had the records. Why should BT lie? CPW refused to disclose them (they should include a call I made to my wife).

The Court of Appeal (Lady Justice Arden and LJ Richards) refused to order the release of the records, which were archived. They refused to allow me to appeal. They refused justice a chance. They had been 'nobbled' too.

Then I saw it, on the Internet. His Honour Sir Gerald Barling QC, appointed a High Court Judge, Chancery Division (the same as handled the inheritance trial) in November 2007, on the back of becoming president of the Competition Appeal Tribunal (CAT) – the Lord Chancellor had wanted an existing judge but had to accept the application after the vacancy went unfilled for almost a year.

Not only that, he had been the favourite 'go-to' counsel for BT for 20 years. He had also become deemster of the Isle of Man Court of Appeal (where my grandmother lives, funnily enough).

And, the icing on the cake, Warren J was one of the chairman of the CAT.

Margaret was doing her family tree in around 2004. She told me she was related to Norrie, other than through my Dad (they had married in April 2004). The Barling family tree is on the Internet. Margaret, Norrie and Gerald are all on it.

Need I go on... the discrepancies are legion... and my inheritance is gone, and more... and they are chasing me for £50k more costs... but they are liars. My father died intestate and my brother and I should have inherited Inkpen, as my father long intended before Margaret made him change his mind.

**Ian Sheppard, August 2009**

**Tel 07759 455770**

**ian@first.aero**