

Session 2: FOR REFLECTION AND ACTION

Dave's poem about caring for his wife who has dementia:

At night,
The tears often trickle down my face, in
the dark.
I lay in my usual place.
My Jackie next to me.
We are together,
But separated by the night.
It should be well with my soul,
But it isn't.
It never will be now.
Though I know my God is always there.
Faithful God, so unchanging.
My secure rock, my constant Helper.
I lay my doubts, fears, and anxiety on
Him.

These last months have seen change.
The pandemic has accelerated change.
I try to maintain routine,
But it is nigh impossible.
The unimagined, and daily
unmanageable, merge together, then
split apart.

I desperately strive to keep, and hold
the tiny, individual pieces of daily living,
knitted;
But they break, and splinter - every
time.
A friend makes contact.
It is remote because of the virus.
It feels remote.

Each day's challenges take a little more
of my being.
I am become what I do not wish to be.
A living shadow of myself.
Nearly sixty years of love, continues,
And will continue, until we are parted
by sweet death.

I am not afraid of death,
Though I am often frightened of living.

My faith in the Living God alone,
sustains me.

Robin Thomson's book:

Living with Alzheimer's – a love story, Instant Apostle, 2020

<https://instantapostle.com/books/living-with-alzheimers/>