

## When you know

## what to expect

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**H**i, I'm a Google mom. A recent addition to a fast and silently growing community - yet another ramification of technological advancements in the internet age. I'm sure you've met the likes of me. For those of you who haven't, I'll clarify. We are the new gen moms who do not follow traditional practices in baby care without questioning them, much to the annoyance of mothers, aunts and grandaunts. We compare notes and do a Google to ascertain the veracity of diagnoses. Besides the hundred causes and cures that are suggested for the baby's colic, we seek answers in the thousands of pages that unravel on the internet, or alternately seek the sanctuary of 'What to expect...' books.

Much as I am aware of my sort of quirky approach to motherhood, it surprises me that a lot of others Google too. When an uncle of mine took ill recently and I was enquiring after him, my aunt took me by surprise when she said that Google also concurred with the doctor's diagnosis. Gone are the days when the doctor's word was taken as the final - welcome to the Google age!

Ruminating on the issue raised a host of questions. Does wanting to be better informed or more educated

on an issue imply a lack of trust? Or is it just something that helps you deal with the situation better? Or are we trying to read too much into something that, left to itself, might just faze off? More importantly, are we thereby attempting to be prescient about something that perhaps may not be? How else can you explain how some people survive an accident that took the life of co-passengers, or the same illness perhaps? Well, not everyone who suffers a heart attack dies. Let's say life gave the opening, but was it I who decided the course of events by preoccupying my mind with those thoughts?

My Clinical Biochemistry professor once told us that she went through an unnerving pregnancy because she knew too much of what was happening inside the body. She said she was a tad too informed to enjoy the phase in a relaxed manner. Is that why they say doctors make bad patients? Because they know too much!

Is there really something as too much knowledge or too much information? Or does it become all too much only when it interferes with your experience, when it tampers with the enjoyment of something in its true, natural, uninterrupted way? So, should you toss those books away and get out there and simply live, deliberating over whether to pick from the stack or pick up the card dealt by life, when it's actually time? Or should you make informed choices, educated guesses, so to say? The answer lies in how you deal with information and knowledge. It depends on whether you use it to improve your own prognosis or like several cancer survivors and the like who use their knowledge to improve the lives of others with the same condition. Ultimately, the trick is in learning to acquire knowledge without allowing it to make unwanted interruptions in the flow of life, and in the choice you make - to fight or resign.

So, what's the final verdict - read them or toss them, or read them and toss them? Well, it's all up to you. As for me, 'mum's the word!'