Two years after I stopped working, my father had renal failure. I had to be with him all the time. I was the only person that helped him. In the day and in the night, I took care of him. I couldn’t drive. I had to call the ambulance many times. At midnight. At 2:00 am. One day there was an accident in the ambulance and he broke his neck. They had to put an apparatus around his head and all the way down his body to stabilize his skull. He could not move. I had to clean him, feed him, give him medicine, and take him to dialysis with this big apparatus. I felt very bad because he was suffering and sad. He was two times in a coma, once in the beginning and once at the end. He had dialysis for 4 ½ years. In the end, he had to stay in the hospital for more time. One day, they let him go home. I was nervous because he was very sick. After 2 hours, he needed to go back to the hospital. He was in a coma for 2 days and then he died in the hospital. I was very sad, but relieved that he was not suffering any more.