E2 Lolita Matiashova.mp4

Speaker1: The story of vaccine: it was one of those Fridays of 2021. The guidance said that you have to think twice whether the morning cough was something normal or signs that you would have to isolate yourself from the world. The winter sun woke me up. I looked at the alarm. I still have 10 minutes from my usual routine. The world out of my window would not spare me these 10 minutes of sleep. Its voice rings in my mind as the day's stress that sleep takes away every night. I felt anxious, devastated and guilty for not trusting the medical judgment anymore.

I looked from the windows, remembering the last thing. The day before I had a call from my mother. She told me that she didn't trust my vaccine and that all doctors were lying. It means that I, a doctor which helped grew up, and doctors that she encouraged to study medicine and a doctor that she has invested part of the savings into was lying to her too.

As an adult, as a doctor, I usually feel confident to advise most people and certainly my mother, but this kind of doubt made me feel like a teenager again. She has not considered any of our arguments or any of the explanations. She decided to believe in some information that she found on social media from friends who are certainly not doctors or even from people that she hasn't heard of one minute before clicking on the video. Arguments from her friends are valid. Their stories are always true, but my words are false. Best case scenario: I am a naive youngest; worst case scenario: I have transformed into 'white coated', which has no regrets for the life of her own mother.

Again and again she would say that I don't know anything. I didn't expect this. I never expected this from the person who always supported me and believing when even judge my medical knowledge and competence. How have we come to this, after all?

My mother was never a doctor before the COVID pandemic. She was always aware of this, and she trusted my medical decision and knowledge behind them. Of course, as the youngest child, I always felt that in the back of her mind she hadn't considered me serious. Up to an extent, this was fear. A doctor is always known, and a doctor like me who graduated a couple of years ago can be transferred as the family doctor that you know for decades. But I always believed that year after year, she would trust more my

experience, or at least my opinion of widely known issues such as usefulness of vaccination.

Often, as a child, I was vaccinated with an Ebola vaccine and she was the one who made this happen. Every time I would cry or try to hide in the sight of the needle, she would calm me down, explaining that this is for the sake of wellbeing. And now the person who advocate the prevention just completely changed in one moment.

In that moment I saw that my last chance was to say things they are. 'I don't care what you think about me, but if you get COVID and if she doesn't get serious, your friends won't be there to save you with their stories. You will be alone and I will be trying to help you with less likelihood for success. And in this case it would be not inexperience, but your own fault'.

I have almost regret each and every word by the time I finish the sentence. I was even about to tell her that I regret the moment I said it but she hung up the phone and stopped our conversation.

I haven't tried to call her back since then. So that Friday morning I looked at my phone. No new message, no new calls. I grabbed all my stuff and went to work. When I was trying to balance myself not to fall because of the ice, my cellphone started to ring. I tried to carefully take it from the back. Trying not to fall. It was my sister. She had never called me. She says that our mum now have a temperature. She lost smell and taste sensation, her cough increased more and her colleague tested positive for COVID. It all could mean that my mom had COVID.

I was shocked. I feel like it was all my fault, just to be in I was already too late. I should have proceeded earlier and the only thing that I might have achieved was my outburst yesterday was to alienate her from me at the moment that she would need me the most. At that moment, everything stopped. A million things went to my head and 100 patients I trusted came to my mind, was it a happy ending or not? That was the only one that I was thinking about: All the things which will be our story.

The next two weeks were one of the most difficult in my life: trying to find the perfect balance between being a doctor and a daughter. I call her and ask how she's feeling

and she answers that she's still not vaccinated. She took my prescription and follow all my advices. I thought it would be permanent, but she as soon as she started to feel better, she rejected all idea of consultation. She decided to stay selective in my judgement.

This part that was not only my mom, it was a major part of our society who started non-belief. People don't judge engineers' or lawyers' opinions, but they judge doctors. On the other hand, that means that they feel us closer to them. So don't consider us lost in the world of equations or the secrets of computers. They still consider us like the next door friends who might know something more than them, and who can always come up with a good advice. But on the other side, this means that we have no authority on them. We have to gain their trust and they are everyone, including our closest people.

We went on this journey together with my mother. We learned how to trust each other again. We might still disagree, but we know well now that our voices weigh more than random Facebook posts and YouTube videos.