

Day`s And Dreams

I sat there the other day and started a conversation with “My Angel” Elaine about the time we walked down to the Lodge (an expanse of water next to an old mill) when it was frozen over, and how we laughed when we saw the dog slipping and sliding everywhere. We got to a stage where we couldn’t walk anymore because the water had frozen across the path and we struggled to find our way back, but we did eventually, going between the houses on Berkley Road.

As I finished my tale I saw the light in Elaine’s eyes darken, you see, she always has this glint in her eyes, makes her look that little bit cheeky but it’s something that first attracted me to her. But as I was speaking to her I saw this light go dimmer, this only happens when she has heard something very sad. I became a little confused and asked her what was wrong? Elaine replied

“Norrm, we have never been to the lodge together, it’s a place of your childhood and Berkley Rd was the road next to Eden Street where you lived as a boy!”

I sat there, not really understanding what Elaine was saying until she had repeated it a few times. I kept shaking my head, trying to rid the scenes out of my brain but I couldn’t.

“But it all seems so real I exclaimed, are you telling me I have imagined it!? “No” Elaine replied, your mind is just mixing things up a little, but still, they are happy memories aren’t they? Yes, But They Are Not Real! I blurted out.

This happened one day last week and I have since had similar conversations with my “Angel” and the truth is, this isn’t the first time this has happened. I have come to realise that some things aren’t quite what they seem and once again I have been protected from the horrors of Dementia until I insisted on knowing why my darling wife looked so sad.

Is it easier sometimes just to go along with what’s being said? I think so, but please always remember to tell the truth when asked.