My very reserved father had a brain tumour and wound up incapable of even pushing the 'Nurses Call Button'. We both wept when I had the task of putting his private parts into the urine bottle in his urine soaked bed in the so-called palliative care place.

My sister was told she had approx. 2 years to live and she lasted nearer 3 years under sentence, till she was near 70. She collapsed in the hall one night and lost control of her body functions which I, her brother, had to clean up. She begged me to "Get a gun". believe me I would have if I could have, and held it steady if needed.

I am for it and I am concerned that a total stranger may be needed to give me permission when I have got near 80 at my pace.

Jim Marshall