

On The Edge

At about seven o'clock last night things started to get a little hazy. It's been a long hard week because my heart failure has kicked in again and my breathing has been atrocious. I was back on the oxygen last night even before bed time so I knew with this, three nights of screaming and shouting and becoming more forgetful during the day, it wasn't a good mix!!

As the day drew on I was becoming more agitated and loud! We were in Newton Abbot yesterday to get me a new suit and shoes for next week's conference in London and all was well until mid afternoon. Elaine nudged me gently twice, smiled and asked me to keep my voice down. I of course couldn't tell any difference but I knew was only helping me. I could feel a pressure building up inside my head, (Never a good sign) and it's just like having High Blood pressure but without the dizziness.

As we arrived home things seem to settle a bit but as the night went on the only way I can explain it is a feeling of being there, but not being there?? Being "with it" and yet not understanding what was going on around me? I know I must have watched TV last night as we do every night, but I couldn't tell you what I watched!! And so to bed.

Actually going to bed is a complete mystery to me as it is most nights and yet once there, the "NIGHT TERRORS" come thick and fast. This is such a cruel disease!! I can't remember going to bed but I can remember every horrific detail of my night terrors, right up to the minute the train was just going to run me over and I rolled violently to one side and landed with such a heavy thump on our bedroom floor. Elaine was out of bed like a shot, it was as if she hadn't been to sleep and was expecting something like this to happen. I struggled so much getting my bearings and surroundings and shouted for help a good two minutes after it actually happened. One of the things that did come to light and shouldn't surprise anyone, including me, was because of my weight we had major problems getting me off the floor. I could see the look of frustration, worry and hurt in my Angels eyes and I don't want her to ever struggle like that again.

So tomorrow, 19th March 2012 will be a turning point in my life regarding my weight! I fight heart failure and Dementia every day of my life, I have given up smoking years ago, so why do I struggle so much with my weight?? I really don't

Thoughts by Norrm's Mcnamara

know, but not anymore!!! Eventually, Elaine managed to get me back into bed but it was a very long time before we both dropped off. I knew Elaine was worrying about me as I could hear her breathing in the dark and as myself, I think it was the shock that kept me awake for a while.

This disease as I have said before, is like no other, everybody who has this all have completely unique differences. Some are very similar yet so different in ways.

Please, can everybody remember the saying I learned such a long time ago,

ONCE YOU HAVE MET ONE PERSON WITH DEMENTIA!!

YOU HAVE MET ONE PERSON WITH DEMENTIA!!

As for me, the falls mattress will be on order tomorrow, until then a quilt will be on the floor and all the bedroom furniture has been rearranged. Looks very mish mash but safety has to come first.

FOOTNOTE.

You may have won this round Dementia Demon, but if we have our way, it will be the last one you win!!!!

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