

## **Additional Readings for a Funeral or Unveiling of a Person Who Died From Alzheimer's Dementia**

### **Remember Me**

written by Chris Mann, Laura Mann, Rudy Tanzi, Willy Beaman, Dora Kovacs

I need someone to hold, to hold on for me  
To what I can't seem to hold on to  
The life we used to live, is slipping through my fingertips  
Like a thread that's unraveling  
I suppose that nothing lasts forever, and everything is lost in its time.  
When I can't find the words that I'm trying to speak  
When I don't know the face in the mirror I see  
When I feel I'm forgotten and lost in this world  
Won't you please remember me

### **There is a Time**

Based on Ecclesiastes 3

There is a time for everything, a time for every experience under heaven:  
A time for planting and a time for uprooting the planted;  
A time for tearing down and a time for building up;  
A time for weeping and a time for laughing,  
a time for wailing and a time for dancing;  
A time for embracing and a time for shunning embraces;  
A time for seeking and a time for losing,  
a time for keeping and a time for discarding;  
A time for silence and a time for speaking.  
A time to hate and a time to love.  
A time to be born and a time to die.  
A time to blame and a time to forgive.

And God said, "I forgive you, as you have asked." Num. 14:20

### **We Don't Mean To - It's Always the Disease**

From the blog of Rick Phelps who has Early Onset Alzheimer's dementia

The one thing I'd like family members to realize  
is that "we don't mean to."  
When your loved one does the things they do,  
they don't mean to.  
When they say things that offend you, hurt you,  
they don't mean to.  
When I say over and over "What time is it? What day is it?"  
I don't mean to.

It's the disease.  
It's not the person doing what they do.  
It's not the person saying what they say.  
It is indeed the disease. It's always the disease...

### **The Gift of Remembering**

Eternal God, Master of mercy,  
give us the gift of remembering.  
May the memories of our loved one be tender and true,  
undiminished by time;  
let us recall him, and love him, as he was.

When dying is over, a different kind of memory takes over.  
Not the memory that is obituary.  
Not the memory that records the past indiscriminately.

But an active memory that sifts through the ashes of the past to retrieve isolated moments  
and that gives heart to the future.

That memory is an act that raises up from oblivious  
the glories of forgotten years. Even the memories of failure,  
the recollections of frustration and regret are precious.  
Broken memories are like the tablets Moses shattered,  
placed lovingly in the holy Ark of remembrance.

What is life after death?  
Pointers, ensigns, marking places  
that raise us up to life and give us a changed heart.  
Perhaps a life lived differently, better, wiser,  
stronger than before.  
What is left after death? The life of the survivor.

### **The Moments Shared**

We remember the moments shared,  
the times of celebration and the times of difficulty.  
We also remember the times of warmth and closeness,  
and the times of love and companionship.  
We will continue to treasure  
all that was good in our father and husband's life,  
and we will retain that good in the fabric of our own lives.

## **In Our Hearts**

From the Blog of Rick Phelps

Did you ever stop and think where all our loved ones are?

They are in our heart.

This disease will affect me in ways

I cannot even imagine in time.

But it will never be able to change my heart.

That is where every loved one I have resides.

When I am unable to communicate, unable to speak,

Unable to recognize my loved ones,

And to tell them how much I love you, my heart knows.

When we tell someone we love them,

Many times you hear "I love you with all my heart."

You won't hear, "I will love you with all my mind."

Everything we do, it is because of our brain telling us to.

However, we love each other with our hearts.