

Saturday 3<sup>rd</sup> December

*We stayed at home. Mum and dad spent the day with Oliver. He spent most of the time playing and being a joy. It's lovely for them to have this precious time with Oliver, especially when he's so well and responsive.*

Sunday 4<sup>th</sup> December

*My mum and dad stayed with Oliver all morning, then headed back to the ferry in the afternoon back to Guernsey.*

*We came back to the hospital.*

Monday 5<sup>th</sup> December

*No entry*

Tuesday 6<sup>th</sup> December

*No entry*

Wednesday 7<sup>th</sup> December

*I went in to ICU at 8.00am. Oliver had been sick overnight so was in a mess. His nurse for today is Bill so that's why he hasn't been bathed yet!*

*I stripped Oliver off and gave him a nice bath before theatre. I also changed the tapes because they were very stale and smelt of vomit. These things should have been done already, but certain people know that they can rely on me! Good old mum will be here soon to do the work, even though I am feeling like death with morning sickness.*

*Mark arrived just before Oliver was wheeled down to theatre for an exploratory bronchoscopy. We are hoping that after this bronchoscopy, some decisions will be made about Oliver's future.*

*We kissed our little boy good-bye and expected him back in an hour or so which would have been pretty usual for this procedure.*

*The rest of the day is too painful for words but I'll try to put it down as best as I can.*

*The procedure went on for longer than anticipated. We knew that things weren't right when Mark saw Mr. Dhasmana and Pat Weir walking down the corridor with heads bowed.*

*The family room where I was sitting was quickly cleared of other parents by one of the nurses and we had the news broken to us by Mr. Dhasmana and Pat Weir whom were both crying. I can't start to explain this moment other than deep, deep pain in our hearts and of course shock. I certainly couldn't take it in but we knew right from the beginning that the patch in Oliver's trachea had come away and had blocked both bronchials so there was nothing that could've been done. It was awful. Everybody, not least Mr. Dhasmana was distraught.*

*Soon afterwards, Bill, Oliver's nurse for today came in to ask me if I would like to clean Oliver up. I desperately wanted to do this but I didn't have the strength. I know that I would probably have been able to cope with that if one of Oliver's nurses had been on duty and with me but it wasn't to be so that's something that I will just have to live with. I*