

Hafsa

Hafsa is an elderly Indian Muslim woman who has had a stroke. Her daughter has moved into her house to provide her care.

Doctor Lakhani is coming and it's always nice to see her, even though I can't talk to her anymore since the stroke. We always had such lovely conversations about this and that which my son seemed to get impatient about.

But he is struggling. When the Doctor said that we might want to consider some help with home care if things became difficult, I could see he wasn't pleased; although he would never say what he thought until she left. That Allah will turn his face from those who do not care for their dying parents. That there are so many little things that he and his sister do every day that need to be learnt.

I told them that the Doctor is thinking of what is best for all of us and that perhaps having a carer come and visit might be acceptable. But none have come, and I have to accept that it's up to my children to decide how things should be now. And not being able to talk means it's easier if I just accept everything that they do.

I think they might be seeking guidance because during the last visit Doctor Lakhani suggested bringing medicines to the house in case things become very difficult. And later the Imam came round, and my son closed the door so that I couldn't hear what they were talking about.

Sometimes I would like to be alone with the Doctor though, even if I can't tell her the things that I want to. But my son is always here, standing by the window, watching carefully. She talks to him too, when there are things that she says we all need to discuss as a family. And then he always just nods quietly.

I just hope that he can learn to trust the Doctor as I do.