

## *snapd Sneaks a Peek*

# Memory

Minds work in so many different ways.

Conditions affect and eventually completely bring about an effect within our realm and circumstance, causing the elemental ways, in which we think, do and survive, to change.

I remember my mother telling me my father was dressing with his pants backward, I remember my Godfather asking me about the subtle changes in my father's day to day habits yet looking reflectively concerned. My Godfather, Wal, died seven years later from Alzheimer's. Everyone says getting older is not easy. For many elderly they have no cognitive powers to express and manifest for us the conditions clinically described as Dementia or Alzheimer's.

Our Loved ones drift into an abyss obscured by facts and clouded by the inability to discern good judgment. Sometimes you can see the struggle in their mind by their actions complicated by surroundings that are unfamiliar yet familial. Do you remember the lyrics to "its cloud's allusions I recall, I really don't know life at all."?

Perhaps there is a place and time in life based on experiences, circumstances and perception that one decides to become 'alluded'. It might not be chemical, hereditary, or a condition, it might just be a predetermined mechanism that says "enough".

My Father died almost seven years after being admitted to the maze of care that eventually could not help him. Aphasia, Amputation, and Assumptions held him in a chronic state of Hell on Earth. God Bless Him.

In the quiet of chosen solitude, not remembering exactly what day it is or exactly what she had for dinner five minutes before, my mother has an exacting memory. She remembers the good times, smiles in memory of loved ones, continually asks if her mother and brother really died and alternatively refers to both in the present, pleasantly thinking everything is as it should be. She remembers those who do not call or visit. She remembers these people in the quiet solitude of 'Dementia' and 'Grace'. The loss of Memory is a great gift at times; it takes away the sting of people present that never arrive.

Three deer presented a blissful moment for my mother on a slow awakening day of spring outlined by Lake Ontario. It was a few months ago. My mother remembers that moment in time with excitement and gratitude always asking me, "Will the deer come today?"

As she looks down at her empty plate and comments "I can't remember what I had for dinner, but I know it was delicious", I think, I treasure, and I know, through all her difficulties there is a thoughtful mind and a fortitude of character that withstands the vestiges of old age and dementia.

"Jilly, will we see the deer again today?"

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