

My Young Carers Story

by Jade

Hello, my name is Jade, i am 16 years old and i am a young carer. I care for my dad and i did care for my mom but unfortunately she passed away this year 2010.

My mom had ovarian cancer, she was 54 and when she was diagnosed, she was going to chemo-therapy every 4 weeks. It did go into remission after a year but came back after a month, she had more chemo, but it didn't work, then she was told she was terminal and that there was nothing more that they could do for her.

Not long after that my dad took her on holiday, just the two of them so that they could talk about things. She came back and she was exhausted. From that point, well while she was away we organised for a hospital bed to be delivered and to be put in the living room because she struggled to get up and down the stairs. She was more or less in bed since then. She even had district nurses coming in every morning to top her morphine up and her medication she had to take, but she gave up and passed away.

At the funeral, it was a very sad day but she still managed to make us laugh. At the end she had her best mate give us a memory box, me and my two sisters and even my niece and nephew that she had made for us leading up to when she passed away for us to keep and remember her by.

This could have been my day:

I used to get up about 9 to half past and get myself ready, then go downstairs and sit with my mom while the district nurses came otherwise my dad would, then i would make her something to eat, but half of the time she wouldn't eat and then through the day, one of us had to be with her in case she wanted a drink, we was there.

My dad suffers from emphysema of the lungs, which is a breathing problem, during this time, he has suffered from a collapsed lung. So i was not only caring for my mom but i was caring for my dad as well.

They were both in different hospitals at one point, so we had to keep travelling to different hospitals miles apart to see them. Now he has not long been diagnosed with celiac disease, which means he can't eat any foods with gluten in. So at the moment until he sees a dietician he can't put on any weight and now he looks quite scary and thin. It is very hard to make sure that he doesn't eat any foods he is not meant to.

Our fridge at the moment is full with hospital appointments, everyday we have to check that he hasn't got hospital that day. And to make sure that he takes his inhalers a couple of times a day because he struggles to breathe sometimes.