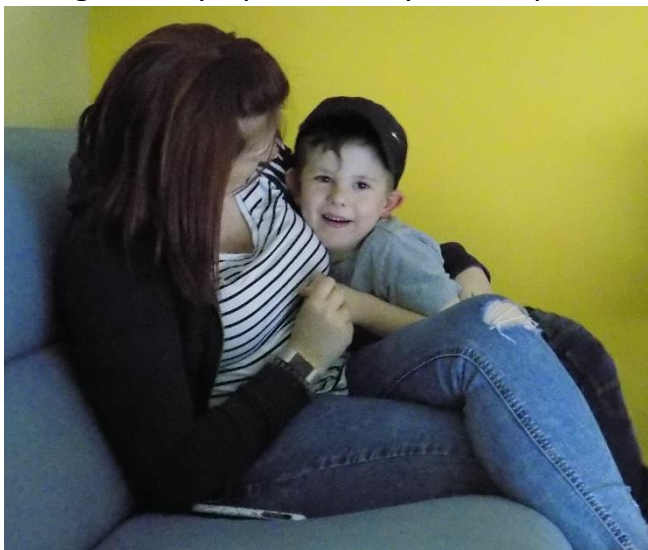


Meet Freddie

“Sat at a table with six specialists looking at us sympathetically. The report and findings were read out. The only words that filtered through were “Your son has autism and severe difficulties with communication. He will need to be cared for forever’

So that was it. We collected the documents and said thank you. Walked in silence to the car and just sat there for about half an hour not saying a word.



We grieved for the life that we thought our child was entitled to. We also grieved for the loss of a brother that my eldest child would now not have.

By the time Freddie was three, life had become painfully repetitive. He hardly slept, the meltdowns were very distressing and regular, and it felt like he was slipping further away into the autism. I was losing his eye contact and the little engagement that I did have with him. It was soul destroying because he didn't want to be touched or comforted.

Appointments we'd had with the NHS had been for only 10 minutes and gave no opportunity to look at Freddie as an individual or provide me with any help or advice to make life better for him.

I had stayed in touch with Freddie's old portage worker and was confiding in her about the lack of advice and guidance available and she mentioned a place in Somerset that could provide me with all the support I needed. So, I got on to Google (obviously) and tracked bibic down!

Freddie was four when we took him to bibic for the first time. It was the most important thing we have ever done, both for him and for us as a family.”

Tanya, Freddie's mum