

FEELING DETACHED

Have you ever been out with a group of friends, the night seemed to start out so well, then, just when you don't expect it, you feel as if you are "Out Of" every conversation going on around you, and you feel so alone you feel isolated? If the answer is no, then you have been very lucky, but if the answer is yes, if only for a moment in time you have felt like this, then this is what having a diagnosis of dementia is like. People have noticed all around me that over the last few weeks I have become quieter and more withdrawn (Hard to believe I know LOL) but apparently so. But the harder thing to try and understand is the feeling of "Being Out of the loop" so to speak. It sometimes feels as if I am on the outside looking in!!

Things are going on all around me, floating past like small boxes of conversations and events, just out of reach and barely audible. No matter how hard I try to listen or join in I find myself once again on the outside and isolated. I have always said this disease is the loneliest one I know, as only the person who has it knows exactly what they are feeling, and even though you have the most supportive, loving family all around you, it's still the feeling of being lost in a sea of fog that is the most frustrating thing in the world.

It doesn't happen all the time and every day either!! No Sir`ee!! It comes in waves that wash over you like a slow creeping feeling of hopelessness and dread, I sometimes convince myself that the entire world is going on around me at a different speed than I am and I am trying to play catch up all the time.

All these feelings also run into my night times when I have nightmares that are so realistic I have a hard time differing them from reality. Each morning I sit on the edge of my bed and remember everything I have dreamt, yet, within minutes they have gone, but images flash through my mind at different times of the day, coming back to haunt me like a Ghost from Christmas past!!

Are these the writings of a man who is slowly losing control of whatever little he has left? Or are they a desperate cry from someone who is so frightened at what the future holds that he clings on to life itself with a VICE like grip , not wanting ever to let go?? I only wish I could answer it, not only to myself but also to each and every one of you.

Thoughts by Norrm's Mcnamara

I know we have Dementia awareness day ahead of us and all is well with my family and new twin grandsons, yet, this disease eats away at me every single day,

“Forcing me to wear a mask of happiness and joy,
When deep inside I am just a frightened little boy”

So please forgive me if sometimes I am not my jovial self, but at the end of the day, I am STILL MYSELF and always will be, I promise you all that. I write things like this as I hope it helps others to understand what it's like to live daily with this disease, and hope to bring about a better understanding of it.

Always your friend, Norrms, Elaine and family xxxxxxxxxx

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