

everyone but understand your own feelings when making the most sensible and safe decision for all involved.

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Dreams of the Children

Everyone is good enough
 Everyone is right
 Everyone deserves a home
 And a warm bed at night
 Everyone needs a friend
 Everyone needs their space
 All people are created equal
 So why is it the human *race*?
 Perhaps our only problem
 Is that some refuse to see
 Not everyone else is the trouble
 The trouble is you and,
 So if we work together
 As a team, me and you
 Maybe we can rebuild our world
 And make our dreams come true.

By Jody Suzanne Waitzman, age 13



Wise Words from Mum on Living with Dementia

By Sarah Jane (AgingCare.com)

Mum's gone downhill over the past few months. This is hardly surprising since she's been living with Alzheimer's disease for over a decade, but it's a shock all the same.

I've been a bit in denial, thinking it's just a blip. I'm hoping that she'll suddenly perk up and get back to her energetic self. I'm hoping that she will no longer be constantly exhausted, physically and mentally. I'm praying that we'll be able to walk around art galleries, take train trips and rummage in thrift shops again. Instead, we are stuck with tiny outings followed by a cup of tea and a long nap.

Actually, it's more like a short nap, more confusion, another nap, and then back to the rest home.

Yesterday I scooped Mum up and took her shopping. What that really means is I drove to the shops and persuaded Mum to struggle out of the car for a few brief forays into stores—the kinds of places Mum used to love to explore. After less than five minutes, Mum's about to keel over. I ask a shopkeeper for a chair where she can rest. It's simple: if the shop assistant finds one, we stay. I might even buy something. If they don't have a seat for Mum, then we leave.

After three shops, we give up and decide to drive to my place for a sit down and a nice cup of tea. "Is there any other sort?" asks Mum.