

Sleeping (Or Not) With LEWY BODY`s

As I start to write this its 6.32am, been out of bed for a while now, been awake off and on since 4am. Elaine has taken the washing down to the laundry, done the polishing and I am on my second drink of the day. It's quiet in our house at the moment, a lot quieter than it was a few hours ago when screams pierced the night air and the nightmares came thick and fast.

This is just another night living with Lewy Body`s.

As soon as I closed my eyes last night the dreams came and went. Images of people's faces, young, old, happy, distorted flashed in front of my eyes as if my dreams were being put on Fast Forward. Horrific pictures of terrible things burnt into my memory so much so I can remember every detail the day after. During the day I get flashbacks of these happenings which drag me even further into the mire of Depression.

So cruel is this disease of Dementia that it takes away my happy memories and replaces them with those I try to forget!! In my dream state, in the corner of me eye I see a shape coming towards me fast, I try to run but my legs turn to lead, whatever it is gets closer and closer until I feel myself lashing and kicking out, screaming, yet no noise emerging from my lips.

And yet, as I awake, the noise coming from my vocal chords strains at my throat and the scream reverberates around our small bedroom, bouncing off the walls. Elaine is holding me in a vice like grip, and gently begins to rock me as my body shakes and heaves up and down with breathlessness. The rest of the night is not really sleeping. I drift from dream to dream, jumping, twitching, kicking my legs and talking in my sleep yet making no sense. Elaine is by my side, she`s not really sleeping either, just lying there listening to me and making sure I am ok and survive the night terrors that plague me.

Then, as dawn breaks, there doesn't seem any point in staying in bed any longer. So here I am, telling you my story, as I have before. When will this story ever end? I do not know, but the point is this story must be told and must be shared, because if it isnt told, how will we ever learn? Please don't pity me, this is my lot, these are the cards I have been dealt, and every morning I wake up and sit down here on this computer is another day I will fight as hard and for as long as I can to raise awareness about this awful illness dementia. I only wear one hat, it doesn't bother me which kind of dementia it is, Alzheimer's, Lewy Body's Vascular, the point is that one day we see a cure for all types of Dementia.

And I for one will not rest until that day comes, even if I could!!!!!!!!!!

Norman Mc Namara

Diagnosed at aged 50, now 54years old, tired but still fighting