FRUSTRATION

When somebody asks me what's the worst thing about being diagnosed with Dementia (Apart from the obvious) the one word that always stands out is "Frustration"

It's the frustration of not knowing "How Long"

It's the frustration of knowing (At the moment) its terminal It's the frustration of losing your everyday abilities bit by bit, It's the frustration of not being able to remember people's names and faces It's the frustration of being wrong, most of the time It's the frustration, to some, of losing their temper, whereas before it would never have never happened

And it's the frustration of having Dementia and knowing you have dementia (two diseases in my eyes not just one)

And so the list goes on.

Living with this disease day by day throws up all sorts of obstacles, but my point is as much as I try to overcome them, sometimes how to do this is impossible as I can't remember. Can you imagine if you woke up one morning and you went to your sock drawer to get your socks? Then, as you have them there in your hands you have absolutely no idea what to do with them? Or in my case every time I go to put a shirt on, as much as I try to remember I cannot fasten my buttons, I can neither fasten my shoes, a tie, put a belt on or swap belts on my trousers when putting clean ones on.

I am no longer allowed to cook, or even make a cup of tea or coffee for fear of burning myself! So here I am, at 54 yrs old and having to rely on my "Angel "Elaine to do the simplest of tasks for me. Can you imagine what that feels like? Elaine has to hold on to me tightly as she guides me across the road as I have no fear of oncoming cars or traffic apparently and have come so close to death many times. Can you imagine being led across the road by the hand in your fifties??

If there was a stronger word for Frustration I would love to hear it!! Please don't get me wrong, I am certainly not complaining as I love life itself and no matter what is thrown at me I will always have a smile on my face, but I am

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writing this just to try and explain that the next time your loved one, or the person you are caring for goes red in the face, or shouts out in a fit of temper, its might just be that the sheer frustration that wells up inside of us who are diagnosed with this terrible illness has surfaced, and the actual outburst or change of moods is not down to what you are doing, but is purely directed at this invisible force that stopped us from doing what we should be doing with ease.

Hope this helps, best wishes, Norrms xxxxxxxxx