

Walk a Step in my Shoes

Sometimes I get pissed off with caregivers and think it would be nice for them to go away on respite. It seems to me that most caregivers believe that if they tell us over and over what button to push on the computer we will remember.

Stand by for a mind bending moment. Many of us cannot remember and although we explain that to our caregivers they just can't fathom that.

Many housekeeping duties, which we used to do, are left undone and although we can't complain because look at all the things our caregivers do for us, it drives some of us crazy.

It is a misnomer that we, are not aware of daily happenings, most of us are. I truly believed that as I progressed in this disease that my brain would not take in 'the little things' but I am mistaken.

Each new personally negative event, comes and slaps us like a piece of overcooked spaghetti. The sickness remains even after the spaghetti noodle is removed. How the hell can we not know that we are incogtinent - just seems totally unbelievable but folks it is happening to me now.

Walk a step in my shoes—truth is you cannot. It was hard when first diagnosed and is even harder now because the untruths then are now the truths.

Please acknowledge and empathize with us. We need your love.

Myrna Norman