

Balwinder

Balwinder and her sister Gurpreet care for their mother who is currently in hospital. They are preparing for the Sikh New Year, Vaisakhi

Why is it me, the youngest, that's been put in this position? Why am I the one that's ended up having to translate everything for Mum, all this medical information.

The hospital said they'd provide someone to help her understand what the Doctor's saying, but no-one ever seems to be there for Mum when it's really needed. And now she's decided that she only wants her children to tell her what's happening. That she doesn't want strangers that might turn up every now and again being told things about her that she doesn't want anybody else to know.

And I'm the one that it's ended up falling on, while my sister just moans about the food and takes in piles of chapatis and saagwaala; and my brother complains if she's had any male nurses helping her.

Four days ago a doctor told me we should make a decision about something called a DNACPR order. And quickly. I've written it down very carefully. Do Not Attempt Cardio-Pulmonary Resuscitation. I should have said something to my brother and sister as soon as I got home; I should have called them. But I was just so shocked.

And then I thought I shouldn't say anything until after we all visit Mum for Vaishaki tomorrow, as it'll probably be the last time that we do that together, so we have to try and make it special.

I just didn't know what to do. I was flustered. And to make it worse I've lied to the doctors; telling them that I've explained everything, and that Mum understood and wanted to talk about it when we were all together. And we would tell them our decision then, straight away. Which of course I don't want us to do. Not tomorrow. Not ever.