

Honey was 13 months when she caught her first illness just a virus that the boys had already had and passed on. I remember thinking what a healthy baby she was never being ill before. About 2 weeks later she was due for her MMR and although she seemed better in herself she had a cough that she hadn't shaken off yet. I would say I am a protective mother some might say over but I expressed concern to the nurse and questioned whether or not Honey should have it after recently being ill. The nurse reassured that it was fine and she had it. About a week and a half later Honey seemed to become under the weather again and I thought maybe it was a reaction from the jab. Honey was not yet walking which didn't overly concern me at the time although my boys walked at 11 months I knew it was different for all but what started to concern me was that she had been trying to pull herself up on the furniture but now was just lying on her back sometimes kicking her legs. Honey had never had any interest in food and would only eat tiny amounts but had started to scream for bottle after bottle of milk. On the sun night she was sick in the middle of the night but then kept milk down the next day. I first thought she had a sickness bug but changed my mind after she wasn't sick again but then 24hrs later she was sick again. This weekend happened to be a bank holiday and the next morning I rang the Dr because she was just sleeping all day and seemed listless. The doctor asked me what was wrong over the phone and I told him that she had been sick had no temperature and was drinking lots of milk but seemed listless. I said the odd thing is her nappies are saturated about every hr and he said well that tells us she not dehydrated and the fact that she has no temperature tell us that its nothing serious and if she's still unwell on Tuesday take her to your GP. On Tuesday I rang the emergency doctor as there was no change and Honey had started to moan and move her head form side to side. I asked for the Dr to come out as I was so worried and didn't think I could get her there. They wouldn't come only for elderly so I had to get myself Honey and my 2 yr old twin boys to the surgery which was 20mins drive away and I could not drive. Honey was inconsolable and I was becoming distressed watching her in my arms in the surgery waiting room. I can still see all the other

patients staring at me while I'm rocking her backward and forward trying to console her. We saw a GP I had never seen before, she was a young woman and I told her everything I could as quickly as possible and she said maybe she was constipated but I dismissed this straight away and said that Honey wouldn't eat anything only drink milk. After trying to check Honey over she said she didn't know what was wrong and I stood there and pleaded for her not to send us home I said something is seriously wrong I know it. She asked me to wait outside the room and I heard her call the children's ward and ask them to admit us but they were reluctant and kept asking what the reason was that she was sending us. In the end they agreed and we rushed over a, 30 min journey. When we got there I was so distressed seeing my normally content happy child screaming and fretting then lying listless and I noticed her breathing had changed. I described it as deep but rapid. I talked to the Dr telling them all of the

symptoms I felt she had and they looked her over and questioned why I thought it was necessary to bring her to hospital. I felt totally stupid and that they thought I was just some over wrought mother. They proceeded to tell me that she was probably constipated and gave her an enema. I insisted that this was not constipation and gave them a urine sample. No one came back with the results. After 6 hrs of absolute agony watching her and waiting nothing happened after the enema of course I knew it wouldn't. Jamie arrived he had been working away and had travelled home and a doctor came to tell us that they would do a blood test to see if they could find the problem. We went in and it took 3 of us to hold her Honey fought will all she had left and then finally they pricked her finger, all of a sudden we were rushed to intensive care. Honey was put on a drip and seemed almost unconscious, no one had been to explain what was going on. We asked what is happening, what has she got and they said diabetes. At the time the word diabetes meant nothing to us I was just relieved to know. They said another hr and we would have lost her it was so awful watching my baby lying not moving hooked up to drips and wired up. Honey had DKA the acids had built up in her blood making pain in her legs/abdomen. We were in hospital for 5 days, the doctor actually came to us and said pat on the back for us I think for diagnosing something so rare in someone so young. I was gob smacked as I felt someone should have known sooner all it would have taken was a finger prick and test on the glucose meter. They said at the time they had never seen anyone as young as Honey diagnosed. Honey recovered well and we began our new life that I now can't remember not having. Since then I have been asked my our local Dr's surgery to go in and talk to student Dr's about type 1 in children and I have tried to raise awareness with them that a single finger prick could have diagnosed this earlier and have discussed the symptoms that I felt should ring alarm bells.

Sorry also to waffle on, there's something therapeutic about going over the points that I purposely never think about anymore.