My story is the same as many other. I came to the UK about 25 years ago. I have worked hard to make progress, learn the different ways of a new country, learn to love its culture, people and weather. I have given my heart and hard work to the NHS and feel proud of what we do and the values of this country. I always remind myself not to live in the past but to live in the present, not to hate anyone for past injustices but work to promote community cohesion, good natured togetherness and harmony.

I have tried to be a force for good, training doctors who have come after me, promoting excellence and getting everyone to be mindful of our NHS’s limited resources. Like so many I have aspired to deliver great care to the wonderful people of this country. There has only been one grief that has persisted over the last 25 years. There has been one recurring theme that has caused feelings of guilt, inadequacy, regret and remorse. And that is that I have not been there for my wonderful parents as they aged, became less well and suffered loneliness and sadness.

I have tried my very best to compensate. Every year for the past 10 years I have travelled both for emergencies and electively making multiple trips each year at cost to personal health and my family here. I have had to return and then catch up on my work and on call duties. My parents are not enamoured by the UK. They do not wish to be here. They only wish the comfort and love and security of being with their child in their final years. My dad is 87 years old and has chronic kidney disease. He is the main carer for my mother who is 80, but fragile and frail with severe osteoporosis. They live on their own with a help coming once a day. With Covid-19, the help has been coming once or twice a week. Are they managing? Depends on what we mean by managing. We have tried 24/7 carers but this is an unregulated sector and such carers cannot give love, companionship or genuine caring. Caring for our parents and ensuring they don’t suffer is emotional need. It is one of the things that make us human.

I am nearing retirement. I have space in my house and in my heart for my parents. I do not need to depend on the system here to look after them. Do I still need to prove they are on the street and unable to eat or dress themselves? Do I need to prove they are in penury? Do I need to prove there is no person there who can serve their needs in the final years? To most of us the answer would be clear. For most there is nothing more to say.

Yet these are the current adult dependent relative (ADR) visa rules, amended in 2012. They don’t have a human face and are applied with no emotional considerations. This is wrong. I know there will be thousands more who are in the same situation. I believe this is an important cause and we can make the government see the distress caused and do what is needed so that compassion is not completely absent from the process. I think we must work together to plead with the government to do the right thing. I think this is the role of organisations like BAPIO and APPNE. There is nothing we can threaten the government with...the issue is a moral one...one of fairness, kindness and justice.