

An Alzheimer's Patient's Point Of View

Dear Friend,
Oh, how can this be
You and I are losing me.
Some day soon
Maybe morning, Maybe noon
I will no longer be the me
You and I know as me.
I ask, what is happening to me,
And the answer seems to be
Words and thoughts frequently scramble
And my conversations seem to ramble.
O, how can this be
You and I are losing me.
What do you see when you look into my eyes?
And neighbors just to pry?
Confusion, hurt, pity and pain,
For I am ill and not insane.
Oh Lord, help me pray,
And this is what He seems to say,
"Fear not child, I will come and take you home,
To be with me for all eternity.
What can we do from losing me?
"Nothing' say the experts.
But in my confused and foggy state,
To you I plea,
"Love me,
Remember me
Help me to be
All that I can be
For as long as I can be
The me we know as me."

By Janis Hogan Aplin

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