

I WEEP FOR MY PAST

Yesterday I wept for my past, the day before, I yearned for my youth, today I want to be young again, I want to be free of this awful disease dementia and walk onto the football field, standing tall, shouting loud at the other players to step it up a gear! I want to feel that feeling of excitement as I step out of the shower just before getting ready for a Friday night on the town with the boys.

I want to feel the butterflies in my stomach as I wait on the corner for Elaine to turn up on our fist official date, looking up to the sky and asking the big fella for help so I don't mess this one up. So much has happened, so much to yearn for and yet?

I lose myself in my thoughts, I drift back to a time when I am sitting in our cobbled back street playing marbles with my best friend Kevin Peake and the only thing worrying us is what's for tea!! I can sit like this for hours, just remembering what it used to be like, how things used to be, and also how things could be, NO! SHOULD be!! Before this awful illness took over all our lives and tainted everything we had ever worked for. WHY!! OH WHY!! I cry between the "Hidden Tears" as I call them, weeping, yet no tears, crying yet no sound's, just a cry from the heart that no one else hears or ever will, my own personal persecution, eating away at me at my most vulnerable times.

This is dementia at its worst, forget what you have been told, forget what you have read, this is what it's like to live, KNOWING you have this awful disease, this is what it's like at my lowest times of my life, and yet, this is what is never spoken about or even discussed, until now !!

Yesterday I wept for my past, today I weep for my future!!!!

Norrms and family xxxxxxxxxxxx