

## Emilija

**Emilija is an Lithuanian catholic who is in a hospice and very near the end of her life. She is planning a special traditional celebration of Easter with her daughter Camilla and friends.**

They think we're going to make a mess painting the eggs so they're putting something down on the floor in case we spill dye on the carpet. I think my daughter was three when she did her first ones, and we've only missed one year since in all that time. And this will be the last time. Camilla still thinks that some kind of cure may appear out of the blue, some kind of Easter miracle when I know that's not going to happen.

But I couldn't have asked for things to be better than they are. All these lovely people here helping me to wash and dress and sometimes to eat. And everything is prepared, that's the thing. Not like with my husband, which was terrible. I remember saying to Camilla 'never let that happen to me', and she said of course she wouldn't. But when it came to it, of telling the doctor exactly what I wanted, what they should and shouldn't do, it was Camilla who was unsure and trying to hold me back.

The Doctor was very good. I think she knew I was ready to have that conversation. I was a little stronger after my operation and she approached it all very calmly and kindly, asking how she could be of most help in supporting me in what I cared for most going forward. And explaining to Camilla, who was so upset, that my decision would only ever be acted on if the doctors were absolutely convinced that it was for the best.

But I was clear in my mind. And I had thought of this. Of painting eggs on Holy Saturday with my daughter. Red for life; yellow for a plentiful harvest.