

## THE FOOTBALL GAME - *By Kelly Carder*

### The Football Game

She sat in the stands holding my hand  
She was there to watch her great-grandsons play in the band  
The game was crowded and loud  
Confusion covered her face like a shroud  
Here eyes looked scared as she clutched at my hand  
Until I gently reminded her to look over at the band  
She might get confused and call them different names  
But as she caught sight of the boys, she remembered why she came  
With no makeup on her face, hair messy and blowing in the wind  
She barely resembled the woman she once had been  
The memory thief has stolen so much  
I am thankful she finds comfort in my touch  
One day soon my name will fade  
But I know deep in her heart I will always stay  
Mom I know this is a path you did not want to take  
But I will love you forever and be thankful for the memories we make.

Kelly Carder wrote this poem after taking her mom with Alzheimer's to watch her great grandsons march at a football game.