

Looking Dementia

In The Eye

Sitting in the Barbers chair I suddenly found myself staring myself straight in the eyes. Just for a fleeting second I didn't recognise the person looking back at me, but once that had passed I started to think about my life and this awful illness that has had the nerve to invade my life. As much as I tried to remember more recent events I couldn't, and the more I tried, the more frustrated I got.

(I have to say at this point that the young barber wasn't the most talkative person in the world!!)

So, I stared, and stared, and as far as I was concerned, I was staring dementia right in the eye!! Yes, I might have been looking at myself but the person I was looking at had dementia, had almost become dementia's slave and because of the person I am/was/ or about to become, I knew I had to do this, something about it felt so right.

So I began to look myself up and down and try to figure out what was different about me, what I had become because of this awful illness and how many before me, had sat there, having their haircut going through the same emotion. I am not the only person in the world with this disease. So many before must have sat, having their haircut, thinking exactly the same thing. What conclusion had they come to?

What decisions had they made, sitting quietly, but intensely staring themselves out? Did they manage to recall their past or just concentrate on their future? OR, did they sadly resign themselves to what will be, will be, which is also understandable because we are all so very different.

Who would have thought a simple thing like having your haircut could conjure up so many questions and answers? But, as we always say, there is absolutely nothing predictable about Dementia and this was just another example of how an every day event can be invaded by this disease and how it makes you think about your life in sometimes, the strangest of places.

Me? Who or what did I see that day? I saw the same person, I saw ME!!! And that's the person I want everybody to see ME and ME alone. I want people to talk to ME and not about me, I want people to include ME and not dismiss me and I want people to UNDERSTAND ME and not be confused by this disease we call Dementia. IS THIS TOO MUCH TO ASK!!

That's who I saw!!!

**I
SAW
ME!!**

Why can't you??????

Best wishes, Norrms Mc Namara Diagnosed 5yrs ago aged 50
and still fighting it !!!

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