

The Race Of My Life

Imagine this, you are in a race, as the starting pistol goes off it's a bit of a sluggish start until you seem to grow (as in Life) with confidence until eventually you get into your stride. For a short while you are watching all those around you in this race, learning and trying to understand their tactics (early years)

Then, just as you think you have everything under control along comes someone pushing and shoving you out of the way (Your teens) you don't like this as you think you are the best at everything and know far more than anybody else. Eventually, you realise you don't and you come to understand that in life you have to make the best of every day and continue to learn as much as you can.

And so the race settles down again and goes at quite a leisurely pace until you realise to will have to run a little faster, you have to speed up to keep up with everybody else and make sure you have enough energy to see this thing through so you're not letting yourself down or any of those around you (Family, and children) After a while you start to notice you are pulling away from the pack and doing quite well for yourself, you begin to puff your chest out, work a little harder at winning this race called life, only a few more laps to go (middle age).

THEN!!

“What's this got to do with Dementia? I hear you call

Just as you turn the corner on the finishing straight (middle to old age) you hear footsteps behind you, getting closer and closer, you can feel their breath on the back of your neck. Who is this that's getting closer and closer and trying to beat you to that glorious finishing line

As you turn to look, your worst fears are confirmed, it's the one competitor in the race you didn't want to see, trying to take over you and get to the winning line first, yes it's a certain Mr Dementia, running shoes and all. You start to run faster and faster, pushing yourself every inch of the way, sometimes there is a gap between you (good days) sometimes he is right on your shoulder (Bad days) but no matter what, something deep down inside you tells you not to slow down, because if you do, you know that he will cross the finish line before you do !!

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Thoughts by Norrm's Mcnamara

And so my friends, who wins this race we call life? Who crosses that Wonderful Glorious finishing line first, punches the air with Victory and continues on to do a Lap of Honour????

Some of us will come first and do that lap of honour, but unfortunately some of us wont, and for some of us the race IS STILL ON !!! This is one race I am in myself, this is one race that could go one way or the other, but please believe me when I say I promise this in one race I will give my all, and never give up!!

This is one race I intend to win!!!!

Always running

Norrms xxxxxxxxxxxx

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