

Back At School?

As I looked up from my dinner plate, I gazed through the window that looked onto the school fields and beyond. I could see Bolton moors from the School dining room and on a clear day you could see for miles. The noise in the Dining room was both loud, brash and yet Hypnotic in some strange way. The smell of Beef stew wasn't that overpowering but the distinctive smell of Boiled/Mashed potatoes hung in the air and I hoped it was Jam roly pudding for my sweet. There were silver looking Jugs on the table, all battered and bumped which were full of water and ready to pour. As I looked to my left, where my best friend always sat I became very confused, for there, sat next to me, talking yet no words coming out of her mouth, was my Angel Elaine!! What?? How?? WHY??

The scenes I had just witnessed started to drift away and slowly but surely I realised it was no longer 1972, but 2013, I was sat having my Sunday dinner right here right now in 2013. I glanced to my left just to make sure, and sure enough, there sat my Angel Elaine. I could hear her talk now and she was asking me if I was ok as I had been away in my own world while the food in my mouth remained UN eaten and my eyes unblinking. I started to explain where I had been, or where I thought I had been and then it all became a little too much to bear, so I just sat quite, finished my food and just began to think what had just happened.

It was so real!! So very real to me, and the curse of Lewy Body's sometimes means I can remember every little detail, sometimes not!! What happens when this occurs? Am I longing for my past? Do I subconsciously want my life back? Or are they just echo's of the past that's being relived in the tormented mind of someone who has this awful Disease of Dementia? Who knows? I suppose with my past it could have been a lot worse, believe me!!

Norrms and family xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx